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**THE**

**GOSPEL STANDARD.**

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**VOL. XXIII., 1857.**

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**LONDON:**  
**JOHN GADSBY, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET.**  
**1857.**



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# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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No. 253. JANUARY 1, 1857. Vol. XXIII.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

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IN venturing once more, at the opening of another year, to greet our readers with our annual Address, we desire to come before them under the gracious teachings and influences of the blessed Spirit—that holy Instructor, that promised Comforter, that unerring Guide into all truth; for if we are but favored with his heavenly dew and divine anointing, we shall not write in our own spirit, or seek our own glory; we shall not arrogate to ourselves any undue authority, presume upon our position, or abuse our privilege; we shall not use flattering words, or seek the passing breath of human applause; but shall, by manifestation of the truth, commend ourselves to their conscience in the sight of God, as seeking their spiritual welfare and the glory of the blessed Redeemer.

To edify, to comfort, to instruct, to lead on, to encourage the family of God amid all their trials and sorrows, temptations and conflicts, is, or should be the aim of all who, as preachers or writers, stand on the battlements of Zion. If God, then, in his providence and grace, has placed us in a position whence we can, if not with voice, yet with pen, address many, very many of his dear children; if he has inclined any of their hearts to listen to us as believing that we know and love the truth as it is in Jesus, we are bound, not only by the weight which eternal realities have with our own soul, but by the very readiness of our friends and brethren to receive our words, to seek to the uttermost their spiritual profit. To be of the least spiritual service to the Church of Christ; to profit the souls of any, though the least and lowest, of God's dear children; to promote in any way a spirit of love and union in the churches of truth specially, and amongst individual believers generally; to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints earnestly, but affectionately; to testify boldly against all error and all evil; and be a favored instrument of advancing in any measure the kingdom of the Redeemer, the cause of vital, experimental godliness, and the glory of a Triune God—what earthly rank or dignity, what place of worldly power or profit can for a moment be compared with an honor such as this? And are any of us, friends and brethren, so highly favored and honored? Blessed are our eyes, dear Readers, if they have seen any divine beauty and blessedness in Jesus; blessed are our ears if we have heard his voice with sweetness and power; blessed are your tongues,

ye servants of God, if, in testifying of his Person and work, love and blood, suitability and preciousness, you have felt the dew of the Spirit dropping from your lips; and blessed are your fingers, you whose pens seek to trace his worth, if what you write is attended with the unction of his grace to contrite, believing hearts. If this be our experience, and this our aim and end, one living bond of union will knit together editor, writers, readers, servants of God, members of Gospel churches, and believers generally among whom our pages come.

The union of the church with Christ her living Head, and the union of all the members of his mystical body with each other in him, are truths so vital and essential that, if lost sight of or not realised, confusion in doctrine, experience, and practice, must be the necessary result. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." "Abide in me, and I in you." "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." If these divine truths be hidden or obscured; if these springs of love to Jesus and of love to his dear saints cease to flow into our hearts; if they are dried up by contention, or muddied by error or evil, we at once lose sight not only of our own standing in Christ, but of the place which the church holds in his person and heart. We would then, the Lord enabling, fix our eyes steadily on these two points as guiding stars; as we sail over the waters of time; and we invite our readers to look at them with us in this opening season, that, with the help and blessing of the Lord, they may influence our hearts, lips, and lives, day by day in our walk before God and our walk with his children, from the beginning to the end of the year.

From ignorance or forgetfulness of these grand distinguishing truths of the glorious gospel of the grace of God, many, both preachers and writers, who appear to have some desire for the welfare of Zion, have dwelt, we think, too exclusively, and some almost angrily on the evils which afflict, on the divisions which separate the sheep of Christ; and, in their zeal and warmth against what they consider the low, carnal state of the church, seem well nigh, if not quite, to lose sight of her covenant standing in the Son of God, her place in his heart, her interest in his blood and righteousness, as well as of his tender care over her, and that what she is she is by his sovereign grace, or by his all-wise permission. We may look at the church sometimes as we often look at ourselves, seeing in her, as in our own evil hearts, nothing but what is carnal and vile; and with much the same result—unbelief, and hopelessness of any better or brighter days. But, as the more we look at ourselves apart from Christ, the lower we shall sink, so the more we look at the church separate from him, the worse she will appear. To be ever fixing our eyes on the low state of the church, and be ever censuring her for her spots and blemishes, is a spirit akin to that which sees nothing in individual believers but their faults and infirmities. A parent may keenly

grieve that his eldest child is a cripple, or a husband that his wife is afflicted in body or mind; but the love that so deeply feels the affliction will not be ever roughly uncovering these family infirmities to the rude gaze of the common eye; nor is the child less a dear son, or the wife less a beloved partner because of them. Are we members of the family in heaven and earth, (Eph. iii. 15,) that royal family, all of whom are made kings and priests unto God? (Rev. v. 10.) Let us, then, be jealous of the family honor; not stain with contention the family dignity; and, whilst deeply lamenting family infirmities, still manifest family love, and cleave in affection to every member of the family as equally dear to their covenant Head, and for that reason, dear also to us. Take away the people of God, where are our friends, our companions, our brothers? Do we hope to spend with them an eternity of bliss? Can we not, then, bear with them a little on earth, if we hope to be for ever with them in heaven? To be always dwelling on their infirmities, is to speak a language very different from the language of Christ to his bride, and from all that the blessed Spirit has revealed of the covenant standing of the affianced spouse of Jesus. To view the church separate from Christ, is to look at a headless trunk; to view the members of his mystical body, apart from their union with each other, is to see only scattered limbs. Such unscriptural views must lead to a wrong judgment, and must necessarily make us dwell more upon what the church is in herself, sunk and fallen, than what she is in her covenant Head, all fair, without spot, or wrinkle.

In the same spirit many seem also much disposed to dwell upon the breaches of Zion, the divisions which undoubtedly exist among those who profess the same truths, and to believe in the same blessed Lord. But here, too, they appear to want the anointing eye-salve, which would show them that as there is more in the blood of Christ to save the individual believer than there is in sin to damn him, so there is more in grace to unite together the members of Christ than there is in strife to separate them.

Whatever be the divisions and dissensions that rend the visible church, which at the best is a mixed multitude, a firm, indissoluble union binds together the living members of Christ's mystical body. Small are their differences compared with their points of agreement. A stranger to the spiritual union which knits the members of Christ to him as their living Head, and to each other in him, sees only the divisions which separate; whilst he who knows the strength and sweetness of that inward life which gives him union with Christ, feels the power of that grace which gives him also union with his brethren.

Unless we believe that sin is stronger than grace, Belial than Christ, the world than faith, the works of darkness than he who was manifested to destroy them, we have no ground to believe that disunion, division, strife, contention, and discord, are stronger than love, union, affection, concord, and peace. To a common eye the ship of the church may seem tossed with every wave, driven out of her course, or pursuing no definite course at all, her sails rent, her



masts and yards broken, her pilot heedless, her officers asleep, and her crew at strife. But the spiritual eye looks beyond all that meets the common gaze, and sees that there is at her helm an almighty and unerring, though invisible, Pilot, who steers her after his own will, who holds the winds in his fists, governs and directs the movements of all on board, overrules all their ways and wills to his own glory, and is bringing her through every storm to her desired haven.

Let us freely acknowledge that there is not always that love and affection, that tenderness, kindness, gentleness, forbearance; meekness, and brotherly interest manifested by the children of God to each other, which should mark Christ's disciples. Let us confess that amongst many who really fear God there is often a want of mutual consideration for each other's feelings, a lack of sympathy with each other's trials and temptations, an inability or an unwillingness to make any allowance for differences of station, education, or natural disposition, all which things are very trying to tender minds, and especially so to those who either expect too much from their brethren, or who are disposed to lean too much upon them for help and comfort. Nay, let us go a step further, and own that in many instances there is more than a want of love and affection; that there is actual strife and contention; envy and jealousy in the pulpit, sullenness and bitterness in the pew; members of the same church who will hardly speak to each other in public, and almost cut off each other in private; pride or covetousness in one, love of dress and the world in another, a censorious, quarrelsome spirit in a third, a readiness to take offence and an inability to bear the least reproof in a fourth, a cavilling, contentious disposition upon every point or no point at all in a fifth, a hot, fiery temper in a sixth, a self-pitying, self-bemoaning complainingness in a seventh, that always feels or fancies it is ill treated and imposed upon by every one. Allow that all these evils, which, beyond doubt, sadly impair union, exist in many churches; still, we assert and are willing to stand by our assertion, that under all these hindrances there lies a firm bond of union amongst the family of God; which, as being of grace, and, therefore, eternal and indestructible, as much surpasses in strength and duration all these temporary ills as the sun outshines the mists, or eternity stretches beyond time. The man who stands on Dover cliffs sees merely the channel that divides England from France. He looks on the wild waste of waters that is spread between, on the rolling waves that sunder them from each other. But, underneath the dividing sea, lies the electric cable, hidden indeed from view, but carrying every moment messages to and fro, and binding our island to the continent more closely than the channel keeps it asunder. Nay, the very waves themselves are but seeming barriers, for over them speed the ships laden with goodly merchandise, and bearing to each country the productions of the other. So, under all the waters of contention which seem to separate the living family of God, there lies a firm bond of spiritual union; and over the very sea of discord there pass occasional winged prayers for each other's good, and kind,

affectionate feelings, not the less deeply felt because not always freely expressed, that tend more to unite than the waves to divide.

Union with Christ, our living Head, and union with his people as living members of his mystical body, stand on the same foundation with the other blessed truths of the everlasting gospel. Do we believe that the everlasting covenant stands ordered in all things and sure; that the work of Christ is a finished work; that his blood cleanseth from all sin; that his righteousness perfectly justifies; that he has fulfilled the law, conquered Satan, destroyed death, and gained a full and final victory for all that believe on his name? These are the foundations of our most holy faith, and the ground of all our hope; and if the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do? Let it, then, not be forgotten, that as sin cannot destroy grace, or the law overthrow the gospel; as Satan cannot triumph over Christ, as death cannot reign over life, and as hell cannot defeat heaven, so all the divisions and dissensions that harass the church cannot break to pieces the bond of union that knits together the family of God.

These divisions are works of the flesh, (1 Cor. iii. 3; Gal. v. 20;) the evil fruits that hang on the boughs of our fallen nature; the spawn and filth of that old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and all influenced and drawn out by the restless agency of Satan, acting upon our carnal mind. But as there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, as they stand complete in him, without spot or blemish or any such thing, as all the members of his mystical body must be partakers of his glory, and can no more fall out of his body than he himself can fall from his throne, we must view all these divisions as mere passing things of time, evils, it is true, much to be lamented, and as much to be avoided, but not touching the foundation, nor removing the church from her standing in Christ's person, or Christ's heart. And even admitting that divisions do subsist in the visible church, yet we believe they are very much confined to those who are out of the secret—mere professors of the truth, without divine light or life, liberty or love. Say that a church appears, and, indeed, is much divided. But before we begin to lament and bewail how a church of Christ is so rent and torn, it might be as well to examine a little more closely the actual condition of that church. Perhaps it is very large, made up of members, hastily, almost heedlessly taken in, when the pulpit was filled by an unsound minister, or an undue influence exerted by worldly deacons; perhaps, even at the present moment, more respect is paid to money and respectability than grace; a spirit of contention is fostered from the pulpit; great laxity of discipline and order prevails; evils are allowed to grow instead of being nipped in the bud; loose-living characters are tolerated; doctrine is more contended for than experience and the power of godliness; and a general deadness and stupor evidently pervade the whole. Now, if such a church be rent and torn with divisions, it will not do to point to it as a specimen of a gospel church and say, "See how the children of God are divided," when, perhaps, not half are children of God at all, or,

if children, sunk so low into carnality and death as to give little evidence of the life of God being in them. Instead of looking at the contentious spirits who fight and wrangle in the van, fix your eyes upon those who, out of the din and strife, occupy the rear. Search and look for the broken in heart, the quiet in the land, the sick and afflicted, the tried and tempted, the doubting and fearing, the simple and sincere, the slow to talk but quick to act, the tender in conscience, the exercised and distressed, the warm-hearted and affectionate, the prayerful and watchful, the humble and spiritually minded. Put aside the fighting men and women, the talkers, the brawlers, the boasters, the contentious, the self conceited, and the ignorant; and see if you cannot, when you have blown away the foam, get at something more palatable and drinkable; when you have swept away the chaff, tail corn, and blind ears, if you cannot find some precious grain below. It is among the mourners in Zion, the weighted with a heavy cross, the plagued all the day long and chastened every morning; it is among the true lovers of Jesus, who have some personal experience of his love and grace; it is amongst those who know the sweetness of communion with Christ, and love the brethren with a pure heart fervently, that you must look for union. These do tenderly and affectionately cleave to each other. Say that the heads of the church are at variance; minister and deacons jarring; the word little blest either to call or deliver; the main supporters of the cause worldly and proud, keeping the poorer members at a distance, and little disposed to words of kindness or deeds of liberality towards them; beneath all this sad state of things, in a church sunk even so low as this, there may still be a deep, close, and blessed union amongst those unknown and unnoticed sheep of the flock, whose souls are alive to God, and who are favored with his teaching and blessing.

It is then neither true nor fair to represent the real church of God, that which alone deserves the name, as torn with divisions, when these contentions and quarrels are much confined to dead churches, sunk into worldliness and error, or to those members of living churches who are either destitute of grace, or sadly departed from it. Sure we are that no one living under the influence of grace can be quarrelsome or contentious. That holy Dove, who, as a Spirit of peace and love broods over contrite hearts, never rests upon that bosom which indulges in constant war and strife, and in which allowed enmity rankles against any of the dear saints of God.

We do not believe it then to be a fact that God's real children, at least those who are daily living under the influences of the blessed Spirit, are divided, or are ever jangling and wrangling with each other. It is true that unkind, angry feelings may at times, with all other evils, work in their carnal mind, and may occasionally, to their grief and sorrow, manifest themselves in hasty words or cold looks; but these are passing clouds; for the same grace which subdues their other sins restrains also this beginning of strife, and that promise is fulfilled in them with this, as with other iniquities, "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

We have known during our pilgrimage many dear saints of God, some now before the throne, and others still in the wilderness, in different parts of England, and we would desire to leave it on record when God calls us away from this mortal scene that we have received little else but the greatest kindness and affection from them, that with those with whom we have been brought into closer connection we have lived in undeviating love and union, and that except for a few passing moments the noise of strife has not been heard in our gates. And we may add, that as a Christian, as a minister, and as an editor, the desire of our soul is to seek and pursue peace, love, and union with all who fear God and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to avoid as much as possible contention and strife.

True it is that strife in churches as well as amongst individuals cannot always be avoided, for there are contentious spirits, who, if permitted, would set any church on fire—salamanders who live in the flame, petrels that revel in a storm. Mark and avoid all such, ye saints of God. (Rom. xvi. 17.) If in the church, treat them kindly and courteously, but bring no fuel to their fire, (Prov. xxvi. 20, 21,) nor make them bosom friends; if out of the church, do all you can that they do not get in. (Prov. xxii. 24.)

But enough, and perhaps more than enough, has been said by us on this subject. Other points, besides that of Christian union, call for some notice from us in our annual appeal to our readers' hearts and consciences.

If we are, as we profess to be, followers of the Lamb, three things, we believe, will be with us primary objects of spiritual desire. 1. The glory of God; 2. The edification of our own souls; 3. The good of our brethren. If we lack the first, our eye cannot be single, and, therefore, the light that is in us must be darkness; if we lack the second, eternal realities can rest with but little weight and power upon our conscience; if we lack the third, pure love to the brethren cannot dwell in our breast. In opening, then, and dwelling upon these three points a little more fully, we may, perhaps, not unprofitably occupy the rest of our Address.

1. Preachers, writers, editors, *if the glory of God be not their main object*, cannot look for his blessing to rest upon their labors. Yet how little of this singleness of eye, this simplicity and godly sincerity, is seen in many who call themselves ministers of Christ and servants of God. And how painfully evident the contrary often is in them to such as are possessed of any measure of spiritual discernment. Pride, self conceit, and self exaltation, as they are the chief temptations, so they are the main besetments of those who occupy any public position in the church; and, therefore, where these sins are not mortified by the Spirit and subdued by his grace, instead of being, as they should be, the humblest of men, they are, with rare exceptions, the proudest. O did we but see what we really and truly are; had we a penetrating, abiding view of the depths of the fall, in which we as sinners are so fearfully sunk; did we carry about with us a daily, hourly sense of what our heart is capable of,



if left of God to itself, and what but for grace we could say or do the very next moment; were we continually sighing and mourning over our ignorance, unbelief, ingratitude, shortcomings, and miserable unfruitfulness; did we bear in constant remembrance our slips, falls, and grievous backslidings; and had we, with all this, a believing sight of the holiness and purity of God, of the sufferings and sorrows of his dear Son in the days of his flesh, and what it cost him to redeem us from the lowest hell, we should be, we must be clothed with humility, and should, under feelings of the deepest self abasement, take the lowest place among the family of God, as the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. This should be the feeling of every child of God. But if, in his infinite condescension, the Lord has made any of us his servants, and has qualified and commissioned any of us to preach the gospel to his people, what peculiar, what additional self abasement does this call for! If we did not know the human heart, and how it takes advantage of God's own gifts, and even of his very grace to lift itself up against him, we should at once say, "A proud minister of Jesus Christ, a self conceited servant of God! A man to preach humbling grace, and yet be proud of his way of preaching it! The thing is impossible; it is a self contradiction. Such a man is a monster, not a Christian, still less a Christian minister." Truly he is a monster; and such the Lord makes some of his dear servants feel themselves to be when this accursed pride lifts itself up in their hearts, and they see in the light of his countenance what a hideous guest is lodged there. But till this pride be in some measure crucified, till we hate it, and hate ourselves for it, the glory of God will not be our main object, and we shall lie under the weight of that cutting reproof, "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?"

Readers, friends, brother ministers, may we all with one mind and heart seek the glory of God with a single eye, and be ever willing to be nothing that Christ may be all in all. Let the world, profane and professing, seek their own honor, their own pleasure, and their own profit. Let us who profess ourselves to be "a peculiar people, zealous of good works," seek the honor of that dear Lord, who, as we trust, has called us by his grace, brought us near to himself, and is employing us in some measure in his service.

2. *The spiritual profit of our own soul*, the blessing of the Lord, as a personal, experimental reality in our own conscience, the dew of his favor resting on our branch, and our own growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ—how weighty, how essential should these blessings be felt to be by us. Surely our own soul's salvation and consolation should be our main concern. What are our farms, our shops, our business, our property, our families, our friends, our very bodies and lives themselves, compared with the worth and value of our immortal souls? If it be well with them, all is well; if ill with them, all is ill. And if any of our readers are called to minister to the souls of others, with what power or earnestness, we may well say with what *face* can we press eternal realities

on the conscience of others, when they have so little weight with our selves, or bid them keep their vineyards clean, when we are so neglecting our own? If our soul be like the garden of the sluggard, overrun with thorns and briars, never weeded or watered, the fences broken down, and the wild boar of the wood wasting it, and we are idly looking on, careless what the crop is, or whether there be any crop at all, we shall prove sorry gardeners of the church of Christ—that “garden enclosed,” into which she invites her beloved to come that he may eat his pleasant fruits. Now, without a spirit of prayer, reading, meditation, seclusion from the world, self searching and communing with one’s own heart; without visitations of the Lord’s presence, and the operations and influences of the blessed Spirit, we can never be fruitful in every good word and work. “Abide in me and I in you; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me.” Associating with worldly people, gossiping and visiting from house to house, lounging their precious time away in empty talk, not giving themselves to reading, meditation, or study, but spending hour after hour in utter idleness of mind, neither tried, nor exercised, nor crying to the Lord, nor even thinking about eternal things at all, much less enjoying the Lord’s presence—if such be their state week after week, can we wonder if the occupiers of the pulpit are rather a burden than a benefit to the occupiers of the pew; and if, instead of being honored and resorted to, they gradually become despised and forsaken? “By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.” When we look around and see decaying buildings and dropping houses, well may we say, “Slothfulness and idleness have done this.”

3. *An earnest desire for the good of the brethren* will flourish or fade much in proportion to the weight and power with which eternal realities press on our own soul. In this desire for the welfare of Zion, this love to the people of God for Christ’s sake, this pure, disinterested, affectionate solicitude that the blessing of God might rest upon them, does the grace of the gospel shine forth so conspicuously, and forms such a noble contrast with the spirit of the world. *That* says, “All for me, none for you; all I get I keep; all you get I grudge.” But the noble, unselfish principle of grace says, “Dear brother, I want you to be blessed as well and as much as myself; for the more the Lord gives me, the more I want him to give you. We are partners, not rivals; friends and brethren, not antagonists and foes!” In nothing does divine grace more display its heavenly origin than in seeking the good of the brethren. Ministers seeking the spiritual welfare of their flock; members of churches desiring the blessing of God upon those connected with them in church fellowship; believers generally laboring in prayer and supplication for the power of God to rest upon his servants, his churches, his people,—how becoming the gospel is this, how consistent with our profession, how following the example of the blessed Redeemer,

“Who spared no pains, declined no load,  
Resolved to buy us with his blood.”

We wish to say little of ourselves, lest we fall into the same spirit of self exaltation that we have been condemning; but this much, we trust, we may say, that in editing this periodical, we desire to seek the good of the brethren among whom it comes. In what falls from our pen, as well as in selecting what is sent by our correspondents for insertion, our main aim and object are to profit the Lord's people, to avoid all questions that may minister to contention and strife; and whilst we contend for the truth in the power and experience of it in the heart, to do so in a spirit of tenderness, affection, and love.

In this spirit have we desired to write what we now lay before our readers, and if any of them think we have, in some expressions, borne rather hard on existing evils, let them forgive us this wrong, and attribute it to our desire to be faithful, as well as affectionate, and not, under a show of seeming gentleness, smooth over manifest inconsistencies.

"Brethren, pray for us," is the best request and the most fitting close that can be offered to those of our readers who know and love the truth, by their affectionate friend and servant,

THE EDITOR.

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Whosoever then seeketh righteousness by the law, what can he imagine else but that God, being angry, must needs be pacified with works? Now when he hath once conceived this fantasy, he beginneth to work. But he can never find so many good works as are able to quiet his conscience, but still he desireth more; yea, he findeth sins in those works he hath done already. Therefore his conscience can never be certified, but must needs be always in doubt, and thus think with itself. Thou hast not sacrificed as thou shouldest do; thou hast not prayed aright; this thou hast left undone; this or that sin thou hast committed. Here the heart trembleth and feeleth itself oppressed with innumerable sins, which still increase without end, so that he swerveth from righteousness more and more, until at length he fall to desperation. Hereof it cometh, that many, being at the point of death, have uttered these desperate words: "O wretch that I am! I have not kept mine order. Whither shall I flee from the wrath of Christ, that angry judge? Would to God I had been made a swineherd, or the vilest wretch in the whole world." Thus the monk, in the end of his life, is more weak, more beggarly, more faithless and fearful than he was at the beginning, when he first entered into his order. The reason is, because he would strengthen himself through weakness, and enrich himself through poverty. The law, or men's traditions, or the rule of his order, should have healed him when he was sick, and enriched him when he was poor; but he is become more feeble and more poor than the publicans and harlots. The publicans and harlots have not a heap of good works to trust unto, as the monks have; but although they feel their sins never so much, yet they can say with the publican, "O Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" But contrariwise, the monk, which hath spent all his time in weak and beggarly elements, is confirmed in this opinion: "If thou keep thy rule, thou shalt be saved," &c. With this false persuasion, he is so deluded and bewitched that he cannot apprehend grace, no nor once remember grace.—*Luther.*

## MOURNERS IN ZION COMFORTED.

A SERMON BY MR. W. TIPTAFT, PREACHED AT ZOAR CHAPEL, GREAT ALIE STREET, LONDON; ON THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, 1843.

“To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.”—Isaiah lxi. 3.

THE Lord's people, who are taught by his blessed Spirit, and know what poor, guilty, ruined, and condemned sinners they are in themselves, and have found the Lord Jesus Christ precious to their souls, are not satisfied with any religion, (however great the profession of it may be,) unless there is something of the bright side experienced as well as of the dark side, and something of comfort as well as of sorrow; and that such professors have been wounded and distressed on account of sin, and have also had fresh testimonies of the love of God to their souls. But I have much greater hope of those persons being in the right way who mourn over their darkness and are in trouble about their souls, than of those persons who are always boasting of their faith and talking of their enjoyments. How very many are so satisfied and comfortable with their religion; they say they are always in the light, and always happy; and if you question the genuineness of their faith, and say they are presumptuous characters, and that it is not right to call such as preach in this way the ministers of God, such persons would soon be offended with you, and accuse you of being very uncharitable. But only let such as those who have this kind of religion, and talk so largely, come to be tried, sifted, and exercised, and it will soon be evident that the greater part, or all of their religion arises from the pride of their hearts, and is one of the devices of Satan. So that there is a greater confidence to be placed in the standing of those who are tried and cast down, who are sorrowful and mourning on account of sin, and who are crying out, “What will ever become of us?” than of those who are full of pride and presumption. I have a greater opinion of those who are thus humbled and brought down, seeing themselves sinners in God's sight, and feeling their lost and ruined state, than of those who are always talking about the greatness of their faith. So that what we contend for is this—there must be sorrow as well as joy, there must be wounding as well as healing. God's children are lost as well as found; they are pulled down and they are built up; they are stripped and they are clothed; they are condemned in their own sight, and brought to mourn over their sin and sinfulness, and yet at times are enabled to rejoice on account of what Christ has done for them.

The words at the beginning of the chapter are expressly applicable to the Lord Jesus Christ. But they do not belong exclusively to him; they belong also to the ministers of Christ who are sent out, instructed, and qualified by his blessed Spirit. “For my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth nor out

of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever." Those that preach acceptably to God's quickened family must speak under the power and influence of the Holy Ghost; for the same Spirit who inspired and caused the book of God to be written must open and unfold its sacred contents, and also open the hearts of God's people to receive and understand it; so that when that which is written in the word is in accordance with that of which they have a living experience in the heart, there is a blessed agreement and an evidence of the work of God on their souls; for it is the office of the Holy Ghost to lay the sinner low in the dust, and take of the things of Christ and show them unto him.

Now all through the book of God the Lord's people have been recorded as mourners in Zion; witness Job, David, Jeremiah, and others. But Paul says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." And also it is said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," the things of God. So that to come aright and understand the way of truth, it must be through its being made known and taught to the soul by the Holy Ghost. There must be a revelation of the truth brought home with power to the heart; when such is the case, they will become witnesses for God; and when any one thus taught is called upon to speak in the name of Christ he will be an able minister of the new testament, "not of the letter, that killeth, but of the Spirit, that giveth life." So that all power, light, and unction is from the Holy Ghost.

The prophet Isaiah, speaking of the Spirit resting upon Christ, says, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." The ministers of Christ are specially qualified and sent out for this work, to speak unto them that are mourners in Zion, who are sitting in ashes, and are bowed down with the spirit of heaviness.

But let us inquire who they are that are mourners in Zion? It is those who are called and quickened by the Holy Ghost, and brought out of nature's darkness into the kingdom of God's grace, and who are really concerned about their soul's salvation. You will find many in this great city that are mourning and full of sorrow, but it is not on account of their sins; it is only on account of the perishing things of this life. But all such persons as these are not the mourners intended here; it is to appoint unto *them* that "mourn in Zion," to give unto *them* "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for



mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." These words belong only to those who can give evidence that their mourning is of a godly sort, and who are made to differ from the world by the power of God's grace in their souls. But if a man's religion does not make him differ from the world, it is a plain proof that he is in the high road to destruction; for the friendship of the world is enmity with God; and "if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." True religion, then, will make a man differ from the world, and bring him out from it; so that the world and he will never quietly be at peace any more. Such characters as these become mourners in Zion. But some may ask, "How long will they remain in this trouble and affliction? That is a question I cannot answer. The length of time is with God, and it is according to his will and pleasure. There is *a time* for the Lord's people to be brought into trouble, and there is also *a time* for them to be brought out of it, and to rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The promise is, "to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion." Those that are mourners in Zion are special characters. But when you come to reckon up and look around, how very few there are of this kind; whilst there is an abundance of professors of the name of Christ to be found, yet of true genuine mourners how very few indeed! And when such are found, there is more rejoicing over one such real mourner in Zion than there is over ninety and nine just persons in their own eyes who need no such repentance. For he makes such a one, when God begins a work in his heart by his blessed Spirit, feel as the publican did when he smote upon his breast and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and like the three thousand who were pricked to the heart under Peter's sermon, who cried out in terror and dismay, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And I believe it is the case with all when they are first wrought upon by God, that they imagine there is a great deal to be done and they must set about doing it. I know such was the case with myself; and you will find every one in this state will really think that he can make himself better; and that what with reading books, attendance upon hearing the word, with many prayers and his own strivings, he thinks what a great Christian he will be! Well do I remember how I clave to Arminianism, and would not give it up. I would have reconciled free grace and free will together if I could; and I tried to prove that all were interested in God's favor, and might be saved if they would. I did not like the doctrine of free grace, but loved that of free will, which gave to all a chance of being saved, who were willing in their way to seek and serve God. But when at length I was taught my sinnership more completely, those errors were purged out of my heart, so that I could not embrace them nor those that preached them any longer. I said to all such in the words of Job, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" But I believe there are many quickened characters like these among the General Baptists, Wesleyans, and the Church clergy, and those sitting under them, but who are always uneasy, feeling their misery, and find that something is wanting which they have not; they are

mourners and among the discontented. For where God begins a work by his blessed Spirit there will be such a deep sense of sin and misery felt that it will produce great mourning before the Lord, with earnest supplications for his mercy. And the more a man knows of his own wretchedness, so much the more will he want to hear of the doctrines of God's grace, and will cleave to them from necessity; and when he discovers that he can neither work nor think anything that is good, he will be *glad to hear* that Christ has done all things for him; so that the blessed truths of the gospel are established in his heart, and he becomes a living witness for the truth of them.

(*To be continued.*)

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## OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS. THOU HAST PERFECTED PRAISE.

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Dear Sir,—I have long felt a desire to send a few lines to you by way of encouragement in the work in which you are engaged. I have taken the *Standard* for some time past, notwithstanding that it is now, as in the days of the Apostles, the way or sect everywhere spoken against. It was the finding fault with an article in a number that was the means the Lord used to bring me to see the Magazine that I might read it for myself; and, I must say, the gracious experiences therein recorded have often cheered my weary pilgrimage.

I have known the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ for more than 22 years; and when I can look at the way in which the Lord has led me, and the way in which I have returned the kindness of the Lord, I have not far to go to find occasion for weeping and mourning.

I left my native land as a poor forsaken sailor-boy, company for no one that I could find, and thought I never should find a sailor who feared the Lord; but the Lord led me to New York. There I heard a sailor tell of the love of Christ; and the Spirit of the Lord carried it home with power to my heart; yea, I believe, made the word quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow, and became a discernor of the thoughts and intents of my heart. I felt that all things were naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom I had to do.

But my intention is not to speak of what the Lord did in me so much as of what he lately did for my youngest daughter, about eight and a half years of age, who was taken from me last December, I fully believe for a world of blessedness. I have been led to do this from reading the first article in the *Standard* of this month. The Lord Jesus has revealed himself to me on sea as well as on land; and though I am brought to feel with Paul that I am the chief of sinners, yet sometimes I can say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." I know what it is to be filled with the Spirit, and I know what it is to be barren; and in this dark and cloudy day I feel sometimes as though the whole people were going wondering after the Beast of a mere empty profession. But it is a great mercy that the Lord continues to carry on his own purposes of grace and mercy to his chosen ones, and still has his reserves, as in the days of Elijah.

My little one lost her mother about three years since, and ever since that time she had been drooping, until a few weeks previous to her death, when she was taken with her last sickness, and then the doctor told me that she would never come down stairs again. She had evidently inherited her mother's disease—consumption, and that of the most fearful kind. She did not lay her head upon a pillow for nearly two weeks, but got all her sleep by simply nodding in sitting on a sofa. I had to take the most care of her myself. While my feelings were pained much in seeing her suffer so, and that nothing could be done to relieve her, I felt it was a case that demanded of me, who knew of a Physician who could cure soul and body, if it pleased him, to bring her case before him. Prayer was offered in the church, of which I was then a member, and she was visited by many, but, being very low, and greatly troubled in her mind, she wished to see no one but her immediate friends. I was advised to come home about a fortnight before she left us at 12 o'clock, as her step-mother thought she would go off in one of the spells that came on about that time. I came home, and about 3 or 4 o'clock that afternoon, as I was sitting in the front room, all alone with her, she said, "Father, my heart will jump out of me." I said, "My daughter, I hope the Lord will sustain you." A moment after she said, "Father, I am going to Jesus; I shall die happy! I have no fear of death." Oh! It was the Shepherd's voice. I ran across the room and caught her in my arms, and said, while we were both together in tears, "That is all, yea, more than I asked." We called in several friends to rejoice with us, and we all expected she would leave us that night; but she lingered along nearly two weeks after this in great suffering. Sometimes at midnight, when she got so that she could lay her head on the pillow, I would try and pray beside her. She would say, "Father, come close by me; I love to hear you pray. When you pray, Jesus seems close by me;" and she said one day, while suffering much pain, "Father, this is sore suffering; but what is all this to what Jesus suffered for me?" When she left us, the last words on her faltering tongue were, "Pray, pray, pray!" I felt, when bringing her case before the Lord, that the case of the man having the palsy was mine. I knew Jesus could heal her, and I tried to bring her in my arms of faith, and lay her at his feet; telling him if he could do anything for us, to help us; and he graciously answered his own faith, for he is the author of it all.

I feel that it is my duty to the church of God, if I can encourage the weakest, to cast in my mite; and you can do as you think best with this. The Lord willing, at some future time I may send an account of some of the Lord's dealings with my own soul, and give a reason of the hope that is in me with meekness and fear, the Lord enabling me.

The family who resided in the house with us lost their only daughter a few days after I lost mine; and, as her mother had been very kind to us in our affliction, and sat up many nights with me, I felt as though I ought to ask the Lord to bless her for her kindness. I told her of this when her daughter was dying; and, though it seemed to



carnal reason a strange way of blessing, yet I believe she would have reason to thank the Lord for it. Just as the breath was leaving the daughter's body, the mother's tongue was loosed, and she spoke out the praise of our wonder-working God and Saviour, and her tears were tears of gratitude; and then her husband was led to call upon the name of the Lord, and both of them are now hoping in the mercy of the Lord; and, as the Lord opened their hearts, the door of their house was opened, and ever since we have had a prayer meeting on Thursday evenings, and we have sometimes felt as though the Lord was in our midst.

Lately we have had some trouble at the church where I belong, I urging the absolute necessity of the Holy Spirit's presence in the new birth, and that there can be no motion Godward until he comes upon the soul, as he did upon the Virgin Mary, forming a new creation or new creature; and the pastor saying that if they waited, without making the effort, they would never come; but I know that when the Lord makes his people willing they come without any driving. They have a new nature, and that nature wants nourishment, and they come under the sweet and gracious teachings of the Holy Spirit to Jesus Christ. I also maintained that the Lord Jesus died for the elect world, and them only, and that I was born again before I knew it, and could not believe it, until Jesus revealed himself as mine, by speaking my sins all forgiven; and that I would give no one the praise of this but him. When my little daughter was sick, many said, "Tell her to do this and that," but I felt it was only the Lord that could bring her; and therefore I told him if he would be pleased to speak she should live; because he is the resurrection and the life, and the Spirit, like the wind, blows on whom and where he pleaseth, and who dare instruct him?

I received a letter from the pastor accusing me of receiving the errors of a certain sect in England; and I believe it is the certain sect that is everywhere spoken against by the mere professors. He said that sentence of Toplady's, that there was no sense in asking the dead sinner why he would die when he was dead already, he could not receive as gospel or truth; but, how men who have known anything of their own spiritual death, can believe anything else, I cannot see; but you are too familiar with their mode of reasoning to need anything from me. We are hoping that the Lord will open the way for a small place to be opened where we can meet, and we hold prayer meetings from house to house. You will answer this if you think meet.

I remain, Yours in a complete Redeemer,

CHARLES R. STEPHEN.

Brooklyn, Long Island, State of New York,  
August 1, 1856.

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The impressions of the kisses of the face of Him that sitteth on the throne are the deeper, that the frequent experiences of grace have been many.—*Rutherford*.

## A FULL SAVIOUR AND AN EMPTY SINNER.

My dear Friend,—If nothing unforeseen turn up to prevent, I will endeavor, by the Lord's help, to come and see you again, for the purpose of saying something about the dear Friend of ruined sinners, in your little place. O may he bring me there, and himself be also manifestatively and graciously there too.

I was not left without some sweet and solemn feeling in my heart when I endeavored to speak there for the first time, nor without feeling myself at home in your house. I wish you had told me how your poor daughter is in her health, as I have thought much of her since I saw her. My own daughter having been a great sufferer since then, it has called yours afresh to my thoughts. Mine is indeed a path of sorrow, but I see at times it is a right one, and can feelingly say, "Thy holy, blessed will be done." I am a poor blunderer, but he makes no mistakes; I am darkness, he is light; I am weakness, he is almighty; I am a poor beggar, he rich in mercy; I am a mass of sin, he the Lord our righteousness; I am nothing and less than nothing, and vanity, but he is all in all. O that I knew him more, loved him more, and exalted him more!

With kind regards to your dear wife and daughter, and all the friends,

I remain, Yours in the truth,

London, May 6, 1850.

J. S.

The application of all the promises is the work of the Holy Spirit. The promise of life and the spirit of life always go together; for it is the powerful application of the word by the Spirit that makes the promise; the incorruptible seed, the word of God, that liveth and abideth for ever. All the promises of divine consolation have their sincere milk from Christ by the Holy Spirit. One promise brings peace, another joy, another love, another comfort, another rest. Just as the Holy Spirit sends them in, so they discharge their rich contents. The hungry soul, by exercising faith upon them, sucks the sweetness of them, till he is filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. There is no converting, refreshing, encouraging power attends the word without the Spirit's operation. When he makes application of it, faith, life, and love attend it. And various are the sensations of the soul, under the Spirit's influence, when he applies the word. Sometimes it is a word of support that fortifies and strengthens; sometimes a word of encouragement to keep us watching and waiting, and to bear us up under trials and crosses; sometimes a word of correction that leads us to self-examination, which awes us, and excites watchfulness and amendment; at other times a soft word that breaketh the bones, and melts us under a sense of undeserved love and self-aborrence; and often a word of instruction to correct the mind, to disperse some wrong notion, to inform the judgment, and to bring more harmonious and consistent views of things to the soul. Innumerable are the ways by which the Holy Spirit works by the word, and in his application of it; but it is always a seasonable application; and "a word spoken in due season, how good is it!"—*Huntington*.

## MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE.

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Dear Brethren in Jesus, whom I love in the truth, and for the truth's sake,—Mercy and peace be multiplied unto you.

I trust this will find you all well, both in soul and in body, which is the greatest blessing we poor mortals can enjoy in this poor dying world. I am but poorly myself, and have been so all through the winter; but, notwithstanding that, I have only been laid aside from preaching one Lord's Day.

I think I promised to let you know how we were going on at B—. We left the old barn in December, and opened our new place on the 16th of that month, and have continued in it ever since. I am happy to say I believe the Lord is amongst us indeed, by increasing our numbers, and blessing his word to our souls. It is surprising to see what a quantity of people attend. Every Lord's Day there are more people than can get into the place; so that we shall be obliged to enlarge it. It is wonderful what a spirit there is for hearing, for hearing the truth, and nothing but the truth. Nothing else will suit; and I am happy to say that the greatest harmony, peace, union, love, and concord, reign amongst us. I feel a very great attachment to the people, and I believe they feel the same towards me. You know how blessed it is to meet together on a Lord's Day. Yes, beloved; as soon as one Lord's Day is gone, we begin to long for the next. We are now joined together as a church, on strict Baptist principles. I have taken the pastoral charge; not that I desired such an office, or felt myself competent to the undertaking; but the friends would not have a refusal; for they said as the Lord first began with me amongst them, and had blessed my labors to their poor souls, and that their hearts were fixed upon me, I must comply; therefore, I could not withstand them. We have many of the Lord's living children amongst us, both aged, middle-aged, and young; and many strong men in the faith, and women also. Some of the men have extraordinary gifts in prayer; but they all love the plain honest truth, free from all condition as it respects the creature. So you see, what with my situation as gardener, a very large family to support, extensive grounds to cultivate, men to employ in their different departments, and having to preach every Sunday, all on my mind, I am so fully employed that sometimes I have not time to write a letter.

How blessed it is that our gracious God not only makes promises, but fulfils them in our experience; for he has said, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day, so shall thy strength be." O how suitable this is in my present situation. I have many things to try me, am often sorely tempted, and cast down by reason of darkness, and very much tried respecting my preaching, calling myself a thousand fools for ever attempting it. I often go out on a Lord's Day morning, and would, if I dared, hide myself anywhere rather than go into the pulpit; but when this is the case, I generally have the best opportunity in preaching, and the people in hearing. This is the way the Lord makes his strength perfect in our weak-

ness, and this is the way the Lord enables me to lean upon him, the strong one, for strength. Sometimes when I begin to preach I feel as if I could not stand up for five minutes; then the Lord gives me a little opening, and a little light, life, and love in my soul, so that I do not know how to leave off. These seasons are generally very precious, because of the Lord's presence. This is the way the Lord keeps down the pride of the heart, which would soon begin to show itself to one's eternal ruin, if it were not for the Lord's grace; but the Lord will keep the feet of his saints, so that they shall not finally fall and perish. No man or enemy can pluck us out of his hands.

Our dear Lord has left us an example that we should follow in his steps. In everything we should inquire, How did our Lord act? Look at him when he was tempted forty days and forty nights. The same Satan that tempted him tempts you and me. When Satan tempted him to despond, how did he answer? "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And that is the way we must live, namely, by faith. When our Lord was tempted to love the world, he said, "Get thee hence, Satan." We are often tempted to this, for that carnal love is never rooted out of our carnal hearts, but is a sore evil and plague to God's living family. I know by experience the dear child cannot be happy with worldlings. If we wish to make a child of God miserable, put him amongst the world, and he will be immediately like a fish out of the water.

Well, beloved, your God who hath redeemed you and justified you, will take charge of you in the everlasting covenant, ordered well and sure; and rest assured that your name cannot be blotted out of the book of life, for your life is hid with Christ in God, and is everlastingly secure.

I hope to have a letter from you, my beloved friend, before long. I long to hear from you all, for you are very near to my heart. I desire to pray for your soul's prosperity, and that the Lord will perfect his own work in your heart.

How is Mrs. —? Is she yet groaning, being burdened? Tell her Christ is the only refuge.

Are my dear brother J. S., and his sister, quite well? The Lord bless them in all their engagements in this life, lead them by his counsel, and afterwards receive them into glory.

Receive this in love. Your loving Brother in Jesus,

The Hasells, March 14th, 1843.

R. THOMPSON.

[The writer of the above letter, now no longer in this vale of tears, was, we understand, a simple-hearted gracious man, as indeed his language and spirit here testify, much esteemed and loved by the people among whom he ministered the word of life. Knowing him only by report, we can add no more than we like the honesty and simplicity that breathe through the letter.—Ed.]

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If you make price with Christ, and compound with everlasting grace, you shame the glory of the ransom-payer.—*Rutherford*.

## IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?

Esteemed and kind Friends,—I have been waiting for the winter to be past, the frost to break, the northerly wind to cease from blowing, and the long nights and short days to make a change; wishing that the sun might shine, the south wind and the dews and rain to fall, the upper springs to flow and the nether springs to rise; and laboring that the heavenly Messenger might arrive with a message for me to give, that I might write with instruction and you read with profit, and have your soul sweetly comforted, and the name of the Lord be glorified; yet, after all am I kept waiting. What news shall I send my friend? I have eight children that look, or will look if life is spared, to me for bread; and this keeps me looking to the Lord, to watch his overruling and bounteous hand, while my faith persuades me that he will not let me return ashamed, nor my children cry with perishing hunger for their bread.

I am brought into a decent, respectable state of living, and I have no other way to maintain it but my faith and my mouth. Besides this numerous family, I have many times the number who are waiting for the bread of life, and depending upon its coming through me as the instrument; and often I have nothing to depend upon but his gracious promise and all-sufficiency, and am obliged to go to the work without sense or feeling of what I am going about until I am engaged therein. But past experience, the unconditional promise, and a faithful Lord and Master, forbid me to faint or give way to fears, by which I am preserved from mistrust and guilt. And this is no small favor.

I suppose and believe that I am writing to one who has for many years proved that nothing is too hard for the Lord, and but one thing impossible; that is, he cannot lie; and that you are now witnessing what the Almighty says, "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you;" yea, that you are bringing forth fruit up to old age, to show that the Lord is upright.

I have much on my hands. I have been sitting up all night with a son in the faith who is ill in the body. The bearer of the note is just setting off; so I must say with John, "I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face."

Wadhurst, Oct. 8, 1828.

W. C.

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Can the father see the child sweat, wrestle under an over-load till his back be near broken, and he cry, "I am gone," and his bowels not be moved to pity, and his hands not stretched out to help? Were not the bowels and heart of that mother made of a piece of the nether mill-stone, had she not sucked the milk and breast of a tiger, and seemed rather to be the whelp of a lion, than a woman, who should see her young child drowning, and wrestling with water, and crying for her help, and yet she should not stir, nor be moved in heart, nor run to help? This is but a shadow of the compassion that is in that heart dwelling in a body personally united to the blessed Godhead in Jesus Christ.—*Rutherford*.

## REJOICE WITH THEM THAT REJOICE, AND WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP.

My dear Sister in the Faith of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,—Hearing of your late heavy trial, in which death has bereaved you of your beloved daughter and only surviving child, I cannot help sympathising with you. My hearty desire and prayer for you is, that the Lord may sanctify the stroke, and also bless you with his supporting grace, and more than make up the loss with his sensible and comforting presence.

O my dear sister, what a changing world we live in! How short-lived are our best earthly comforts! All is frail and fading. Vanity of vanities; all is vanity, and vexation of spirit, short of Jesus. He is the one thing needful. You, my dear sister, through grace, have been enabled, like Mary, to make choice of him as the better part; and although the Lord has taken your children, and may, if he thinks proper, deprive you of every comfort, yet this better part shall not be taken from you.

“ And if our dearest comforts fall  
Before his sovereign will,  
He never takes away our all;  
Himself he gives us still.”

What are all the strokes, sorrows, and chastisements, dear sister, which we have to contend with, to be compared to what the Lord Jesus endured and suffered, when the chastisement of our peace was upon him; when he said, “If it be possible, let this cup pass from me. But O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done?” O what bitters were in this cup! The guilt of millions, the malice of men and devils, and the wrath of God. Like a great mountain it pressed him down in agony, until he exclaimed, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.” “Behold! all ye that pass by, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger.” This dear Man of Sorrows is acquainted with all our griefs, even your present griefs; and mind you, “though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.” “He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever.” “He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.” “Like as a father pitieth his children [in their trouble], so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.”

You, my dear sister, in your present distress, may be ready to say with Jacob, “All these things are against me;” or with Jeremiah, “Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his hand against me all the day;” but this is only the voice of unbelief; and as they found it so, likewise will you.

“ Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.”



Depend upon it, that what he has done is all for the best, both for you and your dear offspring.

“ He hides the purpose of his grace,  
To make it better known.”

“ What I do now,” he says, “ thou knowest not; but thou shalt know hereafter.” The hereafter sweetness will more than make up for all your present bitters.

My kind love to your dear partner; and may the Lord’s blessing rest upon you both. So prays,

Yours sincerely,

Sutton Benjer, Jan. 31, 1855.

J. H.

## THE BLOOD OF SPRINKLING.

Dear Friend,—If it should please the great Head of the Church, I do hope that this will find thy soul in a prosperous way, with a deep discovery of thy ruined state by the fall of man, and as a sinner before God; also may you have, by faith, a view of your soul’s interest in the precious blood and righteousness of Christ, the God-man mediator between a guilty worm and divine justice. I hope the Holy Spirit is leading you out of all refuges short of Christ; and that you feel you are coming up out of this wilderness world, leaning on the Beloved; for nothing short of this will stand. A bare knowledge of the doctrines of truth, however clear, must give way sooner or later, if there is no vital union to the living Vine; for the fire shall try every man’s religion, of what kind it is; therefore do not rest down short of an application of the blood of Christ to your soul. Satan will get you, if possible, to rest on a deep law-work, or a deep discovery of the evil heart, or on great temptations; for a person may have great terrors and dread of hell, and pass through all this, and yet fall short of entering into that rest prepared for the people of God. But every elect vessel of mercy will, sooner or later, receive the application of the blood of Jesus by the Holy Ghost to his soul, so that he will feel cleansed from all his sins. Nothing short of this will satisfy your soul or mine. Let me know how you get on; if you find the road very rough, and if the world, flesh, and the devil oppose; if you are still panting and crying after Jesus; also if sin is a burden, yea, a deep affliction to your soul? I mean the workings of evil within. And is there a weaning from the world, although it often carries your heart away so at times you cannot see, as you think, the least difference between those that are dead in sin and yourself? These things will bring you to the light to search, and you will then want the Holy Spirit to bear witness with your spirit that you are a living child of God.

Yours in the truth,

T. S. S.

Any man is nearer God than the humble soul in his own eyes.—*Rutherford.*

## LETTERS BY THE LATE D. HERBERT.—III.

My dear Friends,—I feel persuaded you will pardon the liberty I have taken in troubling you with these few lines, to inform you I am still living to praise my ever-living, glorious Lord. I have for some time appeared to stand just on the brink of Jordan, looking, longing, and expecting my heavenly Father would say, "Come up hither." But truly the Lord has said, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways;" for he has been pleased to raise me up once more.

You must know, my dear friend, that on the Sunday before I intended setting out for D—, I went about six or seven miles from home to speak in the name of my glorious, precious Christ, and my heavenly Father was pleased so to indulge me with his special presence, and fill my poor earthen vessel so full, that I forgot I was an old man. I was raised above my infirmities, and was led to exert myself so much that on Monday I was taken with a bowel complaint and a nervous fever; so that I was obliged to keep my bed for a month. But, bless God, my soul was happy all the time, and I think I sometimes ate of the fruit of the tree of life that stands in the midst of the paradise of God, and knew sweetly what it was to rejoice in tribulation; cast down, without a fear of being cast off. Perhaps you will say, "And why not come, after you got so much better?" O my dear friends, I know I disappointed you, and I do assure you the disappointment distressed my very soul; for I felt my heart was with you, although I thought it hardly probable I should ever see you again in the flesh; and after I felt myself better, I still felt my heart's desire was to see you; but two things counterruled all my plans. The first thing that operated upon my mind was, I thought the season was too far gone by; but the other reason was too powerful for me to resist, as it went deep into my heart. You may remember that last July twelvemonth, I felt a strong inclination to visit my old friends at Q—, D—, and G—, once more; and I intimated my inclination to them by letter; but received an answer that they wished me not to come. I have been used to disappointments in a very great degree, but I must confess I never had one that afflicted my mind so much as that did, as it was such a blank to my anticipations; but still I thought that weeks and months would roll round, and looked forward to another year, feeling persuaded that when that period came round, I should receive an affectionate invitation from my Q— friends; and so fully did I expect it that almost every post during last May, June, July, and August, I was on the look out for my anticipated invitation; but alas! alas! it all turned out a blank, for I have not received a word from any one; and I have set myself down as a poor, abandoned, slighted cast-off; therefore, from the feelings which agitated my poor nervous mind, (though my health was in a great measure restored,) I felt myself compelled to give up my intended visit to you; at which I think you will not be surprised.

It has been my lot to have many a pleasing gourd spread over my



head, but it has as often been my lot to have a worm at the root. I have been so pleased and gratified with my Q— gourd that I little suspected a worm would ever find its way there. At Q— I thought myself secure, and more than half at home. I hope when you see my Q— friends you will tell them that cuts and wounds from friends very soon fester, and mostly are very slow in healing.

When you see any of the Lord's dear tried ones, who perhaps expected to see me with you, tell them I thought to have had a very long stay with them, to have told them about my precious and glorious Christ, what a suitable Christ I have found him to be; what a rich Christ for such a poor forlorn beggar as I; what a full Christ for such a poor ruined empty sinner; what a complete Saviour for one so completely lost; but the dear Lord would not trust me; yet I would say with that old servant of the Lord Nehemiah, "Shall such a man as I flee?" Are not all these vicissitudes under the management and direction of my heavenly Father, who has promised that whatever others do, "He will never leave me, nor forsake me," that "He will never turn away from me to do me good, but that he will guide me continually and lead me in the way that I must go?"

I was thinking perhaps I ought to apologise for troubling you with this long round about letter, but, as it comes from a sincere heart, a poor old man bending under bodily infirmities, with a mind sometimes overwhelmed, so that I can often say with David, "I was brought low," I know you will excuse it.

Now allow me to make one request; and that is, when opportunity offers, that you will favor me with a few lines, as it would gratify my very heart to hear from you, and to know how you and my always kind Mrs. R. are. I have not forgotten that you and dear Mrs. R. were amongst the first of my friends thirteen years ago, in whom I have never experienced any change and whose kindness can never be obliterated from my mind.

I fear I have tired you, and I am very tired myself. I can only say, the Lord bless you; and when it is well with you and you can go to a throne of grace with, "My Father," then drop a word in favor of your poor but

Truly affectionate Friend and Brother,

Sudbury, Sept. 29, 1830.

DANIEL HERBERT.

Repentance is, like the Holy Ghost, and forgiveness of sins, &c., a gift of God. "He shall give repentance and remission of sins to Israel." It has been a deceit of Satan to persuade people they can repent when they please; and this keeps half the world easy in their sins.—*Cennick*.

Between the two extremes of absolute perfection and total apostasy, lies the large field of believers' obedience and walking with God. Many a sweet heavenly passage there is, and many a dangerous depth in this field. Some walk near to the one side, some to the other; yea, the same persons may sometimes press hard after perfection and sometimes be cast to the very border of destruction.—*Owen*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE J. JENKINS.

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My dear Friend,—I have this day read over your letter, which you some time ago sent to me, and which has hitherto lay by me unanswered, either from want of an opportunity or a disposition for the work, or from both. When an opportunity has offered, there has been neither light, power, nor a heart to take the work in hand; and though the will be present, yet how to perform that which is good I know not.

I believe you are a witness, and one more added to the cloud of witnesses, who bear their testimony that none ever waited on the Lord in vain. "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me; they shall not be put to shame;" nor shall either men or devils ever triumph in their disappointment of what they have hoped for; and though hope delayed maketh the soul sad, at which time we receive many a taunt by our enemies saying, "Where is now their God?" yet, when the desire cometh, it is so sweet that we forget all former causes of discouragement, all our pains, sufferings, temptations, and tribulations, which we endured; they are like water that passes away. It is true we are made to be ashamed of our doings that were not good, and reproach we must suffer. The waiting sinner often meets with disappointments,—is often baffled in his expectations, and will be both reviled and reproached by Satan at those times; and we are confounded and abashed, and dare not open our mouth before God, when we know that he is pacified towards us in his dear Son. But "for their shame they shall have double, and for their confusion, they shall rejoice in their portion;" in the Lord, they shall possess it; "everlasting joy shall be unto them."

I liked your letter when I first read it, and felt its power, life, light, simplicity, and honesty, and a union to the writer taking place; but rather wondered that you had slipped out so secretly and so soon. "This my son," said I, "where has he been? Who hath begotten me this? seeing that I judged myself childless, and a wanderer to and fro; who and whence is he? I said, Come near to me, my Son, that I may feel thee, and that I may know whose Son indeed thou art;" because I have often been disappointed through the dimness of my eyes; and as he drew near, I thought I smelled his garments, as the smell of a field which the Lord of Hosts has blessed; and I blessed him in the name of the Lord, and prayed that he might be Lord over all his brethren, (according to the flesh,) and that all the base-born sons of his mother might bow down to him.

I think you are a proof that God works by the most base, unworthy, and despicable instruments; and it seems he has thus ordained it, that the excellency of the power might appear clear enough to be of him, and not of the instrument; and to God you must give all the glory. Nothing of it belongs to the poor vessel. No good thing was ever found in him, except that Spirit which convinced, reprov'd, enlightened, and wrought faith in your heart by hearing. O my son, keep near to him; walk as you have received

him; and hold fast that which you have received, that I may have cause of rejoicing in the day of the Lord, that I have not labored in vain, nor run in vain.

Your letter was not that of the necessitous, which call for the most and speediest of attention, otherwise I should have answered it sooner. I should be glad to see you for a little conversation when you can come, and when I have an opportunity, and am at home.

That the Lord may bless and prosper you, is the prayer of

J. JENKINS.

Sins against the Holy Spirit, in his work and operations, are taken notice of in a very particular manner, and are highly resented, even in the saints, and are punished with peculiar severity in the daring and presumptuous. The Israelites in the wilderness vexed his Holy Spirit, till he turned to be their enemy, and fought against them. Some of the young Gentile converts grieved him, and many were sickly and weak among them, and many slept, for their unbecoming behavior at the Lord's table. "The Holy Spirit," says Christ, "shall glorify me." And the Spirit is grieved when the Lord is dishonored. Ananias and Sapphira, agreeing together in sin, tempted the Spirit of the Lord, and Satan filled their hearts to lie to the Holy Ghost. "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God," says Peter. Therefore the Holy Ghost is God. And they were both struck dead upon the spot for it. Great and innumerable sins against God in his law, as in Manasseh and others, have been forgiven; and many awful things done and spoken against the Son of Man have been pardoned, as may be seen in Paul. But those that do despite to the Spirit of Grace; who willingly and wilfully counteract his operations and designs in the souls of God's people; and who see his power, and yet oppose, hate, and fight against it; and who ridicule and blaspheme both the Author and his operations; never have been, nor ever will be forgiven; for "the sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." And can any man in his senses believe, or attempt to affirm, that the all-wise God, the Judge of all the earth, who is rich in mercy and abundant in goodness and truth, would exclude men from all possibility of pardon, and doom them to eternal damnation, for sinning against a *name*, an *accident*, or only a *quality*, *attribute*, *perfection*, or a *power* in God, which may be transiently put forth, and displayed as an operation on man? Surely sinning against God the Father himself, which is sinning against all the revealed perfections and attributes of his nature, must be a more heinous crime than sinning against a single *quality* in him. And yet all manner of sins and blasphemies, committed against him in the law, have been forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost never was nor ever will be. And why this sin unto death should be emphatically called *the great transgression*, I cannot conceive, if the Holy Ghost, against whom it is committed, be not the great and terrible God.—*Huntington*.

## Obituary.

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### A FEW FRAGMENTS OF THE EXPERIENCE OF WILLIAM KNEE, LATE OF DEVIZES, WILTS.

William Knee was, in the early part of his life, dismissed from the horse soldiers, with a pension of 3s. 6d. per week, owing to his having fallen from his horse, which injured his heart and all the parts nearly connected with it; so that he had been a great sufferer from that time. He was sometimes laid aside for many months together, incapable of working, but, during the last three months he was a companion in affliction with Job. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, he was literally diseased. He said, "I am literally brought into that place, 'My wounds stink and are corrupt.' I fear I shall be an offence to my friends; I fear I shall go mad; I have had only four hours' sleep since I was taken ill, two hours at once; I only doze now for a few moments; I do beg of the Lord to continue unto me the use of my intellects, let him do what he will with my body."

He has now entered into rest, and truly it must be a rest to him; but the consolations of God were neither few nor small towards him. When this poor man was first called by grace, he could not read. The longest word he could pronounce after he had spelt it, was f r o m. He used to take his Bible to a solitary place, there kneel down and spell, and look up to the Lord to help him to pronounce it, which the Lord enabled him to do, and frequently gave him the spiritual meaning with it. When his mind was at first a little opened to divine things, he was pondering over the words in Eph. v. 30, "Members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," when it was injected into his mind that Jesus descended from the Jews, and therefore he had no part in him. He searched the word, to see if these things were so. There he read that his descent was also from a Moabitish woman (Ruth.) To the joy of his heart he found, that both Jew and Gentile were one with Christ. At another time he was walking in great darkness, and whenever he took up the Bible whatever part he looked into, it appeared to speak condemnation to him, until at last he began to despair of receiving any consolation, but thought he would open it once more, and perhaps for the last time. He was about to close it, when Rom. iv. 4 caught his eyes: "Now to him that worketh is the reward; not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." He could then go on his way rejoicing.

Knee once said, "More than twenty years since, I was in a wretched state of mind, fearing there was no mercy for me, when I was induced to go and hear Mr. P., at Allington. He spoke from these words, 'There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.' He spoke of the path of holiness, and said, the wayfaring men, though fools, should not err therein. O how I trembled while he was speaking of the first part. I thought

my doom was about to be sealed. I listened very attentively to hear him describe the vulture; and when he had finished, I said in my mind, I am not a vulture; I am too great a fool to be that; for, as to head knowledge, I have none. Then I listened to hear what he would say on the wayfaring man. O what a blessed time I had! He described my pathway so clearly, that my chains fell off; and O, what a love I felt for that dear man! When I came out of the chapel, a young person said to me, 'You have got a blessing, for I saw your countenance beaming with joy; but soon after you came in I thought you were going to have a fit; you shook, and looked so ill.' I said, 'The Lord has blessed the ministry to my soul.' I got away as soon as I could, to be alone, for I wanted no other company. I felt as the Spouse in the Canticles, 'I charge you, ye daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my Beloved, till he please.' What sweet communion I had with the Lord all the way home; and for a long time the sweet savor abode with me. How I begged the Lord he would prolong the life of that dear man, for his own glory and his people's good. Though I have never spoken to him, he has been in my heart ever since, and I know that I shall die with him there, and shall meet him in heaven. Another time I heard him from 2 Cor. iii., respecting the glory of the two covenants, but the new covenant excelled in glory. I had been led into the majesty of the Lord under the law in a most tremendous manner. If I viewed the works of creation, I felt his awful majesty. When I looked up to the sun and moon, and contemplated what that Being must be who made these glorious orbs, and that I had sinned against him, such fears seized me, I sometimes thought the earth would open and swallow me up. 'When I view the heavens, the work of thine hands, Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?' I followed Mr. P. when he spoke of the first covenant, but when he came to the glory that excelleth, O what a union of soul I felt to him! I prayed to the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth many such laborers into his harvest."

Knee's path was a conflicting one throughout. At one time, seeing him in such great agony, I suggested, that as he could not rest himself by lying on his back, there should be a contrivance for him to lie forward, and one or two other things I proposed, to all of which he said, "No, it would hasten his death; and as he knew that to be the case, it would be self-murder. I do not know what the Lord is about to do with me," he said, "I am afraid of myself." I believe he had great soul conflict at that time. I said, "Think it not strange that you are so afflicted, for we read in the word of God, that some of the most eminent of the saints of old were sorely afflicted. What must Job have felt, when he said, 'Am I a sea or a whale?'" "Yes," he said, and again, "They were sawn asunder."

I think it was the next day I called on him, and told him I had a sermon of Mr. P.'s, on Heb. iv. 4, 15: "For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He wished me to read it. He told me afterwards that the text and

several parts of the sermon occurred to his mind during the night, and it was comforting to him, and another portion with it, (vii. 7, 26): "For such a High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners."

He related another instance of the matchless love of God towards him. He said, "The happiest time I ever experienced, was during the life of my first wife. We could walk together in divine things. The Lord was pleased to take her. I remember coming home full of the goodness of God, after hearing Mr. P. preach," (he spoke of four sermons he heard from Mr. P., three at Allington, and one in Devizes, under each of which he could read his title clear to mansions in the skies. I do not know to which he referred at this time,) "when I forgot I had a wife lying dead at home; but the moment I put the key in, to unlock the door, the stench of death came into my nostrils (natural death, I suppose he meant). Hard thoughts of God possessed my mind, and I remained a long time in a rebellious state. 'The rebellious shall dwell in a dry land.' But when I came to myself, I felt I had sinned against so much goodness, and the enemy suggested that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. I begged, I entreated of the Lord, if he could have mercy on one so vile, he would show it me. I said, 'Lord, if there is one of thy dear children who has sinned as I have, and it be recorded in thy book, show it me.' The words came, 'Call me not Naomi, call me Mara,' for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me.' O how blessedly I did walk with that dear old woman "Naomi."

It was truly blessed to hear him recount the many bedewings of the love of God to his soul during his thirty years' sojourn in the land that led to rest. I have tried to restrain him from talking so much, for fear he would feel ill effects from it; but while the oil ran, he felt constrained to let it flow. He called to remembrance an event that occurred many years since, which I must not pass by. His work lay several streets from his dwelling, and as his breath was bad, instead of going home, he used to take his dinner to a room occupied by the late John Pearce, a gracious man; and whilst at dinner they used to converse on heavenly things. He one day said, "John, I fear I am a trouble to you coming here so often." John replied, "It would be more trouble to me if you stayed away."

"Walking one day," said Knee, "this portion darted into my mind, 'Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is my strength.' I said, 'Lord, do not I trust in thee? Lord, if I do not trust in thee aright, teach me how to trust thee.' I called on John and asked him to look into his Concordance, (for I believed it to be scripture,) and told him my fears. John found it in Isaiah. He said he did not view it in the light that I did; and did not think it a reproof. I said, 'What do you think of it?' 'The word of God,' he said, 'is deep and mysterious, and we cannot understand it till revealed, but in time the meaning may be known.' The next day I took a walk with him. On our return, I was taken very ill, and with difficulty reached home. My wife hastened to get me some warm tea; but as soon as I had drunk it, I broke a blood



vessel, and threw up a quantity of blood. The doctor came, and I was put to bed in an exhausted state. John remained with me all night. I was dreadfully dark in mind, looking up to the Lord, but could not get a ray of light. A deathlike feeling came over me, and I did not know but that I was about to be launched into eternity. I thought I would give a last look towards the Lord, when the words came again, 'Trust in the Lord for ever,' &c. I gave John a look. He came to me, and put his ear to my mouth. I said, 'Trust in the Lord;' John finished the sentence, and burst into tears."

At another time he was very much cast down; the consolations of the Lord were withdrawn, and he was bemoaning his desolate state, when these words, he said, came with power, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." I said, "Lord, if that be scripture, help me to find it."

At another time he said, "I have been in company with that good old woman again (Naomi.) It strikes me that she had not a, "Thus saith the Lord" for moving into that heathen country. A famine being in her own land, she, as well as her husband, was mistrustful of the providence of God, left her own people and sought worldly advantage; but she was disappointed in the thing she sought. See what befel her. She lost her husband and her two sons, and was compelled to return again to her own land with this lamentation, "I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home empty again. Why then call ye me Naomi?" Knee said a great deal more upon the subject, but I cannot remember it.

A lady once sent him some beef tea. "It was very kind of her," he said; "but, you cannot think how my mind was exercised about it. I thought, now she will be coming to read her prayers to me; for I understand she is a mighty zealous woman in her church way. I fear she will be wanting me to sell my birthright for a mess of pottage."

I called on him the second day after he had received two half sovereigns from two friends, when he said, "a marvellous thing has occurred since you were here last. I have received two half sovereigns; one from —, and one from —. To think that their hearts, who live at such a distance, should be open to such a vile creature! O how it broke my heart to think how mistrustful I had been of the providence of God!"

Knee could not seem to lay himself low enough, nor exalt the Lord high enough. "I was asked," he said, "what portion I should like for my funeral text. I do not want anything said in commendation of myself (or words to that import.) I was born a sinner, I have lived a sinner, and I shall die a sinner. The most appropriate text for me would be, 'And as he was yet a coming the devil threw him down and tore him;' for that is as I have always found it."

August 28th.—After a dreadful night of suffering, and great darkness of mind, "my head was so affected," he said, "I could have no conception of the Deity. I said in the morning, Lord, dost

thou intend that I shall go down to the grave in this state? My boy brought me a cup of warm tea; I took it in my hand, and these words came, "Since thou wast precious unto me, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee." That was enough, I put down my cup of tea, and said, "What I, Lord? Such a wretch as I honorable!" I soon saw where my honor lay; it was in the dear Redeemer. At another time he said, "My prayers are very short now, they are chiefly 'Mercy, Lord, mercy!'"

30th.—He said, "I do not live much now by sense and feeling, but I live by promised love and covenant grace. I was thinking how it would be with me in the Jordan of death, and it struck me

'Here at thy cross my dying God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love;  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.'"

Tuesday, Sept. 2nd, was the last time I saw him living. I took him in a florin which was given me for him by a friend. He said, "May the Lord return it fifty-fold to my friends, both in spirituals and in temporals. This is my prayer. Temporal things are good; but I want light, life, and liberty, and an expansion of soul."

On the following Thursday morning, a little after 10 o'clock, he finished his course. He was not aware that his end was so near till within a few minutes of the time. Spasms seized him in the back, then in the arm, and lastly in the chest. He said, "It will soon be over;" and fell asleep, aged 61.

He joined the Old Baptist Church, Devizes, about the year 1828, and was baptized by Mr. Dymott, of Hilperton. Mr. D. had some conversation with him the night previous to his baptism; and said of him, that "he had witnessed a good confession." He was reading to himself from the Gospel of Matthew, "Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water;" and he said to his wife, "Jesus was a Baptist!" I believe that was the first time he thought about the ordinance of baptism.

Devizes, Sept. 13th, 1856.

E. B.

Afflictions take us out of company; they gather our thoughts home; they serve to turn our eyes inward; they bring the child of God to books; they cast a damp upon earthly enjoyments, and wean the affections from a vain world; they lead to self examination and to consider the one thing needful; and they often humble the mind, meekken the spirit, encourage faith, awaken fear, and perfume the soul, and make it more unctuous and savory; they lead to watchfulness on the handy works of God, and to thankfulness where his goodness appears.—*Huntington*.

WE regret that the length of our Annual Address in the present Number has compelled us again to defer the continuation of the Review of "Calvin's Calvinism" as well as Answers to "Inquiries;" but we hope D.V. to attend to these matters next month.—ED.



## P O E T R Y.

“*AGNUS DEI. LAMB OF GOD.*”

With believing eyes methinks I see  
 A spotless Lamb hang on a tree,  
 All rent and torn with agony.  
 I too can hear that piercing cry,  
 “My God! my God! O why, O why,  
     Hast thou forsaken me?”  
 And thus I see him bleed and die.

I hear him, 'midst his cruel woes,  
 With humble spirit pray for those  
 His bitter and most cruel foes;  
 To whom, while they their victim slew,  
 His parting soul no hatred knew.

'Twas, “Father, them forgive,  
 For, O! they know not what they do.”

But whilst this mighty Victim bled,  
 (Glory and honor crown his head!)  
 'The Sinless in the sinner's stead,  
 A malefactor doom'd to die,  
 Whose crimes had lifted him on high,  
     Sin smitten, thus was heard  
 To supplicate with mournful cry:

“Remember, O remember me,  
 A sinner vile as vile can be,  
 When thou thy kingdom com'st to see!”  
 At once the Lamb of God replies,  
 In answer to his dying cries,  
     “To day thy soul shall be  
 With me in yonder Paradise!”

O wounded Lamb of God, I see  
 'Midst all thy grief thy blood flow'd free,  
 To cancel man's high penalty!  
 “Blot out my sins,” O Lamb of God,  
 And wash them in that purple flood;  
     “This brand pluck from the fire!”  
 And quench it with thy dying blood.

S. W. K.

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I have observed that some men are as afraid of a broken heart, or that they for their sins should have their hearts broken, as the dog is of the whip. Oh! they cannot do with such books, with such sermons, with such preachers, or with such talk, as tends to make a man sensible of, and to break his heart, and to make him contrite for his sins. Hence they heap to themselves such teachers, get such books, love such company, and delight in such discourse as rather tends to harden than soften; to make desperate in, than sorrowful for their sins. They say to such sermons, books, and preachers as Amaziah said to Amos: “O thou seer, go, flee thou away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread, and prophecy there, but prophecy not again any more at Bethel, &c.—*Bunyan.*”

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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NO. 254. FEBRUARY 1, 1857. VOL. XXIII.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## MOURNERS IN ZION COMFORTED.

*(Continued from page 18.)*

Now all such poor mourners in Zion as these, who are cast down through many temptations and distressed in their mind, are in such a state that they may be well said to be sitting in sackcloth and ashes, lamenting their case, feeling like the sparrow alone on the housetop, or like the pelican desolate in the wilderness; pitying and bemoaning themselves, and not knowing whether they shall go to eternal happiness or endless misery. They cannot join in with the service of the church of England, and say, "We bless thee for our creation;" for they wish they had never been born, and think no one so miserable as they feel themselves to be; therefore they want the Lord to say unto them, "I am thy salvation!" For they have so many things against them that they are cast down and full of heaviness. They have not the consolation which they want, and are full of fears whether they shall get to heaven after all, and whether they have ever been taught by the blessed Spirit at all; so that they are like those who are sitting in sackcloth and ashes. Now David found himself in this state, but he cried unto the Lord, and he delivered him, for he says, "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness." And all those who are thus brought down and are low in their souls shall be exalted, and they shall have an experimental knowledge of the blessings and promise of the word of God, for in his own time he will come and deliver them. O how sweet were those words to my soul some time ago, when they were applied with divine power, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs." O how my soul did bless and praise the Lord for his mercy to me! His word was sweet and precious. It was the joy and rejoicing of my heart, and more unto me than my necessary food. And when the Lord does thus bless the soul with the rich communications of his grace, he can enter into the feelings of David, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name." He can also then use the language of the church service, and say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." But there are multitudes who use these words, and say, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from us," who never knew what it was to mourn or

sorrow for sin at all. And while they are mocking God with these blessed words, at one and the same time they are hating and persecuting the Lord's people, and are treating them with the greatest contempt. But it is the Lord's own appointment to bring his people into an enjoyment of those feelings; and when he is pleased to bring them here they will not say their own hands have attained to it, but they will know it is all of the riches of free and sovereign grace. And why will they not say so? Because the Lord will lay them low, and they will think it is too great a gift for God to bestow on such guilty miserable objects as they see and feel themselves to be; and they will say, "Canst thou bestow thy grace, Lord, upon such a wretch as I?" They will not boast that it is given unto them because they are better than their neighbors, or on account of any merit of their own, but they will use the language of Mr. Hart as expressive of their feelings:

"This is a treasure rich indeed,  
Which none but Christ can give;  
Of this the best of men have need;  
This I, the worst, receive."

Therefore it is on this account that they are brought down into the very dust of self abasement, and loathe themselves in dust and ashes before the Lord. And is it not a blessing for a man to be stripped of his own fancied righteousness, and to feel his need of being clothed in Christ's glorious righteousness? Paul might well say for himself, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." And David describes the glory and beauty of this righteousness in a wonderful way in the 45th Psalm.

The Lord hath also appointed "the oil of joy for mourning." This oil is the unction of the Holy Ghost, which causeth the heart of the Lord's people to rejoice. It is said that "wine maketh glad the heart of man, and oil maketh his face to shine." And David speaks of it as that unction, that dew, that power, whereby his heart was made to rejoice, and through which his mourning departed from him. It was this "oil of joy" that lifted him out of the deep miry places into which he had sunk, set his feet upon a rock, and established his goings, and which put a new song into his mouth, even praise unto his God. It was this "oil of joy" that made him rejoice in the Lord, and triumph in his song of praise that he was fixed upon the everlasting Rock of Ages, and caused his cup to run over with joy and delight. So that he knew it was the Lord that had changed his mourning into rejoicing, and his weeping into praise, and had given him the voice of melody, joy, and thanksgiving. And now he could not only praise God's name, but he called upon all those that feared God to come unto him and hear what the Lord had done for his soul.

Now there are many who when they hear these things laugh, and

call it enthusiasm. But, nevertheless, let Jesus only come into the soul, by the power of his blessed Spirit, and it will make the heart to rejoice with exceeding joy; let him but only kiss the soul with the kisses of his love, it will be better to him than wine, or all things else that the world can produce, and the soul will esteem it above ten thousand worlds. But if any will talk in this way they are viewed and looked upon as nothing better than fanatics. Notwithstanding all this, they know that the enjoyment of the love of Jesus to their souls is a "feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." So that when Jesus comes, their mourning is turned into joy, and their sorrow into delight, and they are lifted up above their fears; they show forth the Lord's praise, and bless him for saving them from going down to the pit; for they feel now that Christ is in and with them of a truth. But, then, how few there are who understand and can enter into these things. Nevertheless, it is a blessed thing to have the feet directed at all into the right way; and though the poor soul may not be able to make it out fully to its own comfort that it is in the right way, yet it is a great thing to be enabled to bless and praise the Lord for any evidence of his mercy. For a poor, lost, and ruined sinner to have any token of God's favor, and to praise him in any way for the riches of his grace in delivering him from going down to the pit, is a very great mercy indeed! And for a poor soul, who is full of troubles, and cast down in his mind, to have this blessed change wrought in his feelings, it is like that of a criminal who is anxiously awaiting the hour of his execution, when, to his great astonishment, he unexpectedly receives his reprieve. O what a change takes place in his feelings! Now I know about a month ago, when my soul was full of heaviness and trouble, and I was much cast down, the Lord was pleased to bless me with such an overwhelming manifestation of his love that there was such a change in my feelings, that though the ground was covered with snow and it was a gloomy day to many, yet it was like a spring day to me, for my poor soul was as happy as it was possible to be, and I did nothing but bless and praise the Lord for the displays of his loving kindness toward me. Therefore I say when the Lord is pleased to manifest his mercy, and show that he has been leading in a right way, the soul is satisfied, and would not have anything altered in the world. There is a conviction in the mind that all is right, and it is ready to say, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." It reminded me of a miser going a journey, who had entered into a rough road, where he could neither get out nor turn back, and was full of regret that he had ever entered it at all; but before he had completely got to the end of it he suddenly finds a purse of money. Behold the change that is wrought now in his feelings! There is no more grumbling about the roughness of the road, nor the length of the journey, nor of what he felt in it. O no! it was the very best road that he ever walked in; he is quite delighted that he came into it, and he would not have come by any other on any consideration whatever. And just so it is with

the child of God; when the Lord is pleased to manifest himself to the soul in trouble, he does not any longer complain of his trials, and say, "Why have I had so much sorrow and affliction?" But he is perfectly satisfied now that all was for the best, and that the Lord has led him by a right way, and he would not have come in any other way if he could. And it is in this way that the soul is brought to "glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." And when the love of God is so shed abroad in the heart, all murmuring and repining against his dispensation will cease. "The rebellious dwell in a dry land;" but when the love of God is thus manifested to the soul, all crooked things will appear straight and clear, and rough places will be made plain, and the heart will break out in praises to the Lord, and say, "My Jesus has done all things well." He will be quiet, and rest satisfied that everything is just as it ought to be. He will say, "Though I did not like the path in which I was led, yet God saw it was right to lead me in this way," and therefore he will not feel inclined to find fault any longer with any body, or any of the circumstances by which he is surrounded. He no longer looks to second causes, but sees that everything has been for the best, and he says,

"Tell it unto sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found."

Now some will say, "What blessing is there in all this, to be sitting in ashes, and to be brought into a state of mourning?" But those that are tried will say, "If these exercises are profitable to my soul, let me be brought into them." These things will cause them to cry unto the Lord that he will lead them in the right way, and in that path wherein he would manifest himself unto them. They will have an earnest desire to go where the Lord has appointed them, and to be and do whatsoever he pleases, so long as they may be proved true Christians and not bastard Calvinists. They will say, "Lord, lead us where thou pleasest, and do with us what thou wilt, so that we may be established by thy grace and have tokens from thee that thou art leading us!" Thus the troubles and exercises of the Lord's people are productive of very great blessings indeed to their souls. And, therefore, when I hear some persons crying out under their sorrows and difficulties, I have been very glad to hear it and have not wished that they should be removed, but rather that they might be increased upon them; because I have known that it is good for them to be tried, that they needed much furnace work, and required a great deal of purging and sifting; and I know these things will bring them away from a mere profession of religion, and prove the reality of grace in them. They will feel what it is to be bound with the chains and cords of their sins, and they will be earnest in seeking deliverance from the Lord.

But now, if you look around, you will find but very few persons

who are crying out under a feeling sense of their guilt and darkness, and sighing and mourning for a manifestation of God's mercy to their souls. There is so much resting in the form of religion. Most professors are so happy and comfortable in it, and say they are called out of darkness into light, that they are the Lord's children, and that they are going to heaven. But if you should inquire how and where they got it from, and press them close, it will come out that they have learnt their religion from their minister, or books, and have gained all their confidence that way. But this will not do. It will not stand the fire which will try every man's work, nor is it learning religion in God's way. Therefore the soul that is taught of him must be brought into a "spirit of heaviness;" and the "garment of praise" is appointed for all who are made to feel this "spirit of heaviness," and "heaviness in the heart maketh it to stoop." Thus all those who are taught by the blessed Spirit will be tried and exercised whether they have a right faith, and whether God has really begun the work of grace upon them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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If by "the kingdom of God" be understood to mean the kingdom of grace, then it is plain an unregenerate man cannot see it, or cannot understand its doctrines, because they are spiritually discerned. But if by "the kingdom of God" be meant the kingdom of glory, then, unless a man be born again, he cannot see it, because we being impure by nature, except we are renewed we cannot dwell with a pure and holy God.—*Whitefield*.

Pharaoh and Saul confessed their sin, Judas repented himself of his doings, Esau sought the blessing, and that carefully with tears, and yet none of these had a heart rightly broken, or a spirit truly contrite. Pharaoh, Saul, and Judas, were Pharaoh, Saul, and Judas still; Esau was Esau still. There was no gracious change, no thorough turn to God, no unfeigned parting with their sins; no hearty flight for refuge, to lay hold on the hope of glory, though they indeed had thus been touched.—*Bunyan*.

If Francis Spira go for a despairing reprobate, (which I dare not aver,) yet, when he said, he believed Christ was *able* to save him, but he doubted his *will*, he must not be understood as if it were so indeed. Unbelievers know not all the mysterious turnings of lying and self-deceiving unbelief. Unbelief may lie to men of itself, when it dare not belie the worth of that soul-redeeming ransom of Christ's blood. If he that sinneth against the Holy Ghost could believe the *power* of infinite mercy, he should also believe the *will* and *inclination* of infinite mercy, for the power of mercy is the very power of a merciful will. I shall not then be afraid that that soul is lost which hath high and capacious apprehensions of the worth, value, dignity, and power of that dear ransom, and of infinite mercy. It is *faith* to believe this gospel truth, which is, "That Christ is *able* to save to the utmost all that come to him." If I believe soundly what free grace *can* do, I believe soundly what free grace *will* do.—*Rutherford*.



## THE GLORIOUS LORD A PLACE OF BROAD RIVERS AND STREAMS.

Dearly beloved in the Lord,—I write to say that, through the tender mercy and long forbearance of a compassionate, covenant-keeping God, I am still in the land of the living, a monument of his mercy; and not only so, but I do believe I can truly say with a good hope in his mercy, that endureth for ever towards them that fear him. Although I am the chief of sinners, and am often led to wonder how it is that the Lord bears and forbears with me, yet here I am constrained to stop and consider; and when I am enabled, through the anointing of the Spirit, to contemplate his love and mercy towards so vile a wretch as I, I am lost in wonder at such love, and can only say, "He loved me because he would love me." But, my dear friend and brother, I can tell you what this does for me at such times and seasons as these. The blessed effect of it is to endear him more and more to me; for it is here I get a glimpse of the king in his beauty. It is here he becomes to me "the altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand." It is here where and when I am led to abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. It is here where I am, though a poor blind creature, led into the mystery of redemption by Father, Son, and blessed Spirit. It is here I get a sight of what the gospel of Jesus Christ is, and of those he sends to preach it; and it is here where I get a sight of all false professors; as it is written, "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth." It is here where and when I am led to extol free grace. And it is here where I am constrained to say, "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto thy name give glory for ever and ever. Amen."

I make no doubt you have been wondering how it is that I have not written before. It is not from the want of love, but sometimes it is for the want of matter, and sometimes it is for the want of time; so you must accept the will for the deed. I am always glad to have a letter from you, and hope my delaying will not prevent your writing. My love to your wife, and I pray the Lord to be with her in nature's trial. Write soon, and let me know how you are getting on at R—. I was glad to hear of the little increase in the church; it shows that the Lord is still on your side. The Lord be praised for that. I believe the Lord has given you the necks of your enemies, so that in his own good time you will be enabled to tread down all their high places. The Lord grant it for Christ's sake.

And now that the God of all grace may bless you in Christ, is the prayer of,  
Yours in the Lord,

Sept. 28, 1856.

H. K.

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Those that keep the word of his patience shall escape the hour of temptation; while hypocrites in Zion, who boast of their faith, wisdom, and power, and who hate the true light and the just, shall be left to stand the storm, and sustain the shock, and then it shall be made manifest what they are.—*Huntington.*

## HE HATETH PUTTING AWAY.

My dear Friend,—May the Lord be your “sun and shield;” your sun to enlighten your dark understanding to understand his revealed will towards his people; also your shield to protect you from your internal, external, and infernal foes; for depend on it they will be many and mighty. O may he be your eternal refuge; “for the Lord God of Israel saith that he hateth putting away.” O my dear friend, is it not well for us he does? O if he were to deal with us once as we have dealt with him every day since we came into this ungodly world, our portion must be for ever in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death. But he saith, “I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.” O he hateth putting away! So depend on it he will never do the thing he hates; for his love and mercy in Christ, and through Christ towards his people, are like himself, from everlasting to everlasting. O hear him: “I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee;” and mark,

“Whom once he loves he never leaves,  
But loves them to the end.”

He hateth putting away. O, how many wicked men, sent by the devil, are lying in wait, trying to deceive God’s people; trying, with all the deceivableness of Satan, to make our Creator one like unto themselves, a poor, vain, fallible creature, a mutable being, changing every moment, yea, as unstable as water. But “God is of one mind, and who can turn him?” He hateth putting away. Hear his gracious words to all his redeemed: “I will have mercy on their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities I will remember no more;” “I, even I, am he that blot out thy transgressions for mine own sake; and will not remember thy sins.” O my dear friend, who then can make him? If you now were in heaven among the redeemed, they would all tell you this was the way they came there, all shouting, “Grace, Grace, unto it;” singing, “Worthy is the Lamb who was slain, and hath redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.”

Portsmouth.

W. P.

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I have for some years had the rheumatism fixed in my right shoulder; it is now fallen into my right hip, and I am at times led to conclude that my travelling days are come to an end. I am not in much pain in bed, nor when I sit; but in walking my pain is great, so that I am almost ready to drop if I walk but a few yards. I have confidence that God would remove this pain from me, for his dear Son’s sake, if I was to entreat him. But I have found the inward man so much renewed day by day under these decays of the outward man; and fearing also that the removal of this outward cross would be followed by a worse within, I am afraid to ask, knowing that dissatisfaction with one crook has often brought on a worse.—*Huntington.*



## TO HIM THAT IS AFFLICTED PITY SHOULD BE SHOWED FROM HIS FRIEND.

Dear Friend,—I felt rather sorry at not seeing you once more before you left A—; but I was very ill that Sabbath morning you so kindly offered to sit by me. I thought afterwards, no doubt it was wisely ordered, as I might have alarmed you.

I am at all times pleased to be comforted by your friendly visits, or your truly Christian and sympathising letters; I feel them truly refreshing.

As I am so much in solitude, how glad I should be, (were it the will of the Lord,) if you were near to sit with me an hour sometimes. I have no Christian friends here to come in, and my relatives are too much engaged. I have been a month confined to my room; still I trust I am not alone, though the furnace is a very trying place to flesh and blood. I hope I can again say, "It is good that I have been afflicted." O what changes does my soul pass through! At times, the weakness of my poor suffering body depresses and clogs my spirits, both nearly sinking together; then again the blessed Lord shines through the cloud, and brings my soul to bow in sweet submission to his sovereign will, and I feel like a little child, melted down in gratitude and love at his blessed feet for such superabounding love over the aboundings of my sins.

"O to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be."

I fear I shall quite tire you, but though it is so painful for me to write, yet I want to open all my heart to you. I feel a union of soul to you, and I long once more to go up to the house of the Lord, to worship with his saints. I need all your prayers to the Lord to be kept humble and patient, and to wait and be still, and know that he is God. As the bounds of my habitation are fixed, and I cannot say what is the Lord's will, whether this sickness is unto death, or if I yet may meet you again in the house of prayer, yet I do hope, through the atoning blood of our dear Redeemer, to meet you in heaven, where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes for ever.

I shall feel it kind if you will favor me with another letter soon. I should have answered yours before, but was suffering so much pain I could not write.

Please to excuse all imperfections, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

E. C.

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The gospel sheweth that God for Christ's sake is merciful unto sinners, yea, and to such as are most unworthy, if they believe that by his death they are delivered from the curse, that is to say, from sin and everlasting death; and that through his victory the blessing is freely given unto them, that is to say, grace, forgiveness of sins, righteousness, and everlasting life.—*Luther.*

## LETTER BY THE LATE STEPHEN OFFER.

Dear Sister in Jesus, who is the great and glorious covenant Head of his mystical body, the Church,—May grace, mercy, and peace be made known unto your soul by the power of the Holy Ghost.

O my dear young friend, what a mercy to such poor wretches as you and I, that the first moving cause of our salvation is God's eternal and unconditional election before the world began; for the Lord could not see any goodness in your nature and mine, to be the cause of his love, any more than he could in devils. You know that there was a time when you were "dead in trespasses and sins," and an enemy to God by wicked works; and it was in a state of enmity that you were when the Lord first made known his everlasting love unto you, in quickening your soul when you were not seeking him, but spending your youth and strength as I did, in the service of the devil. Many a professor in our day is going about speaking against God's choosing love; but the Lord Jesus saith, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." O wonderful love!

"Loved when a wretch defiled with sin,  
At war with heaven, in league with hell;"

a brand plucked out of the fire. The Lord Jesus is the elect Head of his body, the church, in whom all the fallen sons and daughters of Adam's race that ever will be saved were chosen before the world began. Yes; our adorable Jesus, "in the fulness of time, took upon him, not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham," and hath fulfilled the condition of the covenant of works, which was perfect obedience unto the holy and righteous law of God, and has made atonement for sin by his own blood, which he did by his holy and unspotted life, and by his shedding his heart-blood. O the wonderful love of our Jesus. Had he failed in his undertaking, we should have been undone for ever; but glory be unto his name, he has triumphed over sin, Satan, death, and hell, and freed his church from everlasting condemnation. There was a time when you and I were ignorant of the wonderful plan of salvation; but the love of the Spirit was made manifest when he called us out of that gross darkness which our souls were shut up in.

O my dear friend, if the Lord had left you and me, according to much of the preaching in our days, viz., that the Lord is offering grace to all mankind, and then leaving them unto their own will to choose or to refuse, we know by every day's experience that we should have willed the road to hell; for such is our carnal nature, that we should have followed on in our sins, if hell had been before our eyes.

No doubt the Lord is teaching you daily that you are not sufficient of yourself to think anything that is spiritual. The Lord does teach all his chosen this truth in their hearts, that without him they can do nothing. You find, from day to day, that it is a tribulation path. Be not cast down, my dear sister, it is a right way to "humble us, and to let us know what there is in our hearts." If

the Lord had not in love unto your soul taught you the truth in your very heart, you would have "been carried about with every wind of doctrine; for many shall arise and deceive many;" and if it were possible, would deceive God's elect; but that is impossible, for "they shall all be taught of God," therefore they cannot be finally deceived.

May the Lord keep you daily by his almighty power, and enable you to let your light so shine before the world as to adorn those doctrines in your life and practice, and thus by well doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

If I am spared a little longer, I hope that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you.

May the Lord bless you, lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you grace abundantly.

STEPHEN OFFER.

The Holy Spirit, which searches the deep things of God, knows what is in reserve for us, and the time appointed for us to receive that which God hath laid up for us; and he sets us to praying for them when that time arrives. Thus, when the time of Israel's deliverance from Egyptian bondage drew near, the Spirit of supplication was poured out, and the cries of the children of Israel went up. "And God heard their groanings; and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. And God looked upon the children of Israel, and God had respect unto them." So in Daniel, just as the time was approaching for them to return to their own land, Daniel understands, by the prophecies of Jeremiah, that God would accomplish seventy years in the desolations of Jerusalem; then Daniel sets his "face to the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes." So, also, there is a set time to favor Zion and every one that is ordained to be of her community; a set time for every purpose; and when that time is up, which the Holy Spirit is perfectly acquainted with, then he makes intercession with such energy that the kingdom of heaven, which suffereth violence, is taken by force. The Holy Spirit furnishes the soul with suitable promises to plead, with invitations and encouraging passages of scripture. These he brings to the mind, and puts into the mouth, enabling the soul to use all sorts of arguments, pleadings, intercessions, supplications, confessions, and reasonings; and, at the same time, helps the poor creature against his unbelief, misgivings of heart, desponding thoughts, shame, fear, and confusion of face. He draws forth faith into lively exercise, and raises up hopes and expectations of being heard and answered. He emboldens the poor sinner, and fortifies his mind; he strengthens his heart, silences his accusers, and clothes his word with power, enabling him to pour out his very soul before God with earnest cries and tears, till his cares and concerns, his burdens, his griefs, his distresses and sorrows, his doubts and fears all flow out with his words; and he goes from Shiloh with his countenance no more sad.—*Huntington.*

## Obituary.

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### MR. JOHN GOODCHILD, LATE OF HARTLEY ROW, HAMPSHIRE.

That sweet and sacred portion of God's holy word, Rev. xiv. 13, may be emphatically applied to our dear and deeply-lamented friend and brother in Christ, who is the subject of this brief memoir. His life gave satisfactory evidence that he was one whom the Lord had blessed, and had made a partaker of rich and distinguishing grace. He possessed a kind and affectionate disposition, a benevolent and sympathising heart, and a liberal hand to the afflicted and distressed in Zion. He entertained a deep and abiding affection for those who he knew loved the Lord in sincerity, and his hospitality and kindness to his friends were exemplary. His valuable services in the church of God, and his sincere love to the truth and ordinances of the gospel, unquestionably testified that he was under the teaching and influence of the Divine Spirit. His memory will long remain in the endeared recollection of many of the Lord's family, both in this place and elsewhere, and his death will be deeply felt by many in the neighborhood. The church, of which he was a deacon, has sustained a severe bereavement, and his family an irreparable loss.

Mr. John Goodchild was born on the 15th of May, 1785, at Hartley Row, Hampshire, where he spent the whole of his life. This being the case, and his having been favored to possess a larger share of temporal blessings than falls to the lot of most of the Lord's people, his pathway in Providence was not marked with the vicissitudes which render a biography full of interest. Nevertheless, we have a great many pleasing traits in his character, which prove to the greatest certainty that he was a man of God, and a true Christian.

In his early days he was a singularly thoughtful child. His seriousness was much noticed by his family and friends. He had several youthful dreams that were deeply impressed on his mind, and which often recurred to him in after life. When quite a youth he went to visit some friends in London who were hearers of the late Mr. Huntington. On the Lord's Day morning he accompanied them to the chapel, and heard Mr. H. preach from Luke xvii. 26—30. This impressive text and the substance of the sermon the Lord was pleased so indelibly to seal on his soul that from that time the weighty matters of eternity and the day of judgment were constantly on his mind. He became deeply concerned for his eternal salvation. He soon began to be dissatisfied with the ministry at his own parish church, and attended at Eltham church, where an evangelical clergyman preached at that time; and his ministry was made useful to him. He afterwards attended the ministry of Mr. J. A. Jones, who was then pastor of the Baptist Chapel in this place. There his mind was more deeply led into the truths of the Gospel, and he was brought to see the ordinance of believer's baptism as plainly set forth in the New Testament; and after giving a most satisfactory state-

ment of the work of grace upon his soul, he was baptized by Mr. Jones on the first of March, 1818, and united with the church on the same day.

On the 15th October, 1820, Mr. Goodchild was elected by a large majority to fill the office of deacon; which office he held most honorably until the day of his death. He had many trials to endure, and difficulties to contend with during his long service of 36 years in the church, but he loved the house of God and counted it an honor to serve the Lord in his temple. He often said with Watts:

“ There my best friends, my kindred dwell;  
There God my Saviour reigns.”

In the year 1848, a most painful disagreement arose respecting the choice of a pastor, which resulted in a separation; when Mr. G., with his fellow deacons and friends, left the chapel, and had a comfortable place fitted up for the worship of God, where he attended every time the doors were opened, with very few exceptions, and did every thing in his power to promote the interest of the cause and the peace of the church; and he often expressed great pleasure and satisfaction in the worship of God within those walls. He went as long as strength would permit; indeed he was there when quite unequal to the effort, and partook of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper on the first Lord's Day in September, although laboring under extreme weakness and severe indisposition of body, which terminated fatally in less than a fortnight; so that his countenance had every appearance of his near dissolution, but his soul was warmed with divine love, and seemed full of energy. He spoke most affectionately to the members, and expressed his pleasure in thus meeting them at the Lord's table to commemorate his dying love. We all felt that it would probably be the last time he would partake of it on earth. From that day he rapidly grew weaker; but his soul was sweetly stayed upon the Rock of Ages, and he rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. Those blessed words spoken by the Lord of life in John vi. 63, “It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing,” were divinely impressed on his mind throughout his illness. He wrote a letter to a friend, which, I believe, was the last he penned, wherein he expressed the feelings of his soul under his affliction. “I have,” he said, “been shut up with a bilious and yellow jaundice disease a month to-morrow. My mind is dark as to the event. Though I feel myself

‘ A lump of sin and every ill,  
Without the power to act or will;’

yet the Lord has had compassion upon me, and gives me grace equal to my day, and he enables me to believe that because he lives I shall live also. He also gives me resignation grace.”

He repeatedly said he did not know what the Lord was about to do with him; but he felt entirely passive; whether for life or death, all was well. His patience under his sufferings was so great that a murmur never escaped his lips, and he was grateful to all for every attention paid to him.

The last few days his exhaustion was extreme. He was so debilitated he could scarcely move his hand, and therefore he was unable to say much; but the night before he died he repeated those emphatic words of Toplady's:

“ While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyestrings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, shelter me;  
Let me hide myself in thee!”

The whole of the hymn was then read to him, and he seemed to enjoy every word. The theme was so suitable to his feelings, that he could appropriate the language as his own. He often said Jesus was very precious to him. “Happy! Happy in him!”

On Saturday evening, September 20th, 1856, he fell asleep in Christ, and entered on an eternal Sabbath in the kingdom of glory, there to sing the praises of his dear Redeemer in perfect strains for evermore.

Hartley Row, Oct. 14th, 1856.

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All the care and concern of Christ is about the poor and needy, the sick and the lame, the hungry and the thirsty, the wounded spirit and the conscious sinner. Nor is there one word, in all God's book, against such as are poor in spirit, if rightly understood.—*Huntington.*

Who can tell what the Saviour sustained when they stript and scourged him? Who knows, or can think, what he felt when they put the crown of thorns upon his head, and laid on him with their hands and with staves? Or who can form an idea of the smart and anguish he bore when the cross was laid upon his sore and raw back, and he was led out like a robber to die? But could a man be able to guess at his bodily pain, yet who in heaven or earth can judge what his righteous soul felt from the wrath above, and from hell beneath?—*Cennick.*

There is in the covenant of grace provision made against all and every sin that would annul the dispensation and make a final separation between God and a soul that hath once been taken into the bond thereof. This provision is absolute. God hath taken upon himself the making of this good and the establishing of this law of the covenant, that it shall not by any sin be disannulled. “I will,” saith God, “make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they may not depart from me.” The security hereof depends not on any thing in ourselves. All that is in us is to be used as a means of the accomplishment of this promise; but, the event or issue depends absolutely on the faithfulness of God. And the whole certainty and stability of the covenant depends on the efficacy of the grace administered in it, to preserve men from all such sins as would disannul it.—*Owen.*



## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly give me an explanation of the two following verses?

“Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called.” (1 Cor. vii. 20–24.)

“For this cause ought the woman to have power 'on her head, because of the angels.” (1 Cor. xi. 10.)

Yours truly,

A. M.

## ANSWER.

Two Questions being here proposed, we will endeavor to answer each of them separately, as far as we have light to do so.

1. The “calling” of which the apostle here speaks evidently refers to a state of natural servitude in which he assumes a Christian may be. This is evident from the context, as will be at once seen, if we look at the whole passage in its connection. “Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called being a servant? Care not for it; but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather. For he that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord’s freeman; likewise also he that is called being free, is Christ’s servant. Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men. Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God.”

As the gospel proclaimed “liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound,” many supposed in the apostle’s day that servitude was inconsistent with Christian freedom; that there should be no servants, at least amongst Christians; and that as all were equally free in Christ, all should be equally free in worldly condition. This vain notion the apostle seeks to beat down, by showing that natural servitude is perfectly consistent with Christian freedom, and natural freedom with Christian servitude. There is something exceedingly beautiful as well as deeply spiritual in his language on this point, which a little paraphrase may perhaps more clearly set forth. “Art thou,” says he, “called to the knowledge of Christ and the faith of the gospel, though by worldly condition and in the providence of God, thou art a servant (literally, a slave)? Care not for it. Let not thy servile condition, though it subject thee to the will and authority of an earthly master, and perhaps a harsh one, fret and distract thy mind. Thy time here is short, and the path a path of suffering. Still, if thou mayest be free, if by thine honest exertion or the liberality of others, thou canst gain thy liberty, avail thyself thankfully of it, and use it to the glory of God. For he that is called in the Lord, if he be a servant by natural condition, is free in a gospel sense, free spiritually, for he is Christ’s freeman. The truth has made him free; his soul is emancipated from the bondage of sin, and he is a free man in Christ, though his natural

condition be servitude. But there is another side to the question. As in one sense all the saints are free, so in another they are all servants. Therefore he who is called, being free by natural condition, and perhaps a master of others, is still spiritually but a servant, for he is the servant of Christ. Thus all who are called by grace are spiritually equal; and there is an interchange of condition—the natural servant being spiritually free, and the naturally free a spiritual servant. For all alike, believing masters and believing servants, are bought with a price, even with the precious blood of the Lamb. Therefore, argues the apostle, “Ye are all alike free in the Lord, whatever be your earthly condition; be not ye, therefore, in a spiritual sense, servants of men, fettered and bound by the spiritual tyranny of any who claim dominion over your faith. Still, as regards your earthly calling, I repeat what I said before, let every man, wherever he is called, whether bond or free, master or servant, so abide with God, patiently submitting to his earthly lot as arranged and ordered for him by his sovereign will.”

This we think is the apostle’s meaning, the primary sense of the passage. But it admits a wider interpretation, and may be justly made to refer to all those various earthly callings in which the providence of God has placed those who fear his name. These are very different in outward circumstances; and some may be extremely irksome and disagreeable, whilst others may be full of temptation and trial, or necessitate much bodily toil and privation. But they are not to be rashly abandoned as incompatible with grace, nor is a Christian man to throw himself out of a situation because he has a tyrannical or ungodly employer, or cast himself on the Lord’s providence with an idea of obtaining an easier subsistence, or gaining a field of greater usefulness, or attaining more spirituality of mind, all which are often mere excuses for shirking hard work, and mumping a living instead of laboring for it. There is, in fact, only one legitimate cause for a Christian man’s abandoning his natural calling,—where it is positively and inherently a sinful one. Temptations, or unwholesomeness, or oppression, or any mere disagreeableness, are not sufficient reasons for a Christian man to abandon his natural calling. If oppressed and bowed down by these or similar circumstances, let him cry unto the Lord, who can deliver him in his providence, or support him by his grace. But where a calling is positively sinful, so that to continue in it is to continue in sin, there a Christian man has the full warrant of the word of God, and the verdict of his own conscience to abandon it. (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18; Rom. vi. 1.) In such cases the Lord will provide, though he may see fit much to try faith and patience.

2. The other question is more difficult to answer. “The power on her head” is well explained in the margin, “*i.e., a covering in sign that she is under the honor (or power) of her husband.*” (Gen. xxiv. 65.) This expression, therefore, need cause us no difficulty, as it evidently agrees with the context (verses 4–7.) The main difficulty is who these “angels” are. Some interpreters, we believe, suppose



that the word means the pastors of the church, who are called "angels" in the Revelation; but we rather incline to think that angels are meant in the usual acceptation of the term. As these are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," (Heb. i. 14,) and are represented as "desiring to look into" the things that are preached in the gospel, (1 Peter i. 12,) we see no inconsistency or impropriety in believing that they are occasionally, if not frequently, present in the assemblies of the saints. Paul having given Timothy directions how to behave himself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, charges him "before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and *the elect angels*, to observe these things without preferring one before the other." Now this would seem to imply some presence of the elect angels in the church of God, which Timothy was to bear in mind.

The woman, therefore, is bidden to cover her head, (to expose which in the East was counted the greatest indelicacy,) that the holy angels might witness in the assemblies of the worshipping saints nothing indecent or unbecoming the gospel.

We do not positively state this as the undoubted meaning of the passage, but, weighing all things, we give it as the most probable and consistent interpretation.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige me by answering the following in the "Gospel Standard," as soon as convenient?

Did our Lord speak to the multitude, or to his disciples, when he said, "Suffer ye thus far," &c., as recorded in Luke xxii. 51?

A PILGRIM.

#### ANSWER.

Looking at the context, and comparing the whole passage with what is recorded in the other gospels, we should say that the Lord addressed the words to his *disciples*, bidding them, and especially Peter, not resist by force those who came to take him, but "suffer them" or "permit" as the word literally means, "thus far," that is, to go as far as God allowed them to execute their deed of violence. For if help were needed to deliver him, he had but to pray to his Father, and he would presently give him more than twelve legions of angels.

We may also observe that it was an answer to a question put to him by his disciples. "When they which were about him," (*i.e.* his disciples,) "saw what would follow, they said unto him, Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" It is then stated as in a parenthesis, "And one of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear." Then comes, "And Jesus answered and said," that is, he answered the question asked him, "Suffer ye thus far." This was addressed to *all* the disciples; and then most probably he added, speaking *individually* to Peter, "Put up again thy sword

into his place," &c. (Matt. xxvi. 52—54.) Then follows the address to those who came to take him, "Then Jesus said unto the chief priests," &c.

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Dear Mr. Editor,—Being a constant reader of the "Standard," and I hope not without spiritual instruction, consolation, and edification, I take the liberty of calling your attention to 1 John v. 6, humbly begging the favor of a few remarks in the "Standard," which I hope, under the teaching and blessing of God the Spirit, may comfort and strengthen some of the household of faith.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

ANSWER.

John here evidently refers to what his own eyes saw, as Jesus hung on the cross. "But one of the soldiers pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water." (John xix. 34.) He, therefore, declares in the passage before us, (1 John v. 6,) "This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood."

"*Water*" here, as elsewhere, signifies that which washes and purifies from defilement, and especially "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." We read, therefore, (Eph. v. 26, 27,) that "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." The apostle Paul in these words is speaking not of the work of Christ in redemption, but in sanctification; "the washing of water by the word;" and this corresponds with the Lord's own words, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you;" (John xv. 3;) and again, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." (John xvii. 17.) Thus Christ "came by water," to regenerate and renew, to sanctify and cleanse his church. So says the apostle, "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." (1 Cor. vi. 11.) This is being "born of water and of the Spirit," without which no man can see or enter into the kingdom of God. (John iii. 5.) And it is the fulfilment of the ancient promise, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and all your idols, will I cleanse you." (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.) It is to do all this by virtue of his holy life and death, by his sufferings, resurrection, and intercession, that Jesus Christ is said "to come by water."

But the blessed Redeemer "came not by water only!" He came to *redeem* as well as regenerate, to wash in his blood as well as cleanse by sanctifying grace. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. i. 5; vii. 14.)

Therefore holy John says, "He came not by water only." Something more than water, something distinct from and prior to the washing of regeneration (Titus iii. 5) was needed to save the church from her sins. The Son of God, therefore, "came by *blood*," that precious blood which "cleanseth from all sin." In order clearly to understand the apostle's peculiar and powerful language here, we must see that his object is most positively to insist that redemption and regeneration necessarily and unalterably go together, and must not be separated; that those whom Christ regenerates he redeemed, and those whom he redeemed he regenerates; that he did not come to wash and sanctify by his grace those whom he left under the curse of the law and the guilt of sin; nor to save by his blood from the punishment of their sins those whom he would never regenerate by his Spirit. In his day, as in ours, heretics and erroneous men labored to separate these two vital blessings. "Christ came by water only," say the self-righteous, and those who feel no need of atoning blood. "A holy life is the main thing. His life and death are our example, and if we are holy and do the things which are right, we shall be saved." Such, whether open or secret Socinians, allow the water, but slight the blood. Others again, of an Antinomian turn, exalt the blood, but slight the water. "If Christ died for you," say they, "you will be saved, let your life be what it may. What is all this talk about a godly life, a tender conscience, and walking in the ordinances of the Lord's house? What do they mean by all this legal stuff? If I am redeemed, that is enough."

But out of the *same* pierced side came both blood and water; blood to redeem, water to regenerate; blood for justification, (Rom. v. 9,) water for sanctification; blood to cleanse from guilt, water to wash from filth; blood to give a title to heaven, water to produce a meetness for heaven; (Col. i. 12;) blood to purge the conscience, (Heb. ix. 14,) water to shed the love of God abroad in the heart. Thus Moses, the typical mediator, washed Aaron and his sons with water, and sprinkled them with blood, when he consecrated them as priests unto God. (Levit. viii. 6, 30.) And so Jesus, the true Mediator, in consecrating his people "a royal priesthood," redeemed them by his blood, and washes them, in the time appointed, by his regenerating grace.

Nay more, holy John would show, by these striking words, that from the same cross, from the same pierced side of Jesus, at the same moment, though in two separate streams, came sanctification as well as redemption; that not only does his precious blood atone for sin, but that his dying love supplies motives and strength to all godliness; that pardon and peace, salvation from the guilt of sin and deliverance from the power of sin, are linked together; that at the foot of the cross, from the heart of Jesus, the stream of sanctification flows; that true repentance comes from looking to him whom we have pierced; and that as the blood of his heart sufficed for full atonement, so the water of his heart suffices for full sanctification.

We feel that we have expressed our views and feelings but feebly and imperfectly. We close, therefore, with a verse, which seems to embody the whole truth in a short compass:

“ This fountain so dear, he'll freely impart;  
Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from his heart,  
With blood and with water; the first to atone,  
To cleanse us the latter; the fountain's but one.”

*Hart.—Hymn 155 Gadsby's Selection.*

The path that leads to God, and the way in which he leads his chosen, is hid from all living, nor can it ever be discovered but by the light of the Lord's countenance.—*Huntington.*

Forgiveness in the blood of Christ doth not only take guilt from the soul, but trouble also from the conscience; and in this respect doth the apostle at large set forth the excellency of the sacrifice.—*Owen.*

Ye see not Christ, yet ye love him. It overfloweth Christ, and taketh him, and ravisheth his heart. It is a strong chain that bindeth Christ, when the grave, sin, death, and devils could not bind him.—*Rutherford.*

Why did Christ cry with a loud voice?—To show that he died full of vigor. What may we learn from his calling God, Father?—That we are to acknowledge God to be our Father, though under the severest dispensations of his providence.—*Whitefield.*

Under the Old Testament the church had sundry motives for obedience taken from temporal things, such as prosperity and peace in the land of Canaan, with deliverance out of troubles and distresses. But we are now left, almost entirely, to promises of invisible and eternal things, which cannot be fully enjoyed but by virtue of the resurrection from the dead.—*Owen.*

David receiveth a great victory, and is established on his throne, which had been reeling and staggering of late; but there is one sad circumstance in that victory; his dear son Absalom was killed, and the mercy no mercy in David's apprehension: “Would God I had died for Absalom!” So a little cross can wash away the sense of a great mercy. The want of a draught of cold water strangles the thankful memory of God's wonders done for his people's deliverance out of Egypt, and his dividing the Red Sea.—*Rutherford.*

The doctrine of the resurrection is a fundamental principle of the gospel, the faith whereof is indispensably necessary to the obedience and consolation of all that profess it. I call it a principle of the gospel, not because it was absolutely there first revealed. It was made known under the Old Testament and was virtually included in the first promise. In the faith of it the Patriarchs lived and died; and it is testified in the Psalms and Prophets. Hence did the ancients confess that they were strangers and pilgrims in this world, seeking another city and country wherein their persons should dwell.—*Owen.*

## R E V I E W.

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*Calvin's Calvinism, Part I. A Treatise "On the Eternal Predestination of God." To which is added, "A Brief Reply to a certain Calumniator of the Doctrine of Eternal Predestination." By John Calvin. Originally published at Geneva, A.D. 1552; and now first translated into English, by Henry Cole, D.D., of Clare Hall, Cambridge. London: Wertheim and Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.*

(Continued from the "Standard," of November, 1856.)

AT the south-west corner of one of the largest and most beautiful lakes of Switzerland, within sight of the giant of the Alps, Mont Blanc, which rears its hoary crest more than 15,000 feet into the sky, and cut in twain by

"The blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,"

lies the free and independent city of Geneva. No place could have been better fitted both by local situation, and political as well as religious circumstances, to become a spiritual metropolis at the time of the Reformation than this Queen of the Leman lake. Three great countries, France, Germany, and Italy, meet at that narrow angle where the Rhone gushes out of its bosom; and in its rear rises, in scene after scene of majestic grandeur and beauty, that land of mountain and lake, of glacier and valley, that native home of bravery and freedom, Switzerland. The circumstances of Geneva, both political and religious, at the period where we paused in our late Review of the life of Calvin, were no less favorable to its becoming a great centre of the Reformed doctrines than its natural site. Having newly shaken off her Popish bishop, and driven away by force of arms the Duke of Savoy, and thus having got rid of both her ecclesiastical and civil oppressors, she had a short time before Calvin's arrival constituted herself a republic,\* and thus opened a path\* for political liberty; and mainly through the preaching of Farel, one of the most remarkable characters that was ever raised up by the power of God to preach the gospel, had about the same period (August, 1535) formally abolished Popery, and established Protestantism in its stead as the religion of the State. Four ministers and two deacons were appointed by the Council with fixed salaries, payable out of the ecclesiastical revenues, and strict regulations were made to enforce the observance of the Sabbath and the conducting of public worship. Terrible scenes of violence, however, had accompanied the first planting of the gospel at Geneva; and the city was still rocking with the storm. Just then at this very crisis,

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\* Though nominally a republic, Geneva was really an aristocracy, and tended more and more in that direction as the influence of Calvin became more and more felt.

when a man of powerful mind, sound judgment, inflexible purpose, and thoroughly possessed of vital godliness, was needed to grasp the helm, the providence of God sent Calvin to the city. His intention was to stop only a single night at the house of Viret, one of the lately chosen Protestant ministers. But Farel was at this juncture in the city, and hearing of the arrival of Calvin, with whose character he was well acquainted, and moved, doubtless, by a divine impulse, immediately sought him out, and obtaining an interview, earnestly begged him to abide at Geneva, and lend his aid to the cause of God by accepting the office of the ministry there. Calvin at first steadily declined acceding to his request, on the ground that he did not wish to accept any public office, having determined to devote his life to private study and seclusion from all public employ. Farel, however, changing his tone from entreaty to command, and assuming almost apostolic authority, bade him stay, denouncing him with God's displeasure, and almost with the curse of Meroz if he did not come "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." (Judges v. 23.)

Overcome by Farel's voice and manner, which had struck awe into thousands, and recognising in them a power which reached his inmost soul, Calvin (to use his own words) felt "as if God had laid his hand upon him out of heaven," abandoned his projected journey, and consented to remain at Geneva, but would not bind himself to accept any definite charge or public office. How strikingly do we see in all this the marvellous providence of God, and with what divine sovereignty yet with what consummate wisdom he selects as well as fashions his own instruments to execute his own work.

Calvin was not the man to rush into a Popish town, and like a soldier storming the breach, to carry the gospel in one hand and his life in the other. This was Farel's work,—the fearless, undaunted Farel, who, with half of Calvin's learning, had double of Calvin's courage, and thrice Calvin's energy. But when the ground was once fairly cleared, and the Reformation firmly established, then the vigorous intellect of Calvin, his great knowledge of divine truth, his enduring fortitude, his self-denying godly life, his far-seeing administrative talent, his calm, inflexible firmness of purpose, his amazing industry, and his great ability as a writer and as a preacher, were all admirably adapted to carry on what Farel had begun. Farel could throw down, but could not so well build; Calvin could build, but not so thoroughly pull down. But, as coadjutors, they were admirably mated. Farel was a man of action, Calvin a man of thought; Farel was a preacher of fiery eloquence, Calvin a writer of deep, but calm scriptural knowledge. Both were men of God, ardent lovers of truth, bosom friends and affectionate brethren for life, and so matched as fellow laborers that Farel's impetuosity urged on Calvin's slowness, and Calvin's judgment restrained Farel's rashness.

When we consider Calvin's circumstances at this time, we can see there were solid reasons why he should be induced to pitch his tent at Geneva. Severed from all ties of family and country, driven out



of France by the strong arm of persecution, he could not but be desirous to obtain a haven from the storms of outward violence, as well as a safe and abiding home, and a position where he could be of some service to the church of Christ. Thus, as most of God's saints and servants have experienced, the leadings of his providence and the dealings of his grace, both combined to work out his eternal purposes, and to fix Calvin's abode in that city which has become lastingly identified with his memory and name.

He was soon chosen teacher of theology, an important post in those days—when the truth was so little known—and one peculiarly adapted to his spiritual gifts and intellectual abilities; but from diffidence, or not seeing clearly the will of God, declined the office of minister. Such gifts as his, however, could not long be hid in a corner; and in the following year (February, 1537,) he was induced to take upon himself the burden of the Lord. His first sermon made such a deep and striking impression on the hearers that multitudes followed him home to testify to the power of the word, and he was obliged to promise that he would preach again next day, so that others who were not then present might be similarly favored.

Being thus firmly established at Geneva, and having obtained a place by his grace and gifts in the esteem and affections of the people, Calvin did not long delay to associate himself closely with Farel in pushing on those wide and deep plans of reformation and religious discipline which they believed were needful for the full establishment of the gospel in that city.

No man admires or reveres the Reformers more than we do, but if we dare advance an opinion adverse to their movements, we have long thought that they greatly erred in endeavoring to bind a gospel yoke on a carnal people, and turn the precepts of the New Testament into a legal code. Gospel precepts, like gospel promises, belong to believers only; and New Testament discipline is for the government of New Testament churches alone. But their view was to make the reformed religion a national thing; to incorporate the gospel with the government, and to visit sins against the New Testament as crimes against the State. By so doing, they virtually denied their own principles; for if there be an elect people, the gospel alone belongs to them; and you cannot consistently punish carnal men for the infraction of gospel precepts when they have no interest in gospel promises. We are touching here, we are well aware, on a most difficult question—how far the State should recognise the religion of the New Testament without constituting it into an establishment; and whilst it punishes crime, how far it should repress immorality and sin. Allow the State to interfere at will in matters of conscience and religion, and you convert it into an engine of persecution. Deny it all interference in religion, and it cannot suppress loud-mouthed blasphemy, the grossest profanation of the Lord's Day, the burning of the Bible in open day, and infidel lectures in the public streets.

Calvin, however, felt little difficulty in this matter. His views were to establish the gospel in high places, and give it supreme sway



over the minds and actions of all men who came within its reach. In conjunction, therefore, with Farel, he drew up a short confession of faith in twenty-one articles, which also comprised some regulations respecting church government. Among the latter was the right of excommunication, which became subsequently a formidable weapon in Calvin's hand for the punishment of evil doers. To this confession of faith Farel appended the Ten Commandments, and in this amended form it was laid before the council of Two Hundred, who ordered it to be printed, read in St. Peter's Church every Sunday, and the people sworn to the observance of it.

But Popery had too long prevailed at Geneva, and had taken too deep and wide a root to be speedily eradicated. Almost a French city, it had a great deal of French manners, and French morality, and was not only a very gay, light-hearted, and careless seat of pleasure, but terribly dissolute and licentious. Rome cares little now, and cared still less then for the morals of her devotees as long as they worship at her altars. A drunken Irishman is a good Catholic if he do but attend mass, take off his hat to the priest, say an Ave to the Virgin Mary, and hate all heretics. Dancing and music, the gambling table, and the masquerade, feasting and revelling every Sunday and holiday, Rome tolerated, if not encouraged, at Geneva, as long as mass was duly said at the altar and the convent vesper bell nightly tinkled over the blue lake. But there were darker crimes behind the midnight mask and holiday revel. Drunkenness, blasphemy, adultery, licensed prostitution, and the most dissolute profligacy, in which the popish clergy\* were not the least backward, made the city a very sink of iniquity. It was not likely then that these lovers of pleasure, many of whom still continued in Geneva, sunk as they were up to the neck in profligacy, would readily submit to the yoke which Calvin and Farel were binding on their necks. For these men of God did not lop off merely a few twigs of the Upas tree of sin. They hacked and hewed down sin root and branch, and smote the Amalekites hip and thigh. Not only the grosser crimes just mentioned were severely punished, but cards, dancing, plays, masquerades, were all absolutely prohibited; all holidays except Sunday were abolished, and that observed with all the strictness of our Puritan ancestors. All the church bells were dismantled and silenced; the citizens were strictly enjoined to attend divine service, and be at home by 9 o'clock in the evening. Fancy an English town, a gay and fashionable watering place, such as Brighton, Cheltenham, or Leamington, subjected to these regulations, and then fancy whether our good Protestants would relish their cards, their balls, their late supper parties, their plays and concerts, their races and raffles, their coursing and hunting, all swept away at a stroke, they made to hear sermons upon election and predestination several times a week, and all to be in doors before the clock struck nine. Geneva, the gay, the dissipated Geneva, where mirth and pleasure

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\* The last bishop carried off by force a young lady of good family and kept her at his palace till forced by an armed mob to give her back to her friends.

had long run riot, began to rebel against this bit in her jaws, and a formidable party was secretly organised to resist these stringent measures. To show how Satan can invest the worst deeds with the holiest names, these lovers of all ungodliness named themselves, "Brothers in Christ." "Libertines" was the name given them with far greater justice by the lovers of the gospel at Geneva. Our limits will not allow us, nor indeed is it necessary to detail their intrigues and the artful manner in which they disguised their real intentions. Suffice it to say, that they soon obtained political power in the executive Council, and thus brought the Genevese government under their influence. They durst not openly avow that their end was to restore the ancient reign of riot, but intending, doubtless, to undermine or eject Calvin and Farel by surer methods, they took their stand on some points in which the reformed church at Berne\* differed from that at Geneva, and required the ministers to conform to them. The two main points were using unleavened bread in the communion, and celebrating four festivals in the year. As Calvin and Farel would not, however, consent to conform to these points, and even refused to administer the Lord's Supper at Easter at all on account of the debauchery and insubordination of the people, the Council forbade them to mount the pulpit. Regardless of this prohibition, and determined to obey God rather than man, they both preached twice at their respective churches, but did not celebrate the communion. Their open disobedience to the express orders of the government brought matters at once to a crisis. On the following morning the Council met, and passed sentence of banishment on both Farel and Calvin, issuing at the same time an order that they must quit the city in three days. The Council of Two Hundred and the General Assembly, the two fountains of all power at Geneva, convened especially for the purpose, confirmed the sentence of the Executive Council; and their decision being without appeal, submission was their only alternative. The exiles simply exclaiming, "It is better to serve God than man," and turning their backs on the city which had thus cast them out, went first to Berne, and thence proceeded to Basle, where they were received with the greatest cordiality. But neither tarried there long, and were soon separated, Farel repairing to Neufchâtel, and Calvin to Strasburg, a free and imperial city on the Rhine, where the Reformation was firmly established, where he was received with open arms, appointed professor of theology, and a pulpit and congregation assigned him.

Meanwhile at Geneva, matters were in a strange ferment. The party which had banished Calvin and Farel had gained a triumph, and were determined to make the most of it. The dancers, the gamblers, and the drunkards were pleased enough, and soon restored the ancient days when sin ran down the streets as water. But the exiled ministers had a strong party that knew and loved the truth, which daily gathered power and influence. The ministers who had

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\* Berne was the mother church of Geneva, and therefore looked with jealous eye on any departure from her rules and practices.

succeeded Farel and Calvin were unable to maintain their ground, and quitted the city. Riot everywhere prevailed; strong attempts were made to re-introduce Popery; and confusion and disorder shook the city to the centre. The hand of God now began to lift itself up against his adversaries. Jean Philippe, the Captain General and head of the Libertine Party, was publicly executed for killing a man in a riot. One of the magistrates who assisted to banish Calvin, and told him "the city gates were wide enough for him," broke his own neck in trying to escape from the officers of justice out of a window. Two others were obliged to fly on charges of treason; and thus the Council became purged of Calvin's enemies. Swayed as it were from above, and feeling that he alone could restore order to their troubled and disturbed city, the hearts of the Council and a great majority of the citizens longed for Calvin's return. On the 24th of April, 1538, the sentence of banishment had been passed; on the 20th of October, 1540, the Council passed a resolution that he should be invited to come back. Calvin's heart was really at Geneva; but mindful of the troubles he had suffered there,\* and perhaps not being willing too soon to be won, he respectfully declined their invitation. In addition to this, as he was highly honored at Strasburg, where the Lord was remarkably blessing his labours, had lately taken to himself a wife, and was deeply immersed in his beloved studies, he had every inducement there to remain. Undeterred by his refusal, again the Council pressed him most earnestly to return; again Calvin pleaded his engagements at Strasburg. Unable to prevail with him, the Council sent a circular letter to the governments of Berne, Basle, and Zurich to request their influence in procuring his return;† Farel,

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\* He thus writes to Farel: "Who will not pardon me if I do not again willingly throw myself into a whirlpool which I have found so fatal? Nay, who would not blame me for too much facility, if I should fling myself into it with my eyes open? Besides, putting my own danger out of the question, what if I can scarcely trust that my ministry will be of any use to them? Since such is the temper of the majority there, that they will be neither tolerable to me, nor I to them."

And again to Viret: "There is no place under heaven which I more fear than Geneva; not that I dislike it, but because I see so many difficulties in my way there, which I feel myself unequal to cope with. Whenever I recall what has passed, I cannot help shuddering at the thought of being compelled to renew the old contests."

+ Some extracts from this letter will show the important place which Calvin held in the eyes of the Genevese Council: "Although we have been troubled with many and serious disturbances in our city for about twenty years past, yet we have experienced, most illustrious princes, in all these tumults, seditions, and dangers, no such wrath of God pressing on our necks as in the years just past; in which by the art and machinations of factious and seditious men, our faithful pastors and ministers, by whom our church had been founded, built up, and long maintained, to the great comfort and edification of all, have been unjustly driven out and rejected with great ingratitude, those extraordinary favors and benefits being altogether passed over and forgotten, which we have received at the hand of God through their ministry. For from the hour that they were banished we have had nothing but troubles,

Bucer, and other influential ministers, urged his compliance. None but he, it was felt, could raise the sinking church at Geneva, or rule the people in that riotous city. Overcome at length by these powerful persuasions, seeing, doubtless, the hand of God in them, and that Geneva was his divinely appointed post, Calvin yielded the point and consented to return. His return, under these circumstances, was a triumph of truth over error, and of godliness over ungodliness; and thus his very exile gave him a power and an authority subsequently at Geneva which he could not have had without it. How evident in all this is the wonder-working hand of God. A mounted herald was despatched to escort him from Strasburg, and a carriage and three horses sent to bring his wife and furniture. On the 13th of September, 1541, he again entered the gates of Geneva. The Council received him with every mark of affection and respect, besought him ever to remain with them, provided him a house and garden attached, settled on him a fixed salary, and, what we may believe Calvin valued more than all, prepared him a pulpit in St. Peter's Church, so arranged that the whole congregation might hear him with ease. From this period till the day of his decease, (May 27, 1564,) a space of nearly 23 years, did this zealous and godly servant of the Lord labor at Geneva. The following was the ordinary routine of his labors. Besides the Lord's Day, he preached every day during each alternate week; thrice a week he gave lectures in divinity; presided in the consistory or meeting of the ministers every Thursday; and lectured at St. Peter's Church every Friday evening. On the alternate week he chiefly devoted himself to his studies, commencing at five or six in the morning, and continuing at work nearly all day.

We cannot pursue his history during an eventful period of twenty-three years. We hasten, therefore, to his end; those latter days of his life on earth, on which a peculiar halo of grace and glory was shed. For several years his bodily sufferings and afflictions had been great; but about 1561, a complication of disorders fell on his earthly tabernacle. A continual colic, incessant vomitings, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and tormenting headaches, pressed him sore. But worse ills, asthma, gout, and stone, followed in their rear. Still he continued his severe labors, writing commentaries on the Scripture, and preaching, though obliged to be carried to the church in a chair. On the 6th of February, 1564, he preached his last sermon, though he still occasionally addressed a few words to the congregation. But, amidst all his severe sufferings, no complaint

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enmities, strife, contentions, disorders, seditions, factions, and homicides. We acknowledge, therefore, that this great anger of God hath fallen upon us because our Lord Jesus Christ hath been thus rejected and despised in his servants and ministers, and that we are unworthy ever to be esteemed his faithful disciples, or ever to find quiet in our state, unless we endeavor to repair these offences, so that the due honor of the most holy evangelical ministry be restored; and, by common consent, we desire nothing more ardently than that our brethren and ministers be reinstated in their former place in this church, to which they were called by God."

escaped his lips, except that sometimes he would look up, and say, "Lord, how long?"

He was now very sensible that his earthly pilgrimage was drawing to a close. Still he pursued his literary labors; and when Beza begged of him to give up dictating, or at all events writing, his only answer was, "What? Would you have the Lord find me idle?" On the 10th of March he was publicly prayed for in the churches by order of the government, and on the 18th, the Council sent him a present of twenty-five crowns, which, however, he refused to accept, assigning as his reason that he was no longer able to work, and therefore had no right to be paid. On the 2nd of April he was carried to church, stayed the sermon, and received the Lord's Supper from the hand of Beza. He joined in the hymn with a tremulous voice, and though his countenance bore on it the evident stamp of death, yet was it lighted up with the radiant beams of joy and peace. On the 25th of April he made his will, and on the 26th the Council assembled at his house. We could wish that our limits admitted the insertion of even a portion of his grave and wise address to the executive government of Geneva, received by them as it was with the greatest respect and affection as well as many tears. On the 28th all the Genevese ministers met at his house. These he addressed most earnestly and affectionately, exhorting them to persevere in the good work to which the Lord had called them, to avoid all dispute and strife, and walk in mutual love and affection. He bade them firmly maintain his doctrine, and uphold his discipline, and appealed to his own experience that the Lord had blessed both him and his labors. He assured them that he had always lived with them, and was now departing from them in the bonds of the truest and sincerest love; begged their forgiveness for any peevish expressions which had escaped his lips during his illness; returned them hearty thanks for bearing his burdens; and, amid many tears on their side, shook hands separately with, and bade farewell to them all. His last letter was written to Farel to dissuade him from coming from Neufchatel to have a last interview. Our readers will peruse it with interest.

"Farewell, my best and truest brother! and since it is God's will that you remain behind me in the world, live mindful of our friendship, which as it was useful to the church of God, so the fruit of it awaits us in heaven. Pray, do not fatigue yourself on my account. It is with difficulty I draw my breath, and expect that every moment will be my last. It is enough that I live and die for Christ, who is the reward of his followers both in life or death. Again, farewell with my brethren. Geneva, 2nd of May, 1564."

Farel came, however, to see him; but we are not favored with the particulars of the interview, which, between two brethren so long and so warmly united, and both sinking into the grave,\* worn out with suffering and toil, must have been most deeply interesting.

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\* In the August of the following year Farel died, at the advanced age of seventy-six.

The days that now remained to him on earth, Calvin spent in almost continual prayer, and ejaculating sentences from the Scriptures. On the 19th of May he took finally to his bed, where he lay in much bodily weakness and suffering till the 27th. About eight o'clock in the evening of that day, the signs of approaching dissolution appeared. Beza, who had not long quitted him, was sent for, but too late to see him expire. Before his friend could reach his bed-side, his ransomed soul had passed from earth to heaven, apparently without a struggle, as he looked like one who had fallen into a deep sleep, without a trace of expiring agony.

Thus lived and thus died this great and good man, this eminent servant of God, this memorable champion of the truth of the gospel, this learned and godly Reformer, John Calvin. On that night and the following day, according to the testimony of Beza, Geneva seemed plunged into universal mourning. The state lamented the loss of its most distinguished counsellor; the church of its beloved pastor; the university of its unwearied and able teacher; the poor of their firm friend and sympathising succorer; the ministers of a wise and affectionate fellow-laborer; and a large circle of private christians of their spiritual guide and father. Nor was the feeling of grief and lamentation confined to Geneva. The whole Reformed church, that had been so long and so deeply indebted to his labors, and a large and increasing band of correspondents, whose faithful and affectionate counsellor he long had been, joined in lamenting his loss.

That Calvin had his faults, his warmest friends and greatest admirers cannot deny. His language at times against his adversaries, though it must be borne in mind that it was the prevailing evil of the day, was exceedingly violent and intemperate. "A beast, a pig, a vagabond, a scurvy knave, an impostor, a foul-mouthed dog;" such are some of the epithets that fell from his pen.\* He was also stern and unforgiving on points where his own authority was in question, and ruled, both in church and state, with too much of an iron hand. The times were, however, peculiar, and a silken glove was not adapted for the turbulent city of Geneva; nor were the principles of liberty understood there as now with us, with whom they have been the growth of centuries. The fairest way is to look at the result of his rule. That he found Geneva full of riot and turbulence, a very sink of sin and immorality, and left it at his death a seat of order and quiet, of morality and good government, and a favored spot of truth in doctrine and godliness in life, all must admit who are not blinded by a spirit of prejudice and error. But his best and most enduring monument is the fruit of his pen. There he peculiarly shone. His great and varied learning, his logical accurate mind, his deep knowledge of the scriptures, his ardent love

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\* Castellio, against whom these angry invectives were launched, thus pointedly reproves Calvin for using them:—"Even were I as truly all these things as I really am not, yet it ill becomes so learned a man as yourself, the teacher of so many others, to degrade so excellent an intellect by so foul and sordid abuse."



of truth, his clear and forcible style, and the strength of his arguments, all combined to give his writings a power and prevalence in his own age, of which we still feel the effects, but can hardly realise the conception. His writings, it is true, are now little read, and have become in a measure superseded by more modern works. It is good, however, to go at times to the fountain-head; and Dr. Cole has thus conferred a benefit on the church by translating and publishing the work at the head of the present article.

We purpose (D.V.) in our next Number to examine it at more length, and shall then take the opportunity of making some extracts from the work itself, which will enable our readers to judge for themselves of its real nature and value.

It is no shame to die in Christ's debt.—*Rutherford*.

Christ came to save sinners. Then, saith Paul, to save *me*, for "I am the *chief* of sinners."—*Rutherford*.

Though we may have the guilt of sins upon us that the law pronounceth death unto, yet flying to Christ for refuge, God hath not only provided for us safety, but strong consolation also.—*Owen*.

All the saints truly humbled cry up Christ, and down themselves; and in their own books are as far from Christ as any: "I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof."—*Rutherford*.

Why is the Holy Spirit represented by water?—Because, as water washes away the filth of the body, so the Holy Spirit cleanses the pollution of the soul; and as water refreshes the thirsty, so do the comforts of the Holy Ghost refresh the spiritual man.—*Whitefield*.

Do we think that men may turmoil themselves in earthly thoughts all the day long, and when they are freed of their affairs, betake themselves unto those that are vain and useless, without any stated converse with things above, and yet enjoy life and peace?—*Owen*.

God hath an old quarrel against pride, as one of the oldest enemies born in heaven, in the breast of the fallen angels, and thrown out of heaven, and it seeketh to be up at its own element and country where it was born, as proud men are climbing and aspiring creatures; but God, afar off, resisteth the proud, and denieth grace, or any thing of heaven, to the proud Pharisee.—*Rutherford*.

I am more than sure that God's elect shall never be finally deceived. This has been my prop and stay for many years in the Lord's work. As Satan is sure to send his bellman to cry me down, go where I may, this in reason's eye vexes and dejects me. But when faith considers that God made choice of Peter's mouth, that by him the Gentiles should hear the word and believe; and knowing that God works, and none can let it; and that his election ordains, fixes, furnishes, and appoints the mouth that is to bear the tidings to every chosen vessel; these lift me above Satan's schemes, and above his sounding bell.—*Huntington*.



## P O E T R Y.

*BEFORE PREACHING.*

ONCE more, gracious Lord,  
 To thy bountiful board,  
 A poor, starving sinner is come.  
 O hear my petition,  
 Regard my condition,  
 And mercifully give me a crumb.

I want to be fed  
 With a crumb of that bread,  
 Which once upon Calvary's tree,  
 Was broken indeed  
 On purpose to feed  
 Poor destitute wretches like me!

I know I'm not fit  
 With the children to sit,  
 At the table of Jesus to sup;  
 But, O may there fall,  
 One crumb, e'er so small,  
 That I, a poor dog, may pick up.

S. D.

[The writer of these lines died at the early age of 21.—Ed.]

*ON READING THE REVIEW IN THE "GOSPEL  
 STANDARD," OCTOBER, 1856.*

THE voice of my Beloved! O I long again to hear,  
 But my soul is fill'd with sadness, with gloominess, and fear;  
 I look on things around me, but no joy in them can find,  
 I turn and look within me, and still no peace of mind.

The voice of my Beloved! O yes, I know its sound,  
 It has spoken peace and comfort, made joy and praise abound;  
 My sins the hugest mountains, the hills, the hills of prey,  
 But the mercy of the Lov'd One swept guilt and fear away!

The voice of my Beloved! O sweet it was to me,  
 When it told of sins forgiven, by his grace so rich and free;  
 That tho' I'd sinn'd so deeply, yet "He mighty was to save;"  
 Though sin abounded greatly, Love would the victory have.

The voice of my Beloved! Those sweet melodious tones,  
 Which came when I was mourning, and petitioning in groans;  
 It broke my heart in pieces, and I long'd to sin no more,  
 But haste to my Beloved, and join the heavenly choir.

But the voice of my Beloved I would but cannot hear,  
 Now that sin has made such inroads, I feel remiss in prayer;  
 I know 'tis sin that separates, and brings the cloud between  
 A holy God and sinners, nor can he then be seen.

The voice of my Beloved, I would that I could hear  
 In the same love winning accents, casting out all fear;  
 For sin my God does chasten, to this truth I witness bear,  
 And I sigh and groan out daily, O when will God appear?

Wilderness.

A POOR SINNER.

**ETERNITY.***(Translation of a German Hymn composed by Wülfer.)*

Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long thou art, Eternity!  
 Yet onward still to thee we speed  
 As to the fight the impatient steed,  
 As ship to port, or shaft from bow,  
 Or swift as couriers homeward go.  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!  
 Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long thou art, Eternity!  
 A ring whose orbit still extends,  
 And ne'er beginning, never ends;  
 "Always" thy centre,—ring immense,—  
 And "never" thy circumference.  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!  
 Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long thou art, Eternity!  
 Came there a bird each thousandth year  
 One sand-grain from the hills to bear;  
 When all had vanished, grain by grain,  
 Eternity would still remain.  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!  
 Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long thou art, Eternity!  
 As long as God shall God remain,  
 So long shall last hell's torturing pain,  
 So long the joys of heaven shall be;  
 O long delights! Long misery!  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!  
 Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long thou art, Eternity!  
 O man, let oft thy musings dwell  
 Upon the dreadful woes of hell,  
 Oft on the saints' all-glorious lot;  
 For both shall last when time is not.  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!  
 Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long thou art, Eternity!  
 The thought of thee, in pain, how dread;  
 In joy, how bright thy prospects spread;  
 For here God's goodness glads our eyes,  
 And there his justice terrifies.  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!  
 Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long thou art, Eternity!  
 Who here lived poor and sore distress,  
 Now truly rich, with God doth rest;  
 With joys consoled for all his ill,  
 He lives to praise God's goodness still!  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!  
 Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long thou art, Eternity!  
 A moment's pleasure sinners know,  
 Through which they pass to endless woe;

A moment's woe the righteous taste,  
Through which to endless joy they haste!  
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!

Who thinks of thee speaks thus to God:  
"Here prove me with thy chast'ning rod;  
O let me here thy judgments bear;  
Hereafter, Lord, in mercy spare!"

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!

Who thinks of thee alone is wise;  
Sins, pleasures, all he can despise;  
The world attracts him now no more,  
His love for vain delights is o'er.

Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

How long thou art, Eternity!

O man! I warn thee,—think on me,—  
Think oft on me, Eternity!  
For I, the sinner's woe shall prove,  
And recompense of godly love!  
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

#### AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO SEEKING SOULS.

Psalm xxii. 26; Amos v. 4-6, 8; Luke xi. 9.

Is there within thy heart  
An earnest, real desire,  
Jesus to know by saving faith,  
Which does to heaven aspire?

Is there within thy mind  
A constant aching void,  
And dost thou feel that thy poor soul  
In hell will be destroyed?

Is sin thy daily grief,  
Doth it torment thee sore,  
And unbelief prevent relief  
In searching God's word o'er?

Art thou by doubts and fears  
Continually distress,  
And dost thou want to feel within  
The blessed Gospel rest?

Poor, needy, helpless souls,  
Whoever you may be  
That are in such a case as this,  
You shall deliv'rance see.

Such trouble and such grief  
Is never felt by one [sheep,  
But by the Lord's own quickened  
For whom he died alone.

If you're dissatisfied  
With all created good,  
And truly long to feel within  
The Saviour's cleansing blood;

If all your works do fail  
True confidence to give,  
On Jesus you shall sweetly rest,  
And in his name believe.

God's word declares that all  
Who for salvation long, [thrall,  
From feeling sin, and guilt, and  
That Christ shall be their song.

God's matchless sovereign grace,  
Is only known by those  
Whom from among the human race  
Eternally He chose.

Then, every needy, poor,  
Desiring, longing soul,  
God's on thy side—do not despair;  
No foe shall thee control!

No trial, great or small,  
Shall e'er thee overcome;  
But thou shalt triumph over all,  
And find that heavenly home.

May God the Holy Ghost  
Work faith within thy heart,  
To fix on Christ, and make thy boast  
Of him, that blessed part.

Now may the Almighty bless  
These lines to some poor soul,  
And his great name shall have the  
And glory of the whole. [praise  
A LOVER OF ZION.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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No. 255.      MARCH 1, 1857.      Vol. XXIII.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## MOURNERS IN ZION COMFORTED.

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*(Concluded from page 41.)*

Now, have not some of you here to-night been afraid of dying suddenly, of being run over, or of being cut off by some disease or fever, and going to hell, after all your profession? So that you who really have grace find that your religion has cost you something! You have had deep exercises of mind about the reality of it. You have been brought also to feel the Lord's chastenings and rebukes for sin; for, depend upon it, "if ye are without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." O! what a deal of pride we have; and what trials do we need to deliver us from its influence! What dross we have, and how we need the furnace to purge and remove it away from us! And, therefore, the Lord says, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God." But many are saying, "The Lord is my God," to whom he has never borne any testimony that they are his people, nor sent into their heart the Spirit of adoption. And if you ask them for the proofs of it, they cannot give you any account of the way and manner in which the Holy Spirit broke in upon them; nor give you any description of convictions of sin which they have felt at any time. But they will presumptuously use language which they do not feel, and say, "Our Father, which art in heaven," with many expressions of which they have never felt the power in their own souls. Now, for years I could not make use of these words. But when the Lord was pleased to visit my soul with the sweet manifestations of his love, I could say it then, and found it very precious to me. But, still, I can see how it is with most people; how they go on in a form of religion, mocking God by their vain repetitions. And when the soul has this Spirit of adoption given unto him, he can then call God his Father; as it is written, "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father," for they are "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." So that it is the Lord that appoints unto the soul "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and the oil of joy for mourning."

Now, if any of you were to say that you can praise God, it would not satisfy me, because I know that there are so many beginning to praise before they have been in heaviness. They will get into joy before they have had mourning. They will speak of mercy before they have experienced their misery; talk of pardon before they have felt their guilt; speak of healing before there was any wounding; and shout victory before they have been in the battle! Therefore, when "judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," they are found wanting, and it is made evident that they have been built up in nothing but presumption and notion. But those that are "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord," will bless and praise his holy name. For they are "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that they should show forth the praises of him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light." Such as these who are called out of darkness into his marvellous light will show forth God's praise; "for he hath purified unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." And I believe those who can say with David, "He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling," will be a people that are manifested as the children of God. You will be able to make them out, and they will be taken notice of that they are the true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. These are a people that will not be grasping after gain, nor striving to get the world's goods into their possession, and heap up riches to themselves. If they have food and raiment, they are content. They will hunger and thirst after the enjoyment of Christ's presence. They want tokens of God's favor, for that is better to them than all things else beside. They see vanity and emptiness stamped upon every one and every thing else; and then they say,

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me;  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free."

Christ is precious to such souls as these. And they "count all things else but dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ's love;" and can understand what Paul meant, when he said he was "in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." But though this is the case sometimes, yet I believe all the Lord's people feel the warfare, and find there is a great fight of afflictions to be endured; for, "the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that they cannot do the things that they would."

But they are said to be "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." Now, Jesus says, "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." But those plants which he hath planted shall bring forth much fruit. Herein God is glorified by his people bringing forth much fruit; and they are brought to bless and praise his holy name for the riches of his grace towards them. And it is said, "Whoso offereth

praise glorifieth me." He will be glorified by his dear people. He will have them to honor him upon the earth; and he hath ordained them to bring forth good works. As saith the apostle, "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." And this is the appointed way. There is no way of obtaining the victory but through this. For, if a man is trying to overcome the world, sin, or Satan, in any other way, by his own strength, or by free-will notions, like the Romish church, it will only leave him where it found him. Paul says, "I labored more abundantly than they all, and yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." It was the grace of God that wrought all these things in the apostle, and it is the same influence that produceth good works in every one of the living branches. Jesus himself says, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." So that the grace of God will influence the Lord's people to do good works, and to bless and praise his dear name. He has made them his peculiar treasure. He will cause them to love as brethren, and be kind to one another. He will give them a tender conscience, by purging it from dead works, to serve the living God. For the Lord says, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." He will watch over and protect them from every evil, that nothing shall hurt or harm them. He says, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise up against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

But, now, have any of you that are here to-night, love to the brethren, and are you dead to the world? Are you living to God's praise, and desirous of glorifying him in all that you do? or are you seeking your own happiness in the gratification of the things of time and sense? Have you any evidence in your souls that you are justified freely by the riches of God's grace? Is there any proof in your life and conversation that you have been called by the Spirit of God, and that you are bringing forth fruit to the honor and glory of his great name? If you have any of these marks and tokens, then are you "the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

But some will say, many that are called of God will indulge in sin, and bring forth but little fruit to God! Then I say, if they are his dear children, he will visit them for it, sooner or later. For he says, "If my children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes." He is not going to let them sin cheap; they will surely have the rod of correction for it! And when the devil has succeeded in drawing them into sin, through the power of temptation, it will not be long before he turns round upon them to accuse them. He will say, "What! you go to the chapel, and pretend to be one of the Lord's people, and yet commit such a sin as this? Why you are

worse than Judas himself! You have sinned against goodness and mercy, against light and knowledge! It is impossible that you can be one of the Lord's saints! You are a hypocrite, and are only filling up the measure of your iniquities, and you will sink to hell at last!" And thus, through Satan's powerful accusations, they will be mourning over a sense of their guilt and misery, and he will suggest to them thoughts like these, "Destroy yourself!" or, "Go out of the kingdom!" in order to drive the soul into despair. But, nevertheless, where the Lord has really begun the work, he will come and manifest his mercy again, give a fresh application of his precious blood, wash away the guilt and stain of sin from the conscience, and enable the poor mourning and sorrowful soul to rejoice in the loving-kindness and compassion of the Lord, and to say, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." Here God makes it evident that such are safe in his keeping, and that none shall be able to pluck them out of his hands. And thus, while the poor sinner is humbled in the dust with views of himself, he will be constrained to praise and adore the riches of God's mercy in the salvation of his soul, and learn that it is all of free and sovereign grace, from first to last.

But, now, who are there among you that can honestly say before God that they are deeply concerned about their souls, and that they are pleading and wrestling with him that he would give them "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness?" Who can say it is their earnest desire that the work of grace may be carried on in their souls at any cost rather than be lukewarm professors? Who are there among you that are willing to be wounded, and to have sorrow, and feel the rod of God's chastenings, if so be that the Lord will work with his mighty power on your souls? Who are there ready to sacrifice their idols, and to part with the things which they most esteem, to have tokens and evidences of the Lord's favor to them; and who can say with that well-taught and excellent man, Joseph Hart,

"Vanquish in me lust and pride;  
All my stubbornness subdue;  
Smile me into fruit, or chide,  
If no milder means will do."

Who is there here that can say, "Lay thy rod upon me, O Lord, and smite, if so be that thou wilt manifest thy love unto my soul!" and can call upon God to witness that they do not want to live in any thing in which they would not wish to die? But Satan will come in here, and say, "Are you not living in neglect of God's commandments, and are you not committing this or that sin?" which will cause the soul to pray unto the Lord that he would not suffer him to live in a careless or indifferent way, but that he would quicken him according to his word. So that the Lord's people will have something to pray about, and not be suffered to become hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

But, now, you that are making a great profession of religion, what has God done for your soul? Are your sorrows greater, or are you



just in the same state? Do you go from the beginning of the year to the end of it with the same feelings? Is the work really begun? Have you any fresh evidences of the love of God in your souls? Do you hunger and thirst after Christ's presence more, and have a greater love for his people? Are you trying to embrace your idols, and to have Christ also? Do you want to enjoy the world while you live, and go to heaven when you die? Are you trying to give a flat contradiction to Christ's words, where he says, "No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other; ye cannot serve God and mammon?" Are you trying to overturn this testimony, which no man has ever yet been able to do, nor ever will? But, if these things cannot be done, and you fall under the power of the word, there will be groans and cries rising up to the Lord that he would carry on his work of grace more powerfully in your souls. And if you are in earnest about these matters, and sincere before the Lord, there will be great exercises and trials in the mind, and a desire to be made upright and honest, and kept so. And thus the truth of God's word will be felt, that it is "through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom." So that you will be asking yourselves this question, "Will the profession of religion that I am making lead me to heaven or hell?" Then I say to such of you who may be walking in a quiet and easy way, and have everything that is comfortable and pleasing to the flesh, and are satisfied with mere head religion, consider the rich man in the gospel, who fared sumptuously every day! And where do you behold him after he had left this world? Why, it is said, that "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments!" And if any now present are going on in the same easy way, depend upon it it will lead you to the same fearful place! So, therefore, do not begin to flatter yourselves, and think that all is well with you, and that you are going to heaven; for if you can go with the stream, like a dead fish, it is evident that you have only a name to live, while you are dead. But, if you are alive to God and the things of God, set it down as certain that you will meet with great opposition, have much fighting and conflict, and find constant difficulties strewed in your path. And I tell all those who are satisfied with an easy profession of religion, that I would not be in their state for ten thousand worlds. I would sooner be a poor horse belonging to the most cruel cabman, and be beaten and driven about town till I dropped, than I would be in their condition! Therefore, I say, have any of you here had any manifestations of God's love to your souls? Have you ever had the "spirit of heaviness," and felt bowed down on account of what you meet with in your path, or are you always happy and contented? For many talk about religion just as though there was no such thing as deceit in the heart, nor any devices of Satan to deceive the soul; and such professors will say, "Prophecy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things; prophecy deceits." And thus the false ministers sew pillows under the arms of all such people, to bolster them up in hypocrisy and deceit!

But God forbid that I should encourage any such characters that

may be here to-night, and tell them they are going to heaven, while they have not one real evidence of it! I would sooner break stones on the road than be placed in such a dreadful position! I cannot persuade people that they are going to heaven and eternal happiness, when they do not show any of the marks and tokens of God's Spirit. So that I say to those who hear me, Do you know what it is to have broken bones on account of sin? Have you ever been brought in guilty before the Lord, and have you fled to the Lord Jesus for refuge and salvation? If you have, it is a sure token for good, and you will be constrained to bless and praise the Lord for his great mercy towards you, and to acknowledge that your salvation is all of grace.

But God must work all these things in your soul, for there is a set time to favor Zion. And he says, "the bruised reed he will not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench." God does not despise the day of small things. And where he has really begun the work of grace in the soul, he will surely carry it on, and bring it to eternal glory, to the praise and honor of his own great name. Amen.

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I SAT DOWN UNDER HIS SHADOW WITH  
GREAT DELIGHT, AND HIS FRUIT WAS SWEET TO  
MY TASTE.

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My dear respected Friend,—It may well be said,

"The season will be sweet,  
If Jesus be but there."

Truly since I last wrote to you I have had many precious seasons. I have felt that precious Christ formed in me the hope of glory. I have been favored to hold sweet communion with him, as one friend with another. We have been as familiar friends together. The day before our ordinance I was sweetly blessed with a meditation on, "Do this in remembrance of me." The blessed Spirit led my mind out sweetly into some of the many things we were to remember Christ in. It was not in eating the bread and drinking the wine only, but in the many things that Christ had suffered for such rebel wretches as you and I. Sweetly was I led to see Christ seated at his Father's right hand, and daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, when my mind was led out concerning his leaving his Father's throne to be carried about in the womb of the Virgin Mary. May God lead your mind out to view this precious Christ in his humility and condescension, to be thus contracted to a span, and to be carried about in the womb of the Virgin. What the Father devised the Son delighted in, for he said, "Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God." I was then led to remember his being born in a stable, and cradled in a manger, as also his being blindfolded, smote with the palms of his persecutors' hands, spit upon, scoffed at, and mocked, the hair plucked off his cheeks; then to view him as a partridge hunted upon the mountains, worse than the birds that have nests, and the foxes that have holes; for

this precious Christ had not where to lay his head. Then my mind was led out to remember him taken upon the pinnacle of the temple and shown the world and the glory of it; then to view him in his bloody sweat in the garden, and in the purple robe, his precious temples crowned with thorns, his mangled back which was so lacerated with the scourge, and to behold this precious Christ bearing his cross; and, lastly, to see him stretched out, lifted up, and hung betwixt heaven and earth by his hands and feet. May God anoint thy eyes with his holy anointing, to look unto him whom we have pierced, view his dear feet, his mangled back, his pierced side, his dear mangled hands, and his head crowned with thorns.

My dear friend, it might well be said that "his face was more marred than any man, and his visage than the sons of men." These are only a few things to what I might say that we are to remember concerning this precious Christ.

"At most we do but taste the cup,  
For he alone has drunk it up."

Such views of him melt my poor soul down humbly at his feet; for, dear friend, there never was love like his. I have been drawn much of late to this precious Christ, feeling that he loves me and that I love him. One morning these words were sweetly blest to my soul: "Thou hast loved them even as thou hast loved me." And also these words came very sweet: "That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them." This brought me down in love to a precious Christ, to plead with him for the enjoyment of these precious things in my own soul. I was so overcome with love to this precious Redeemer, and love to the Father for the gift of this precious Christ to redeem me, that I was completely at a loss to find words to express my love to him.

Is not this, dear friend, "sitting under his shadow with great delight?" Is not this "eating our honey with the honeycomb?" Is not this his being "the altogether lovely?" Through the help of God's Spirit, we are then enabled to bid all other idols begone, and bid them "not to stir, nor awake our Beloved until he please." I feel that I love my wife and children, but not so much as I do this precious Christ! David speaks of Jonathan's love to him as being "wonderful, passing the love of woman." How much more must the love of Christ be, when we feel as branches in this living Vine, and experience virtue flowing out of it into our souls, to nourish and comfort us, and cause us to bring forth fruit? "For herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit."

One morning, I bowed myself before him, with a candle in my hand, and I said, that as that candle gave light wherever I might take it, so I begged of him that I might be the same in his hand, to be a light in this ungodly world wherever it might be my lot to go; and not to be as the light that is under the bushel. Another morning, whilst pleading with him that he would keep me, and hold me as the horse was held by bit and bridle, it was sweetly whispered in my soul, "and that *bit* and *bridle* to be love!" And it must be he, dear friend, who hath loved us, that must keep the reins and govern-

ment. What I have seen and felt of this precious love I can tell you but little of! God has said, "he will make us willing in the day of his power," and I know of nothing that will make a poor sinner so willing as this precious love shed abroad in his heart. It can then come and say unto the Lord, "Take this soul and body that thou hast redeemed, and do with it, and in it, what thou seest best, as thou hast a just right to do as thou wilt with thine own."

My dear friend, how precious must we be in his sight, to give such a ransom price for us, to redeem us from the lowest hell. It was sweetly whispered in my soul, that it was love before blood, for love devised the plan for the shedding of blood to redeem thy soul and mine from the jaws of death and hell. I begged of God that I might be in the arms of love, as a child in the arms of a strong man, that it might influence every member of my body to obedience, that I might abide in his love even as Christ abideth in his love. "For, in keeping his commandments there is great reward." And I believe in my soul that my prayer went up acceptable to God. How very sweetly Solomon speaks of this love when he says, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine. Because of the savor of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee." And when this ointment is poured forth upon the head, it will "run down, even to the skirt of our garment," for the sweet odour of it will go forth in our conversation, prayers, and supplications, when and where they may be offered up. As Christ said of the poor woman, that she had wrought a good work upon him, even so I must say of Christ, that he hath wrought a good work upon me. And such special seasons, my dear friend, we cannot easily forget. I believe in my own mind, that love is the mother of all graces, and I likewise believe that pride is the mother of all sin. I shall never forget, when amongst the Independents, thinking I would have some new clothes; and whilst I was thinking of this, it came with a divine power to my soul, that pride, spiritual and temporal, was an abomination to the Lord.

I feel, dear friend, that I must still go on to tell you a little more of God's sweet love-visits to my soul, all flowing through the grace and merit of his dear Son. I hope never to forget the sweet feeling I had toward God for that unspeakable gift. I was so overcome that I did not know what to say to the Lord. I burst out in blessing and praising him. I felt, and said, that if I had a thousand tongues, and if I lived to be eighty years of age, I would have them all employed in blessing and praising the Lord. There is no fasting, dear friend, when the Bridegroom is with us! It is, "Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O Beloved." One night, when down on my knees, feeling my soul much humbled within me, I said, "Lord! I have nothing to offer thee but this poor body and soul, which thou art welcome to, if it can be of any service!" I felt sorry that I had nothing more to offer, for I felt if I had had a dozen souls and bodies at that time, he would have been heartily welcome to them all. It is not, dear friend, loving in tongue and in word that creates

such feelings, but to feel it a truth that God loves us, and to feel that we love him. How sweetly Paul speaks of this love! He challenges angels, principalities, and powers, to separate him from that love. One day, entering into my closet, I was under an influence to bow down three times before I left the room, and each time I felt the season to be sweet and blessed to my soul. I felt it was the Spirit of my Father that produced such feelings within me, and that offered such petitions for me. I cannot tell you the sweet feelings I enjoyed; they are better felt than expressed. I begged of God, that as the blood flowed out of my heart into the veins of every member of my body, and caused them to act upon the earth, so I begged of him, that the love of God might flow out of my heart, and cause every member of the body to be an instrument of righteousness unto God. Having his precious word before me, and pleading with him that he would give me an understanding of it, and that its truths might be written within, that I might have a gospel within as well as without; whilst pleading with the Lord, a still small voice within (which I believe in my very soul was the Spirit of my God) whispered, "Lean thy head upon the book!" which I did, still pleading with the Lord. And I was sweetly blest with this portion of scripture, and had most blessed enjoyment in it: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." And it was sweetly opened up to me that this was the blessed pasture that his beloved disciple John was favored to enjoy; for, "as the Word was God," I was leaning upon God through the Word, by faith, as John leaned upon the bosom of his Lord.

I shall never forget once being out on a rough, stormy day, when it blew, rained, and snowed, and having some miles to come home, I was so overcome with the power and love of God, that I could not keep my tongue still; but was blessing and praising a Three-One God for his great love and mercy towards me, that I thought I must have bowed down amongst the snow and dirt. I went on under the influence of this for some miles, the rain, snow, and wind beating bitterly on my poor body; but this I did not mind so long as I had the presence of my God and Father. At last I was obliged through the influence of this, to turn aside, and bow down under my umbrella on a stone-heap, to worship him. I was disturbed by seeing a man near me, but whose approach I had not been able to hear, on account of the snow, when I got up and went on my way. I thought the man would think I was crazed, and I looked back, expecting he would be coming after me, to take me up. But I said, "Well, I do not mind what they say about me; if I am not crazed, they cannot make me so. If I can but have the Three-One God with me, that is all I want." I cannot tell you the height of this love that my soul has been led into at times, nor the depths of sorrow that I have had to sink in; for I have felt that I was a deceived character, and that my portion would be with the damned in hell. Having spoken so much in praise of this precious Christ, I thought the devil would torment me more than any one else, and I have had to beg of God that he would not let the devil do as he liked with me when he



got me there. At another time, my agony was so great that I wished the Lord would let me alone if I was damned at last! Entering into my room one night, these thoughts came powerfully into my mind, "Don't put the candle out, and then you will see if the devil comes." These things will show you something of what the Psalmist speaks of, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

Yours in the Lord,

Stamford.

T. B.

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## REMINISCENCES, OR, FOOTSTEPS OF PROVIDENCE.

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By S. COZENS.

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Some years ago I published my experience of divine goodness and mercy, and my call to the work of the ministry. And as many days have past since then, and as the good hand of my God has been upon me and with me, I desire to utter the memory of his goodness.

When first settled in the ministry, I was in very comfortable circumstances, and served the church of God gratuitously with a willing mind and a zealous heart; but I was not long at the work of the Lord before I was persecuted out of my temporal nest, and the leader in that persecution, a Rev. D. D., soon after died a prisoner. The little church to which I ministered would not hear of my leaving, and for my support offered me one pound a week. I knew they were poor, most of them being agricultural laborers, and I refused to take so much. Being united to them in heart and soul, I consented to remain with them the Lord's time for thirteen shillings a week, believing that the Lord would provide what was necessary; and, to the honor of his name be it spoken, he did more than provide; and I was often able to help the poor brethren. It is true that we were often in great difficulties. The pocket was frequently empty; but it was emptied to give exercise to faith and prayer. At that time I had great fellowship with those in the wilderness, who gathered their daily bread, especially with those who gathered little and had no lack. I felt it was impossible to be poorer than they were every evening; it was impossible to be better provided for every morning; and I felt confident that he who provided for them could appear for me. To relate all the providential interpositions of heaven in my behalf, the exercises through which I passed, the temptations with which I was beset, the holy and happy seasons I enjoyed, the kindness I received, and the sympathy I experienced, during my labors at F—, would fill a volume. We had no lack. Faith was severely tried, but we had no lack! "The living was often spent," but we had no lack! The meal in the barrel was made into the last cake, but we had no lack! There was a knock at the door, and a basket of provisions. The potatoes were all eaten, (and none but he who knoweth that we have need of these things, knew it,) but we had no lack! A cart stopped at the door; a boy

came in with, "Please, Sir, father has sent you a load of potatoes!" A load of potatoes! Why, if it had been a load of gold, it could not have been received with greater emotion. "A load of potatoes; and father sent them." Yes, my dear boy, your father sent them, and *my* Father sent them. I sent many thanks to the boy's father, Mr. W., and gave more thanks to my Father, God. The money was all spent, (and that was a frequent occurrence,) and my little boy put a sixpence into my hands, which somebody had given him. I never saw such a sixpence as that in all my life. I never had one worth so much. The fact is, it was wanted; and want makes worth. I have had hundreds of pounds since then; but I think I may truly say, I never valued them as I did that. I remember holding up the little bit of silver in my hand, and, looking at it with the most profound feelings I ever had, and speaking thus with myself: "This silver is my Father's; he has sent it to me; he has given it to me." It may appear childish to those in easy circumstances, to talk thus, but I can assure you that I look back to that circumstance with great pleasure, for I felt that he who gave me that bit of silver when it was so remarkably needed could give me another bit, and another bit, and another bit, as it was needed; and I prayed him to give it me in bits as I needed it. I prayed him to keep me poor, humble, and dependent upon him. I was positively afraid of money. O that my conscience had always been as tender before him in that respect, for I saw that money answered all the purposes of evil as well as all the purposes of good.

While there I gave one poor, tried family three sovereigns in one quarter; and that same quarter I had three sovereigns given to me! The next quarter I gave them none; and, strange to say, none were given to me! One day, the Lord put it into my heart to give a poor widow, not connected with us, a shilling; and the next time I went to chapel, a widow gave me half a sovereign. One day I went into a house in London, to see a person in great soul distress, and while there I felt they were in needy circumstances; I say I felt it, for it was not discoverable either in the persons or the place. I had two half-crowns and a sixpence in my pocket. Without saying a word to them, I placed the two half-crowns on the mantle-piece, fearing that they would feel hurt if I offered them to them. I went away to go home; but I had not gone far before I began to reflect; aye, and to regret that I had given them so much. I called myself almost everything but the master of prudence, for how was I to get home? I had no money to pay my fare, and I was too weak and poorly to walk so many miles. And what had I to take to my wife for domestic purposes? I concluded at last that I would ride as far as my sixpence would carry me, and walk the rest. The thought of walking so far was almost too much for me; but that was not the worst; I had nothing to take home! What should I tell my wife? What a scolding I should have for my folly in thinking about others, and forgetting home! I felt desperately at odds with myself, and I thought it would be ten times worse when I told the wife what I had done with the money. Well, on I went, with a heavy heart, to-



wards London Bridge station, and felt in a dreadful state of despondency and darkness. I had hard thoughts of God, and thought my lot a very hard one. I concluded no one had such a rough and thorny road as I. As I was walking along, pensive and consummately wretched, looking down—aye, looking down, for I could not look up—a gentleman, of Zoar Chapel, to whom God had made my ministry a blessing, stopped me, shook hands very warmly, and left a sovereign in my hand. None but those in like circumstances can enter into the mingled feelings produced by such kind interpositions. I belabored Satan as stoutly as he had been belaboring me; and I smote my breast for daring to harbor one hard thought of him who had separated me from my mother's womb, and who had again, and again, and again appeared for me in the moment of danger.

The Friday before we left F—, I had occasion to go up to London. I called upon a brother whom I loved in the Lord, and found him in great difficulties. I had my quarter's rent in my pocket. I took it out and gave it to him, saying, "Here, brother, take this; I give it you in faith, believing the Lord will provide." And I did believe it most heartily at the time! Friday passed away, and there was no appearing. Saturday passed away, and no rent came. The Sabbath passed, and not a shilling towards it! Monday came, and with it a thousand fears, a thousand regrets. I called myself of fools the fool. The good woman of the house was not in the most harmonious humor; in fact, she was downright cross, and did not thank me for my out-of-door sympathy. On Tuesday we were to leave. Leave without paying the rent, I determined I would not! My father-in-law had kindly engaged to pay the expense of our removing. He knew nothing of our exigencies, or they would not have been; and I could not tell him. I did not know what to do. Leave I determined I would not till the rent was paid. I had given my rent to one of God's servants, in faith; and, if God did not pay my rent, I would not move. But, then, arrangements are all made, the men are coming in the morning to move the chattels. Wife says, "You can't alter it; we must go." I said, not in the best of tempers, "I won't go." My heart was rent with contrary passions. As Monday evening was closing, I said, "It won't come now; it is *too late*! And the men are coming at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. It is *too late* to-night, and it will be *too soon* in the morning. Well, I won't go!" It was the only debt I owed in the world. I had a tender conscience. I felt I had no right to owe any man anything. O that I had been always as particular as then! How many sorrows I should have spared myself! How many restless nights would have been sweet seasons of repose! But, to return. I felt it was *too late*, yet I was breathless at times with listening anxiety. Hark! Yes, hark! was the word that night. Every little noise was saluted with, Hark! Hark! Nonsense, it is the wind, or the trees, or any thing but a footstep. It is *too late*! "Your faith was wrong," whispered something. "Hark! There's some one coming!" Aye, and some one did come! Several came one after the other, in a short space of time; and every one, like Job's friends, brought money in silver

and gold; and I had my rent with good interest, and told the devil it was not *too late*. It was soon enough. It was a day before it could be demanded. Faith may be severely tried, and tried almost to death, but if he does not come in the first watch, she will be found in the second; and if he does not come in the second, you will see her in the third; and if he does not come in the third, you will find her in the fourth watch, because she has no faith in *too late*!

I have just asked my wife if she could recollect any particular providence at F—. She replied, "I think it was *all* providence there." Yes, it *was* all providence there. Those were holy days. It was good to live upon the Lord. If we sank, it was to swim. If we went down into the deeps, it was to mount up again to heaven.

But, leaving F—, I come to L—. O that I could write of L— as of F—. I cannot tell whether the Lord called me from F— to L—, or whether I went because I was invited to go by those whom I had loved years before my settlement at F—. I confess this has been a difficulty that I have never been able to solve. But to L— I went; and going there, in time-things, was like going out of the wilderness into the land flowing with milk and honey. For some time I felt great liberty and joy in the work of the ministry. But, alas! my kind friends in that place used me too well. They took a little palace for me, gave me the means to furnish it, and paid me so handsomely, I may almost say, extravagantly, for my services, that I had nothing of a temporal kind to ask God for. They did it kindly, but they little thought that they were killing me with kindness. Yes, and they did unintentionally kill my spirituality of mind. I had for a long time been in a low place, and when taken out of that state to have more than heart could wish, was, I confess with shame and confusion of face, too intoxicating for a weak and unstable heart like mine. I grew worldly, became carnally minded, and felt folded in the arms of a death out of which I could not extricate myself. By the help of my too kind friends, I went into business; got up early, sat up late, ate the bread of carefulness, and, for a time, prospered. But I felt wretched in my prosperity, more wretched than I had been in my deepest poverty. I had lost the presence of my Friend. I had no fellowship with the Father. A cloud was upon the throne. Still I kept on preaching. But when I preached, it was from such portions as these: "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing," "The heart is deceitful above all things," &c.; "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint," "O that it were with me as in months past." In my business prosperity, I received an invitation to go to W—, to supply. I refused to go, on the ground of business, not feeling at the time the force of, "Whosoever forsaketh not *all* that he hath, cannot be my disciple." (Luke xiv. 33.) I thought as I was in business, and could not possibly leave that business for a week, I was perfectly justified in refusing to accede to their urgent request to supply them for two Sabbaths. I very soon found that the hand of God was gone out against me. My business fell off, and I went down in my affairs

like a stone in the mighty waters, and could not account for it. I could not then see that I had sinned against the Lord, in considering *my* calling before *his*. Things got worse and worse. I took stock, and found I could just pay my creditors in full. I began selling off, but I could not sell at any price. People who had been in the habit of dealing with me passed the shop, and went next door. It seemed as though they had all agreed to abandon me. At that time I was preaching occasionally at the Tabernacle, Y—. I went to bed one Saturday night, dreadfully cast down, and without a text, and had to be up early the next morning, to go to the Tabernacle, where I was expected to preach twice. After tossing to and fro, and wondering where the scene would end, I fell asleep, and dreamed as follows: I dreamt that I was preaching from, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" (2 Cor. iv. 17;) and I was preaching away about leaven working in the meal, and "All things shall work together for good," &c. I awoke, and got up, and went off to Y— with "Our light affliction," &c. It was not so light, and that I meant to tell them. I determined to tell them all I could about present (soul) affliction. I could sympathise with Jacob, and say, "All these things are against me." The troubles of my heart were enlarged, and,

"With my burden I began."

But God graciously carried me away from present affliction into future glory. That moment of my business affliction was expiring, and I was preaching its dirge, its funeral sermon, though I did not at the time know it. I had for a long time been reducing my stock, but still there were some goods that I could not get rid of. My good friend, Mr. S., having two or three horses in the stable, used to fetch me in the morning, and drive me back in the evening after service. We started as usual to come home, but my friend had not driven very far before he suddenly pulled up, turned the horse round, and said to me, "You shall not go home to-night!" I remonstrated with him, and reminded him of his covenant, that if he fetched me he was to take me home on the same evening. But remonstrance was in vain. He said, "You shall not go; see what a dark night it is!" I said, "I cannot see that it is so dark as to prevent our going home. We have returned darker nights than this." "Well," he said, "You shall not go." "But," I said, "my wife; you know what a nervous creature she is; she will fancy a thousand things." "Can't help it," replied S., "I won't drive you home to-night. Go on, pony." And crack went the whip, on dashed the horse, and to C— I was taken. I thought, as we were passing through the lanes to my friend's house at C—, what can this mean? S. and I have gone home together blacker nights than this. Is he timid? I never saw him fearful in my life. Does his courage fail, or is his wife in trouble? Is the Lord taking me to C— to speak to her? I felt I was going to that place for something, I could not

tell what. When I alighted, I found Mrs. S. well and happy. Well, I thought, I have not come for you. What am I come here for? We read the Bible, engaged in prayer, and went to bed; and nothing remarkable took place. I was looking out for something remarkable, and was disappointed. I felt sure something was in it. In the morning we rose early, and started for my home; as nothing occurred I was surprised, for I quite expected a something. Well, as we were passing through Y—, Mr. S. said, "Will you just run in and see Mr. —?" I replied, "Yes." He pulled up, and our friend was standing in his shop, apparently in deep thought. Directly I entered, he said, "You are just the person I wanted to see. I wanted to speak to you yesterday, but did not like to distract your mind with worldly matters. The fact is, I have advertised the opening of my new shop (next door) to-morrow, which will be conducted by two of my children, and scarcely any of the goods ordered are to hand. What shall I do? Can you advise me what to do?" I recommended him to go to some respectable house in the town, and get what was necessary to begin with. "No," he replied, "I cannot do that. It will look so paltry, after advertising as I have done, to go to a shop in the town and get my articles. Can you let me have them?" Can I let you have them? Why, yes, to be sure, but the distance is so far, and you must open to-morrow. A list was soon drawn out, and a conveyance was soon on the road. I executed the order, sent off the goods, received the cash, wound up my affairs, paid my creditors in full, and the moment of my business affliction expired. After selling all, and paying all, I had but two or three shillings left!

(To be concluded in our next.)

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ONE person has religion enough, according to the way of the world, to be reckoned a *pious christian*; and another is so far from all appearance of religion that he may fairly be reckoned a *heathen*; and yet if you look into their common life, you will find them exactly alike; seeking, using, and enjoying, all that can be gotten in this world, in the same manner, and for the same ends, even to please themselves, without any prevailing habitual regard to the glory of God. You will find that riches, prosperity, pleasures, indulgences, state, equipage, and honor, are just as much the happiness of the one as they are of the other.—*Whitefield*.

FAITH in Christ is not a light matter, or what can be learned as any other art. It is not consenting to the truth of the scriptures, or confessing Christ, or acknowledging the mystery of the Trinity, and signing such and such articles; for though all this is well, yet it does not save the soul; it is not a justifying faith; it is not a laying hold on him, and getting his righteousness; but all this can be held, and we remain, as touching the faith, reprobate; therefore must the Holy Ghost, who only knows the depths of Satan's deceits, and the desperately-wicked heart, convince us of this unseen condemning sin. He does not say he shall convince the world of sin because of drunkenness, idolatry, disobedience to parents, murders, adulteries, witchcrafts, &c., for the law has pointed out these, and cursed the doers of them; and therefore it is said, "By the law is the knowledge of sin." But "He shall convince the world of sin, because of *unbelief*."—*Cennick*.

## A WORD OF FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE TO A MINISTER, FROM ONE OF HIS HEARERS.

My dear Sir,—I have long wished for an opportunity to speak to you upon a subject which has for many months tried and perplexed my mind; and now, in attempting to pen a few lines to you, I feel so altogether unfit for the task imposed upon me, that I know not how to proceed, fearing I may wound your mind, and fail to make myself clearly understood. Still I must proceed, in humble dependence upon the Spirit's aid to teach me how and what to write, and to give you the heart to receive it as I send it, in sincere love of the truth as it is in Jesus.

It would have been more agreeable to me to have penned a few lines to tell you that the dear Lord was still blessing my soul under your ministry, and making his house a Bethel to me; but, alas! it is not so, and for months I have groaned under it as a burden to my spirit. I have indeed cast much blame upon myself, and wished I could soar aloft, as you appear to do, and enjoy all the precious promises, names, and offices of my Saviour as my own; but I find and feel this is not in my power. God the Holy Ghost, as the Teacher of his people, must unfold them to my poor soul, must say first, "I have loved thee," ere I can rejoice in that love which separated me from all eternity and drew me to himself. While I have known the time when he was as a root out of a dry ground, having no form or comeliness, I have also known him as the altogether lovely; yet to this day I find I cannot of myself bring one thought into sweet captivity to the love of Christ, but I have often to mourn over a hard heart. I would give all I could for a soft melting of soul, but I am obliged to wait the Lord's time; so that I feel it is he that must keep my soul alive. Now, upon this point I find your ministry very different to what it used to be, and your experience, if I may judge from your preaching, is as opposite to my own feelings as can well be. You appear to throw down a heap of gospel blessings, and all that cannot take the comfort of them you say know but little about them; while I believe there is more reality in the religion of one who, as dear Hart says,

"Would gladly receive him  
But fear to presume,"

than in many who hear the word gladly. There is now in your ministry, I am sorry to say, so little of personal things; no tracing out of the character who is interested in the glorious work of Jesus; nothing, or but little, said of the trials and difficulties which are thrown into the pathway to the kingdom; and therefore, I fear, there is but little food for the tried soul, either under the hidings of God's face, the temptations of Satan, an unbelieving heart, or trials of any kind, either in providence or grace; but a general mixing up of things, which is palatable to those who can receive anything upon trust, but who have never known much, if anything, of the depths of the fall or man's utter helplessness, who have never groaned for a manifestation of the pardoning blood of



Jesus to their souls, and have never agonised with the Lord that he would himself give them an answer of peace.

O my dear friend, these are precious realities. There is such a thing as feeding upon the word when applied with divine power. It is then the joy and rejoicing of the soul; but can we do so unless power be given? The general preaching of the day may and does suit the outer-court worshippers, but the living soul must pass through this crowd, and cry out that he would see Jesus, he would hear his voice, see his face, make his wants known unto him, and receive from himself a cure.

I fear you will think me very presuming in thus so freely writing to you; but my conscience bears me witness that I have no other wish than to lead your mind to dwell more on personal things, and to insist upon the Spirit's work to apply a Saviour's blood to the souls of poor sinners ere they say, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." The way to the kingdom is a narrow way, and there is to be a striving to enter into it. Not only must we have faith, but we must have it tried too. Our hope must be lost to sense ere we can derive from it all its comfort, and love must pass through fire and water ere she can stamp it as real. It is these trials and tribulation pathways which seem out of fashion now; and therefore a hymn out of Dr. Watts's is now much more suited to the sermon than one of those sweet unctuous lines of Hart's, which has cheered and refreshed thousands of the Lord's tried ones. Last Lord's Day I was hearing Mr. —, at —. His plain honest testimony of the Lord's goodness to his people, how he wrought out deliverances for them, and the way in which he traced out the Spirit's work on the heart, his helping hand being extended to uphold every trembling soul, &c., quite did me good, and made me wish for the like fare to day, after a week of incessant toil for the bread that perisheth, tired both in body and mind. I felt indeed to need a Sabbath, and my soul went forth in earnest desires that I might "slide softly into promised rest," &c.; but in the ordinances of his house I found not him whom my soul loveth, and returned home cast down greatly. The dear Lord has, however, drawn near to me since; and I pray that he may grant this favor, that your mind may not be wounded by my addressing you.

May the Lord pardon all I have said amiss, and grant you grace, peace, and his blessing.

I remain, Yours in Christian Bonds.

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YE find that Abraham had two sons, Ishmael by Hagar, and Isaac by Sarah. They were both the true sons of Abraham. Ishmael was as well the true son of Abraham as Isaac was, for both came of one father, of one flesh, and of one seed. What then was the difference? This maketh not the difference (saith Paul) that the mother of the one was free and the other bond, albeit it pertaineth to the allegory; but that Ishmael, which was born of the bond woman, was born after the flesh, that is to say, without the *promise* and the word of God. But Isaac was not only born of the free woman, but also according to the *promise*.—*Luther*.

## Obituary.

### A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCE AND DEATH OF JOSEPH WRIGHT.

Joseph Wright was born at Brampton, Huntingdonshire, in the year 1836. He was always of a quiet gentle disposition, very truthful and obedient, so that his parents had not the trouble with him that many have with their children. But the Lord seeth not as man seeth, and all that are taught of him are made to feel this solemn truth. From his very childhood Joseph had convictions of sin. He well remembered one day, as he was playing on the violin, how he was struck with terror, being condemned in his conscience as a guilty wretch in the sight of a holy God. For years he was miserable under a sense of sin and guilt. He wanted to get rid of his burden. He loved to hear the word, as his lot was cast under the sound of the Gospel; and yet for the most part he felt miserable while hearing. Everything seemed to condemn him; yet he came with a longing desire in his soul to have his sins forgiven. He was encouraged to hope and believe that the Lord is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, by the following circumstance, which occurred when he was about ten years of age, and which evidently had made a deep impression on his mind.

He was employed at that time by a farmer to drive away birds from the corn fields, when, one day, he lost his powder horn. At this he was much distressed and frightened, for he expected his master would beat him for losing it. That night, he said, he could not sleep, but kept praying to the Lord that he might find it. And when he got up in the morning, he looked about for it all over the field, but in vain. He then kneeled down in the middle of the field, and, in his distress, once more prayed earnestly to the Lord that he might find it. When he arose from his knees, to his great joy he found it lying close beside him! This was a lesson he never wholly forgot.

A few months ago he became very ill, and his wretchedness increased. Many were struck with his countenance at chapel, as it betrayed the deep anxiety and distress of his soul. At length his place there was empty, as he could no longer drag his weary body along a distance of three miles. One day I went over to see him, but he was too much overcome by his feelings to speak to me. He retreated into a back room, and I followed him. There I found him crying, and covering his face with his hands, in a corner of the room. I spoke to him of the love and the mercy of God, and I told him of my own experience of it, how the Lord had first blessed my poor soul when I was a mere boy like him. After repeating a few portions of scripture and hymns that I thought suitable to him, I left.

So matters continued with him till about six weeks before his death. At this time the word of God began to be a comfort to him, particularly the following: "Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord." This text I



had preached from, and he had heard it, and felt it a good deal at the time. It now seemed brought to him with sweetness and power. Also these words: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." I saw him just after this, and was struck with the alteration that was manifest in his countenance and manner. Light had evidently begun to dawn. A friend asked him, if he had begun to flee to the city of refuge? He said he thought he had. Thus he went on, hoping and fearing; sometimes comforted with a gracious promise, and again cast down in the darkness and distress of his soul.

One day, when he was very ill and weak in his body, his distress and terror were very great. He cried out, "What will become of my poor soul?" He thought at the time he was dying. Still he kept on begging the Lord to appear; and one evening, after he had gone to bed, his many prayers and tears were answered. It was on his birthday that the Lord thus broke in upon his soul, and manifested himself to him. The poor boy sat up in bed, with his arms extended, crying out, "I have found him! I have found him!" He called his father and mother into the room, to come and hear what the Lord had done for his soul. He was filled with love, joy, and peace, and said he could not tell them how he felt. He began to sing,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

and,

"Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more."

A friend who saw him, said his face shone with the glory that was upon him; and in this state he continued from Friday night till the following Lord's Day evening. Many friends called to see him, and he said to almost all that went in, "I have found him whom my soul longed for!" One said, "Well, and what has he done for you?" He answered, "He has pardoned my sins, and saved me from hell!"

After this he was troubled because he had told so many what the Lord had done for him, and feared he had done wrong. This was a sore exercise to him. He said he wished the Lord would come and take him to himself. He said, "Talk of delusion! This is no delusion!"

After this his head became affected, and his language and manner like one that was possessed by the devil. But this was entirely physical, and belonged to the nature of the disease. I should scarcely have noticed this circumstance, but simply have drawn a veil over it, had I not thought this a fit opportunity to drop a word to any dear children of God who may be called to witness similar scenes of distress. When the brain is on fire, the physician and the nurse alone have to do with the poor patient. What is said or done by him is no more to be regarded than the ravings of a madman. In fact, the case is one of temporary madness. Medical aid was much blessed to Joseph in this stage of the disorder; these symptoms were soon removed, and he had no subsequent return of the distressing affection.

One Lord's Day evening he put a pin in his Bible to mark 1 John

v. 1: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God; and every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him." Also, Rev. ii. 10; "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

At one time he awoke up, singing, "Without money, without price." At another time he said, "True faith! that is mine!" He was often tried and tempted, and he said the devil told him he would have him at last. A friend said to him, "You have felt the love of Christ to your soul." He said, "Yes, I thought I did. I felt such love as I never felt before." The next day he was asked if he felt the Lord's presence? He said, "I do feel his presence, and I trust in him; I feel sweet encouragements." About this time he longed to be gone from his poor frail body, but begged for patience to wait the Lord's time to take him to himself. Often did he say, "What a wretch I feel myself to be; I am unworthy of the mercy I am favored with;" and he would contrast the comforts he enjoyed with the privations and sufferings of his Lord and Master.

He would sometimes say, "I am on the Rock. Death has no sting now. I do not fear death now!" About a week before his departure he raised a quantity of blood, and seeing his mother weep, he said, "Mother, you are alarmed! I am not at all alarmed! I was the time before;" alluding to a former attack. His mother said, "It will bring your death nearer." He replied, "I think so too. This verse was sweet to him, and he repeated it:

" Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought, free reward,  
A golden harp for me."

A friend said, "I went to see him two days before he died, and spent an hour with him. He was even more cheerful and lively that morning than usual. He told me there were some nice pieces in the 'Gospel Standard,' and wanted me to read them, and especially the account of James Westall, whose death was recorded in the October Number. This account he quite enjoyed. We afterwards conversed on the subject of baptism, and he said he wondered how so many believers could pass that by. As for himself, he saw more and more beauty in it every day, and said if he were spared, he would go to Godmanchester, and be baptized, if the church would receive him."

Another friend called to see him on the Saturday. Joseph said he was glad he had come, and told him what a sweet night he had had, and how he had been carried above everything, and above the devil, who had so long harassed and tempted him, and how he had felt as if he were already in heaven. He said, "I am going home to heaven, and I shall meet you there." The friend said, "You are only going a little while before." Joseph replied, "Yes, we shall meet again there." He sang very sweetly:

" Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought."

He expressed great love towards me, and once, in the simplicity and warmth of his affection, he said to his mother, "O how I do wish I could see Mr. B. now; I feel as if I should throw my arms around him, and kiss him. I'm sure I should, mother!" To some this may appear childish, but to me it was sweet. It is like the love of the early Christians.

The night before he died, his father sat up with him, and read to him both the word of God and also hymns. His father asked him if he was happy, and Jesus precious to him? His answer was, "I am ready to go when the Lord's time comes." He told his mother in the morning how he had been tempted during the night. The enemy of his soul had been at him. She said to him inquiringly, "But you had some sweet portions to rest upon?" He answered, "Yes!" He was down stairs, not being able to lie down in bed, and as the morning sun shone in at the window, upon his face, he asked them to raise him up from his temporary bed that he might sit in his chair. He remarked that he could not see. His mother told him it was the approach of death, and said, "You will soon be landed. You will soon be fed with the bread of heaven." Joseph replied, "I hope I shall. I long to be gone, if it is the Lord's will."

Shortly after this, he laid his head on his pillow, and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. So quietly did he depart that those around him could not ascertain the exact moment of his departure.

Godmanchester.

W. B.

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THE characters and cases of persons for whom Christ was anointed, appointed, and to whom he was sent, are all pointed out in the word of God; and those who reap no benefit by his death are described also; as, for instance, the self-righteous: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The insensibly secure and whole hearted: "The whole need not the physician, but they that are sick." The wise, the prudent also: "Woe unto them that are wise in their own sight;" from these the mysteries of God are hid, and Christ thanks his Father for it. Those who trust in and boast of the light of nature: "If ye were blind ye should not have sin; but since ye say, we see, your sin remaineth." Those who vainly dream that they are right, and their state good, though never changed in heart: "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." And to the lost sheep among the gentiles: "I have other sheep which are not of this fold, and them I must bring, and they shall hear my voice." Those also that are alive under the law, while sin is dead in them; not those, but the self-condemned: "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." And they that say, "Stand by, I am holier than thou." Those that sanctify and purify themselves shall go to confusion together; the strong man also: "I will feed the fat and the strong with judgment." The mere formalist comes in among them; these make many long prayers, but feel no need of the Spirit's aid; all they do is to be seen of men; "verily they have their reward." Those that never at any time transgress the commandment. To these he gives not the robe, the ring, nor the shoes; nor to any others that hate Zion, and remain strangers to their own hearts.—*Huntington.*

## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Will you, or any of your correspondents, be so kind as to give your thoughts on Proverbs xiv. 14, in the "Gospel Standard?" By so doing, you will greatly oblige,  
Yours respectfully,

J. F. K.

## ANSWER.

We see no difficulty in the first clause of the verse quoted by our correspondent. It is, indeed, a most certain truth, that, sooner or later, "the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." He has forsaken the Lord; he has gone after his idols; and, by so doing, has brought guilt, darkness, and bondage into his soul. The Lord, for wise reasons, suffered him to depart in heart from himself; but when he would return, he finds such mountains between him and the Lord that his very soul sinks within him. All his carnality, filth, and folly, come as it were trooping back upon him; he has sown the wind, and now reaps the whirlwind. The sensible anger of God is in his conscience, and thus he reaps the fruit of his own doings. This is being "filled with his own ways."

There is, then, little difficulty in this clause of the text; nor do we see much more in the following: "And a good man shall be satisfied from himself." It does not mean that a good man is satisfied with his own doings, or that he reaps any satisfaction from the contemplation of self. But the springs of consolation are *in* his heart; and it is the wellings up of the faith, hope, and love, joy and peace, that flow into his soul, from which he is satisfied. The opposition meant, is between the satisfaction derived from *outward* things that contents the world, and the satisfaction that springs up in the soul from *inward* peace and joy in the Lord.

The worldly man is satisfied with, or if not satisfied with, seeks satisfaction from outward things, the mere objects of his senses. The professor is satisfied with the doctrine, without any experience of the power of the truth. But the good man, the child of God, is only satisfied with those things which are brought into his soul by a divine power, and thus become his own. His own faith, not another's; his own hope, not another's; his own experience of the mercy and love of God, not another's, alone can satisfy him. And thus he is "satisfied from and for himself." As the Lord said, "The kingdom of God is within you;" and it is the inward possession of this kingdom, which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," that alone can satisfy the good man. The backslider in heart being filled with his own ways, is very far from enjoying this inward satisfaction; for he is full of dissatisfaction and discontent. The experience of both is here brought forward, for there seems to be some opposition intended between the backslider and the favored saint, who, by the grace of God, is enabled to live near to the Lord, and to maintain that sweet assurance of his love, which the other seems, for a time at least, to have forfeited.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige by answering the following question? Allowing gutta percha tubes and their appendages, as externally fixed to pulpits in public places of worship, to be unsightly to the mixed multitude, is it right for the deacon or deacons to prohibit their use, and thus deprive the deaf of hearing the gospel preached?

Yours in Christ,

B. D.

#### ANSWER.

None but those who love the truth, but are afflicted with the infirmity of deafness, can tell the misery and wretchedness of being present with the family of God at public worship, and yet not able to hear a word of the prayer and sermon, or, at best, only just enough to tantalise them, because they can hear no more. It is worse than being at home, absent from the assembly altogether; for the endeavor to hear keeps up a stretch of attention which is often disappointed, and exhausts the mind whilst it leaves the soul unfed. None but these, therefore, can tell what a comfort, and we may add, what a blessing, the gutta percha hearing apparatus is to them. We know, ourselves, persons, who, before the invention of this apparatus, had not heard a gospel sermon for years; and they have invariably expressed their pleasure and gratitude at being once more restored by its means to the privilege of a hearer.

Viewing the matter then, generally, for there may be circumstances in a chapel which might interfere with its introduction in a particular case, and looking simply at the advantages named, we very much approve of the introduction of the apparatus where there are several deaf people, to whom it might be made a blessing. It might be a question where a cause is poor, and there is but one individual who might profit by it, how far the expense should be incurred, as an ear trumpet might be sufficient, if the person sat or stood near the pulpit.

The objection mentioned by our correspondent, that it is unsightly, is not to be entertained for a single moment. We do not profess to look to external ornament. It is contrary to our character as separate from the world. Our chapels are usually unsightly; and many of the most favored saints of God in our churches and congregations are very far from being sightly as the world would esteem it, in person, dress, or appearance. Do we want sightly ministers, sightly deacons, and sightly members? "Man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart;" and if the deacon or deacons prohibit the gutta percha hearing apparatus only on the ground of its being unsightly, we think that the sooner an objection of that kind is withdrawn, the better.

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PAUL'S assurance of obtaining what he ran for was a mighty strengthening to him in his race. Who so crucified to the world as Paul, so abundant in all kind of service, or more ready to die for Christ than he? who yet had the fullest assurance of holding out, and of receiving the crown of righteousness at last; and that nothing should separate him from it.—*Elisha Coles.*

## REVIEW.

*Calvin's Calvinism, Part I. A Treatise "On the Eternal Predestination of God." To which is added, "A Brief Reply to a certain Calumniator of the Doctrine of Eternal Predestination." By John Calvin. Originally published at Geneva, A.D. 1552; and now first translated into English, by Henry Cole, D.D., of Clare Hall, Cambridge. London: Wertheim and Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.*

(Concluded from page 85.)

MANY speak as if Calvin *invented* those doctrines which are so frequently called by his name, and others as if he first *discovered* them in the bible. He did neither the one nor the other. Before Calvin had birth or being, they had a place in the scriptures of truth; and before the bible itself had birth or being, they had a place in the heart of God. The grand doctrine of election was not left for Calvin to discover in the bible. It is not a faint, feeble glimmer in the word of truth, an obscure doctrine, which, with much painstaking, and piecing of text to text, may at length be dimly descried lurking in some intricate passages, but a ray of light that shines through and illuminates the whole scripture from the first promise made in Eden to the close of the sacred canon. Dr. Cole, the translator of the work before us, speaks well upon this point in his introductory preface:

"Calvinism is a designation, by which the doctrines of the sovereign grace of God have been distinguished for the last two centuries; but, more particularly and generally, for the last century. The term derives, of course, its descriptiveness from the historical fact that the eminent Swiss Reformer was the chosen servant of God, appointed by him to proclaim and defend, more prominently than any cotemporary or antecedent witness, the sublime doctrines in question. Not that these stupendous truths originated with Calvin, but with God himself. They form an essential portion of the revelation of his word. They are no more Calvinism than Augustinism, or Lutherism, or Bucerism, or Cranmerism, or Latimerism, for they are Bibleism; and they are the *ism* of every saint, and true minister of Christ; they are the solidity and security of all true religion; they are the fast-hold of faith; they form a substantial ingredient in every true ministry of the gospel; and they constitute an essential doctrine in the confession of every true church of Christ."

But election in that, as in all preceding as well as subsequent ages, met with countless opponents, who, summing up every argument and objection that unsanctified reason could devise, vented them forth with an enmity which the carnal heart alone could conceive, and a virulence which only a tongue, "full of deadly poison," could utter. Among the writers who drew their envenomed pen against the doctrines of grace, as set forth by Calvin in his "Institutes," one of the most distinguished was Albertus Pighius, an Italian, who, to use Calvin's words, "attacked him by name, that he might stab, through his side, holy and sound doctrine." Pressed by various engagements, Calvin for some time took no notice of these attacks, except that he published his thoughts on *free will*, a doctrine which Pighius had attempted to establish in the same work that he issued against the electing decrees of the Most High. In that answer Calvin promised to consider, when opportunity offered, the doctrine



of predestination. Shortly after, Pighius died, which led Calvin further to delay his promised defence of election. Meanwhile another adversary, Georgius, a Sicilian, started up, who had the shameless effrontery to declare that Christ had appeared to him, and appointed him an interpreter of the whole scripture.

Against these two writers, therefore, Calvin directs the work before us; for though in some points they differed, yet in this doctrine they agreed:

“That it lies in each one’s own liberty, whether he will become a partaker of the grace of adoption or not; and that it does not depend on the counsel and decree of God, who are elect and who are reprobate; but that each one determines for himself the one state or the other, by his own will; and with respect to the fact that some believe the gospel while others remain in unbelief, that this difference does not arise from the free election of God, nor from his secret counsel, but from the will of each individual.”

In attempting to substantiate this view, Pighius thus lays down his opinion, which we quote, as showing his agreement with the Arminians of our day:

“That God, by his immutable counsel, created all men to salvation without distinction; but that, as he foresaw the fall of Adam, in order that his election might nevertheless remain firm and unaltered, he applied a remedy, which might, therefore, be common to all; which remedy was his confirmation of the election of the whole human race, in Christ; so that no one can perish but he who, by his own obstinacy, blots his name out of the book of life. And his view of the other side of the great question is, that, as God foresaw that some would determinately remain unto the last in malice and a contempt of divine grace, he, by his foreknowledge, reprobated such, unless they should repent. This, with him, is the origin of reprobation; by which he makes it out, that the wicked deprive themselves of the benefit of universal election, irrespectively and independently of the counsel and will of God altogether.”

Georgius did not go so far even as this, but held “that no man whatever, neither one nor another, is predestinated to salvation, but that God pre-appointed a *time* in which he would save the whole world.”

These views, in all their varied bearings, Calvin undertakes to overthrow, and to establish on their ruins the grand, “the important doctrine, which God himself clearly teaches us in the sacred oracles; the sum of which is, that the salvation of believers depends on the eternal election of God; for which no cause or reason can be rendered, but his own gratuitous good pleasure.” But before he bends his bow, whilst the arrow is yet on the string, he pauses to give his readers an admonition, which will show with what a holy, tender, and reverent spirit this great Reformer handled these divine mysteries:

“What my mind on this momentous subject is, my ‘Institute’ furnishes a full and abundant testimony, even if I should now add nothing more. I would, in the first place, entreat my readers carefully to bear in memory the admonition which I there offer; that this great subject is not, as many imagine, a mere thorny and noisy disputation, nor a speculation which wearies the minds of men without any profit, but a solid discussion, eminently adapted to the service of the godly, because it builds us up soundly in the faith, trains us to humility, and lifts us up into an admiration of the unbounded goodness of God towards us, while it elevates us to praise this goodness in our highest strains. For there is not a more effectual means of building up faith than



the giving of our open ears to the election of God, which the Holy Spirit seals upon our heart while we hear; showing us that it stands in the eternal and immutable good will of God toward us, and that, therefore, it cannot be moved or altered by any storms of the world, by any assaults of Satan, by any changes, or by any fluctuations or weaknesses of the flesh. For our salvation is then sure to us, when we find the *cause* of it in the breast of God. Thus, when we lay hold of life in Christ, made manifest to our faith, the same faith being still our leader and guide, our sight is permitted to penetrate much farther, and to see from what *source* that life proceeded. Our confidence of salvation is rooted in Christ, and rests on the promises of the gospel. But it is no weak prop to our confidence, when we are brought to believe in Christ, to hear that all was originally *given* to us of God; and that we were as much ordained to faith in Christ, before the foundation of the world, as we were chosen to the inheritance of eternal life in Christ. Hence, therefore, arises the impregnable and insubvertible security of the saints. The Father, who gave us to the Son, as his peculiar treasure, is stronger than all who oppose us, and he will not suffer us to be plucked out of his hand. What a cause for humility then in the saints of God, when they see such a difference of condition made in those who are, by nature, all alike! Wherever the sons of God turn their eyes, they behold such wonderful instances of blindness, ignorance, and insensibility as fill them with horror; while they, in the midst of such darkness, have received divine illumination, and know it and feel it to be so. How (say they) is it, that some, under the clear light, continue in darkness and blindness? Who makes this difference? One thing they know by their own experience, that, whereas *their* eyes were also once closed, they are now opened. Another thing is also certain, that those who willingly remain ignorant of any difference between them and others have never yet learned to render unto God the glory due to him for making that difference."

Before, however, he proceeds to cut up the arguments of his adversaries, and unfold the inspired testimony of God in those important matters, he pauses once more to clearly define his views of the great doctrine which he was about to defend from all ungodly cavils:

"Let those roar at us who will. We will ever brighten forth, with all our power of language, the doctrine which we hold concerning the free election of God, seeing that it is only by it that the faithful can understand how great that goodness of God is, which effectually called them to salvation. I merely give the great doctrine of election a slight touch here, lest any one, by avoiding a subject so necessary for him to know, should afterwards feel what loss his neglect has caused him. I will, by and by, in its proper place, enter into the divine matter with appropriate fulness. Now, if we are not really ashamed of the gospel, we must, of necessity, acknowledge what is therein openly declared; that God, by his eternal good will (for which there was no other cause than his own purpose,) appointed those whom he pleased unto salvation, rejecting all the rest; and that those whom he blessed with this free adoption to be his sons, he illumines by his Holy Spirit, that they may receive the life which is offered to them in Christ; while others, continuing, of their own will, in unbelief, are left destitute of the light of faith, in total darkness."

We cannot wonder, knowing what the carnal mind is, that, lashed into fury by the sovereign election of some and the rejection of others, it should spit its venom even against the great Sovereign himself. Paul's check, however, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" (Rom. ix. 20,) is the best breakwater against these raging waves of the sea that do but foam out their own shame. We much admire the way in which this profound writer and Reformer amplifies and expounds Paul's rebuke to those daring cavillers just quoted:

✻ "Against this unsearchable judgment of God many insolent dogs rise up and bark. Some of them, indeed, hesitate not to attack God openly, asking

why, foreseeing the fall of Adam, he did not better order the affairs of men? To curb such spirits as these, no better means need be sought than those which Paul sets before us. He supposes this question to be put by an ungodly person: 'How can God be just, in showing mercy to whom he will, and hardening whom he will?' Such audacity in men the apostle considers unworthy a reply. He does nothing but remind them of their order and position in God's creation. 'Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?' (Rom. ix. 20.) Profane men, indeed, vainly babble, that the apostle covered the absurdity of the matter with silence, for want of an answer. But the case is far otherwise.

"The apostle, in this appeal, adopts an axiom, or universal acknowledgment, which not only ought to be held fast by all godly minds, but deeply engraven in the breast of common sense, that the inscrutable judgment of God is deeper than can be penetrated by man. And what man, I pray you, would not be ashamed to compress all the *causes* of the works of God within the confined measure of his individual intellect? Yet, on this hinge turns the whole question. Is there no justice of God, but that which is conceived of by us? Now if we should throw this into the form of one question, 'Whether it be lawful to measure the power of God by our natural sense?' there is not a man who would not immediately reply, that all the senses of all men combined in one individual must faint under an attempt to comprehend the immeasurable power of God; and yet, as soon as a *reason* cannot immediately be seen for certain works of God, men, somehow or other, are immediately prepared to appoint a day for entering into judgment with him. What, therefore, can be more opportune or appropriate than the apostle's appeal? that those, who would thus raise themselves above the heavens in their reasonings, utterly forget who and what they are.

"And suppose God, ceding his own right, should offer himself, as ready to render a reason for his works. When the matter came to those secret counsels of his, which angels adore with trembling, who would not be utterly bereft of his senses before such glorious splendour? Marvellous, indeed, is the madness of man, who would more audaciously set himself above God, than stand on equal ground with any pagan judge! It is intolerable to you and hateful, that the power and works of God should exceed the capacity of your own mind, and yet you will grant to an *equal* the enjoyment of his own mind and judgment! Now will you, with such madness as this, dare to make mention of the adorable God? What do you really think of God's glorious name? And will you vaunt that the apostle is devoid of all reason, because he does not drag God from his throne, and set him before you, to be questioned and examined?"

Read again that last paragraph, and see with what force and clearness he exposes the daring audacity of man, a worm of earth, to call God to account for his inscrutable ways. One more objection he meets, which is common enough in our day, that, allowing those doctrines to be true, we need not pry into them; an argument much of this kind, that, allowing there is gold to be found in Australia, no one should be so foolish or presumptuous as to dig for it. Why is the doctrine revealed, but that it should be believed? Why is the hid treasure stored up in the mine, but that it should be sought, searched for, and found? (Prov. ii. 4.)

"But, say our opponents, this subject is one of which we may remain ignorant, without loss or harm. As if our heavenly Teacher were not the best judge of what it is expedient for us to know, and to what extent we ought to know it! Wherefore, that we may not struggle amid the waves, nor be borne about in the air, unfixed and uncertain, nor, by getting our foot too deep, be drowned in the gulph below; let us so give ourselves to God, to be ruled by him, and taught by him, that, contented with his Word alone, we may never desire to know more than we find therein. No! not even if the power so to do were given to us! This teachableness, in which every godly man will ever

hold all the powers of his mind, under the authority of the Word of God, is the true and only rule of wisdom.

"Now, *wherever*, and *how far* soever, he, who is 'the way,' thus leads us, with his outstretched hand, whose Spirit spoke by the apostles and the prophets, we may most safely follow. And the *remaining ignorant* of all those things, which are *not learnt* in the school of God, far excels all the penetration of human intellect. Wherefore, Christ requires of his sheep that they should not only hold their ears open, to his voice, but keep them shut against the voice of strangers. Nor can it ever be, but that the vain winds of error, from every side, must blow through a soul devoid of sound doctrine. Moreover, I can, with all truth, confess that I never should have spoken or written on this subject, unless the Word of God, in my own soul, had led the way. All godly readers will, indeed, gather this from my former writings, and especially from my 'Institute.' But this present refutation of my enemies, who oppose themselves to me, will, perhaps, afford my friends some new light upon the matter."

We cannot here travel through the long and penetrating arguments by which Calvin pursues, as it were, unto the death, all the objections of Pighius against the discriminating doctrines of the gospel. He quotes Augustine very largely, to show the mind of that eminent writer on those points, and how closely it agrees with his own. It requires, however, more patience and attention than many readers can bestow, thoroughly to appreciate the force of Calvin's arguments; and the work itself labors under two great disadvantages, which are very adverse to its becoming extensively popular. 1. That it is an *answer* to a book that is not in our hands, a circumstance which, besides involving much personal matter, renders it almost necessarily obscure; and, 2ndly, that it is a *translation*, which, though no doubt very ably and faithfully done, yet must always be inferior in force and fluency to the original work. Passing over, therefore, the main bulk of the work, we must content ourselves with quoting a few more passages in which Calvin lays down, in his simple and clear way, his own views on some deep and important matters:

"One reason, Pighius says, why he cannot believe in particular and special election is because Christ, the Redeemer of the whole world, commanded the gospel to be preached to all men, promiscuously, generally, and without distinction. But the gospel is an embassy of peace, by which the world is reconciled to God, as Paul teaches. And, according to the same holy witness, it is preached that those who hear it might be saved. To this pretended difficulty of Pighius, therefore, I would briefly reply, that Christ was so ordained the Saviour of the whole world, as that he might save those that were given unto him by the Father, out of the whole world; that he might be the eternal life of them of whom he is the Head; that he might receive into a participation of all the 'blessings in him,' all those whom God adopted to himself, by his own unmerited good pleasure, to be his heirs. Now, which one of these solemn things can our opponent deny?"

"Hence, the apostle Paul declares this prophecy of Isaiah to be fulfilled in Christ, 'Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me,' &c. Accordingly, Christ himself declares aloud, 'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' (John vi. 37.) And again, 'Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition.' (John xvii. 12.) Hence we read, everywhere, that Christ diffuses life into none but the members of his own body. And he that will not confess that it is a special gift, and a special mercy, to be engrafted into the body of Christ, has never read, with spiritual attention, Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. Hereupon, follows also a third important fact, that the virtue and benefits of Christ are extended unto, and

belong to, none but the children of God.' Now, that the universality of the grace of Christ cannot be better judged of than from the nature of the preaching of the gospel, there is no one who will not immediately grant. Yet, on this hinge, the whole question turns. If we see and acknowledge, therefore, the principle on which the doctrine of the gospel offers salvation to all, the whole sacred matter is settled at once. That the gospel is, in its nature, able to save all, I by no means deny. But the great question lies here. Did the Lord, by his eternal counsel, *ordain* salvation for *all men*? It is quite manifest that all men, without difference or distinction, are *outwardly called* or invited to repentance and faith. It is equally evident that the same Mediator is set forth before all, as he who alone can reconcile them to the Father. But it is as fully well known, that none of those things can be understood or perceived but by faith, in fulfilment of the apostle Paul's declaration, that, 'the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;' then, what can it be to others but the 'savor of death unto death?' as the same apostle elsewhere powerfully expresses himself."

**His views on the fall strike us as particularly sound and scriptural:**

"When we come to speak of the first man, in our discussion of the doctrine of predestination, my teaching is that we ought ever to consider the solemn case to be this; that he, having been created perfectly righteous, fell, of his own accord, and willingly; and that, by that fall, he brought eternal destruction on himself and his whole future race. And though Adam fell not, nor destroyed himself and his posterity, either *without* the knowledge, or *without* the ordaining will, of God; yet, *that* neither lessens his own fault, nor implicates God in any blame whatever. For we must ever carefully bear in mind that Adam, of his own will and accord, deprived himself of that perfect righteousness which he had received from God; and that, of his own accord and will, he gave himself up to the service of sin and Satan, and thus precipitated himself into destruction eternal. Here, however, men will continually offer one uniform *excuse* for Adam that it was not possible for him to help or *avoid* that which God himself had *decreed*. But, to establish the guilt of Adam for ever, his own *voluntary* transgression is enough, and more than sufficient. Nor, indeed, is the secret counsel of God the *real* and *virtual cause* of sin, but, manifestly, the *will* and *inclination* of man."

How full of truth and point, is the last sentence of the above extract! How nobly it clears God; how justly it condemns man! Of a similar character is our next extract:

"For, although mortal men may employ their thoughts in circuitous reasonings, ever so long and deep, they never can so far delude or stupify themselves as not to find and feel that they carry the *originating cause* of all their sins deeply seated in their own hearts. Impious reasoning, therefore, will attempt in vain to absolve from the guilt of sin, that man who stands condemned by his own conscience. And as to God's having, knowingly and willingly, permitted man to fall, his *reason* for so doing may be *hidden*! Unjust, it cannot be! And this, moreover, should ever be held fast, without controversy, that sin was ever hateful to God. For that praise which David loudly bestows on the Most High strictly applies to his adorable Majesty in every respect: "Thou hatest all workers of iniquity." (Ps. v. 6.) Wherefore, in ordaining the fall of man, especially, God had an *end*, most glorious and most just; an end, into our contemplation of which, the mention or idea of *sin*, on the part of God, can never enter; and the very *thought* of its entrance strikes us with horror!

"Although, therefore, I thus affirm that God did ordain the fall of Adam, I so assert it as by no means to concede that God was therein, properly and really, the *author* of that fall. That I may not, however, dwell extensively on this great point now, I will only express it as my view, belief, and sentiment, that what Augustine so deeply teaches on this matter was *fulfilled* in God's ordaining the fall of Adam: 'In a wonderful and unutterable way, that was not done *without* the will of God (says he,) which was even done *contrary* to

his will; *because*, it could not have been done at all, if his will had not *permitted* it to be done. And yet, he did not permit it *unwillingly*, but *willingly*. The great and grand principle, therefore, on which Augustine argues cannot be denied, 'that, both man, and apostate angels, as far as they were themselves concerned, did *that* which God *willed not*, or which was *contrary to HIS WILL*; but that, as far as God's *overruling Omnipotence* is concerned, they could not, in any manner, have done it *without* his will.' To these sentiments of that holy man I subscribe with all my heart. I solemnly hold that man and apostate angels *did*, by their sin, *that* which was *contrary* to the will of God; to the end that God, by means of their *evil will*, might effect that which was *according to his decreeing will*. If any one should reply that this is above the capability to comprehend, I also acknowledge and confess the same. But why should we wonder that the *infinite* and incomprehensible majesty of God should surpass the narrow limits of our *finite* intellect? So far, however, am I from undertaking to supply this sublime and hidden mystery, by any powers of human reason, that I would ever retain, in my own memory, that which I declared at the commencement of this discussion, that those who seek to know more than God has revealed, are *madmen*! Wherefore, let us delight ourselves more in wise ignorance, than in an immoderate and intoxicated curiosity to know more than God permits. Let all the powers of our mind restrain themselves within the bounds of this reverential assurance, that God willed nothing, by the sin of man, but what became his *infinite justice*!"

Though the work is, as will be seen from the extracts given, chiefly argumentative, yet there are here and there passages in which Calvin writes very sweetly and experimentally, as one who had felt the power of truth in his own soul:

"When Pighius asks me, *how I know* that I am elected? my answer is, 'Christ is, to me, more than a thousand witnesses.' For when I find myself engrafted into his body, my salvation rests in a place so safe, secure, and tranquil, that it is as if I already realised it in heaven. If Pighius say, in reply, that the eternal election of God cannot be judged of by *present grace*, I will not attempt, on my part, to bring forward, as proofs, those feelings which believers experience in this matter, because it is not given unto 'strangers' even to taste that bread on which the 'children' of God feed. But when Pighius dares to prate that it is nowhere found in the Scriptures that the children of God *know* their eternal election by their present grace, a falsehood so bare and base is disproved by the Word of God in a moment. After Paul had testified that those who were elected are called and justified, and at length attain unto a blessed immortality, fortified, as it were, by a strong bulwark on every side, he thus exults: 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' &c. And that no one might suppose this doctrine of security to apply to all men, generally, he directly afterwards applies it to the peculiar use of each believer: 'For I am persuaded, (says he,) that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' (Rom. viii. 33, and 38, 39.) Now, whereas Pighius will have it that the believer's confidence of eternal salvation may be broken short at any moment, Paul extends it into futurity, and into an eternity beyond the limit of this present life, and demonstrates that such a confidence proceeds from no other source than God's election!"

The copious extracts that we have given will, we think, sufficiently show the nature of the work before us, and the keen, vigorous way in which Calvin defends the great doctrine of election and the allied truths of sovereign grace. We have now only to mention the circumstances under which it is produced in its present form for the benefit of the English reader, it never having before appeared in our language. Dr. Cole, already favorably known to the church as the



translator of some of Luther's works, and the author of four excellent sermons on "Regeneration," has been, we understand, for some time, laid aside, both from the ministry and his secular employ, (taking pupils,) by an attack of paralysis. He has been favored, however, with sufficient strength to translate the former part of Calvin's great work, now before us, and hopes, if adequately supported, to translate and publish the sequel in a corresponding manner, in the same form, and at the same price. But, as the sale of works of this kind is very limited, it is proposed to publish it by subscription, as the work before us has been published. Any, therefore, of our readers, who may feel disposed to help forward the good work, can, by communicating with our publisher, find the opportunity of doing so.

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As we know it is in the nature of fire to burn, because it immediately lays hold on whatever is combustible; so let any temptation whatever be proposed unto a man, the suitableness of whose matter unto his corruptions, or manner of its proposal, makes it a temptation; immediately he hath not only to do with the temptation, as outwardly proposed, but also with his own heart, about it. Without farther consideration or debate, the temptation hath got a friend in him. Not a moment's space is given between the proposal and the necessity there is incumbent on the soul to look to its enemy within. And this also argues a constant habitual propensity unto evil. Our Saviour said of the assaults and temptations of Satan, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." (John xiv. 30.) He had more temptations intensively and extensively in number, quality, and fierceness, from Satan and the world, than ever had any of the sons of men; but yet, in all of them, he had to deal only with that which came from without. His holy heart had nothing like them, nothing suited to them, or ready to give them entertainment. "The prince of this world had nothing in him." So it was with Adam; when a temptation befell him, he had only the outward proposal of it to look unto. All was well within, until the outward temptation took place, and prevailed. With us it is not so.—*Owen*.

GOD having therefore received me into his favor, by faith in his Son Jesus, I am not justified at one time and not another; but I am always and continually in the favor of God, and bear in my heart the witness of the adoption of God through the Holy Spirit. I do not esteem myself free from faults or imperfections, but I know that those which God daily places before my eyes are innumerable, and believe assuredly that my hidden faults are still more numerous. But because I am in Christ Jesus, and he in me, such faults and infirmities are not imputed to me, but God bears with them and overlooks them, as a father acts towards his dear child. His grace, however, does not render me careless, but incites me daily to renew myself, more and more, in the spirit of my mind. For God, who works all that is good in us, causes a filial fear to dwell in my heart, and makes me feel a real awe in the presence of his sacred Majesty, which preserves me from presuming upon grace. But he prunes me also like a branch, that I may yield so much the more fruit. I am truly clean through the word that Christ spake, and which I have believed. This is no vain imagination or false appropriation. Christ has really loved me, and washed me from my sins in his blood; and my salvation consists in the forgiveness of sins. God has caused me to feel my corruption, and granted me grace to know my natural inability, and afterwards showed his mercy to me, and wrought faith in my heart.—*Herman Franke*.

## P O E T R Y.

*HYMN BEFORE SERMON.*

WHEN friends together meet,  
 And Jesus is the theme,  
 The moments O how sweet,  
 While they converse of him;  
 While he unfolds his love within,  
 And pardoning blood removes their sin.

So was your visit blest;  
 I feel its savor still;  
 Come, be our minds express'd,  
 And, Lord, be there to heal;  
 Give us a token of thy love,  
 And fix our wandering hearts above!

Thy servant's message bless;  
 Attend the word with power;  
 Lord, show triumphant grace;  
 Be that the appointed hour!  
 And prove 'twas well that there he came,  
 To speak where God doth write his name.

G. T. C.

*LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.*

THE chequer'd day of life is past,  
 Its varied joys, its varied cares;  
 The clear blue sky is overcast,  
 And night a solemn aspect wears.  
 O Thou, whose smile makest all things bright,  
 At evening time let there be light!

Darkness has often marked our way,  
 And sorrow on our souls has press'd;  
 But thou canst all our fears allay,  
 And cheer the closing hour of rest.  
 Thy love is boundless as thy might;  
 At evening time let there be light!

O shine within our hearts! Reveal  
 Thyself in Christ, the God of love;  
 Nor let one earthly cloud conceal  
 The glory of the land above.  
 Our faith increase, our hope excite;  
 At evening time let there be light!

Like radiant stars that chase the gloom,  
 And guide the traveller to repose,  
 So let thy promise still illumine  
 The shadows which death's coming throws;  
 And ere our spirit takes her flight,  
 At evening time let there be light!

"Let there be light!" One word from thee  
 Will every passing shade dispel,  
 Until thy face unveil'd we see,  
 And in thy cloudless presence dwell.  
 Soon shall our faith be changed to sight;  
 In heaven there will be perfect light!



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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No. 256.      APRIL 1, 1857.      Vol. XXIII.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## REMINISCENCES, OR, FOOTSTEPS OF PROVIDENCE.

(Concluded from page 83.)

Directly I closed my shop, I believe it was the same morning, I received another application from the church of God at — — W—. When that letter came, the sudden reverse from business prosperity to adversity was explained. God was determined that I should go there. When they first applied, I said, "No, I cannot come, *because of business!*" O what a mercenary wretch, to seek first my own interest! O what a merciful God, to bear with such selfish, abominable conduct! Business indeed! Ought I not to have been about my Father's business? Yes, yes, I ought! I thought I would be independent of God's people, and then I could preach where I liked, and when I chose. But my thoughts were not his thoughts. The Lord, in that dispensation, said, "You cannot go to W—, because of your business? Well, I will take away your business, and you shall go to W— to attend to *my* business." O when that letter came, what feelings of remorse and repentance filled my soul! O what a sinner I was for aiming at independence! Independence indeed! The kindred sin of devils. God forgive me, and preserve me from independence!

I might relate several striking providences before this. One day I rose early, and went into the garden, with a heavy heart and a downcast soul, because money had to be paid, and there was none. I walked about the garden, crying, "Lord, help me; Lord, help me." It was all that I could say. The servant called me, and I went into the shop. A stranger was there; he wanted goods. I sold him almost a cart-load of rice and cheese, and other things; and the Lord did help me in that time of difficulty. At another time, I wanted ten pounds eleven shillings, to pay the balance of an account. The gentleman was in the parlor. I had given him every shilling I had in the world, and the balance was ~~ten pounds eleven shillings~~; that amount must be paid. I could not pay it. A person in the place owed me ten pounds eighteen shillings. I had sent to him, and had written to him again and again for the money. Just as the gentleman was asking me for a bill for the balance, I was called, went out, and who should be there but that very person with the ten pounds eighteen shillings in his hand. I was so thankful, because this was the winding up of all business transactions with that party.

About this time I find the following memorandum: "The Lord's hand has appeared for me to-day in a way of providence, for which I desire to set up a memorial to his praise. Adored be his name! He knoweth when we have need of these things. And, in reference to the future, I have been told that there is bread and raiment in the earth for me, (Matt. vi. 26—30,) and no other can eat or wear it. Our God knows the exact amount of provision his creatures need, and that amount he perpetuates to the amazing wonder of the fearful and unbelieving. O God forbid that ever I should dictate to thee (as I have been disposed to do,) as to what I shall eat, or what I shall drink, or wherewithal I shall be clothed. Keep me in the daily consciousness that the queen's robes will be as worthless to her in the article of death as my rags! I have read to my sick wife, this evening, a part of Ezekiel xl., with some degree of comfort, as I therein discover our God works by measure. The posts so long, and so broad. Yes! the cross was measured; it had its limit. And, O my soul, is not thy cross limited too? Can any assiduity of thine diminish it? Can all thy foes combined extend it? Nay! The Lord is the great architect in creation, providence, and grace. His plans cannot be altered! His designs are good, the accomplishment certain, and the end glorious."

The providence recorded in the above memorandum was this. We were in very trying circumstances. A gentleman called, and appeared rather confused, as though he wanted to say something he could not. After sitting about half an hour, without coming to the point, he rose; and, as he was leaving, he thanked me for the profit he had received through me, shook hands, and left five sovereigns in my hand!

This brings to my recollection two other circumstances, on both which occasions, I had a whole handful of money given to me. I went to preach at Gravesend, when I had not a sixpence in the world. A colonel present emptied the contents of his pocket into my hand, which amounted to something considerable; the exact amount I do not now recollect, but I know it was enough to make me dance and sing before the ark of the Lord. On another occasion, when very poor at F—, I had an invitation to go to W— A— one week night. A gentleman, who had been very kind, accompanied me, paid my fare, and gave me a sovereign. Strange to say, that, whenever I was in great difficulties, I was almost sure to meet that same gentleman. Once I went down to Dover to preach, when severely tried, and who should be there but the same gentleman, from whom I received the same sovereign salutation. It was always a sovereign. He it was who gave me the sovereign on the Borough side of London Bridge, when going down, as I have mentioned, by the railway. One night I met him in the city, in one of the streets, I forget which, when I was dreadfully cast down, my poor father lying dead at the same time, and my poor afflicted mother in very indigent circumstances. It was, "Good bye," and a sovereign. Well, with him I went to W—. After service, a gentleman, a very warm supporter of the cause there, walked with us towards the rail-

way station. Presently he drew me back, saying, "They cannot do much for you at the chapel; (I thought they had done too much for a small place, for they gave me fifteen shillings;) put this in your pocket;" and "this" was a whole handful of half-crowns! I felt the Lord was too good to such a worthless worm as I. "Many times did he deliver them;" aye, and many times did he deliver *me*.

But to return. We left our L— friends, whose conduct had always been too generous, and whose kindnesses were continued to the end. I lament that they were not more prudent in giving, and that I had so little prudence in receiving; for, verily, like Jeshurun, I waxed fat, and kicked, (Deut. xxxii. 15,) and journeyed towards the north, pitching our tent at W—. Our furniture was a long time on the road. Day after day I went to the luggage office, but could hear nothing of my chattels. I sought the Lord, went to the office, but was afraid to ask, lest they should answer, "Yes," because I had no money; and, as I was a stranger in a strange land, I thought they would not let me have them without paying the carriage. Thus I went on for a week, wondering what had become of my household goods, inconvenienced in expensive furnished lodgings, and afraid to make any very urgent inquiries, because I was without a pound in the world. One morning, after seeking the Lord, I went off to the station. As I was passing through the market place, a gentleman called me into his shop, and placed a paper in my hand, containing five sovereigns! I went thence to the station, and inquired with a little more determination and confidence after my things. To my surprise, they had just arrived. I never could learn why they were nearly three weeks on the way, but this I believe, that Jehovah manages our least affairs, and brought the goods just at the right time, when I had just enough to discharge the expense of their transit.

I do not intend making a large book. I only wish to write a few simple facts for the encouragement of the poor and afflicted; therefore I must not detail, or the book will be too expensive for them, and the object desired, viz., to promote confidence in God, will not be attained.

At W—, we experienced much kindness from all in connection with the church, but one excepted; and that gentleman acted, I believe, more from predilection than from unkind feelings; at least I would put a charitable construction on the conduct he exhibited. For I do verily believe that he did not pursue the course he adopted for my removal because he really disliked me, but because he preferred another before me. Some few weeks before I left I had a dream. I dreamt that that very gentleman was sitting in the pulpit one morning, when I went up to preach. He looked round and smiled, without offering to rise. In fact, he had not time to rise, for, with a bow, I said, "Keep your seat," closed the door, and went away. I also thought in my dream that I came again in the evening; he sat and did, and I said and did as in the morning. I had not the slightest suspicion of his attempting my removal, and thought perhaps God was about to call him to the ministry. A few evenings after, I was

taking tea at his house, and had just commenced telling him that I had had a singular dream about him, when the servant called him from the room, and I was prevented from making known to him the very thing that he was, as I afterwards learnt, planning, viz., dispossessing me of the pulpit. Shortly after this, these words were powerfully applied to my mind: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days thy strength shall be." I preached from these words on a Lord's Day morning and evening, and felt very happy in my own soul. On the Tuesday after, just as I fell asleep, I was awoken by the application of these words: "God is able to make all grace abound towards you." O, thought I, what does this mean? And, after thinking what it could mean, I fell asleep. Again and again the words came like a voice from heaven: "God is able to make all grace abound towards you!" and startled me out of my sleep; aye, and I felt sure there was something coming, and I trembled. But, there was the promise, and I rejoiced. I did indeed tremble and rejoice. I trembled in fear, and rejoiced in hope. Well, I went to sleep again; and again, as with a voice of thunder, the words brought me out of bed, and, upon my bended knees, I begged God to verify the same in my experience, let come what might, that he would be gracious to make all grace abound towards me. I should have said, that as I was getting out of bed, these words came forcibly to my mind: "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of your hand." Wednesday night was the night for preaching. I went with, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days thy strength shall be;" and began by saying that the Lord had given me prospective strength, and related the threefold application of the above words; remarking, at the same time, that the child of God might say to the world, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of your hands;" to devils, "Our God is able to deliver us out of your hands;" to false professors, "Our God is able to deliver us out of your hands;" aye, and he might say to false brethren, "Our God is able to deliver us out of your hands." And thus I went on; concluded the service, and went home. A person was standing in the room, pale as death. He took hold of my hand, saying, "I perceive God is revealing to you the wickedness that is going on, and I am come to tell you that 'Absalom is kissing in the gate.'" "What?" I said. "Absalom is kissing in the gate!" he replied. I asked, "What in the world do you mean?" He answered, "Mr. — is determined to get rid of you!" I could then hardly believe him, till he placed the matter beyond doubt, by assuring me that he had been to him to get him on his side. He was now in the pulpit. I saw my dream. We had a meeting, I made my bow, and left the place.

Thereupon a door was opened at W—, and there I was advised to go by almost all my W— friends. There I went, and was very happy and successful for about four years. Up to that time there was but one fault I now complain of, and deeply regret; the people made too much of me! I greatly feared that they thought more of me than they ought to think, and I really anticipated something

would occur to cleanse them from their idol; and so it happened, that after I had lived with them most happily for about four years, a spirit of persecution from without kindled a like spirit within, and

“ From sinner and from saint,  
I met with many a blow.”

Arminians called me Antinomian, Antinomians called me Arminian. The Legalist said I was a Doctrinalist, and the Doctrinalist said I was a Legalist. As it was in the beginning, so it was then; “some cried one thing, and some another.” (Acts xxi. 34.) Pamphlets were written against me, scurrilous reports were circulated, anonymous letters were sent to destroy domestic quiet; I was caricatured; I was the song of the drunkard. But, blessed be God, many of mine enemies have been found to be liars. (Deut. xxxiii. 29.) It was a trying time. In the midst of the controversy, I laid down my pen. Something said, “If you were doing the work of the Lord, he would not allow you to be so tried; he would appear for you.” At that time I was getting behind with my printer. I had just laid down my pen, when there was a knock at my study door, the door opened, in walked a friend, and, in the most kindly and encouraging terms, told me that as a proof of his sympathy with me in the work, he had brought me ten pounds, shook hands, and went away. There was another knock at the door; it was the postman, with a letter, containing another substantial token of sympathy from one who had been in bondage for fifteen years, to whom God had made one of my pamphlets a blessing, and by which he had brought him back to himself. And thence followed testimony upon testimony of usefulness, and letters of encouragement from all parts of this kingdom.

In W— I experienced great kindness from some, and great unkindness from others. But I wish to cast a mantle of love over those who were influenced to act unkindly. Against their bitter feelings, Mr. — acted like a father to me, for years, and his kindness I never shall forget; and I am exceedingly sorry that anything should have occurred to alienate us. I do not mean to say that I was prudent and perfect in all I said and did. No! if I should say I am perfect, it shall prove me perverse. (Job ix. 20.) “If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves.” (1 John i. 8.) I have deplored, and do deeply deplore my shortcomings, my unprofitableness, my lukewarmness, my worldliness. I regret that I exhibited so little of the mind and spirit of that dear Saviour, whose I am, and whom I serve; that there is so much combativeness in my proud and rebellious nature.

I did hope that W— would have been my last earthly home, and I can say of it, “With all thy faults I love thee still,” and pray that God, in mercy, will send them a man after his own heart, and establish peace in their midst. Nothing will afford me greater pleasure than to hear that they are at peace among themselves.

I believe all the trials I have endured have been sanctified, and I feel sometimes that I would not have been without one of them; it

was a good school in many respects. I wish to bow to the will of God, and acknowledge that he hath done all things well.

“ His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.”

Dear children of God, trust in him. He will not deceive you. No! He will fulfil his promise: “Thy bread shall be given, and thy water shall be sure.” “Commit thy way unto the Lord.” “In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy steps.” In all thy trials, look up. “Thy God reigneth.”

To all those who have been my helpers, I would say, “Grace, mercy, and peace, be with you all.” Amen, and Amen.

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### A LETTER BY THE LATE T. BRICE.

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Sir,—“I know not how to give flattering titles to man; for in so doing my Master would soon take me away.” A pamphlet having fallen into my hands, the title page being styled “A Sermon preached by the Rev. T. W. on the Love of God,” I was induced to read it over, in hopes to find some “fruit pleasant to the taste,” (Song iv. 16,) but met with the same disappointment our most blessed Lord did when he came to the barren fig tree; plenty of leaves, gospel doctrines, but no fruit, no life or power of God’s Spirit. “Doth not the ear try words? and the mouth taste his meat?” (Job xii. 11); and, “Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt?” What a long harangue is here about God’s being all love and all mercy; enough to pillow and bolster up all the hypocrites in England, as though God had no properties or attributes, in which he reveals himself but these.

I think if ever God had arrested your conscience with his law and justice, accompanied with his power and Spirit, you would have told another story as well as Paul, and would have declared there was terror as well as love. “Knowing the terrors of God, we persuade men.” “With God,” says another, “is terrible majesty.” “Our God is a consuming fire;” so is God in his righteous law. It is a truth that he is love in a covenant of grace, and in the Lord Jesus Christ; but there is no getting at this savingly by a few doctrines in the head. A man may have all knowledge and yet be destitute of this, and be nothing but sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal; (1 Cor. xiii. 1.) Yea, he may be a minister, and speak with the tongues of men and angels, and yet be nothing more than an instrument without life-giving sound, (1 Cor. xiv. 7,) a well without water, (2 Pet. ii. 17,) and a cloud without rain. (Jude 12.) For, saith the apostle, “I will know, not the speech of them that are puffed up, but the power. For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.” (1 Cor. iv. 19, 20.)

Sir, I have no room to give you my thoughts at large on your sermon, therefore shall confine myself to one head, which, you say,



is to show what the Father and Christ are said to do for them, namely, to give them a good hope through grace. Here I cannot help thinking you have acted like one of our West Country parsons, turned over two leaves at once. I suppose this part of the king's business required haste, as you never stop to show us the conception, birth, or growth of this good hope through grace; so that we cannot tell by his features whether he be a bastard or a real son.

Sir, every man born into this world has a natural faith, a false hope, and a feigned love; yet all that some teachers seem to require in the present day is, an assent and consent to the doctrines of the gospel, with a little reformation in life, and a submitting to some outward ordinances. This is counted a wonderful conversion. God's everlasting love, predestination, election, and the finished work of Christ, is heaped upon them, by which they become as a high wall in their own conceit. "Thus saith the Lord God, one built up a wall, and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar;" a false experience by which they are persuaded heaven and happiness are theirs in another world; and thus, says God, "they have made others to hope they would confirm their words." But what saith the Lord? "Say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar that it shall fall; there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall, and a strong wind shall rend it. Thus will I accomplish my wrath upon the wall, and upon them that have daubed it with untempered mortar, and will say unto you, The wall is no more, neither they that daubed it." (Ezk. xiii.)

Another thing that God complains of in these false teachers is that they zealously affect them, but not well, (Gal. iv. 17,) by a soft affected speech, (Rom. xvi. 18,) which moves the passions and draws the natural affections into a flame. This they call the mighty power of God; when, alas, alas, there is not the slightest shadow of God's power in it at all. For when the Lord sends his word home with power, he arrests the sinner, comes near to him in his judgment, sets his secret sins in the light of his countenance, and makes him possess the iniquities of his youth; makes his word sharper than a two-edged sword; smites, wounds, and pierces the sinner's conscience; sends his law home in its spirituality, which worketh wrath, and stirreth up all his corruption, working in him all manner of concupiscence; fills his loins with a loathsome disease, and makes him truly feel the plague of his heart. This wonderfully shakes a rotten faith, and removes a false hope like a tree or chaff before the wind. The sinner then begins to sink in deep waters where there is no standing.

Now, instead of love to God, the mind is filled with enmity and hard thoughts against him; sometimes fretting, then murmuring, then crying, praying, laboring, striving, groaning, sighing, and moaning; putting the mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope. This is the power of God. All short of this is receiving the word in word only; and all such will prove to be nothing but foolish virgins at last, with their lamps; a little light in their heads, but no oil, no Spirit of prayer in their vessels. Hear the word of the Lord: "I

kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal." "I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins of the children of men; I will be unto them as a lion; I will meet them as a bear bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion," and discover their hidden sins. "The sorrows of a travailing woman shall come upon them." (Hos. xiii. 8, 13.) "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

Thus God brings the sinner out of the wilderness, pleads with him face to face, makes him pass under the rod, and then brings him into the bond of the covenant. And how can it be otherwise? How can people be in pain as a woman in travail? How can they come after him in chains with supplications and bitter weeping, if he deals not thus? Why need they cry day and night, if their iniquities did not prevail against them, and prove a burden too heavy for them to bear? Why should the kingdom of heaven suffer violence if there was nothing to make them violent? Now persuade such as these that God is all love and mercy, and that their hope is a good one, if you can. No, Sir, it is impossible. They are at God's bar; their mouth is stopped; their conscience condemns and passes sentence on themselves; the terrors of death, a guilty conscience, and the wrath of God hurry them away; unbelief shuts them up as in a prison; and thus, according to Solomon, they are drawn unto death; their hearts meditate terror; fearfulness and trembling take hold of them, and they are afraid of God's judgments.

Now no poor criminal in the cells of Newgate is in a worse plight than such. If they look within, there is a guilty conscience; if towards heaven, a broken law as a flaming sword, turning every way to keep them from life; if they look back, they see a whole life spent in sin; if forward, nothing but eternal misery before them. Thus they are shut up; their strength is all gone, and there is none left, and they are styled in God's word, his prisoners, whom David says the Lord will not despise. (Psa. lxxix. 33.) "For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to hear the groanings of the prisoners; to loose those that are appointed to death;" (Psa. cii. 19, 20;) for, saith the Lord, "I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth, lest the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." But how does God loose such as these? By opening the prison doors, and saying to the prisoners, go forth; and this he does by opening the eyes of the understanding, and discovering the Lord Jesus Christ as the new and living way, in which he can be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly. His wrath being appeased by his sufferings, and his law being magnified and made honorable by his obedience, this makes way and opens a door for hope in this valley of Achor; and the first gracious word of promise that is applied by God's Spirit softens and melts the heart, allays his distress, persuades the mind, and begets in him a hope that shall never be ashamed or confounded; for there shall be a performance of that which is promised; his hope not being raised by a little knowledge in the head, or a few legal

works in the heart, but in the mercy of God held forth in the free promise through Christ. "Remember," says David, "thy word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." Such a one is said to look out of obscurity and out of darkness; for he is not out of the prison, though he is raised to hope; but is styled in God's word a prisoner of hope. "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope; even to day do I declare that I will render double unto thee."

To such alone are all the free invitations held forth in the word of God, to invite and encourage poor guilty rebels to come in and receive the pardon given in the Lord Jesus Christ and his Gospel, which they find exceedingly hard to do, it being the work of the Spirit of God alone; "for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure," (Phil. ii. 13,) by the taking of the things of Christ and showing them to the mind, his sweet invitations, free promises, precious blood, and righteousness; the one to cleanse the soul from all its filth, the other to justify and make it complete in the sight of God. This girds the loins, strengthens the mind, revives hope, and sweetly draws the affections after Jesus, hungering and thirsting after his righteousness. Thus "he draws them with the cords of a man, and with bands of love." (Hos. xi. 4.) And while this sweet view lasts, the soul is filled with holy longings, thirstings, and strong desires after the pardon of sin and the salvation of God: "My soul thirsteth after thee as a thirsty land." (Psa. cxliii. 6.) "I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord." "When wilt thou comfort me?" (Psa. cxix. 174, 82.)

And now begins that strange war between the flesh and spirit, which no hypocrite ever knew: "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other;" (Gal. v. 17;) for as sure as the soul is indulged with such a view as described, so sure will Satan assault it with all his power, stirring up corruption and lust, with which he wars against the mind, and tosseth it like a tempest, and carrieth it away like the wind. "Our iniquities like the wind have carried us away," (Isa. lxiv. 6,) "and we do fade like a leaf." This shakes the mind, fixes the hands on the loins, and turns the face into paleness. Now, instead of fervent desires, strong fears, unbelief, and sin, like a strong army, drive the soul back; and were it not for a good hope, it would utterly sink into despair. "I had utterly fainted," says David, "unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." "My soul fainteth for thy salvation; but I hope in thy word." And thus hope, like an anchor, keeps the soul from being totally wrecked, until the Lord Jesus appears again, rebukes Satan, commands a calm, saying to sin and corruption, Be still; drops a little myrrh upon the handle of the lock, puts his hand in by the hole in the door, moves the bowels towards him, and makes unbelief give way; stays the mind, puts fresh life into faith, reanimates hope, and draws the affections to the right hand of God, with fresh breathings and crying to be avenged of his adversary. Thus he goes on. At one time going down to the deeps in doubts and

fears, from a sight and sense of his own wretchedness, and the violent temptations of Satan; at another time mounting up on eagles' wings from a fresh view of Christ, his finished work and dying love; and these two working in the heart the one against the other, sin and Satan, grace and Spirit, throw the soul into a state of violence, and make it violent at the throne of grace. So says the Lord, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;" (Matt. xi. 12;) "The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail;" (Isa. li. 14;) and when the Spirit of God enables the sinner, by working faith in his heart, to lay hold of the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the removing of guilt, and speaking peace in the conscience, such a captive is loosed from the chains by which he was bound, and with a holy violence taketh the kingdom of heaven; for that kingdom stands not in word but in power, in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; sighing and sorrow flee away, and joy are obtained. (Isa. xxxv. 10.) Thus the soul is delivered and brought forth into a large place, the everlasting love of God; (Psa. xviii. 19;) the Spirit of God bears witness with our spirits to our adoption by grace, to the silencing of both law and conscience, and persuades the mind to the full assurance of hope.

This is the way God brought my soul; and I think, according to his word, it is the way he brings all his people, to obtain a good hope through grace. But most in the present day receive the word with joy, and spring up into a full assurance of heaven and happiness, before others dare so much as to look up. So an inheritance is gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed; for these, like Moab, have not gone into captivity; they have not been emptied from vessel to vessel, but are settled on the lees of a false hope and rotten faith; their scent of a proud, self-righteous spirit remaineth in them, and is not changed. (Jer. xlviii. 11.) Job asks what is the hope of such a hypocrite, though he hath gained? (Job xxvii. 8,) though he hath gained admittance into a church, the applause of men, or a wonderful knowledge in the doctrines of the Gospel, and even an understanding in all mysteries; yet, "What is his hope, when God taketh away his soul?" All that he hath is a little of the new wine, the doctrines of the gospel, in an old bottle, which will surely burst, sooner or later, as the Lord hath spoken. Excuse my liberty, and

I remain, Sir, Yours, &c.,

Brentford.

P. BRICE.

[The above letter needs no commendations from us. It speaks for itself as a most able and experimental testimony for the power of God made manifest in the souls of his dear children. Brice has been dead some years; we do not know the date of his decease, but we should think somewhere about thirty. A choice letter of his upon sanctification appeared in the "Gospel Standard," Vol. XI., July, 1845.—Ed.]

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TRIALS are not intended for food, but for physic; and the more bitter the drugs, the better for the stomach.—*Huntington.*

## MERCIES OF A COVENANT GOD.

Dear Friend,—Yours I received, but it was a long time before I could find out who you could be; and now I can only conjecture. I cannot think of any F., except it be a Mr. F., under whose roof I tried to sleep, at Liverpool, above 40 years ago. But you do not mention that in your letter. Still, I suppose you are the same person. If you are, I am glad to hear you have found a covenant God faithful to his promises. Not one thing has ever failed, does fail, or ever shall fail, for body or soul, in time or through all eternity! “Has he said it, and shall he not do it?”

Ah, my friend! my soul has been brought through many strange things since I slept at your house. But I can say to the honor of my covenant God, it has been a right way, and not one trouble too many; and I have had and still have many. My soul is truly humbled within me, to see the kindness, the tender mercy, that has followed me all my life long to this present moment, such a worthless wretch, such a vile wretch, such a hell-deserving wretch! I must say, I cannot help but say, “Ebenezer! hitherto the Lord has helped me;” “Therefore, having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day;” “By the grace of God I am what I am.” I have nothing else to hang upon, to rest upon, to look to, but the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God that took away the sin of the world. I have no other rock but him to rest upon; no other refuge to hide in; no other fountain that can wash my filthy soul; no other righteousness that can adorn my soul; no other strength that can hold and bear up my soul. My soul can say, “It is of him, and to him, and through him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

I have been at Trowbridge nearly five-and-thirty years, and I have proved the text that settled me here to have come from God, an abiding city. For I have much people here, with a good chapel out of debt, and between six and seven hundred for my congregation, and about three hundred members. What hath God wrought! It is, at times, wonderful in mine eyes, such an ignorant thing, such a weak thing, such a base thing, such a despised thing, yea, such a nothing as I am! “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth’s sake.”

Through mercy he preserves me in good health, considering my age; and though I find a good many infirmities, yet I am seldom laid by from meeting the people at the appointed time. O that the dear Lord may keep us near his dear feet, with a becoming sense of his manifold mercies all these years in this vale of tears, and keep us humbly dependent upon him for every needful blessing. Bless his dear name, he will never leave nor forsake us, world without end. I have got one of my likenesses, and have given it to A. R., and I believe it is a deal more pleasant than when I was running the pigs out of the garden.

May God bless you, and be with you, and guide you unto death, and afterwards receive you into glory.

My wife joins with me in wishing you every mercy a covenant God sees right and good.

Yours in Truth,

Trowbridge, March 13th, 1850.

JOHN WARBURTON.

**BUT THANKS BE TO GOD, WHICH GIVETH US  
THE VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.**

Dear Brother in Christ Jesus,—This comes with kind love to you for Christ's sake.

I received your kind and welcome epistle, and was truly glad to hear from you, for I hope I can say without feigned lips, that I do esteem you as one of the excellent of the earth, and as one of the Lord's messengers, although I am deprived of the privilege of hearing you, and other of God's dear ministers. I assure you, my friend, this is a dark spot. I went last Sunday to hear a Baptist minister at —, but could not get on; there seemed to be everything but the right thing. I did not find fault so much with what was said as I did for what was not said. He did not cast up the way, nor did he take the stumbling-blocks out of the way, nor sound an alarm in God's holy mountain. I have learnt, by painful experience, not to bid any man God-speed without a divine warrant; for I have been misled by man, which has often caused me to call myself a thousand fools to think I should have been so deceived. But when I have read of David, a man after God's own heart, I have found he was deceived in Abithophel, and likewise the disciples in Judas. If such men were deceived, no wonder that I have been such a poor blind fool as I feel myself to be in divine things. But, my friend, I find even these things have worked together for my good. They bid me take heed to my way for the future, and to try the spirits, of what sort they are; for sure I am that many false prophets are gone out into the world, so that, if it were possible, they would deceive the very elect. But this is impossible, for our dear Lord will not suffer his people to be finally deceived; for when he, the Spirit of truth, is come to a poor sinner, he is to guide him into all truth. And I do believe that the dear Lord has given us his blessed Spirit to convince us of sin, and has led us to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness, blessing us with a living faith that has drawn virtue from that blessed fountain of a dear Redeemer's blood, which has made us clean manifestatively in God the Father's sight, though still in our own vile as Manasseh, and foul as the poor leper of old, who had not a sound spot from head to foot.

But I need not enumerate to you my many sins, for they are more in number than the hairs of my head; and you, knowing a little of your own heart, know a little of mine. But I do hope that although I am as black as the tents of Kedar, yet, blessed be the name of our God, he hath pronounced me clean through the word that he hath spoken unto me, which is the Incarnate Word, the Lord Jesus Christ, in his redeeming love shed abroad in our poor



hearts; and a sense of this has proved us to be of the excellent of the earth. Though fools in our own sight, yet the Lord has made us wise to salvation, through faith in his dear Son, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and, sanctification and redemption.

My brother will say, "You speak with great confidence!" This is not always the case. I often feel as though I did not possess a spark of divine life. I often feel so dead, so cold, and so lifeless in the things of God, so full of darkness, worldly-mindedness, and the wretched evils of my wicked heart, that I often have to cry out and say, "Can ever God dwell here?" I often think, did the people of God know what I am in myself, they could not, nor would they think any thing of me; but this I believe comes from the enemy of our salvation; for I do believe all hearts are fashioned alike, and they that have been brought aright know that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; yes, a store-house for all manner of sin! And a feeling sense of this often leads me, like the apostle, to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But, praised be his dear name, that, like the same apostle, I am often enabled to say, "Thanks be to God," who always causes us to triumph in his blessed name and "shout victory through the blood of the Lamb." The dear Lord has now and then paid me a visit from off his mercy-seat since I have been up here, and although I am deprived of the company of my dear brothers and sisters in the faith, yet, blessed be his dear name, he is still a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I do not know the cause why the Lord has moved me so far away from those that I love in the faith, except that I may be weaned more from man, and be led to cleave more closely to our Covenant Head, and to make me esteem the Gospel more highly when I hear it.

Now, my dear friend, I must leave this in the hand of God, praying that great grace may rest upon you, and that you may be much favored with the presence of the King of kings. I was glad to hear that the Lord did often visit your soul in the pulpit; and that amongst the people he may still own and bless your labors, is the prayer of

Your unworthy friend,

H. K.

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LONDON abounds with four sorts of laborers. The first is the Armian tribe; these exalt the creature, and debase the Saviour's merit, and the grace of God in him. The next class are the arrogant and presumptuous; these preach up an assurance; but their confidence stands in the flesh, and not in the power of God. There is a third set of men who seem to be pregnant with legal strife, terrors, wrath, and bitterness, as if the worm and the fire had already begun; these do all their work in a storm and tempest, and deal principally in hell and damnation. The fourth sort, such as Socinians and Arians, are employed by Satan to debase the King of Zion to the level of a mere creature, that their deluded followers may make flesh their arm, and in their heart depart from God; in these the enemy and the avenger works mightily.—*Huntington*.

## Obituary.

### ELIZABETH FREAD.

I desire to commit to paper for the glory of God and the good of souls, a most gracious and merciful circumstance that took place on Sunday evening, February 4th, 1855, when I visited the sick and dying bed of Elizabeth Fread, aged 17 years.

For about six years she had been the subject of decline, as was her mother also, with whom I had been acquainted for some years, and of whom I entertained a hope that she was under Divine teaching. She also, about twelve months since, evidently began to droop with a like disease; which proved her death. I visited her, that is the mother, several times during her illness, but never seemed much led to speak very freely to her, or to ask her how matters stood with her as she approached the borders of the grave; but I was glad when I heard of her departure, by some that witnessed it, that she was blessed with that assurance which I believe every quickened soul longs for, and without which it will never be satisfied.

Now when I heard of this circumstance, and moreover that she thought that Elizabeth would also be found right at last, for just before her mother's death, her mouth seemed to be opened to speak concerning the things she had been the subject of, for the first time, I felt a little hope of and going forth towards her, hoping that God had begun a good work in her soul; for on all previous occasions, when I had visited her mother, she would be lying upon the couch, or sitting in a chair with her face turned away, or screened from sight by her apron or handkerchief. Ah! little did I then think what God had wrought in her soul, in making her a true picture of the publican, feeling herself such a sinner; for she afterwards told me that when I used to come to see her mother, she covered her face, for she could not look at me. But to return and to note down my first visiting her, for I still feel a great desire of committing it to paper; and although I am conscious that my memory is very treacherous, yet nevertheless, I am persuaded that the words that so sweetly flowed from her lips made such an impression upon my spirit, that I trust I can say in truth that when I think of or meditate upon them, it is fresh to my mind and sweet to my soul. When then I entered her room and had taken a seat close to her bed-side, I asked her how she felt; but after asking me how I and my wife and children were, she began, not as at other times, by turning her face to the wall, but, to my astonishment, to speak blessedly how the Lord had manifested himself, in bringing these words to her soul: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, nor in sickness, nor in death." Upon the three last words she seemed to lay such a particular stress, as if it came from the bottom of her very soul; and I believe it did too, by the manner in which she spake, as well as by my own feelings. I evidently felt life spring up in my soul, and my mouth seemed opened to ask her how long she had had these things, and what preceded these manifestations. I said to her, "Betsy, can you re-

member any time when you were convinced of your state as a sinner? for I suppose you have not always felt as you do now." To use her own words as near as I can, she said, "I can. About two years ago when I was at chapel, Mr. B. was showing what was requisite to salvation, and what must be experienced in the soul. I felt convicted in my conscience, and longed for the time to get out of the place, with a determination not to come any more, for I felt I was not one of this number. I felt therefore as if I could not go any more, and after tea I wanted to go to bed, to be by myself to bemoan my condition.

My mother, seeing there was something the matter with me more than usual, came and sat down upon my bed, and asked me what was the matter with me, for she was sure there was something more than common. I was a long time before I could tell her; but she would have it out of me; then I told her what I had felt, and that I would not go to chapel any more; neither could I. Now I became very melancholy, and used to want to be by myself, and I used to take the hymn-book or the Testament when I could walk about a little, and go down the garden and sit in the wheel-barrow under the hedge; or down the lane by the ditch to read; and sometimes there would appear to be some little hope for me, and I used to wish there were great deep ditches at those times, that I might get down out of sight." "What, Betsy," said I, "have you found that when God chasteneth man for iniquity, it makes his beauty to consume away like a moth?" "Ah!" she said, "it doth." I said, "Bunyan has fitly described it; for said he, 'I could have crept into a mouse-hole to have got out of sight.'" But she said moreover "At times this burden would seem to wear off; but when I went over to Marden last summer, then my convictions deepened, and I used to sigh and cry to God, ah, for hours, and could not go to sleep; and it used to be suggested to me, Ah, he will never hear you, and besides you are so young; he will not hear you; but I was forced to keep crying to him, for I had nowhere else to go; and I told him if he would hear and pardon me, I would praise him as long as I had breath."

She also said, "I could not tell any one what I felt but my mother, until she was dead and carried into the other room; then my mouth was opened to tell a friend what I had been the subject of." She said moreover, "When my mother lay dying, they asked me if I would be moved, thinking the sight might be too much for me, for our beds stood side by side; but I said No, I will see the last breath."

Now it would seem, if I have any judgment in the matter, that her case became very urgent, almost desperate; for she said, "I felt that my time would be short; and O to die without pardon! O I felt as if I could not die without it—without some word from the Lord; ah! if but one word to give me some hope that he did die for me. Now," she said, "I did beg of the Lord that if I was one of his, he would give me some word whereby I might know it; and if I was not one of his, that he would make it manifest that way by letting me be in the state I was in, and to give no word nor

anything, but let me go out of the world in that state. But O!" she said, "bless his dear name; he brought these words to me, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, nor in sickness nor in death;" and I believe he will not, for he told me he would not, nor in sickness nor in death. O!" she said, "help me to praise his blessed name. Oh to see him hanging and bleeding upon the cross for such a poor sinful wretch as I; and in the garden sweating great drops of blood running down to the ground. O is not this a brand plucked out of the fire? Christ came into the world to save sinners, poor lost sinners, such as cannot help themselves. Bless his name! Precious Jesus! Behold all things are become new. O!" she said, "I cannot tell you what I can see." And I verily believe she saw things unspeakable, and full of glory; for joy seemed to wreath her brow, and glory sparkled in her eyes.

Hearing such a relation as this flowing from the heart of this young person, caused the tears to flow from my eyes, and my very heart and soul were knit to her like the hearts of Jonathan and David; so much so, that I felt that I could have kissed her dying cheek; and I said, "I never thought that I should hear Betsy come forth like this, for God has made a preacher of Betsy at last." And she said, "How could you? for I never have had my mouth opened to speak to you before; but if these hold their peace, the very stones would cry out. O that I had a voice that I could make all the world to hear!

‘Then would I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found.’”

She said moreover, "I felt a great desire to see some one to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul;" and Mr. C. she mentioned for one; but I said, "Betsy, if he were to come, you could not talk to him, he is so deaf." "Ah," she said, "I did not think of that." Then I said to her, "Well, Betsy, then you find your heart to go out to a certain people, and particular persons, and individuals." "Yes," she said, "and this is the company that I want; the world is no company for me." And when I said, "I think I had better not talk any more to you now," as she had then become very low and weak, for she had taken nothing of eatables, only sucked an orange, or had a little draught of peppermint water, or tea, and the like, she made answer, "It is not your talking interrupts me, but that worldly company that was here to tea to night; it was their talk that interrupted me." Her father told me she had had her brothers round her bed, and told them what would be the awful consequences of living and dying without Christ. Then I asked her, "Do you believe, Betsy, that there are an elect people that will be saved?" She immediately answered in the affirmative, "I do, and I used to tell my mother,

‘Although election be a truth;  
Small comfort there I see,  
Till I am told by God’s own mouth,  
That he has chosen me.’

And I never shall believe I am one, if he do not speak to me himself; but bless his name, he has, and why

‘Should I be made to hear his voice,  
While thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?’

Ah! rather starve than come!”

And now, after having two or three hours’ blessed conversation with her, I took my leave of her, with a full satisfaction in my soul that God had wrought that work in her whereby she would live for ever, and sing the praises of a covenant God and Saviour, throughout the countless ages of a never-ending eternity.

On Monday morning she was fresh on my mind, and I wondered in myself whether she was still this side Jordan, or whether she had passed the river. During the day she was still in my thoughts, and I could but say within myself, “What hath God wrought!” When the evening came, I felt as if I could not go to bed till I had been to see if she was still in the body. And when I asked her whether Christ was still precious to her, she said, “Yes, he is still with me; he does not leave me. O what a mercy that he should so manifest himself to me, and give me a few days at least to speak of his blessed name! I told father the Lord would send some one that I might tell it out to.” “Ah, Betsy!” said I, “this is blessed news indeed, if it be of the Lord, and I have a hope that it is; for I don’t know when I have felt more comfortable than I did last night by your bed-side after your relation of the dealings of God with your soul; but to be by the side of a bed of one of whom we have no hope, is not a very pleasant place; such a case as Mr. —, who was cut off with a stroke. “Ah!” she said, “I thought of it when I heard the bell go for old Mr. —; I thought in what a short time there were two taken away; and O what an awful thing to die out of Christ!” Again she said, “I have had Mrs. — to see me, and I do not know what to make of that woman, for she was talking about Mr. —, and saying she could not tell what might be done in his last moments, for he was willing to die; but I told her I did not know about his being willing to die; but this I know, that if God did not make him feel his sins, and lead him to himself for mercy, where God dwelleth he is not gone. Mrs. — said to me, ‘Do you think so?’ I said, I do not think so, I know so; thinking will not do; no white-washed wall, painted sepulchre, nor untempered mortar will do to die by.” I said to her, “I suppose, Betsy, you do not want Mr. — to come to see you, do you?” “Nō,” she said, “but I thought perhaps he would come; but if he had, I think I must have told him that he could not do my soul any good. Ah!” she said, “my soul is saved without Mr. —” (the church clergyman). She told me of a Mrs. —, who talked to her and said she wished she could pray more, and every day get a little nearer heaven. She also said, “I let her go on, for I did not want to talk to her. Poor blind creature, she was all for doing; but I used to lie here from day to day, and week to week, entirely helpless both in body and soul. Ah! if it was but one good thought required of me for my

soul's salvation, I must have been lost for the want of it, for I could do nothing but cry to him; and when I could not do that I used to sigh." "Ah, Betsy! God hath said he will be just when he judges, and clear when he passeth the sentence; and can you say it would have been just in him if he had cast you off, and sent you to hell?" "Yes," she said, "I can say it would have been just in him so to do."

Now it appeared evident to me she had been taught her true state and condition as a sinner before God, and been taught to justify God in his dealings with her, and also to bless and praise him for delivering her soul at the last extremity. Ah! and it was a most blessed and pleasing sight to see this young woman, so low sunk with disease, and with her hand, which was but a mere shadow, (when talking she would beat it down upon the bed,) as if preaching; and indeed it was no less, for the grace of God seemed abundant upon her, and I believe she spake as the Spirit gave her utterance. She then wished a book brought to her for me to look at, which she said had been a blessed book to her; and on looking, I found it was written by that blessed man of God, Daniel Herbert. I said "Here is some sound work here. Shall I read one of the hymns to you?" "Yes," she replied. So I read to her the hymn on the 127th page, Vol. I. The title of the hymn is 'To be carnally minded is death;' (Rom. vii. 6.); and when I came to the last three verses of the hymn, she broke out and said, "Why that is me, that is me!" then she would say,

"Sweet to lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his."

Then she told me these words came to her as her mother lay dying:

"Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
That when my change shall come,  
Angels shall hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home."

"And these words have kept coming to me; and when in my sleep I dreamed that I heard the men that carried my mother sang that hymn and when they came to the last verse, I dreamed that I helped them sing, and that awoke me; and that was the reason why I wished it sung at her funeral, and I wish you to see that it is sung at mine;" and I promised her if I had any influence, it should be so.

On Tuesday I visited her again, and found her sinking in body, but her confidence was firm. Now she was become so low, that the nurse was frequently obliged to moisten her lips with a feather. The nurse told me that when she gave her a little water, she said, "O sweet water!" Then she added, "And what else did I say? Did I not say, O! that water of life, and that bread from heaven, which will do to die by? O! bless his name, what must it be in heaven!" And now I felt a great desire to ask her whether the conversation which we had two nights before, had been, in any measure, savory to her soul. I watched for an opportunity to speak of it. She labored very hard for breath, and my hopes seemed almost



faded, for I thought she was now going. But she revived again, and I put my mouth to her ear, and said, "Betsy, can you, with your dying breath, say that my conversation has been, in any way, blessed or savory to your soul?" Her answer was, "Mr. P., I can truly say that I had in those two nights a feast of fat things, in conversing with you!" "Then," I said, "this is blessed news indeed!" It seemed to strengthen my hope. "Ah!" she said, "don't distrust him; he will never deceive you!" Just then, some bells began to ring; hearing which, she exclaimed, "Ring on, bells! They have no charms for me. But people are pleased to pull the ropes, and make that noise. O! this world, this world! I am clean gone from the world. When I lie here, and hear the bell toll the people to church, I think what a state to be in, to want a bell to toll them to church!" Then, in a very quick tone, she remarked, "You don't want a bell to toll you to chapel, do you?" "No, Betsy," I replied, "I don't want a bell to toll me to chapel; neither would you, if you were well, should you?" "No," she said, "and I should like to go now."

On Wednesday I called, and found her still alive, but too low to say much. She was quite sensible, and knew me before I reached the bedside. I read to her two pieces of poetry, composed by Jas. Weller, beginning thus:

"It will not be long,"

and,

"I shall see the face of him that died for me,  
And rose to justify;"

and the other commencing

"Happy soul, now safely landed;"

which she seemed to feed upon. In watching her lips, I could see them move, and, by listening, I could hear her say, "Bless his name." She then slept for a short time, and awaking up, said, "O that I could go to sleep, and not awake up any more!"

On Thursday evening I again visited her, and found her yet alive, but longing to be gone. She began to be in a great deal of pain, but when the pain had abated a little, she said, "The Lord's time, and not mine." I remarked, "Betsy, this is hard work." She replied, "It is nothing to what he suffered for me;" and added, "Do you think he will be long?" I said, "I cannot tell; but I think not." About 10 o'clock I left her, and never saw her any more alive; for, on Friday she breathed her last. And then I believe was fulfilled the latter part of her favorite verse:

"Angels hovered round her bed,  
To waft her spirit home."

And now I hope I can say in the fear of God, that I esteem this no small mercy at his hand, that ever he should favor such an unworthy wretch as I with such a sight as this, even to be an eye witness, of the effects of his all-sufficient grace, as manifested in the death of this young woman.

AN EYE WITNESS.

## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,\*—Of what use are the Italics in the Bible? And if, as I understand, they are additions by the translators, can they be considered a part of God's inspired testimony?

Yours sincerely,

R. G.

Dear Sir,—Since the new translation of the bible has been talked of, there has been much written on the subject. It has been taken up in almost every newspaper; and some are clamorous for a new version. I wish for your opinion on the subject, knowing that you have had as good an education as most men, and have read the bible in different languages. Seeing such statements circulating throughout the kingdom, and thinking it might do much mischief, I feel induced to write to you. If you think it would not be a proper subject for the "Gospel Standard," I would not for one moment wish you to notice it; but, if otherwise, I should feel thankful to see a few words from you.

Yours affectionately, for the gospel's sake,

OBSERVATOR.

## ANSWER.

The intention of the *italics*, as the sloping characters are usually termed, in our version of the Scriptures, is often misunderstood. Their introduction by our translators into the Bible, is not an arbitrary or blameable addition, but was, in most instances, a matter of absolute necessity. Their object, we need hardly remind the greater part of our readers, is to show the omission of certain words in the original, which, in our language, require to be supplied. But it may be asked, "What is the reason of these omissions in the original, and is it right that they should be thus supplied? Is there not a great hazard of introducing thereby uninspired, and, therefore, unauthorised words into the sacred record of God?" To understand properly this question, we must examine into the nature of these omissions, and why they ought, or at least may be supplied, without any such dangerous or justly dreaded consequences.

Language being spoken before it was written, and the human mind naturally hurrying forward to express its desires and emotions, the consequence is, that certain words become, by practice and common consent, usually omitted, which may be easily supplied if necessary. Of this common circumstance all languages supply abundant examples. Thus, for instance, our own language frequently omits the relative pronoun, "who, which," as in the following sentence: "This is not the man I saw yesterday;" where there is the omission, or what grammarians call the "ellipsis" of the relative pronoun "whom." Now, if this sentence had to be translated into Greek, Latin, or French, (we omit Hebrew, because in that language the same ellipsis is customary,) the relative "whom" could not be left

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\* We have mislaid R. G.'s letter, but have attempted to give the substance as correctly as we can.—ED.

out, because the laws of those languages would not allow its omission. We do not feel, and perhaps scarcely notice the missing relative, because we are so used to its being dropped, but most other languages would be ungrammatical without it. In ordinary translation, no notice would be taken of this customary English ellipsis; but, if scrupulous accuracy were required, the translator, in order to show its omission in the original sentence, might put the word into italics.

This, then, is the whole history and mystery of these *italics* in the Bible, by which some are so puzzled, that they point out the omission of words in the original languages which cannot be omitted in our own, because the idiom of the two tongues is, in this point, different. We are not, therefore, at liberty to reject the words in italics, where they are obviously required to make sense, as by so doing we should absolutely spoil innumerable passages. Let us take an instance or two where to omit them would spoil the sense altogether. Read John xi. 1, without the italics: "Now a certain was sick, Lazarus." "Man," and "named," are supplied in italics. The Greek, having a masculine adjective, which we have not, does not require "man," but we do; "named" is not absolutely necessary, but is supplied to prevent baldness and obscurity. Again, verse 39, "For he hath been four days," where "dead" is in italics. This is not expressed, but it is implied in the original, and therefore could not be omitted in our translation. Of course, it requires a thorough knowledge of the language to be able in all cases to supply properly the omitted word; and in the Old Testament (the Hebrew being a most elliptical language, much more so than the Greek,) there may be room for examination how far the ellipses are correctly supplied. We were reading the other day a very good sermon, in which an objection was taken to the italics, 1 Cor. xv. 45, and the preacher contended that it should be read "the last Adam a quickening spirit." Now, if the good man had known anything of the original, he would have seen that the very laws of the language necessarily required those words to be supplied; and had he seen into the true meaning of the passage, he would have found the present translation sound divinity as well as good grammar, for "the last Adam was made a quickening Spirit" by divine appointment when he was constituted Head of his Church. In fact, after much and careful perusal of the Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament, we can hardly find an instance in which the italics could be omitted without impairing the force and beauty of the translation. And we cannot but admire the great faithfulness of our translators in so scrupulously adhering to the exact words of the Holy Ghost, and when they were necessarily compelled to supply the ellipses in the original, to point out that they had done so by marking the word in italic characters. By so doing, they engaged themselves, as by a bond, to give the word of God in its strict original purity; and yet, as thorough scholars in the original tongues, and complete masters of their own, they were enabled to give us a version admirable not only for its strict fidelity, but also for its eloquence, grandeur, and beauty.

We have thrown together our answer to both the preceding Inquiries, as affording us not only an opportunity to explain the meaning of italics in the Bible, but also to express our opinion upon a question of late much agitated, viz., whether it would be desirable to have a new, or at least a revised translation of the Scriptures. We fully admit that there are here and there passages, of which the translation might be improved; as, for instance, "love" for "charity" all through 1 Cor. xiii.; but we deprecate any alteration as a measure that for the smallest sprinkling of good would deluge us with a flood of evil. The following are our reasons:

1. Who are to undertake it? Into whose hands would the revision fall? What an opportunity for the enemies of truth to give us a mutilated false Bible! Of course, they must be learned men, great critics, scholars, and divines. But these are notoriously either Puseyites or Neologians; in other words, deeply tainted with either popery or infidelity. Where are there learned men sound in the truth, not to say alive unto God, who possess the necessary qualifications for so important a work? And can erroneous men, men dead in trespasses and sins, carnal, worldly, ungodly persons, spiritually translate a book written by the blessed Spirit? We have not the slightest ground for hope that they would be godly men, such as we have reason to believe translated the Scriptures into our present version.

2. Again, it would unsettle the minds of thousands, as to which was the word of God, the old translation or the new. What a door it would open for the workings of infidelity, or the temptations of Satan! What a gloom too it would cast over the minds of many of God's saints, to have those passages which had been applied to their souls translated in a different way, and how it would seem to shake all their experience of the power and preciousness of God's word!

3. But besides this, there would be two bibles spread through the land, the old and the new, and what confusion would this create in almost every place! At present, all sects and denominations agree in acknowledging our present version as the standard of appeal. Nothing settles disputes so soon as when the contending parties have confidence in the same umpire and are willing to abide by his decision. But this judge of all dispute, this umpire of all controversy, would cease to be the looser of strife if present acknowledged authority were put an end to by a rival.

4. Again, if the revision and re-translation were once to begin, where would it end? It is good to let well alone, as it is easier to mar than mend. The Socianising Neologian would blot out "God" in 1 Timothy iii. 16, and strike out 1 John v. 7, 8, as an interpolation. The Puseyite would mend it to suit Tractarian views. He would read "priest" where we now read "elder," and put "penance" in the place of "repentance." Once set up a notice, "The old Bible to be mended," and there would be plenty of workmen, who, trying to mend the cover, would pull the pages to pieces. The Arminian would soften down the words "election" and "predestination" into some term less displeasing to Pharisaic ears. "Righteousness" would be turned into "justice," and "reprobate" into "undiscerning." All

our good Bible terms would be so mutilated that they would cease to convey the Spirit's meaning, and instead of the noble simplicity, faithfulness, and truth of our present version, we should have a bible that nobody would accept as the word of God, to which none could safely appeal, and on which none implicitly rely.

5. Instead of our good old Saxon Bible, simple and solid, with few words really obsolete, and alike majestic and beautiful, we should have a modern English translation in pert and flippant language of the day. Besides its authority as the word of God, our present version is the great English Classic—generally accepted as the standard of the English language. The great classics of a language cannot be modernised. What an outcry there would be against modernising Shakspeare, or making Hooker, Bacon, or Milton, talk the English of the newspapers or of the House of Commons.

6. The present English Bible has been blessed to thousands of the saints of God; and not only so, it has become part of our national inheritance which we have received unimpaired from our fathers, and are bound to hand down unimpaired to our children. It is, we believe, the grand bulwark of Protestantism; the safeguard of the Gospel, and the treasure of the Church; and we should be traitors in every sense of the word if we consented to give it up to be rifled by the sacrilegious hands of Puseyites, concealed Papists, German Neologians, infidel divines, Arminians, Socinians, and the whole tribe of enemies of God and godliness.

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THE promises of the law are conditional, promising life, not freely, but to such as fulfil the law, and therefore they leave men's consciences in doubt; for no man fulfilleth the law. But the promises of the New Testament have no such condition joined unto them, nor require any thing of us, nor depend upon any condition of our worthiness, but bring and give unto us freely forgiveness of sins, grace, righteousness, and life everlasting, for Christ's sake.—*Luther*.

WHEN the great St. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, had a mind to lay a solid foundation for the grand distinguishing doctrines of the gospel, like a wise master-builder, he took care to dig deep into the corruption of human nature; and after having given us a lively portraiture of the universal depravity of the *Gentile* world, he proceeded, in a most masterly manner, to bring down the proud thoughts and high imaginations of the self-righteous and formal Pharisees, by proving, to a demonstration, that the *Jewish* professors, notwithstanding all their peculiar advantages of external revelation, circumcision, near affinity to Abraham, and such-like, were all equally included under sin, were all equally guilty before God, had equally fallen short of his glory, consequently were all upon an equal level with the rest of mankind, and stood as much in need of the free grace of God in Christ Jesus, and the sanctifying operations of his Holy Spirit, as the most savage barbarian, or disputing Greek. This was acting like as did the forerunner or harbinger of our blessed Lord; for, when he saw many of the Sadducees and Pharisees (the infidels and professors of that age) coming to his baptism, disregarding as it were the former, in a very pungent, and what some would term a very unpolite manner, he thus addresseth himself to the latter: "O generation of vipers, who hath warned *you* to flee from the wrath to come?"—*Whitefield*.

## REVIEW.

*Sacred Musings, or, Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage. By Septimus Sears. London: Houlston and Stoneman.*

*Fragments of Experience, in Verse, written under the varied forms of sorrow and joy which are common to Believers. Prefaced by a Letter containing some Account of the Author's earliest Spiritual Exercises. By William Peake. London: J. Gadsby, Oakham: F. J. Barlow.*

THERE is in poetry, we mean *true* poetry, something inexpressibly charming to those with whose natural tastes it is in accordance. To understand, admire, and love it, and much more to write it, is a natural gift of comparatively rare occurrence, and which, even when found, exists in very different degrees in different individuals. This natural gift, whether confined to simply understanding and enjoying it, or expanded into a power of poetical composition, may be cultivated and improved by study and practice, and may be refined to a high degree by industry and exercise, but can never be communicated by them where it does not originally exist. In this it much resembles music and drawing. If there be no natural ear for music, no practice can enable a person to sing correctly; and if there be no natural taste for drawing, all instruction will fail to make the pupil an artist. So it is with poetry. No man can ever be a poet, in the real sense of the word, who does not originally and naturally possess the rare gift of a thoroughly poetical mind; and we much doubt if any one has even a dim perception of the exquisite beauty of poetry, or any acquaintance with the peculiar feelings that it kindles, unless his mental faculties are of a similar cast. As a proof; two men shall read the same lines. To the one, they shall make the blood leap in his veins, flush his cheek, fire his eye, and melt his heart into tears. The other shall think them very good and very pretty, but see and feel no more in them than in a page of Robinson Crusoe. So two companions in travel shall see at the same moment, for the first time, the majestic range of the Alps spread before them in all their matchless grandeur. The one is speechless with rapture and admiration; the other thinks them very pretty, but, being tired and hungry, thinks much more about his dinner. Which of these two is the poet, which the man of prose? As, then, some persons are naturally incapable of understanding and admiring a beautiful landscape, so others are naturally incapable of understanding and admiring a beautiful poem.

But if to understand and enjoy poetry requires a special gift, how much more is a larger endowment of the same peculiar faculty needed to pour forth strains which shall at once proclaim their writer a true and genuine poet, and not a mere versifier. In fact, it is not so much one gift as an assemblage of many gifts, and these rarely united, that is required to constitute a true poet. He must possess great and original powers of thought, an active and thoroughly



poetical imagination, feelings highly sensitive and acute, affections deep and strong; and these must be combined with a musical ear exquisitely attuned to sound, a rich and varied vocabulary of language, and a thorough acquaintance with the laws of metre and rhythm. His mind, by original constitution and long continued study, must resemble a musical instrument of exquisite manufacture, which is susceptible of every tone and responsive to every touch; and he must be a skilful performer upon it, thoroughly acquainted with all its powers, and able to evoke at will every note through its entire gamut. He must himself feel, deeply feel, every thought that arises in his mind, and almost every thought to which he gives utterance must be the vivid expression of this feeling. To move and stir the sluggish minds of others, he must have his own mind moved and stirred to its lowest depths; and he must, as it were, first bathe his words in the inmost recesses of his own heart, and then bring them forth all dripping with the feelings by which he himself is agitated. He should be able to clothe his ideas and feelings in the choicest and most musical language; and the whole, both in design and composition, should be under the control of a chaste and refined taste, so that nothing gross or vulgar, low, far fetched, or obscure, should mar the delicacy and beauty of his thoughts and expressions. Though what he writes will often be the fruit of the greatest labor, it should, from its ease, appear thrown off spontaneously and without the slightest effort; and, however highly polished by continual corrections, his verse should show no trace of the file.

But the question at once arises, "If this is to be a poet, where will you find one? You have set up a standard neither necessary nor attainable." To set up a standard is one thing; to require full compliance with it is another. It is with poetry as with every other product of the human mind or hand. Unless we set up an ideal standard of beauty or excellency, we can have no definite rules of judgment, nor any adequate and trustworthy points of comparison; and without these, we are no judges whatever whether such and such a poem is poetry, or such and such a writer a poet. And this is just the case with most readers. Having no standard in their own minds, or any poetical taste of their own, they cannot distinguish between mere verse and real poetry. Of course, in this as in every other product of the human mind, there are degrees of excellence, and a man may be a good poet who is not a great one. In fact, the gifts required for first class poetry are so great, that though the world has in all ages been flooded with verses, there are scarcely a dozen great poets. Excellence in any pursuit is so rare that for the same reason there never have been many great musical composers, or great painters, or great sculptors, or great orators. But to take a kindred instance; as in music, there may be and are persons who can sing very sweetly and accurately, who are not first-rate singers, and individuals who can even compose with melody and harmony, who do not rise to the highest class of musical composers, so in poetry there may be and are writers who are sufficiently gifted to shine and to please who are not poets in the highest sense of the word.

But it is time for us to leave the ground of poetry as poetry, and speak of it as attuned and adapted to the utterance of Christian thought and feeling. The hints we have dropped are meant to show that poetry, whether secular or religious, must emanate from a peculiar assemblage of original mental gifts, and cannot be learnt like farming or arithmetic, as well as to beat down that vain and conceited notion that every copy of verses put forth by any or every scribbler is poetry. A man may tag rhymes all his life, and leave behind him volumes of poems and piles of manuscript, of which the first is only fit for the trunk maker, and the last for the butter merchant. A poet is as different from a mere verse maker as a Handel from an organ grinder, a Michael Angelo from a stone mason, or a Raphael from a travelling portrait painter.

But what a proof of man's degradation and desperate wickedness it is, that this noble gift of poetry, the highest exercise, in one sense, of the intellectual faculty, the harmonious combination of the most subtle and exquisite tastes, which should only find their truest utterance in singing the high praises of God, should be prostituted, for the most part, to the service of the devil. Sin and Satan have seized the lyre, which, as touched by the fingers of David, sounds the pure songs of Zion, and have dragged it down from heaven to hell. Naturally fitted, as we see in Holy Writ, to be a handmaid in the service of God, she has been made to subserve the vilest passions of the human heart. Lust and bloodshed, under the names of love and glory, have been her chosen themes; and thousands have been stimulated into crime by her magic tones chanted in the worship of these twin deities. In our own days, for instance, what an awful influence for evil has Lord Byron's poetry exercised upon the minds of thousands of the young and imaginative. What gloomy infidelity, what hatred of all restraint, what pride and selfishness, what contempt of everything holy and spiritual, have his powerful verses engendered or nurtured in many a bosom. Youth is the season for those deep impressions which influence a life; and to a mind of poetical cast there is sometimes a force in one stanza of his glowing verse, which, imprinting itself on the memory as in letters of fire, burns and smoulders, till it gushes forth in lava streams of words and actions. We are not speaking here at a venture, but of what we have seen with our own eyes in days long gone by, for we have personally known those who apparently owed their ruin, body and soul, to the influence of his poems. To the young and ardent of both sexes, to the romantic and imaginative, to the meditative and melancholy, especially when under the influence of that strongest of all human passions, love,—how seductive is that poetry, which, in all the magic of verse, reveals and embodies their deepest and most secret feelings; and how almost at will the enchanter can beguile their thoughts and desires into the channel of his own headlong passions. What the Bible is to a child of God their idolized poet is to them. They hang over its pages, learn by heart its lines, are continually repeating to themselves favorite passages, till they drink into the very spirit of the writer, and adopt him as their model and guide.

Would that religious poetry exercised the same influence upon the children of God that secular poetry has exercised in all ages upon the children of this world. To a certain extent, and in a different way, we thankfully acknowledge that it does. The blessing, for instance, that Hart's hymns have been made to the church of God is incalculable. We name him, because, besides his rich and deep experience, and spiritual unction and power, he evidently possessed a large share of poetical gift. That there is something in the very form and language of poetry is indisputable; for else how is it that a verse or line of a hymn, if it describe the experience of the soul, produces an effect which the same thought would not produce were it expressed in simple prose? The circumstance cannot be well explained, but the fact remains that there is something in the poetry itself, through which, as an instrument, the Blessed Spirit touches and melts the heart.

But independent of their qualities as poetry, spiritual and experimental compositions in verse have a power peculiar to themselves. Tried indeed by the standard that we have set up, few of our most admired hymns can be called poetry—at least, not if Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron are poets. But they possess what these poets had not—a secret power over the soul, a power contrasted with which, weighed in a spiritual balance, all their gifts are as valueless as time compared with eternity. When we have read the most beautiful compositions of earthly poetry, what impression do they usually leave behind? One so abhorrent to the spirit of Christ, that, in a spiritual frame, a Christian cannot read or even look at them. We are conscious to ourselves of two distinct feelings and tastes; one that would revel in poetry such as we have attempted to describe, the other that would turn away from its carnality and worldliness with abhorrence; one that would despise the baldness of many a hymn dear to the church of God, the other that would feel and love the experience which it unfolds. For this reason, we feel it exceedingly difficult to appreciate poetry strictly religious. Having read in former days so much of first class poetry, as well as being naturally fond of it, we are too much inclined still to read religious verses as literary compositions, and to weigh them in the same balance as Homer or Shakspeare; and though our spiritual mind calls out against it, and would look at them with gracious eyes, yet we own there is a continual tendency to demand in them some of those qualifications which give to secular poetry not merely its charm but its very being. We offer this explanation and apology if we should seem to have dwelt too long, or insisted too much, upon poetry as distinct from religion.

The two publications which we have classed together at the head of the present article, though cast into a poetical form, do not claim to be poetry in the highest sense of the word. We do not say this to disparage them, but as intimating our belief that their writers have that which is intrinsically higher and better at heart. It would not, then, be dealing fairly by them, were we to try them by

that high poetical standard that we have set up. And even were they naturally gifted to shine amidst the higher ranks of the poetic band, their very subject, and we may add, their own spiritual feeling, would much debar them from rising, we had almost said, in the words of Milton, "to that bad eminence." Indeed, as poetry deals so much with mere natural feelings, and draws its deepest and most intoxicating draughts, not from the well of Bethlehem or the pool of Siloam, but from the turbid springs of human passion, a spiritual poet is almost cut off from the main fountain of poetic thought and expression. A carnal poet may wander at will, unchecked by conscience or godly fear, amidst every field of human thought and passion, and pluck flowers for his poetic wreath from the very brink of hell. But a Christian poet can dwell only on those themes which the Holy Spirit has sanctified, and every thought and expression must be under the powerful restraints of a conscience made tender in God's fear. Debarred from the use of "strange fire," the writers before us have rather sought to fill their censers with coals from the brazen altar. Their aim is nobler and higher than any carnal poet ever dreamed of; and if they have clothed their thoughts and feelings in verse, it is not to bind their brows with wreaths of poetic laurel, but to express their own experience of sorrow and joy for the comfort and encouragement of the people of God. As gracious men, and as personal friends, both of them have a claim upon our affectionate sympathy and interest; and if we cannot rank them in the highest class as poets, we are glad to esteem and value both them and their productions as imbued with the spirit of the gospel.

As poetical contributions, Mr. Sears's compositions certainly claim the higher place, and are generally written with much ease of versification, and force and warmth of expression. Though his main object was doubtless to give utterance to his own feelings and desires, yet he has evidently paid much attention to the structure of his verse and the correctness of his rhymes. In some of his verses there is an easy, animated flow, and a command of poetic imagery and expression which evince a natural gift in that direction. But it has higher qualifications. There is a prayerful spirit, mingled with confession, breathing through them, which makes them very suitable to the tender in heart and contrite in spirit; and though doctrinal truth is not prominently put forward, yet, to use John Newton's figure, it sweetens the whole.

But, as a part of a reviewer's office is to find fault, we cannot but think it a blemish that so many of the pieces in Mr. Sears's little work turn upon what, without wishing to use an offensive expression, we can hardly help calling a jingle; we mean, concluding every verse with the same or nearly the same line; or, if not that, taking two or three words as a kind of key-note to every verse. Though sanctioned occasionally by Newton and Kent, and carried to excess by Medley, it is not used by our greatest and best Christian poets, as Toplady, Kelly, Berridge, Hart, Cowper, Swaine, or Steele. A friend, to whom we mentioned it, seemed to think it an evidence of poverty of thought, and there is, perhaps, some truth in the explanation. Sparingly used,

it may add a force and a sweetness to a hymn, as in those beautiful lines by Fowler:

"Ye pilgrims of Zion;"

and in Kent's well known hymn:

"Jehovah hath said;"

but a beauty may be overdone. At any rate, when, out of sixty-nine pieces, about fifty are written wholly or partially on this plan, we think it a blemish instead of a beauty, and gives too much sameness, and a technical, artificial character to the work as a whole. The following affords a favorable specimen of the "Sacred Musings:"

#### THE INKHORN AND THE SLAUGHTER-WEAPONS.

"Set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry."—Ezek. ix. 4.

How solemn a sight, my spirit engages;

The slaughtering army of vengeance draws nigh;

The dread storm of fury has slumbered for ages,

But now it awakens and darkens the sky.

But, hark! a sweet voice the tempest is stilling,

And bidding the heralds of judgment stand by;

To lose his dear chosen, Jehovah's unwilling;

Then, mark the dear men that sorrow and cry.

The man with the inkhorn, by heaven inspired,

Goes through his great work with this in his eye—

He'll not miss a soul with sackcloth attired,

But mark the dear men that sorrow and cry.

But, lo! what a sight! the thunders are pealing!

The weapons of vengeance are lifted on high!

And all to destruction are certainly reeling,

Except the dear men that sorrow and cry!

How fearful the sight! a city all streaming

With sad mingled blood of the low and the high!

And yet the sweet sunshine of favor is beaming

On the heads of the men that sorrow and cry.

Blest Spirit of Grace! my heart is desiring

To have this rich gift sent down from the sky;

That love, which with joy while the bosom 'tis firing,

Makes the heart with contrition to sorrow and cry.

O! give me the heart that glows with devotion;

A spirit that mounts with gladness on high;

A conscience so tender, it melts with emotion,

And makes me for evil to sorrow and cry.

When, not a step of my pathway untrodden,

I lie but next door to my home in the sky,

'Twere blest, if with tears my pillow were sodden,

If thy tender love make me sorrow and cry.

Lord! grant that the light of thy love may be gleaming,

Through all the dark valley of death when I die;

Thus let me expire, in the rays ever beaming—

In regions where saints do not sorrow or sigh.

Blest Salem, whose streets of pure gold God enlightens

With beams from the Lamb, that's exalted on high—

The taste of thy glories, this truth surely heightens—

No sin ever there makes us sorrow and sigh.

Mr. Peake modestly styles his poetical contributions "Fragments of Experience." Such fragments, when struck off at a white heat,

under the influence of the blessed Spirit, have a value that elaborate poems cannot reach, which have been more coldly worked upon the anvil. Writing poetry under gracious influences, and sitting down to compose verse at a stated hour of the day, resembles preaching or praying in the Spirit, and doing so because the hand of the clock points to eleven. The people of God instinctively feel and recognise what is spoken or written under divine influences; and as to them *that* alone is true eloquence which speaks from heart to heart, so *that* to them is alone true poetry which is imbued with unction and savor, and reaches their feelings and consciences. If not highly gifted as a poet, Mr. Peake evidently seeks the profit and edification of the family of God; and there is that sincerity and truth running through his poems, which, placed in the balance of the sanctuary, far outweigh all mere poetic tinsel. The light which he bears is of the Lord's lighting, (Psalm xviii. 28,) not an ignis fatuus; and it leads to Gethsemane and Calvary, not to the regions of sin, death, and despair. Who would choose a Byron's fame to have a Byron's end? Happier far are our friends who have devoted their poetic powers to the service of the sanctuary, and, instead of seeking the applause of dying worms, have made their end and aim the glory of God. The following is a fair specimen of Mr. Peake's Christian muse:

"THE PRECIOUS THINGS PUT FORTH BY THE MOON."

(Deut. xxxiii. 14.)

Oft when the evening shades arise,  
 And darkness overclouds the skies,  
     The silvery moon is seen  
 To rise, and with a borrowed light,  
 Soon to disperse the shades of night,  
     And brighten all the scene.  
 So, midst the thousand shades of woe;  
 Which mortals suffer here below,  
     Believers yield a light;  
 Reflecting, as the silvery moon,  
 A light they do not call their own,  
     Which soothes afflictions' night.  
 Were not this world a darksome scene,  
 Did no dark shadows intervene,  
     The moon would rise in vain.  
 And so the soul's reflected light  
 Shines best in sorrows' darkest night  
     Of suffering and pain.  
 O! I have seen the child of God,  
 Who, bowed beneath afflictions' load,  
     My sympathy still shares;  
 Whose faith and patience oft have proved  
 A help to those of God beloved,  
     As have her fervent prayers.\*

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\* The allusion is to my dear friend Sarah Adcock, of Uppingham, who for upwards of twenty years has been laid on a bed of extreme suffering, and is entirely dependent on the never-failing providence of her gracious God and Father in Christ Jesus. I know but of two other cases in any good degree resembling hers, either as to the duration of the sufferings or the grace bestowed to bear them.



And I have seen, nor hope in vain,  
 Perhaps once more to see again,  
 The prayerful man of God;  
 Who ready was, at every call,  
 To wait, as servant, upon all,  
 And tread as Jesus trod;

Who sympathized with others' pain,  
 And when they sighed could sigh again,  
 So brilliant shone his light;  
 No moonbeam struggling in the dark,  
 Or living glow-worms' sprightly spark,  
 Shone with such lustre bright!

The letter prefixed to the poems, containing some account of Mr. P.'s Christian experience, will be read with interest.

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If the moral law itself, or the ten commandments of God, can do nothing else but gender servants, that is to say, cannot justify, but only terrify, accuse, condemn, and drive men's consciences to desperation; how then, I pray you, shall the laws of men, or the laws of the Pope justify, which are the doctrines of devils? They therefore that teach and set forth either the traditions of men or the law of God as necessary to obtain righteousness before God, do nothing else but gender servants. Notwithstanding such teachers are counted the best men. They obtain the favor of the world, and are most fruitful mothers, for they have an infinite number of disciples.—*Luther*.

I AM sure this was my case from my youth. I aimed sincerely at righteousness, and wanted to be saved; yet, had I died in that state, what would have become of me? for I am persuaded, though I watched, fasted, and prayed much, gave alms, frequented the sacrament, and all I could think of to make my conscience easy, yet I was entirely a stranger to faith, and did not know what believing in him meant. As often as I strove to cry, "Peace," to my heart, and to think myself right, so often was the Lord pleased, as it were, to impress upon my mind, "Yet lackest thou one thing." But as I never heard any one scruple their faith, if that came at all into my thoughts I would not suffer it, till one greater than my heart opened my eyes, and made me see and feel I had no confidence in Christ. I did not believe in him for remission of my sins; for to speak truly, I believed nothing more than a heathen or a Turk. I thought if I did all in my power, and was obedient to the commandments, prayed many times a day, fasted often, attended the church service, the sacrament, helped the poor, and refrained from gross sins, &c., I should be accepted; and of the righteousness of Christ I expected no more than that, in case I fell short, it would help to mend my righteousness. I did not believe any one had his Spirit, or knew remission of sins. My heart had no real benefit from his death or blood-shedding, more than a serious Jew; nothing that could make me happy or deliver me from the fear of death or the power of sin. My nature remained the same, only I washed and made clean the outside of the cup and platter. I garnished the tomb and whited the wall; but within I felt the old stainings, the same bad tempers and ill affections. When I saw this, and knew with all my glorious profession I had not faith, my heart sank, and I became more and more concerned and restless, till our Saviour gave me to believe, and ended my fears. In such a state as I was in before I experienced this, I would not have ventured to depart this life for all the gold in Arabia.—*Cennick*.

## P O E T R Y.

( I ; I 've pass'd through trials, deep and great, ( ) ; )

And sunk immensely with their weight ;

I've been oppress'd with care and grief,

And sometimes could not find relief.

I've pass'd through many fears and doubt,

And borne the frowns of men without ;

The killing law I've sunk beneath,

And felt the terrors, too, of Death.

Pain and affliction, too, I've had ;

With mourning, too, my soul's been clad ;

With sad dejection I've been press'd,

Till I have cried, Lord, I'm oppress'd !

But one thing yet, of all the worst,

Besets me like a mighty host ;

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,

It presses like a mighty load.

'Tis my bad heart, a wretched spring

Of every base and unclean thing ;

It plagues me sore by night, by day,

And robs my soul in every way.

Of all the grief that's ever fell,

And sank my soul as down to hell,

'Tis the base workings of my heart,

That work and lust in every part.

O wicked thoughts that in me lurk,

Like a foul spring in constant work !

A wretched heart is mine, I feel ;

May God his powerful blood reveal !

I'm so beset with foul desires,

So much unlike what God requires ;

I would be free from every sin,

But, O ! the unclean spring's within !

O could I live in godly fear,

That holy grace, to me so dear ;

O may it prove in me again,

A flowing spring, to wash me clean !

THOMAS.

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THE pope calls all the world to the obedience of the holy church of Rome, as to a holy state, in the which they may undoubtedly obtain salvation; and yet after he has brought them under the obedience of the laws, he commands them to doubt of their salvation. So the kingdom of Antichrist braggeth and vaunteth at the first, of the holiness of his orders, his rules and his laws, and assuredly promiseth everlasting life to such as observe and keep them. But afterwards, when these miserable men have long afflicted their bodies with watching, fasting, and such-like exercises, according to the traditions and ordinances of men, this is all they gain thereby, that they are uncertain whether this obedience please God or no. Thus Satan most horribly dallies in the death and destruction of souls through the pope; and therefore is the papacy a slaughter-house of consciences, and the very kingdom of the devil.—*Luther.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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No. 253.      MAY 1, 1857.      Vol. XXIII.

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MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS. viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

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## THE GRADUAL CONQUEST; OR, HEAVEN WON BY LITTLE AND LITTLE. BY RALPH ERSKINE.

“And the Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee, by little and little.”—Deut. vii. 22.

WE have here God's promise to Israel of old, concerning their being brought to the possession of the earthly Canaan; and, lest they should be discouraged by the difficulty of the conquest, so many enemies being in the way, he animates them against the greatest discouragement. If they objected the *number* of their enemies, and their strength, he answers that objection, ver. 17, 18. He had destroyed greater enemies than these for them; and he that had done the greater would easily do the less; he that began the work would finish it. If they objected the *weakness* of their own strength and forces, he answers that objection, ver. 20, 21. Their greatest encouragement was, that they had God among them, a mighty God, and terrible; and if God be with us, if God be for us, we need not fear the power of any creature against us. If they objected the *slow progress* of their arms, and feared that the Canaanites would never be subdued, if they were not expelled at the first, to this it is answered in the words of our text: “The Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee, by little and little.”

I shall endeavor to open and confirm this doctrine in the following method:

- I. Inquire who are the *true Israel* of God.
- II. Speak a little of the *heavenly Canaan*, which they will be brought to the possession of.
- III. Inquire what *nations of enemies* they have in their way.
- IV. Speak a little of the *Conqueror*, the Lord their God.
- V. The *manner* of the conquest, his putting them out before them by little and little.
- VI. The *reasons* of this gradual conquest.
- VII. Make some *improvement* of the subject.

I. The first thing proposed was to inquire, who are the *true Israel* of God to whom this promise is made in the mystical and spiritual sense of it? “For they are not all Israel that are of Israel.” (Rom. ix. 6.)

1. The true Israel of God, whom he will bring to the heavenly Canaan, are a people whom he hath set apart for himself, and separated from the rest of the world, as Israel was. The true Israel are set apart, not only by election, from eternity, but by effectual calling in time. As in the first creation, God separated the light from the darkness, and made the one day and the other night; so, in effectual calling, he separates the elect from others, as light from darkness; he leaves the rest of the world buried in their own obscurity, and makes the others children of light. By effectual calling, they are favored with convincing grace, and others are left stupid and seared; they obtain enlightening grace, and others are left in the dark; they obtain renewing grace, and others are left in their enmity; they are favored with persuading and enabling grace to believe, others are left in their unbelief, and remain children of wrath and disobedience. "This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise." (Isa. xlii. 21.) Hence,

2. The true Israel of God are a people whom he hath brought out of Egypt, in a spiritual sense, as Israel was in a temporal; and that with a high hand, and out-stretched arm. He hath brought them out of the Egypt of a natural state, and out of the house of bondage; from their natural bondage of sin and Satan, their bondage to the law, as a covenant of works, putting them to the hard task and intolerable labor of doing for life, a task much worse than the Egyptian bondage of making bricks without straw. They are a people redeemed, not only by the price of the Mediator's blood, but also by the power of his Spirit. By his power he hath begun to plague their enemies, and to drown them in the red sea of his blood; for, "They overcome by the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. xii. 11.)

3. The true Israel of God are a people acquainted with *travelling in the wilderness*, from Sinai to Zion, as Israel was; I mean, from the law to the gospel; from the covenant of works to the covenant of grace. As Israel at Sinai were amazed at the sight of God appearing in his terrible majesty, so the true Israel of God are a people that have been humbled with the views of God's holiness and infinite justice in the command and threatening of the law; and been made willing to flee for refuge to the hope set before them, in the gospel-covenant. They have come from Sinai to Zion; "to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling." (Heb. xii. 24.)

4. The true Israel of God are a people acquainted with the *conduct of the pillar of cloud and of fire*, as Israel was; I mean, they have received the Spirit of Christ to be their guide in the way to Canaan: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his;" (Rom. viii. 9;) and if any man have the Spirit of Christ, he is guided thereby, and led into all truth, and out of all the paths of damnable error. There is a leading of the Spirit by a secret invisible hand, and by the means of the word, that all the Israel of God are partakers of; even a voice behind them, saying, This is the way, and that is not the way; and all his sheep know his voice. (John x. 4.)

5. The true Israel of God are a people *fed with manna from heaven*, in a spiritual sense, as Israel was in another sense. They are a people that eat the hidden manna; that have bread to eat the world knows not of, even the bread of life that came down from heaven. They live by faith on the Son of God; Christ is the ALPHA and OMEGA of their life, the restorer and preserver of their life; they cannot live without him. The worldling lives upon his riches, the carnal man lives upon his lusts, hypocrites live upon their profession, legalists live upon their duties; but the true Israel of God live a life of faith upon Christ himself, as their wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. If I have any wisdom, Christ is my wisdom; if any righteousness, Christ is my righteousness; if any holiness, Christ is my sanctification; Christ is my ALL; my life, my strength, my treasure, my hope, my deliverer, my friend, my Saviour, my complete salvation.

6. The true Israel of God are a people acquainted with *wrestling with God for the blessing*, as Jacob was, who thereby obtained the name of ISRAEL; and all believers are thereupon called the seed of Jacob, that shall not seek God's face in vain. They are a people whose life of faith is acted much upon their knees, or in a way of praying in the name of Christ, and in the Spirit of Christ; praying in (or by) the Holy Ghost. (Jude 20.) "This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob." (Psalm xxiv. 6.) They are always wanters, and that makes them constantly seekers and beggars.

II. The second thing was, to speak a little of the *heavenly Canaan*, which they will be brought to the possession of. I would hold it forth in these four particulars, namely, in its *types, epithets, parts, and properties*.

1. In its *types*. How magnificently does the Lord speak of the earthly Canaan! It is called a goodly land; a holy land; a land flowing with milk and honey; (Deut. xi. 9-12;) yet this land was but a type and shadow of the heavenly.

The Sabbath is a type of this heavenly, happy, and eternal sabbath of rest. But it is unsettled rest the Lord's people have here. When they rest in the Lord at any time, their rest is soon disturbed. Even though they can say at times, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee;" how soon does the devil, the evil heart, and the world disquiet them again! But there remains a rest (a sabbatism) for the people of God, when they shall rest from their labor; rest from sin and sorrow. (Heb. iv. 9.)

The tabernacle was a type of the heavenly Canaan: "The Lord's presence filled the tabernacle." O how does his presence fill heaven, and fill all the hearts of the heavenly inhabitants! Glorious things are spoken of the earthly Zion; how much more glorious things may be spoken of the new Jerusalem above! But then,

2. We may consider the heavenly Canaan in its *epithets*; as

It is called a house, a mansion house, a prepared place: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

(John. xiv. 2.) O what a noble house is it, where glory dwells! What an excellent house will it be, when the Father of the family will be in the midst of the house, and all his children about him; all his elect gathered together from all corners of the earth; where the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as also Christ himself the elder Brother, and all the younger brethren will dwell together!

It is called the joy of the Lord: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matt. xxv. 23.) Joy here enters into the believer; but there the believer enters into joy. He enters, as it were, into an ocean of joy; and it is the joy of his Lord Jesus; of whom it is said, that, "For the joy that was set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. xii. 2.) That same joy the saints are to enter into: "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." (Psalm xvi. 11.)

It is also called life, eternal life: "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) Life is sweet; and the more excellent the life is, the more sweet. The rational life is sweet; the life of grace is yet sweeter, but the life of glory is sweetest of all; and this life is eternal; it is life for evermore.

It is called a kingdom, a heavenly kingdom: "The Lord shall preserve me to his heavenly kingdom. (2 Tim. iv. 18.) Yea, such a kingdom, that all the subjects here are kings. One said of Rome once that it was *Republica regum*, "A commonwealth of kings." It is true of heaven; it is a commonwealth of kings; they are all kings and priests unto their God. And there all the kings have their crowns; a crown of glory, righteousness, and joy. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne," &c. (Rev. iii. 21.) They will have their royal robes, their robes of glory, and palms of victory. (Rev. vii. 19, &c.) But again,

3. We may consider this heavenly Canaan in its *parts*. The first part of it is the vision of God: "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." (1 Cor. xiii. 12.) "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." (John xvii. 24.) New cabinets of rich treasure will be opened up to them every moment to eternity. The second part of it is likeness, which follows upon the former: "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." (1 John iii. 2.) This is the native fruit of beholding Christ, to be thereby brought to conformity to him. (2 Cor. iii. 18.) The third part of it is love. Likeness breeds love, even upon earth; then will the saints be made perfect in love. (1 John iv. 18.) O what flames of love will burn in heaven! every saint will be a flame. The fourth part of it is satisfaction, which proceeds from the rest: "I will behold thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." (Psalm xvii. 15.) All this is begun on earth in the heirs of glory. The brighter view a believer gets of Christ, the more likeness; the more likeness the more love; and the more love the more satisfaction. But, O, when there shall be perfect seeing, there will be perfect likeness; when perfect likeness perfect love; and



when perfect love perfect satisfaction and joy; then "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." (Isa. xxxv. 10.)

4. We might consider this heavenly Canaan in its *properties*. It is another sort of inheritance than the earthly Canaan.

It is a glorious inheritance, it is glory itself; yea, "an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.) God, who is everywhere present, is there gloriously. To make a weak allusion: The sun in the firmament is in this or that place by his rays and beams, but in the firmament in a glorious manner. So God is here on earth, in his grace, and the rays of his countenance; but in heaven in a glorious way. O, Sirs, there the saints are, indeed, all glorious within and without, both; their bodies glorious, like unto Christ's glorious body, when once they are raised; their souls glorious, because perfect in holiness.

It is a heavenly inheritance; therefore called a heavenly kingdom, in opposition to earthly kingdoms. There the great King is heavenly, the subjects are heavenly, the employment is heavenly, the reward heavenly, the company heavenly, the converse heavenly, all heavenly.

It is called a promised inheritance; promised in Christ Jesus before the world began. (2 Tim. i. 9; Titus i. 2.) It is also an eternal inheritance; "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." (1 Peter i. 4.) The earthly Canaan was but temporary, subject to be laid desolate for the sins of the inhabitants thereof; and accordingly it was laid waste, and remains so to this day; but the heavenly Canaan is an inheritance that is not liable to corruption nor defilement, and therefore it fades not away. It cannot, like the former, be infested with enemies or evil neighbors, nor with any plague or malady. The inhabitants of that land shall not say, I am sick. It is a place of perfect health, without any sickness; and a happy immortality, without any death, or fear of death; a blest eternity, for, when thousands, thousands, thousands of years are gone, their happiness is but beginning. Earthly kingdoms fade, and this world's monarchs die, but, in that everlasting kingdom, death is swallowed up in victory. If it were to have an end after millions of years, it were enough to make them live in perplexity and trouble, but it is eternal and everlasting. This is a short description, from the word, of that heavenly Canaan.

III. The third thing is, to show what *nations of enemies and oppositions* are in the way to this heavenly Zion. See how many and mighty nations stood in the way of Israel's possessing the earthly Canaan, in the first verse of this chapter where our text stands: "Seven nations, greater and mightier than they." And after they came to that land of promise, some of these nations were suffered to dwell among them, particularly the Jebusites, who were as prickles in their eyes, and thorns in their sides. And, in process of time, God stirred up other nations against them, for just and holy causes.

as the Philistines, the Moabites, the Ammonites, that coasted near their dwelling; besides the Assyrians and Babylonians, from remoter countries, who led them captive. And besides outward enemies and foreign invasions, they were not a little vexed and disquieted with civil and intestine dissensions. There was Saul's house against David's, and David's against Saul's; Israel against Judah, and Judah against Israel; Manasses against Ephraim, and Ephraim against Manasses; nations thus both without and within, and enemies on every side. Now, in like manner, there are great and mighty nations that oppose the true Israel of God in their way to the heavenly Canaan above, and that hinder their peaceable possession of any part of heaven that, through grace, they possess on earth. In allusion, therefore, to the seven nations here that God cast out before Israel of old, I shall show seven of these nations of spiritual enemies and oppositions that are in the way to the heavenly Canaan, and that disturb the Israel of God in any begun possession that they may have here, through grace.

I only premise, that as, in an outward sense, all nations of the earth proceed from one root and original, namely, the first man, Adam; so, in a spiritual sense, most of the nations that oppose our happiness, do spring from one root, and that grand root is original sin and corruption. Here is the great commander that leads forth multitudes of nations of actual oppositions against God, and the Israel of God who are bound for the heavenly Canaan. A body of sin and death is the fertile womb that brings forth swarms in one day; yea, there, as it were, whole nations are born at once. But more particularly, there are seven nations that oppose and vex the Israel of God in their way to heaven.

1. A nation of *vain thoughts*. We are by nature vain in our imaginations, (Rom. i. 21,) and these vain thoughts lodge within the walls of Jerusalem: "O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness. How long shall vain thoughts lodge within thee?" (Jer. iv. 14.) These nations lodge within, take bed and board with you, and eat up the very sap of your souls; therefore, when David says, "I hate vain thoughts," (Psalm cxix. 113,) he expresses them with a word that signifies the sprig and branch that grows in a tree, which draws the sap out of it, and makes it fruitless. Do you not find a nation of this sort swarming about your heart every day, and every hour of the day? Yea, I am mistaken if these Philistines have not been upon you, and if these nations have not been besetting you, and besieging your souls in time of praying and hearing on this occasion; and, I imagine, they who are exercised and bound for heaven, will feel a need of Almighty power to put out this nation before them, though there were no more. And indeed, these vain thoughts are like the flying posts to the rest of the nations that may be named. But then,

2. There is a nation of *worldly cares*, which Christ compares to briars and thorns, that choke the seed of the word. (Mark iv. 7, and Luke viii. 14.) This nation goes under the name of Frugality; but if you look narrowly to its armour, you will find the motto thereof

to be, Careful about many things, but neglecting the one thing needful; and yet this is such a powerful nation that many people are subdued by it, so as they can mind nothing but earthly things, and so lose heaven, and come short of salvation; yea, such is the power of this nation over the Israel of God that he is obliged in a manner to smite them, and extirpate the world out of their heart with a rod of correction: "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him;" yea, the rod of God will not do it till the grace of God efficaciously be exerted: "I hid me, and was wroth, and yet he went on frowardly in the way of his heart;" but sovereign, powerful grace steps in: "I have seen his ways, and will heal him." (Isa. lvii. 17, 18.)

3. There is a nation of *doubts and fears*, as also *sinful discouragements and unbelieving objections*. (Psalm xlii. 6, 7.) The soul is oft-times overset and overwhelmed with them. They may well be compared to a nation. They are so many, that no sooner does a minister begin to answer objections, but the unbelieving heart will raise a thousand more; and so mighty, that there is no subduing of them, till Christ himself rebuke them, as he did the raging waves of the sea, with a word of power, and so create a calm in the soul. This is a nation that rages like the heathen spoken of in Psalm ii., and imagines many vain things against the Lord, and his Anointed; but the Lord stills the rage with the rod of his strength, that he sends out of Zion, when he makes a people willing in the day of his power. He answers the doubts and objections of unbelief, and stills the fears and discouragements of his people, either by a word of power let into the heart, such as that, "Fear not, it is I; be not afraid. O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Or by a breathing of his Spirit, accompanying a word that is spoken to the ear.

4. There is a nation of *ungodly men* from without, that also vex and oppose the people of God in their way to the heavenly Canaan: "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation." (Psalm xliii. 1.) This is a nation that many times suppresses and bears down the work of God in the soul. The company and influence of the ungodly, who mock at religion and laugh at sacred things, is a great hindrance to the salvation of a soul. And as it was with Israel of old, so it is with the church in all ages; she is never without enemies that annoy her. There are four sorts of ungodly men that the church of God generally complain of, the tyrant, the atheist, the heretic, and the hypocrite. Some of these would subvert, and others pervert her. The tyrant, by heart-hatred and open persecution; the atheist, by profanity of life; the heretic, by corruption of doctrine; and the hypocrite, by pretences of holiness. These nations of ungodly men do oppose the people of God, partly by force and partly by fraud; and, indeed, the secret enemies are commonly the most dangerous of the two, they that use fraud more dangerous than they that use force; for these, being seen and known, are more easily avoided, but the other not so easily shunned, because not suspected.

5. There is a nation of *mighty kings* and *powerful giants*, as the sons of Anak are called. (Num. xiii. 33.) How many great kings did the Lord give into the hands of Israel! such as Og, king of Bashan, and Sihon, king of the Amorites. (Psalm cxxxv. 10, 11, and cxxxvi. 18, 19, 20.) But there are greater kings and potentates than these that stand in the way of the possession of the heavenly Canaan. There are more especially four mighty kings to be subdued; for,

As Sin is a mighty king, that reigns in us and over us naturally, therefore, says the apostle, let not sin reign in your mortal body, so Satan is a mighty king in his own territories, therefore called the prince of this world, the prince of the power of the air that rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience. (Eph. ii. 2.) Self is a mighty king; it competes with king Jesus, and keeps his throne, so long as the loftiness of man is not brought down, and the haughtiness of man made low, (Isa. ii. 11,) that the Lord alone may be exalted in the heart; and even after Christ is exalted to the throne of the heart, self is still fighting and working for the throne. Death is a mighty king, therefore called the king of terrors. (Job xviii. 14.) He is a king that is the terror of kings, as well as inferior subjects. This is called the last enemy of God's Israel: "The last enemy to be destroyed is death;" and happy, happy they that get the sting of death extracted, which is sin: "Death shall be swallowed up in victory." (1 Cor. xv. 54-57.) Christ is the victorious conqueror of this and all other enemies. However, these are mighty kings in the way, and some of them have mighty giants in their armies, particularly these three, viz., king Sin, king Satan, and king Self; these three have powerful armies to fight their hellish battles. And there are,

6. A nation of *deceitful lusts* in the heart, so called, Eph. iv. 22. These are like so many deputies and officers, captains and lieutenants, fighting under the banner of king Sin, king Self, and king Satan, against king Jesus, the God of glory. O what swarms of lusts make up this army of hell! If you can travel through the camp of your heart, you will see an armed regiment of gigantic lusts. There you may see grim-faced ignorance, armed with the devil's black livery; there you may see cursed atheism and unbelief, armed with lies and blasphemies, and bitter invectives against heaven; there you will see cruel enmity, armed with a bloody sword of forcible opposition unto God and Christ; there you will see subtle hypocrisy, armed with fraud and flattery; there you will see brazen-faced hardness of heart, armed with a brow of brass; there you may see dumpish security, armed with a fearless spirit, and a stupid conscience; bold presumption, armed with a daring countenance; towering pride, armed with a robe of gaudy attire, and an eye of scorn, contempt, and disdain; as also self-righteous confidence, armed with gross ignorance both of the spirituality of the law, and mystery of the gospel. These reign in and over the ungodly world, and many times rage in the hearts of believers to the leading of them captive.

7. There is a nation of actual *outbreakings* in the life, and *sins* in the conversation; these are like the common soldiers of the army of hell, making daily excursions into the camp of Israel; yea, every hour of the day they are breaking out on this hand, and on that hand, and round about us on all hands, in innumerable omissions and commissions. You may read a list of the names of this army in Gal. v. 19–21, and 2 Tim. iii. 1–5.

Now these are the seven nations continually in arms, and at work for hell, and against heaven; the nation of vain thoughts continually flying post through the rest of the nations for intelligence; the nation of worldly cares, continually making provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof; the nation of doubts, and unbelieving fears, and jealousies, still keeping watch, and standing sentry at the door of the heart, to keep out all heavenly messages and exclude all proposals of peace with heaven; the nation of ungodly men continually guarding the outworks of hell, and plying their large artillery and battering rams, to beat down what God and Christ and the gospel would build up; the nation of mighty kings, which I have mentioned, still issuing forth new commands and orders for war against heaven; the nation of deceitful lusts, like officers of the army, still mustering the host, leading them forth to the field of battle, and setting them in battle array; and the nation of actual sins and outbreakings still brandishing their swords and spears and other implements of war, making daily and hourly excursions out of the camp of hell, and incursions upon their opposites and antagonists, running upon the camp of Israel, to destroy them, and hinder their march to the heavenly Canaan.

Now, to these nations all the world of mankind are, by nature, kept in subjection, and, which is worse, they are willing slaves and captives to them; and even the Israel of God, who have left their camp, and fled under the colours and standard of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain of salvation, are many times led captive by them. They are still giving battle to Israel. Now, O thou that art bound for the celestial Canaan, what thinkest thou of these nations? Are they not seven nations greater and mightier than thou? Surely if thou hast found, to thy sad experience, the power, and the policy, and the pernicious influence of these mighty nations upon thee, it will be welcome news to hear that the Lord thy God will put out these nations from before thee, by little and little.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

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MAN'S reason understandeth not what faith and true godliness is, and therefore it neglecteth and despiseth it, and is naturally addicted to superstition and hypocrisy; that is to say, to the righteousness of works. Now, because this righteousness shineth and flourisheth everywhere, therefore it is a mighty empress of the whole world. Those, therefore, which teach the righteousness of works by the law, beget many children which outwardly seem to be free, and have a glorious show of excellent virtues, but in conscience they are servants and bond-slaves of sin; therefore they are to be cast out of the house and condemned.—*Luther.*

## A BETHEL VISIT.

Dent. viii. 2, 3, 5.

WEDNESDAY, the 20th of February, 1833. Having been lain aside by an ulcerated sore throat since Monday, the 4th instant, and just upon the eve of recovering from it on Wednesday, the 20th instant, after taking tea, about a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening, whilst ruminating on the goodness of God throughout this sharp but short illness, my thoughts began to fix in a contemplative mood, and I was carried in the spirit of my mind forty years back of my eventful life, to three seasons of preservation from drowning, which the Lord showed me he had preserved me from; he then showed me that it was he that gave me a concern as to the reality of another state of existence beyond this, by which he had led me to seek his face; that it was he who quickened me into life, and raised me to a hope in his mercy; that he was with me in the persecution that followed for righteousness' sake, both in the country and in London; that it was he who gave me a wife, and had been with me in all the vast variety of events and circumstances that followed; that it was he who brought me back to the fold when I had strayed away; and that it was he who had inflicted all the chastisements which my conduct had deserved. At this moment I exclaimed (being overcome with the view), "Dear Lord, how is it that thou dost so graciously condescend to notice so vile a worm?" He would have it so. That he had placed me, in his providence, where I was, and in his church, among his people; and in the situation in his church where I had a duty to perform, which he would enable me to fulfil; that he was interested in all my concerns, and that in all my dry, cold, barren, and lifeless seasons, his ear had been open to me, and his eye upon me; that he had answered me in all that had been asked in conformity to his will, both in his providence and grace; and at the instant, in his light, I saw that he had, whilst at this moment my heart was dissolved before him in the view. But had not the Lord himself shown me the fact, I never could have believed that the Almighty would have condescended to incline his ear to what proceeded from me in those seasons, but so the reality was at this hallowed moment; he feasted me with those fruits which are brought forth by the Sun, and gave me to feel, in my measure, what it was to be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord, till I was wrapt up and lost in himself, incorporated in him,—so that it was all Christ at this moment, and my soul dissolved in him. He supported me under the weight and pressure of his transforming love throughout this hallowed season; and when I left my chair to get my watch from off the table, to wind it up, I wist not what the time was, but found it was near one o'clock in the morning. But my spirit was quite fresh, and the whole of my animal system likewise. I felt no inclination for food or sleep, but bowed my knees before him, and he opened my mouth, and poured into my heart, and enabled me to pour out before him for my pastor, and family, and the whole of



His mystical body. He had given me to see that it was one body, actuated and influenced by one Spirit, and that his glory was intimately connected with and interwoven in all the circumstances and events that attended it. He showed me that the whole was a path of tribulation, for he brought the whole into one focus before my view; I saw it, and that a rich vein of mercy and love ran through the whole; so that I was thus indulged five hours and a half; and when I retired to bed, expecting that I should have no sleep, nor had I any desire for sleep, my thoughts being so intensely occupied with him, I said, "Dear Lord, henceforth let no man trouble me, nor be concerned about me; 'tis enough, thou art mine!" but he gave me sweet sleep, and I awoke in the morning with the same powerful influences upon me. After my morning sacrifice had been offered, I found it was impossible for me to attend to business whilst this rich jubilee continued; and it abode with me for some days after, when I returned to my own place.

[The writer is gone to his everlasting rest.—Ed.]

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## A LETTER BY THE LATE SAMUEL TURNER, OF SUNDERLAND.

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My dear Friends,—I have just got up from my knees, having bowed them to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family of heaven and earth is named, and having made confession and prayer for myself, and all his children. The first thought after I arose had my Helmsley friends for its object; and fearing to trust myself in writing after going out, I immediately sat down to send a few lines on the best subject—a covenant God in Christ, who has so graciously manifested himself in all generations, as to become the object of the saving knowledge, fear, confidence, hope, and rejoicing of his people in every age.

The precious words spoken to Abraham respect also his seed after him: "Fear not, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." How perfectly safe are those who have an interest in the one, and how inconceivably happy are they who possess the other! But we should not forget that a shield is only useful in warfare. And who can stand against the world, the flesh, and the devil, but those who are defended by almighty power? When we reflect upon the thousands and millions that the world, the flesh, and the devil have eternally destroyed; when we feel a little of their great power, and are brought low by their subtle, powerful, and malicious opposition; when foes abound and fears prevail, then how sweet it is to be enabled, in the exercise of precious faith, to find ourselves under the all-sufficient and engaged power of God, displayed in the precious blood, the everlasting righteousness, and all fulness of grace of Christ Jesus, our covenant Head! He is our Sun and our Shield, our Refuge and our Hiding place. And the Holy Spirit teaches us to fly by prayer to him for help and deliverance, for perseverance and salva-

tion. This is the feeble arm of faith making use of the strong shield. Our blind, wretched, unbelieving heart may have its fears, but God has his faithfulness, which can never fail. And the sweet Psalmist saith, "The Lord is a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble; and they that know his name will put their trust in him; for the Lord has not forsaken the soul that seeketh him." And the Lord enlightening us to see, and quickening us to feel our depravity, the temptations of Satan, and the troubles, snares, and entanglements of this evil world, and by applying his precious promises, doth cause us to seek him for pardon, strength, and perseverance; and sometimes we can truly say, "We have found him whom our soul loveth." His presence puts our foes to flight, and dispels our fears. Light, life, and love, courage, strength, and joy accompany it. We bid defiance to our foes, and farewell to our fears, and look forward with lively expectation to our possessing the "exceeding great reward." O astonishing favor! May it deeply humble and gladden our hearts, and cause us to offer up our tribute of praise to the Three-in-One Jehovah, for grace so sovereign, rich, and free to poor unworthy sinful dust and ashes.

The love of God in Christ Jesus, the glorious Person, and perfectly finished work of the Mediator; the eternal redemption he hath obtained; the glorious truth of the everlasting Gospel; the precious promises of the new and better covenant, and the gracious work of the Holy Spirit, are the grandest and most important themes that can engage the heart, tongue, or pen. What a mercy, that we should ever see a beauty in them, ever taste their sweetness, and that they should have an abiding place in our mind and memory, our choice and desire, our heart and affections! "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound;" that receive the love of truth, yielding the obedience of faith, and whose heart's prayer to God is to experience its power, enjoy its blessings, and live, walk, and speak according to it; and be brought into his presence with exceeding great joy, who is the sum and substance of it.

When we consider by how many, and how much, the truth is neglected, despised, and opposed, what abundant cause have we to admire and adore that sovereign, almighty grace that has made us to differ; which has opened our blind eyes, unstopped our deaf ears, and loosened our long-tied tongues; and, in spite of all our native ignorance, unbelief, and hardness of heart, and all the devices and power of Satan, our cruel enemy, has caused the light of the Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, to shine into our hearts, giving us that view of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus that has caused us to love, rejoice, and adore! O that this may be much increased in you and me, and all that inquire their way to Zion, with their faces thitherward! The sweet promises are, "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings, and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall." And, "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shines more and more to the perfect day." I remain, Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL TURNER.

## CALLED TO BEAR THE WEIGHTY CROSS.

Dear Friend,—Your former and last letters are now before me, and cause me to say, I am glad to hear of distant friends, as well as to behold those who are present with me. It is the church and cause of God that lie near my heart. For that, and for them, I have often spent my strength, and exhausted my internal treasure, until, according to my feelings, I have thought I have been finished, and should go on and hold together but a very little while longer. Yet having obtained help of God, I continue to the present day.

I must confess I feel a desire to continue a little longer, for the furtherance and joy of faith of those babes of Christ who are committed to my charge. I long and labor to bring them on their journey after a godly sort; and the Lord has poured such a zeal into my heart for their holiness of life as well as of heart, that I must rebuke them that have sinned (openly) before all, that the others may fear, warn the unruly, and show the absolute necessity that the old man be crucified, and that the body of sin be destroyed; so that at the last I may present them as a chaste virgin to Christ. I find that some are very willing to "obey them that have the rule over them, and submit themselves," being gentle and easy to be entreated; while others, even gracious souls, are stubborn and hard to be won.

What different ways, looks, and words the ministry has brought upon me. To some people I seem, in my way of acting, as though I had no concern for them in the least; while to others I use and practise all the art that is possible (that is with myself) to entangle them. To some I look so stern, as if I were filled with madness; while to others, as if my eyes were a fountain of tears and ready to burst and start from their sockets, in earnest, good, and loving wishes for them. O! If God's little children knew my heart's love for them, and could see how it streams from my eyes, and hear how it flows from my mouth, methinks that they would take the speediest advantage of it they could, and say, "Let him reprove, rebuke, warn, and admonish, it is all an excellent oil that shall not break my head." For "faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." To some I speak, and my words have been like the piercings of a sword, while others find that the tongue of the wise giveth health.

To stand clear from blood-guiltiness, I have been necessitated to tell many a sinner that, living and dying in the state he was in, hell would be his doom to an endless eternity; and to many a deceived professor I have pointed out the grounds of that deception, until their consciences have witnessed to the truth of what I said; but not falling under that, they have called me the most uncharitable man they ever knew; and that what I said was the fruits and effects of the spirit of the devil himself. Some have run away to others to get their wounds healed in any way, so that they might be healed. I remember that one poor man said, when I had been pointing the truth out to him, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret." I

said it was likely that God would take him at his word. Since then he has fallen into a sad and shocking disgrace. Some few have fallen when wounded, and have remained so until the blood of atonement has made them whole. When I see sinners bleeding with grief in their minds and consciences, I do not know how to be kind and tender enough. Did they but know how my bowels yearn over them, they would not be so shy and so backward as they sometimes are.

Never was there more need to draw the line of separation, and produce the marks of spiritual distinction than at this time; and as this is done, you will find that "sinners in Zion are afraid, and fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrite;" but the event of such things I am enabled in a great measure to leave.

I have often thought, and find it true, that I am set as "a man of strife and contention to the whole earth." For I do not know one servant of Christ at this time (except Mr. —) who has so much prejudice to cope with as myself; and that amongst good men. Yet herein has the Lord and Saviour embraced the opportunity to make me more clearly manifest.

You have said that I am a highly-honored man, and I dare say that you had a compound of feelings when I have been amongst you; but that which the Lord approves of in you and by you, I have no reason to disapprove of myself. I would say, if your call to the ministry is clear, give yourself to much reading of the Scriptures and prayer, and to the watching of every motion without and within.

But I will now inform you that I am still honored by my most gracious Lord and Master; for he says, "Them that honor me I will honor;" and even when I have no particular manifestation of his love, yet I am called to bear the cross; which I see and feel to be as needful as other things. There was a time when the cross appeared very frightful, and I struggled to get free from it; and because I could not obtain my ends, I kicked and rebelled against it; but now it stirs me up to prayer, creates a good appetite for the word, and makes bitter things to become sweet. One part of my cross is, some whom I highly esteem walk very wide, and give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. This is very painful to me, yet I see it is overruled for good. Another is, afflictions in my family, which I suppose will be heavier still; yet they are very profitable indeed; the reverse of what I have said above. I feel myself to bow and to be patient and resigned. My heart cries and goes up in prayer, and, whether you believe it or not, when my first child was laid down, I could say, "Bless the Lord for this." I think, speak, and believe in my heart that nothing takes place by chance; and that all is by weight and measure. I see that it is not only the Lord's work to give, but that it is he who taketh away also; and this greatly supports me, so that I do not repine. Should he strike my mercies dead, or take them all away, I hear him say, "Be still, and know that I am God." It was on the cross my old man was crucified with Christ; and it is by the cross I am crucified to the world, with all its affections and lusts. Without tribulation, how can I be a manifest disciple? and what hope can I have of the sparkling crown? It is this that has made

my conversation savory to you, my letters weighty, and my ministry successful. I certainly have seen him suffering, bleeding, and dying on the cross for me, which was the greatest pleasure I ever had; and may I not suppose he delights to see me wear the cross for him? Without vaunting, I say it is a badge of honor I have no desire to be without. I would be understood to mean that which is for truth's sake, or for my soul's health. In the doctrine of the cross, I see the infinite wisdom of God shine; while the "preaching of the cross is foolishness to them that perish." O James! The salutary effects of the cross are such as you can never sufficiently value, and will no doubt be at a loss how to describe.

I cannot possibly accommodate the wishes of the youths under the yoke at this time; and whether I shall be able to serve the Deptford people on a Lord's Day or not, I cannot tell; say I will if I can. The time that I fix for the present is next Monday month and the following two nights; unless I can obtain leave for the Lord's Day, of which I will give you a timely notice.

Give my respects to the Deptford friends, and to the few at Sydenham, Beckenham, Bromley, &c.

Believe me to remain, a lover of them who love the truth, and willing to serve them in the Gospel of Christ as far as my strength and time will admit of.

Wadhurst, June 20th, 1828.

W. C.

I AM come at last according to my promise, which ought to have been fulfilled before; but, alas! I have sometimes leisure upon my hands, but no heart to work; no oil in my cruse, no spring in my well, no overflowings in my cup. At other times the wind blows, the spices flow out, and the spring of divine life rises; when perhaps I want leisure. And sometimes the poor tabernacle is weary or infirm, when much study becomes a weariness to the flesh. Never right, nor can be. Something will ever be out of joint, off the hooks, unpinned, or displaced; something wanted, something missing, something deficient; until that blessed period arrives when we shall see him as he is, be changed into his likeness, bear his image, be clothed with his immortality, shine in his rays, swim in his pleasure, burn in his love, triumph in his victory, bask in his glory, and be filled with all his fulness; made perfect in one, see as we are seen, and know as we are known; then shall the high praises of God be in our mouth, and eternal joy upon our head; and our sweet, unwearied, unmolested, uninterrupted, and unceasing employ, be celebrating the perfections of God and the Lamb for ever and ever! This is the glory set before us, for which we must endure the cross and despise the shame.—*Huntington.*

WHAT I have in this manner seen, and heard, and learnt from spiritual experience, is more certain in my estimation than what my bodily eyes see, my ears hear, and my hands touch. God himself has taught me to distinguish between nature and grace, light and darkness, imagination and power. God is not only faithful to forgive us our sins, but likewise just to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Hence also I confess my sin and unrighteousness before him, and desire to be cleansed from it more and more. This further purification and sanctification is effected thus: I strive and struggle against sin, not in my own strength, but by the Holy Spirit, who dwells and operates in me.—*Herman Franke.*

## Obituary.

### MRS. CLACK, LATE OF STAMFORD.

CAROLINE CLACK (her maiden name being Tinsley) was born November 25th, 1816, at Walsoken, in the county of Norfolk.

She has been heard to say that she was, from a child, naturally of a serious turn of mind, but she dated her first divine impressions about eternal things from 1832, when the cholera raged so fearfully through the country, and several persons were cut off by it very suddenly in the village where she at that time lived. Struck with alarm and apprehension at the suddenness of these fatal attacks, she felt and feared it might be her turn next; and through this, as his own appointed way of first meeting with her soul, the Lord laid the weight of eternal things so powerfully upon her heart and conscience that she could not conceal her convictions and terrors. One night in particular, as she was in bed with her sister, she was so pressed down with the weight of guilt and fear, that she was forced to cry out aloud, "What will become of my soul? O hell, hell!" Under these fears and convictions, she began to reform her life, and tried, as most convinced sinners do, to square it with the law of God, but, as all that are taught of God find, without success. Moses is too hard a taskmaster, too rigorous a lawgiver, to let a soul off short of the curse. We have no exact account how long she continued under the law, nor when mercy first reached her soul. But it appears that soon after she was quickened into spiritual life, her parents being church people, she could no longer content herself with going to church, as she had been accustomed to do, but would steal off to the Methodist chapel, to find, if possible, some food for her soul. Like most other young Christians, she now thought she had found the Lord's people; they seemed so much more zealous, holy, and spiritual than the dead, cold formalists she had hitherto known. Influenced by these feelings, and having no books nor friends from which she could learn anything of the truth, she soon became one of them; and after a time went so far, in her zeal and warmth, as to take a part in their public service, such as giving out hymns, speaking in prayer, visiting and reading with the sick, &c. She continued bound up in this connection for two or three years, and became so much attached to them that at that time she thought there was no people like them upon earth.

Up to this period we have only imperfect fragments such as were gathered from casual hints dropped by her in conversation in after-life; but in the spring of 1835 she was led to commence a diary of the dealings of God with her soul, which she continued to keep until the early part of 1847. These records are now before us, and so far as we have read them, they breathe from first to last the same spirit. They are not daily entries, but occasional memorandums of the dealings of God with her soul. Her time being much occupied, the Lord's Day was sometimes her only spare season for noting down these interesting records. It is of course impossible for us, with



our limited space, to do anything more than give a few extracts from them. Our main difficulty, where there is so much worth permanently recording, is to select from the abundant materials before us. One thing has, however, particularly struck us in the early portion of them, that though during the first part of these records she evidently seems to have still continued among the Wesleyans, and to be attached to them as a people, yet we can trace hardly anything of their views in her diary. It chiefly consists of acknowledging and lamenting her own sinfulness and vileness, and recounting the Lord's manifested mercies to her soul. The pot of ointment is, for the most part, untainted by Wesley's flies, nor is there a maggot of free-will often seen crawling amongst the records of free grace.

But it is time to let her speak for herself. Trials were soon her allotted portion, and among her first and heaviest was the loss of both her parents, at an early period of her life. On Feb. 27th, 1836, soon after she was nineteen years of age, she lost her father, and on the 21st of the following July, she was bereaved of her mother. Being thus left an orphan, and apparently in trying providential circumstances, having brothers and sisters equally unprovided for, she was compelled to go out as a governess; and not having been favored with a superior education, was necessarily compelled to accept inferior situations—in fact, to become what is usually called a nursery governess. A few extracts from her diary at this period may be interesting, as showing how her mind was exercised at the prospect before her.

1836. April 5th.—My soul has this evening been almost overwhelmed with the prospect before me; but, blessed be God, I found relief in prayer; the Lord blessed me. My chief fear is that I should be engaged in a family that do not know and love God; but I will commit my way unto the Lord. Should such be the case, I believe he is able to keep me from falling; he will keep my soul from the power of the enemy, though I dwell in the midst of temptation. Thank God, I am now enabled to believe that let what will happen, it shall all be for my everlasting good and the glory of God.

But she had her encouragements, as the following extract from her diary will show:

1836. May 22nd. Sunday.—This has been a most glorious day. Last night all was gloomy; I was almost overwhelmed with sorrow; but to night my soul feels right glad; the cloud is removed. I have been to chapel to-night; Mr. B. preached a delightful sermon on these words, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the children of God;" but better than all, God was there; he was present in my heart; his Spirit bore witness with my spirit, and told me I was his child. Then what does it matter how many cares and troubles I have in this life? They are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed, nor even with the bliss and joy I now feel. I am his adopted child through the merits of the adorable Jesus. O for grace and strength to love him more and to trust him more. I will trust all things into his hands. My Father loves unworthy me, and will do all things well. Praised be his holy name for ever. Amen.

A singular dream seems much to have encouraged her at this trying period, just before she was launched as an orphan into the world:

1836. Sunday, June 13th.—I feel this night very much encouraged. Blessed be the name of the Lord, I am enabled to trust him. I last night had many

doubts and fears; I prayed with all my soul. I had last night a very remarkable dream. I dreamed I was in company with my deceased father and a friend; my father handed a piece of paper, which he had been reading, to a friend; I inquired what it was; he held it before me, and I read, "Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." My fears last night were, that, being engaged with them that know not God, I should backslide from the path that leads to life, and gradually fall away and love the road that leads to death; but, thank God, he has assured me by his word that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him, and bids me not to fear, because I am of more value than many sparrows. Then in his hands I trust my all; he is able and willing to keep that which I commit to him till the last great day. I shall be kept by the power of God. Praise the Lord.

On Aug. 15th, 1836, she left her orphaned home to dwell among strangers, and those who neither knew nor feared God. On the next day there is this entry in her diary:

Aug. 16th, Walpole.—I am now surrounded with every blessing the world can give, and God has this night visited my soul. I walked in the garden. I thought about God coming down to talk with Adam, and Adam's guilt and shame when he sought to hide himself. I felt that I too should be naked, were it not for the robes of salvation given to me by my Redeemer. Blessed be his name, I am clothed with him.

One of her greatest trials in her new situation was that she was not allowed to go among the people with whom her heart then was. But the Lord did not forsake her. The following extract will show how the Lord in secret smiled upon and blessed her soul:

Oct. 25th.—I have this night had a glorious season. Mr. and Mrs. P. being out, I had an hour alone; and O, the communion I had with my God was delightful; faith was in lively exercise; it was but only ask and have. I no sooner asked than felt his presence; I asked his blessing, and blessed be his name, felt I was blessed by him; it was as though the Lord of heaven and earth deigned to talk with his unworthy creature. I prayed and read his word, and was enabled to receive it as though immediately spoken by him to me. Praised be his holy name for ever and ever, world without end. Amen and Amen.

During this period of her life she was much wrapped up with those who denied the doctrines of sovereign grace. This would not be suspected from reading her diary; for like many others, her heart was sounder than her head. But the Lord was about to bring her under the sound of truth. The following extract will show how this was brought to pass:

1837. Feb. 13th.—I am this night in great difficulties. Mrs. P. is very angry with me. I yesterday refused to write a bill for her because it was Sunday. She seems to say that if I will not do as she wishes I must not stay here long; but blessed be God, I came and spread all my sorrows at his feet this night; and he has dispersed all my fears by this sweet promise, "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Blessed be his name, I feel he enables me to trust him now by his grace. I will endeavor to do my duty, and leave the rest with him; he will never leave me nor forsake me.

May 23rd.—I have this night received notice to leave in a quarter's time. These words came into my mind at the same moment, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he will bring it pass." Blessed be God, I feel I can trust in him. I think I begin to see the opening of a way for me, I hope by his grace, to leave here without bringing an ill name upon religion, as Mrs. P. says my chief offence was, not writing the bill that Sunday.

In the following September, quite unexpectedly, the Lord, who is faithful to his promise, opened a way for her to obtain a situation at

Osbournby, Lincolnshire, where for the first time she heard the doctrines of grace preached. Her mind being open to truth soon became much exercised about the truths of the gospel, now for the first time sounded in her ears. She thus speaks of the exercises of her mind:

1838. April 8rd.—I am this night very much perplexed. I went into a friend's house, where I met with Mr. P.\* He endeavored to explain to me the doctrine of election and final perseverance. I cannot believe in this doctrine. I am very much puzzled. If this be of God, it is great wickedness in me to dispute it; and if it is not, O how dreadful will it be to receive it. I feel resolved, by divine grace, to take his advice. I will read and pray over the Bible more. O that the Lord may bestow upon me more light, that I may be strengthened, established, and built most firmly in his most holy faith.

At this time "Boston's Fourfold State" was much blessed to lead her into the truth. She thus speaks of it:

Aug. 5th.—I have lately been engaged in reading "Boston's Fourfold State." It has been, by God's grace, very much blessed to me. I am now led to see into the state of man's total depravity more clearly. I now see that redemption is an act of sovereign grace, and that the doctrine of free will is an error. I see that everlasting destruction to every child of Adam is strictly just; and I view it as an act of infinite mercy in the Lord of all grace that he has determined that some shall be saved. I once thought that it was impossible I should ever believe this. When I reflect upon it, my soul is ready to exclaim, This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in my eyes.

She now seems to have been led more deeply than before into the sense of her own vileness and helplessness, and many changes from sorrow to joy, and from joy to sorrow, to have passed over her soul. She thus writes, soon after coming to Osbournby and receiving the truth in the love of it:

Sunday, Sept. 16th.—This morning felt very happy. I could read my title clear to mansions in the skies; but O, a dark cloud hovers over my mind now. I cannot for one moment doubt God's everlasting love to those whom he has chosen; but O, am I one? Is my experience a blessed reality, or am I deceiving myself with vain hopes?

"O dissolve the doubtful case,  
Thou who art thy people's sun;  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun."

I am this night full of doubts and fears. O that the Lord would, in his infinite mercy, cause me to rejoice in him again.

17th.—Blessed and praised be the holy name of my God for the manifestation of his love to me, a poor, unworthy worm. This day these words have been applied with divine power, and have caused every fear to give place to holy joy and peace, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Tears of joy run down my cheeks, my eyes o'erflow that I have any hopes of heaven. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

Nov. 12th.—The manifestation of the love of my heavenly Father to me, a poor worm, last night, was so great that I know not how to express it. It beggars all language. O, why such love to me; me, a poor, guilty wretch? Surely there can no answer be given but, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Praise the Lord, O my soul.

After remaining about a year at Osbournby, she was induced to accept a situation at Harpswell, about eight miles distant from

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\* This was the clergyman of the parish, under whose ministry she first heard the truth clearly preached.

Gainsborough, Lincolnshire. The reason of this step is not mentioned in her diary, and she speaks of it afterwards as a hasty step.

At Osbournby she was much favored, not only with the preached gospel, but with the society of Christian friends, to whom she became much attached, and who as warmly reciprocated her affection, and on removing to her new situation much felt the loss of their society. She thus writes:

Dec. 23rd. Sleaford.—I have this day left Osbournby, where I have been made the happy recipient of so many mercies. I have bade farewell to my dear friends Misses C. and T. When I arrived here, I felt overwhelmed with sorrow. I sought relief in prayer, when these words came with power, "Are these, then, in the place of God?" Poor sinful creature, my heart was humbled; and I was willing to go anywhere. My will is lost, this time, in the will of my God.

At Harpswell, she had to attend the parish church, where a poor dead stick of a minister occupied the pulpit. This dead legal ministry was a great trial to her, and she thus expresses her feelings on the first Lord's Day after reaching her new situation:

1839. Sunday, Jan. 13.—I have this day been to the parish church; but O, sad disappointment! the gospel's joyful sound is unknown here. I feel very much cast down. Better put up with any ill of life than be deprived of it; but O, thus it is; I have left it, and it cannot be recalled. Lord, have mercy upon me. I thank thee that I ever heard the gospel's joyful sound. O, teach me day by day thyself, my God, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Here she continued several years, and during her abode there addressed the following letter to a Christian friend at Osbournby, with which, for the present, we close our memoir:

Harpswell, May 2nd, 1841.

My ever dear Friend,—Would that I could now see thee, and press thee affectionately to my troubled breast. This blessed evening numbers are going joyfully up to the house of the Lord, but I, alas, am confined in this barren land without the society of one kindred soul. O! this is a great trial; but this is not all to-night, for solitude I can bear patiently, for when I am alone then I am not alone, but here I am with four little children and their father, who is uncommonly cross because their mother is gone to chapel, but I will forbear to complain. It is a world of sin and sorrow, but thanks be to God, the fashion of this world passeth away. May the good Lord in much mercy make us meet for his kingdom, and then send his messenger Death to fetch us home. But O may he make me submissive to all his good pleasure, and willing to tarry till my change come. My dear girl, I feel I cannot proceed to night, my heart is so full of woe. May the Lord have mercy upon me. 4th.—My dear Friend, you will see I was in sad trouble on Sunday evening. "Cast down but not destroyed." Is not that a mercy? I am now about to attempt once more to answer your kind letter; it did indeed cheer my spirits greatly to hear from you. I deeply sympathise with you in your trials, temporally and spiritually, but I must tell you I found great cause for thankfulness and joy on your account. You are called to pass through many a fire, and it appears evident to me that you have not passed through them in vain, but that they have had a salutary effect upon your heart. "I will bring the third part through the fire; I will refine them as silver is refined, and try them as gold is tried." Let us not marvel then, but rather rejoice and be thankful at the fulfillment of his Word; let us adore and love, as we mark these evidences that we are of this happy third part. The world, its business, its cares, its wickedness, the deadness of those who surround me, are indeed a great trial to me; and I doubt not are the same to my dear Mary. I am sometimes led to think if the world be a burden to us who have so little spiritual life in us, if we feel it to be a cross to us, what

did he who was holy, he who was life itself, endure, not only during the time of his public ministration, but also in those thirty years which preceded it? And O my friend, when we consider that he voluntarily endured the world as well as the cross for us poor sinners, what matchless love attaches to his character! Verily he was God, for "God is love," and Jesus was love itself. I think if those who deny his Godhead had but only the view, even that I, a poor worm, have of the love of Jesus, they must admit that He whom they allow to be a good man is indeed equal with the Father. Blessed and praised be his holy name for ever. You very truly said in your last that every day's experience might serve to teach us our shortsightedness; but we are, I trust, under the special guidance and protection of One who cannot err and will not be unkind. What is the one desire of our souls? Is it not to be made meet for the presence of him who hath loved us; and then to be admitted into his glorious abode, there to dwell? How reasonable then is it that we should submissively and thankfully bow to the means which are unquestionably necessary to the attainment of our desired end. O that from our inmost souls we may be enabled to say, "Thy will be done." I feel better in health since the spring has come on, and I get out more than I did in the winter, but do not feel near so strong and vigorous as once I did. I often reflect with pleasure on the time when only a few steps separated us. We had our trials then, had we not? But still I shall ever look upon that period of my life with thankfulness, I trust. How providential it was that we should all dwell there at one time. If I am spared, the will of the Lord be done; may he guide me by his good providence and bless me with his grace, and with a sweet sense of his everlasting love may he enable me to trust in him that I may not be confounded. Spring enlivens all the scene, and makes Harpswell look very pretty indeed; the feathered songsters fill it with delightful harmony. If the voice of the turtle (preached Gospel I mean) was but heard in our land, it would be a delightful spot indeed. Prize your privilege, my dear friend, and pray that I may have that blessing restored to me, though unworthy of it. I do not indeed deserve it. Once, you know, I sat under the blessed sound and desired not to hear it, yea, used to endeavor to think of something to draw my attention from the subject. Then, indeed, did Satan transform himself into an angel of light, and used the written Word as a temptation; but, thanks be to God, who overcame his hellish devices and set my soul at liberty. Let his great and good name be adored eternally. I will not apologise about my long letter, or talk about my wearying you, for I believe you will not be weary with me; my partial friend loves me too well. Well, I must conclude with best love, and every good wish for your temporal and spiritual welfare.

I am ever your affectionate Friend and Sister,

May 6th, 1841.

CAROLINE TINSLEY.

P.S.—Forgive all. Write soon if you can.

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MOST of our readers will probably have already learnt that it has pleased God to take unto his eternal rest our dear and esteemed friend, the late Mr. Warburton.

He died on April 2nd, 1857, in the eighty-first year of his age; very happy in his soul, and longing to be gone.

As it is is purposed (D. V.) to bring out some little account of his last days, for the benefit of his widow and family, we have purposely abstained from recording in our pages many sweet and blessed things that we have heard were dropped by him during his last illness.

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## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly favor me with your answer, through the "Gospel Standard," to the following query: Whether you believe it to be contrary to the word of God to nominate a person as deacon whose wife is not a member, although she be a God-fearing person and a consistent character, at the same time bearing in mind that the nominated person is duly qualified for that office? As I have heard opinions both for and against, I should esteem it a favour if you will give me your thoughts upon the subject.

Yours in the truth,

A PILGRIM.

## ANSWER.

If the person is in all other respects suitable for the office, we do not see that his wife not being a member of the church is a radical objection to his being chosen deacon. It is true that we have instructions given in the word of truth (1 Tim. iii. 11) with respect to the character of deacons' wives; and it is required of them that they should be "grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things;" but without daring for one moment to set aside or lightly treat the sacred word of God, we must bear in mind that in those days the deacons' wives occupied a situation in the church which, almost ever since primitive times, has fallen into disuse, and, therefore, the same qualifications do not seem to be so absolutely and positively required in them now as were necessary then.

There was in ancient times, as indeed is now the case in all Eastern climes, a strong and remarkable jealousy as to any habits of converse between persons of a different sex. It was considered highly immodest and indelicate in a female to be seen talking, publicly or privately, to a man; and therefore, to avoid the least possible suspicion of reproach, the deacons were compelled to abstain from visiting or speaking to the female members of the church.

There is a remarkable letter still extant, written by Clement, mentioned by Paul, (Phil. iv. 3,) in which he strongly reprehends any such converse between persons of a different sex as might lay them open to suspicion from the church or the world.

The office, therefore, of deaconess was essential to the well-being of the church then, for none but females could visit those of their own sex that were sick or in prison, or needed friendly help and counsel; and these deaconesses, of whom Phebe (Rom. xvi. 1) was one, were naturally, though not necessarily, the wives of the deacons. In fact, such was the dissoluteness of morals generally in ancient times, that unless some such restraint or prohibition had been in force, there would have been no bound to suspicion; and of course Christians, however godly or circumspect themselves, were bound to yield to the force of public opinion, in order to avoid bringing a reproach upon the Gospel. But as a similar necessity does not now exist for the office of deaconess, it has fallen into disuse, nor does there seem to be any need of its revival. We are not therefore setting aside the



authority of Scripture in not requiring the same qualifications in the wife of a deacon as were then demanded; and if she be a God-fearing person and a consistent character, we cannot see that her not being a member of the church should form an invincible objection to her husband being chosen to fulfil the office; for even carrying strictly out the Scripture qualifications, she may have them all, and yet not be a member of the church, as appears to be the case in the instance before us. Nor indeed do we see the absolute necessity that she should be a gracious woman at all, provided her conduct is such as will cast no reproach upon her husband, for it might happen that there was no other male member of the church fit for the office. And he might be the very person just adapted to fulfil it.

Take, for instance, the case of a very small church in which there are but few men; and assume that their wives are not members, which, in a small church, is very probable. Is that church to have no deacons at all, because their wives are not in the church? Or assume another case; that from youth or inexperience, or want of discernment and judgment, all the male members whose wives are in the church are unfit for the office; and there is one eminently qualified for it, whose partner, though a good, or at least a quiet, well-behaved, consistent woman, is not a member. Is it not better for the church's welfare to have the latter individual as deacon, than pass him by and select a man utterly unqualified, merely because his wife is in the church? But if most would admit that in such cases the Scripture is not imperative in requiring the wife should be a member, it seems to follow that in this, as in other cases, the spirit of the Scripture is to be our guide more than the strict, absolute letter.

At the same time we fully admit that it is desirable that the deacons' wife should be a member of the church, as most likely to contribute to the comfort of all, and the avoiding of all objection and cavil. The point that we wish to establish is, that such a qualification is not indispensable, though we acknowledge highly desirable in the choice of a deacon by the voice of the church.

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Dear Sir,—If a consistent, God-fearing member of a gospel church fall under the unjust accusations, bitter invectives, and slanders of a lying tongue, so as to make his character appear vile, what, in such a case, is the duty of the church of which that member forms a part? To reflect thus upon one, does it not reflect a portion of the same odium on all, as well as on the gospel they profess? Would apathy and indifference become them in such a case, or would they be doing wrong to vindicate the character of such an unjustly-accused brother member? Does not the honor of religion, the glory of the gospel, as well as the union and sympathy of the members of Christ's mystical body, which is set forth in the scriptures of truth to exist among living souls that are said to be "members one of another," call upon them to rub off the dirt of calumny and reproach, and put the right in the right place, and the wrong in the right place?

Yours respectfully, in the best of bonds, R. M.

## ANSWER.

It is evidently the duty of a gospel church to investigate the circumstances of the case when unjust accusations, or indeed, accusations of any kind, are brought against the character of a member. It is not brotherly, or indeed consistent with a profession of vital godliness, to treat such a case with apathy and indifference; for it is not only the character of the individual member which is at stake, but that of the whole church which must suffer with him.

If our correspondent considers himself unjustly accused, why does he not lay the matter before the church, and urge them to institute an investigation of the case? Why does he not represent to them that their own honor is at stake as well as his, and ask them to appoint two or three of their soberest members to examine the case, and if need be, bring the matter before the whole body, that his character may be cleared or not, according to circumstances? At the same time, if R. M's. conscience acquit him of the accusations laid to his charge, and the church be unwilling to interfere in the matter, it would be more consistent with the Gospel, and in the end be more for his own peace, if he committed the matter unto Him who judgeth righteously, and is able to bring him forth out of every false charge to the praise of his great name.

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IN a city that is at unity in itself, compact and entire, without divisions and parties, if an enemy approach about it, the rulers and inhabitants have no thoughts at all, but only how they may oppose the enemy without and resist him in his approaches. But if the city be divided in itself, if there be factions and traitors within, the very first thing they do is to look to the enemies at home, the traitors within; to cut off the head of Sheba, if they will be safe. All was well with Adam within doors when Satan came, so that he had nothing to do but to look to his assaults and approaches. But now, on the access of any temptation, the soul is instantly to look in, where it shall find this traitor at work, closing with the baits of Satan, and stealing away the heart. And this it doth always, which evinceth an habitual inclination. David says, "I am ready to halt," (Psalm xxxviii. 17,) or for halting; I am prepared and disposed unto hallucination, to the slipping of my feet into sin, (Ps. xxxviii. 16,) as he expounds the meaning of that phrase in another place. (Ps. lxxiii. 2, 3.) There was from indwelling sin a continual disposition in him to be slipping, stumbling, halting, on every occasion, or temptation.—*Owen*.

WHEN the Holy Spirit convinces, therefore, of sin, all the self-righteousness, all dependance upon our religion and morality, tumble like Babylon to the ground, and poor, and naked, and blind, and miserable, the soul thirsts for the revelation of Jesus Christ, and for "those times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Nothing can satisfy such but the whisper of the Redeemer to the heart: "Your righteousness is of me; I am your salvation;" and till this is brought about, the Spirit helps to pray with groanings that cannot be uttered. He teaches them to ask after the will of God, and leads the soul on till he has brought it to the blood of Christ, which is the well of life, and then he bids it drink, yea drink abundantly. He lifts up the blind eyes, which he had anointed with his eye-salve, to the cross, and shows the ransom. He directs them to look and be saved, to believe and receive the remission of their sins.—*Cennick*.

## REVIEW.

*Deborah, "A Mother in Israel." Judges iv. 7. A Treatise on Walking with God. By the celebrated Anne Dutton. To which is prefixed, Her precious Memoir, as written by Herself. With a Portrait. A New Edition, with a Preface by J. A. Jones. London: J. Paul, 1, Chapterhouse-court, Saint Paul's.*

THE prophet Amos, writing under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and thus speaking for God, puts a very pointed and pregnant question, where he asks, "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" (Amos iii. 3.) The inquiry thus launched forth, and permanently embodied in the word of God, embraces a very wide scope, and is true naturally as well as spiritually. Take, for instance, two persons in ordinary life—one quiet, reserved, studious, fond of retirement and solitude—the other noisy, boisterous, devoted to pleasure and gayety, a sportsman and a gambler. Can these two men be bosom friends and intimate associates? As much as sheep can willingly lie down with dogs, or doves nestle with vultures. There must be a similarity of tastes, inclinations, tempers, and habits, before such a mutual pleasure can be taken in the society of each other, as shall result in any close or permanent intimacy.

But if this be true as a matter of daily observation and experience, how much more is it a solemn and permanent truth when viewed spiritually, and brought to bear upon 1. The relationship between God and man; and 2. Upon the relationship between the children of God and the servants of Satan. Can God, then, walk with man, or man walk with God, except they be agreed? The thing is impossible, God and man continuing what and as they are. God is holy, man unholy; he is infinitely pure, man desperately wicked; he dwelling in the light which no one can approach unto, man sitting in the very darkness and shadow of death. Yet, according to the testimony of the sacred record, Enoch walked with, and pleased God; (Gen. v. 22, Heb. xi. 5;) Abraham was the friend of God; (Isa. xli. 8;) and Corinthian believers were the temple of God. (2 Cor. vi. 16.) Thus it is plain from God's own unerring testimony that there is a way whereby God and man may become agreed, and as such walk together; for not only may man walk with God, but God can also walk with man, according to his own promise, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." They thus walk together—God walking in them, and they walking with God. Are they, then, agreed? They are, or how else could they walk together, if the inspired question of Amos is to stand firm and true?

But is there no original breach which first needs repairing, no previous alienation that requires removing; for most plain it is that of the vast mass of mankind few, very few, really walk with God, or God walks with them? What, then, made the breach; for when God created man there was certainly no variance between the Creator and the creature? Sin made the breach; sin caused the sepa-

ration; sin drove man out of Paradise, and set him at a distance from God. But could not this breach, this separation, this distance be removed? Removed it certainly might be, for removed, in certain cases, at least, it has been, or otherwise no one could walk with God; but not removed by any goodness, wisdom, strength, or righteousness of the creature. For consider what a dreadful breach has been made—how flagrantly, how wilfully man sinned, what death he brought into his whole being, body and soul; how daringly he trampled on the express prohibition of his Maker and Benefactor; and how he not only sinned against the majesty, holiness, and justice of God, but cast himself into a state of condemnation and death, in which he has neither will nor power to return to Him against whom he has so deeply revolted.

But what man could not do for himself, God, in the depths of his infinite mercy, did for him, by sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, to offer that atoning sacrifice, to shed that precious blood, to work out and bring in that perfect righteousness by which sinners are reconciled to God, and stand without spot or blemish before him. Sin being thus wholly and completely put away, blotted out, cancelled, and eternally removed, the barrier between God and his people is fully taken away, the breach healed, and the sinner brought nigh unto his benign, compassionate, and merciful Father and Friend. But something more is needed—some spiritual knowledge, some experimental application, some divine manifestation of this wondrous scheme of pardoning love, this personal reconciliation of the sinner to God. And who thinks about, or cares for this personal and individual discovery of pardoning love, this sensible reconciliation of a sinner through atoning blood, but the poor, guilty, sin, law, and self-condemned wretch who would come to God as an accepted child, but cannot from darkness of mind, guilt of conscience, bondage of soul, grief for the past, and fears for the future? He would walk with God, but cannot, because as yet not having received the atonement, or reconciliation, (*margin*, Rom. v. 11,) he is not experimentally in his conscience so reconciled and brought near as to be agreed with God.

But something else is necessary also. He must be made a partaker of the divine nature, (2 Pet. i. 4,) be born of God, (John i. 11,) be taught and led by the Blessed Spirit, (John vi. 45, Rom. viii. 14,) be conformed to the image of Jesus, (Rom. viii. 29,) have the mind of Christ, (1 Cor. ii. 16,) drink of his cup, and be baptized with his baptism, (Matt. xx. 23,) or how can he, so to speak, see with God's eyes and feel with God's heart?

1. If he is to walk with God and be agreed with him, there must first be a union of *thought*. God has his "thoughts," though these are as high above our thoughts as heaven is higher than the earth; (Isa. lv. 9;) and we have our thoughts. But these thoughts of his and these thoughts of ours greatly differ till made to agree. His thoughts about the evil of sin, the worth of the soul, the beauty and blessedness of his dear Son, the efficacy of Jesus' blood and obedience, the honor due to his name, the manifestation of his own

glory, and the full supremacy of his sovereign will over all persons and all events—these thoughts of God are not in harmony with our thoughts, unless by divine grace we are made to think in union with him. And here is the astonishing wonder of sovereign grace, that it gives us new thoughts, new feelings, new views, new motives, new affections, new objects, and new ends—in a word, that “new heart” and that “new spirit” which God has promised to bestow upon his people. (Ezek. xxxvi. 26.)

2. There must also be an agreement in *will*. But how can that be, until our will is subdued into an acquiescence with “the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God?” (Rom. xii. 2.) And this only can be as we are “transformed by the renewing of our mind,” and brought into that conformity to the mind, image, and example of Christ which enables the soul, in its measure, to breathe itself forth in his own blessed words uttered in the gloomy garden, “Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.”

3. There must also be an agreement in *love and hatred*. What God hates we must learn to hate; what God loves we must be taught to love. Sin is the especial object of God’s hate; and it must be the special object of ours. Christ is the especial object of God’s love; and he must be the object of our heart’s warmest, tenderest affection. Pride, hypocrisy, presumption, self-righteousness, the lusts of the flesh, covetousness, oppression, and persecution—in a word, everything worldly and wicked, earthly, sensual, and devilish, is and ever must be hateful and abominable in the eyes of infinite Purity and Holiness. If not made hateful to us, where is the agreement, where the walking with God? Humility, brokenness, godly fear, tenderness of conscience, spirituality of mind, singleness of eye to God’s glory, separation from the world, faith, hope, love, submission, and resignation to the divine will, filial obedience, and heavenly fruitfulness in every good word and work—if these, and all other graces and gifts of the Holy Spirit, are pleasing and acceptable to God, must they not be also to us if we are to walk with him in holy agreement?

The work before us is a reprint of a very sweet and experimental treatise on this subject by Mrs. Anne Dutton, a highly favored saint of God who lived in the early part of the last century. It is prefaced by a very interesting Memoir, written in good part by herself, and gives a very feeling account of her last illness and death. She lived to be seventy years of age, and then—start not, reader—was starved to death; yes, literally and actually starved to death by a stoppage in her throat; dying of the disease medically called a stricture of the oesophagus. But though thus dying by inches, her soul never flagged, and almost to her latest breath she was engaged in prayer or praise, speaking of or to the Lord, and carrying on an active correspondence with her friends.\* The following extract will, we believe, be read with interest:

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\* She was a great letter-writer, for besides many published volumes, several sacks full of letters were found at her death.



"Most surprising was it to all who now saw her, that she could either write or sit up; but her conversation was so cheerful, edifying, spiritual, and refreshing, as filled the hearts and eyes of many that visited her with wonder. Her case, expressed by herself in the following letter, which was written November the 8th, and the last she was able to write, will give some idea of the state of her body and mind.

"Honored and dear Madam,—I am extremely weak; but would fain, if I possibly can, once more write you a line, to thank you for all your great kindness, and for your last dear and tender letter. I have been so very bad, dear madam, this last week, that I could not write one line to any of my dear friends. My speech faltered two days ago, and I rattled in my throat as if dying, but the Lord gave a little reviving. Yesterday, my strength seemed quite exhausted, and I was parched up with the fever. It is very little I can swallow this day; that little the Lord gives me to receive; but my stomach now turns sick at everything. It is marvellous that my life should be preserved for so long a time, without anything of substance, and very little liquid to support the animal frame. My moisture seems dried up, and I am as if I had no blood in me; and my flesh is so wasted, that I am almost like a skeleton; and yet, glory to my good God, this has been, and is, a blessed affliction! I hope it has been attended with some fruit to the glory of his worthy name; and the Lord hereby has exercised my graces variously, and blessed me with Divine consolations abundantly, which shall turn to my salvation. I am enabled now at last to triumph in Christ, who makes me more than a conqueror over sin, death, and hell, and all spiritual enemies. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, but am expectant of the greatest approaching good; because with me is the Lord of life; on his strong arm I lean; in his sweet bosom I rest; and thus cheerfully I come up from this grievous wilderness, to Immanuel's land of full joy and eternal bliss! And there, O how sweetly shall I drink, and bathe, and dive, in and into that pure river of water of life, which proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb! How delightfully will the Lamb in the midst of the throne feed me, and lead me to living fountains of waters, while God my Father wipes away all tears from my eyes! And this bliss, my dear sister in Christ, shall you and I together possess, after a few more troublous days in the wilderness. God grant you strong faith, that you may be confident of this very thing, that of the infinite love of the Lord your Saviour you shall never be forgotten nor forsaken. Then the feet of your faith being well fenced, and your shoes iron and brass, in roughest places, your strength shall be equal to your trying days, to God's praise and your bliss.

"I forget not you and yours before the Lord of all grace; pray for my salvation out of all distress. Now I leave you, the Lord will take you up, and nourish you as his own child for himself. To his love, care, and power, I commit my beloved sister; and in him, with the most tender love, and great esteem, bid you farewell for a little, very little time.'

"After this she had no strength to hold her pen any longer; but for two or three mornings would arise as usual, though it was expected, by all who saw her, she would die every hour in her chair; but her consolations in Christ abounded. She spoke of her decease, and gave orders to a particular friend of the manner of the laying out and interment of her body, with the greatest cheerfulness, satisfaction, and pleasure. On the 12th of November she took to her bed, and then it was expected every hour would be the last. The Lord gave her in mercy to sleep pretty much; but, when awake, she would often say, 'How my poor heart beats! But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' Thus she continued till Lord's Day, the 16th of the same month, when many friends going in to see her, and every one expecting to see her last, she, with her finger pointing upwards, could only be heard to say, 'Glory, glory!' and then, laying her hand on her breast, would express the same with a smiling and cheerful countenance.

"A letter from a friend, who knew nothing of her dying condition, coming to hand Lord's Day evening, she signified her desire of a brother's sitting on the bed's side to read it; which he doing, and on reading the death of a well-known friend, and she taking no notice of it, he said, 'Do you not hear, my



dear child? the Lord hath removed by death Mr. C——ll before you.' Upon her recollecting who the deceased was, she said, 'Ah, he has got the start of me. He is gone before, to welcome me home to glory!' About midnight she could speak no more; but her mouth, eyes, and hands loudly expressed the joys and consolations of her soul. The next day, about noon, a particular friend going to her bed-side, she, opening the corner of one eye, and perceiving who he was, put her hand out of bed to take hold of him; which he doing, and holding her hand in his, she lay till near nine in the evening, when the same friend being by her bed, and perceiving her soul to be quivering on her lips, put up with his whole heart the following ejaculation, 'Lord Jesus, receive thy handmaid's spirit!' and immediately her long-imprisoned spirit took wing, and made its joyful flight."

We cannot do better, we think, than now let this gracious and highly-favored woman speak for herself on the subject that she was so well and experimentally acquainted with:

"Were we to approach an absolute God, we should be but like dry stubble to consuming fire. (Job xiii. 25, Heb. xii. 29.) But O here it is we converse with Infinite Majesty dwelling in our clay, clothed with our flesh; and so the displays of his glory are delightful and not destructive to us. Thus John i. 14, 'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' It was his glory who was the brightness of his Father's, the express character of his person; (Heb. i. 3;) and the undivided glory of the essence being equally the same in all the Persons in God. Hence it is that our Lord says, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; (John xiv. 9;) because in the person of Christ we behold the same essential glory that is in the person of the Father, and also in the person of the Holy Ghost, he being God equal with both; and we behold the personal glory of all the Three radiantly displayed in the face of Jesus. As 2 Cor. iv. 6, 'For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,' which is so far from destroying us, that it becomes the ministration of life; 'while we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.' O, amazing! that the bush should be on fire, and yet not consumed; (Exod. iii. 2;) that the Godhead should dwell in the Man Christ, personally, in all its flaming glories, and yet the nature not be consumed, but preserved; and through him in all his, relatively. Well might Moses say, 'I will now turn aside and see this great sight.' Thus Christ is the way in his person, as Mediator—the great medium of converse between God and his creatures. But,

"Secondly. He is also the way, as our Kinsman-Redeemer, that has obtained eternal redemption for us; (Heb. ix. 12;) and as such he is the great medium of converse between God and sinners, in which is comprised both his suretyship undertakings in the everlasting covenant, and also his suretyship performances in the fulness of time. He not only voluntarily undertook to pay the vast sums we owed, from whence it became a righteous thing with God to demand satisfaction at his hands; but he also, in the fulness of time, assumed our nature, (Heb. ii. 16,) sustained our persons, (Col. i. 18,) fulfilled the law for us, bare our sins, (1 Pet. ii. 24,) was made a curse, (Gal. iii. 13,) conflicted with the powers of darkness, (Luke xxii. 53,) endured his Father's wrath, (Matt. xxvii. 46,) and at last died in our room, (Rom. v. 6,) descended into the grave, (Eph. iv. 9,) and rose again for our justification; (Rom. iv. 25;) and having finished his work below, he ascended to glory in the triumphs of his conquest. (Eph. iv. 10,) attended with the chariots of God, and the shout of thousands of angels, as, 'The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle;' (Psa. lxxviii. 17, 18, with xlvii. 5, and xxiv. 8;) and, as our great representing Head, he entered into the holiest of all, and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. (Heb. ix. 24; i. 3.) And by this discharge of his suretyship engagements, he has answered all the law's demands, (Rom. x. 4,) satisfied Justice, (Isa. xlii. 21,) made an end of sin, (Dan. ix. 24,) spoiled

principalities and powers, (Col. ii. 15,) made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in an everlasting righteousness; yea, has brought us in it, in his own person, into the presence of his and our Father, (John xx. 17,) presenting us 'in the body of his flesh, through death, holy and unblameable, and unreplicable in his sight.' (Col. i. 22.) Thus Christ is the way in what he is to us, and has done for us, in which God walks in his poor sinful children.

"Here all the Divine perfections harmonize. Mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other. (Psa. lxxxv. 10.) Here it is that God can be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus; (Rom. iii. 26;) 'just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;' (1 John i. 9;) just in abundant pardon, multiplying to pardon the multiplied sins of our daily provocations; (Isa. lv. 7;) and it was the glorious display of this grace that made the prophet break forth, as being filled with astonishing wonder, 'Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.' (Mic. vii. 18.)

"Here is room for God to walk with us in his everlasting kindness, (Isa. liv. 8,) covenant faithfulness, (Psa. lxxx. 33,) abundant goodness, (Jer. xxxi. 14,) infinite wisdom, ordering all things for our good, (Eph. i. 8,) and in his Almighty power sustaining us under our weakness, defending us from our enemies, by which we are kept as in a garrison through faith unto salvation. (1 Pet. i. 5.)

"Again: here is room also for us to walk with God in all relations, with suitable dispositions. With God as a Father; (Eph. v. 1;) Christ as a Husband, Brother, Friend; (Heb. ii. 11, John xv. 14;) with the Holy Ghost as an Indweller, Sanctifier, and Comforter, and who gives us boldness in the presence of God. (Heb. x. 19.) Christ's righteousness clothes us, (Isa. lxi. 10,) his fulness supplies us, (John i. 16,) his merits present us and all our services acceptable to God. (1 Pet. ii. 5.)"

One more extract will show how experimentally she handles this blessed subject of walking with God in holy and peaceable agreement:

"The soul under the attracting influence of God's first love, afresh loves him again. (1 John iv. 19.) And while, under the Holy Ghost's particular application, the name of the Lord is proclaimed, (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7,) the soul, with Moses, bows down, and worships, (verse 8,) prostrating itself under the deepest sense of its own nothingness, adoring infinite wisdom and boundless grace, reigning to eternal life through the person and righteousness of Jesus Christ the Lord. (Isa. xl. 17, 2 Sam. vii. 18—22.) It looks afresh on him it has pierced, and mourns; (Zech. xii. 10;) and with bitterness bewails its own wretchedness, by reason of an indwelling body of sin and death; (Rom. vii. 24;) and all its unkindness and ingratitude to God as its Father, to Christ as its Husband, and to the Holy Ghost as its Comforter. And while it sees it has to do with a sin-pardoning God, that will lay none of its iniquities to its charge, O how its heart melts with love! And how hateful doth sin appear in its sight! And as with weeping, so with supplications also the Lord leads it. (Jer. xxxi. 9.) What unutterable groanings it sends forth into the bosom of its Father, after complete deliverance from the power and being as well as from the guilt and filth of sin! Lord, says the soul, whatever thou dost with me, never suffer me to sin against thy love. Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me. (1 Chron. iv. 10.) And while the child bemoans itself, the Father hears it in infinite bowels. I have surely heard thee, says God, bemoaning thyself; and then breaks forth in fresh discoveries of his love.—'Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child?.... I earnestly remember him still; my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him.' (Jer. xxxi. 18, 20.) Lord, says the soul, what manner of love is thine! Is it *me* thou callest a dear son and a pleasant child, who am the very worst of all thy children, and no more worthy to be called thy son? (Luke xv. 19.) Aye, says the Lord, thou art my dear child, notwithstanding all thy unkindness; and 'my grace is sufficient for thee,' (2 Cor. xii. 9;)—suf-

sufficient to pardon, pity, strengthen, and at last completely to deliver thee. And then what admirings of grace doth the soul break forth into! Grace! Grace! is its cry. (Zech. iv. 7.) How unspeakably doth it 'rejoice in hope of the glory of God!' (Rom. v. 2.) In believing views of that state, into which nothing that defileth can enter, (Rev. xxi. 27,) when mortality shall be swallowed up of life, (2 Cor. v. 4,)—Lord, says the soul, then I shall love thee and serve thee as I would, (Rev. xxii. 3,) then I will bless thy name for ever, for all thy lovingkindness, when my heart is wound up to the highest pitch of holiness. (Psa. cxlv. 1.) Meanwhile, pardon my shortness, pity my weakness, and help my infirmities. Though I think myself the most ungrateful of all thy children, thy kindness and my unkindness being set together, yet, Lord, since thy grace is sufficient for me, even for me, I will go on rejoicing and glorying in it, as distinguishing, free, full, and eternal; even while I loathe myself in my own sight for all my abominations. (Ezek. xx. 43.) This is a little of the talk God and his people have with each other, while walking together in Christ, and as they commune with each other in Christ the great Way."

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## P O E T R Y.

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Who brought me forth from nature's light,  
Endued with reason, sense, and sight,  
A conscience teaching wrong from right?

My Father.

Who kept me while in nature's course,  
And laid on me restraining force,  
When going on from bad to worse?

My Father.

Who sent conviction to my heart,  
Sharp, pointed, as a piercing dart,  
And made me for my sins to smart?

My Father.

Who made me sigh, and sob, and groan,  
To loathe myself, myself bemoan,  
And seek occasion to be alone?

My Father.

Who show'd me my desert was hell,  
As every day I lower fell,  
And could my state to no one tell?

My Father.

Who was it taught me then to pray,  
Supported midst the dreadful fray  
Of law and justice, dread array?

My Father.

Who then reveal'd his mighty power  
In that almost despairing hour,  
When hell was ready to devour?

My Father.

Who was it sent his healing word;  
Led me to Jesus Christ the Lord,  
Whom I had pierced with many a sword?

My Father.

Who caused my tears to freely flow,  
As sweet repentance laid me low—  
Angelsthemselves rejoiced to know?

My Father.

Who sent his Spirit from above,  
And show'd me that his heart was love,  
And how my guilt he did remove?

My Father.

Who bade me still to Jesus look,  
And seek him in his precious book;  
Learn how my nature he partook?

My Father.

Who made its study my delight,  
And taught me how by faith to fight;  
Reveal'd to me his glorious light?

My Father.

Who freely, when I'd nought to pay,  
Accepted Christ, the living way,  
And bade me Abba, Father, say?

My Father.

Who was it show'd my sins forgiven,  
And purged my heart from legal leaven,  
Made me, in feeling, fit for heaven?

My Father.

Who was it gave sweet peace within,  
And power to tread the neck of sin;  
Eternal life and bliss to win?  
**My Father.** Who show'd again his smiling face,  
That I his grace and truth might  
trace, And find in him a hiding place?  
**My Father.**

Who made me as a prince to walk,  
To sit with him, with him to talk,  
Despise the world, my foes to balk?  
**My Father.** Who favor'd me with that sweet  
peace,  
That I desired my soul's release,  
That I from sin might ever cease?  
**My Father.**

Who taught my willing feet to run  
In his commands, and sin to shun,  
And was to me a shield and sun?  
**My Father.** Who keeps me to the present day,  
And will not let me have my way;  
Nor suffer me with sin to play?  
**My Father.**

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some precious secret  
tell,  
And heal the place, and make it  
well?  
**My Father.** Who is it is my help and guide,  
And promises he will provide,  
And that no evil shall betide?  
**My Father.**

Who made the preached word most  
blest,  
The house of God a place of rest,  
And brought experience to the test?  
**My Father.** Who makes me feel the strife with-  
in—  
The law of life, the law of sin—  
Two armies war, incessant din?  
**My Father.**

Who was it, when my heart, with  
pride,  
Ventured to leave his wounded side,  
Left me to be sorely tried?  
**My Father.** Who shall make all my foes to fly;  
And when I lay me down to die,  
For ever lift me up on high?  
**My Father.**

Who made me then my folly rue,  
Bade me the path of truth pursue,  
Himself to love, my sins eschew?  
**My Father.** Who worthy is of all my praise,  
And will at last my body raise  
To join to sing in endless lays?  
**My Father.**

Who made me feel his chastening  
rod;  
In pain, cry out, Forgive, O God;  
And leave the dangerous path I  
trod?  
**My Father.** Who reigns supreme all creatures  
o'er;  
Will reign when time shall be no  
more;  
Whom saints will bless, admire,  
adore?  
**My Father.**

Who put it in my heart to pray,  
His Spirit he would not take away,  
Nor leave me either night or day?  
**My Father.** Who, seated on his glorious throne,  
Will call his people all his own,  
United in the great Three-One?  
**My Father.**

A CHILD.

No soul, that knows Christ's worth and loves his person, can ever  
speak lightly of him.—*Huntington.*

HAD you fifteen years added to your life, and a certainty of it; would  
you therefore forsake your food, and disuse the ordinary means of pre-  
serving life? The Jews had an absolute promise that God would save  
Jerusalem from the king of Assyria, who then besieged it; did they there-  
fore set open their gates, and draw off their guards upon it?—*Elisha*  
*Coles.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1857.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

## THE GRADUAL CONQUEST; OR, HEAVEN WON BY LITTLE AND LITTLE.

(Continued from page 141.)

IV. The *fourth* thing that I proposed was, to speak a little of the *Conqueror* of these nations; that is, "The King of glory; the Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle." Indeed, they that have such mighty nations to fight and debate with have need of a mighty conqueror to subdue them; and he is here said to be "the Lord thy God;" where he is described: 1. By his name, *Jehovah*. 2. By his relation to them in Christ, *THY GOD*.

1. Israel's Captain, that fights their battles, is described by his great name *JEHOVAH*, the *LORD*, in capital letters, which is commonly used in all our English translations, to intimate that in the original it is *JEHOVAH*; and it is a name that points out the perfection of his nature. It is remarked, that all along the first chapter of Genesis, while God was yet upon his creating work, he is called *ELOHIM*, a *God of power*; but in the second chapter of Genesis, verse 4, God having completed his work, he is then called *JEHOVAH-ELOHIM*, a *God of power and perfection*. And as he here takes that name, when he perfects what he has begun, so we find him making himself known by this name, when he appears to perform what he had promised to Israel, Exodus vi. 3: "I appeared to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, by the name of *GOD ALMIGHTY*; but by my name *JEHOVAH* was I not made known to them." God would now be known by his name *JEHOVAH*, as being, 1. A *God performing* what he had promised, and so giving a being to his promises. 2. A *God perfecting* what he had begun, and finishing his own work. And now the subduing of the Canaanites before Israel was a work that God had promised, and a work that now he had begun; therefore, he makes himself known in this work by his name *JEHOVAH*, a *performing* and *perfecting* God. This is the powerful Conqueror that all the true Israel of God have to look unto, and depend upon, for destroying the nations of spiritual enemies for them. This name belongs to our *Lord Jesus Christ*, equally with the *Father* and the *eternal Spirit*. He led Israel out of Egypt by the hand of Moses, wrought wonders for them, and brought them to Canaan, and delivered their enemies into their hands; by all which was typified the greater salvation and deliverance that he was to work, in accomplishing the business of our redemption in our

nature. And by taking to himself the name JESUS, he hath not lost the name JEHOVAH. He could not destroy these nations I have named, the sum of which is *sin*; for to destroy sin is more than to make a world. Sin cannot be destroyed, without satisfying that infinite justice that sin had offended, and glorifying that infinite holiness that sin affronted, and fulfilling the law that sin had violated, and appeasing the wrath and vengeance that sin had kindled.

This great name JEHOVAH, (as those that investigate the Hebrew root observe) signifies *being, essence, simple existence, or self-subsistence*; and imports his most *simple, absolute, eternal, and independent being and existence*; having his being in, of, and from himself; and from whose *infinite* being all creatures have their *finite* being. This name JEHOVAH comprehends in itself the two Hebrew tenses; the *preterite*, signifying what is *now*; and the *future*, signifying the *time to come*; and imports that designation given to Christ (Rev. i. 4, 8): "Which is, and which was, and which is to come." Thus, he is the "I am that I am," as he is called, Exod. iii. 14. The ALPHA and OMEGA, the *first* and the *last*: the first without beginning, and the last without end. O, then, they who have such a glorious General to follow need not fear to take the field against the nations! He is JEHOVAH.

2. Israel's Captain-general is here described by his relation to them, *THY God; The Lord THY God*. This relation is stated upon the ground of a new covenant dispensation, even a covenant of promise in Christ Jesus. Of this covenant there was an Old Testament dispensation, under which this people of Israel were; and a New Testament dispensation, under which we are. The former was a darker, and this a clearer and brighter dispensation of the same new covenant. The old covenant of works being broken and violated by the sin of man, God could not, in honor, come under this relation again to sinners, but upon the ground of a new covenant established in *Christ*. This covenant of promise was first discovered to Adam in paradise, afterwards to Abraham, and others. The promise of that new covenant was sealed by the blood of Christ *typically*, under the Old Testament, by the sacrifices then offered; and *actually* at Jerusalem, when he *gave his life a ransom for many*. Upon the footing of this covenant, I say it is, that he asserts this relation, *The Lord THY God*.

This relative term is expressive of the *ancient* federal relation betwixt God and Israel of old, the church of the Jews under that dispensation. He became their God, and they were chosen of him to be his peculiar people, beyond all other people in the world; as you see, Deut. vii. 6: "For thou art a holy people to the Lord thy God; the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people to himself, above all people on the face of the earth." He made known his mind with respect to the way of salvation to them, and they to others: "He showed his word unto Jacob, and his statutes and judgments to Israel; he hath not dealt so with any nation." (Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.) And having taken them visibly into a covenant relation, he establishes his covenant with them and their seed: "The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them, and he chose their seed after them." (Deut. x. 15.) And thus he said to Abraham, Gen. xvii. 7:



"I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, to be a God to thee and thy seed." Hence, says God to them, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth." All this is said of them, even with respect to their church state, abstract from the singular saving privileges of true believers among them, who, through grace, were enabled to realise these great advantages they enjoyed above other people. By virtue of this relation he stood in to them, he engaged, as the Lord their God, to put out the nations of the Canaanites before them *by little and little*.

You may view this relative designation, *Thy God*, as expressive of the *special* relation he stands in to the church invisible, militant here upon earth; I mean, to true believers, the living members of Christ, and true Israel of God, whom he makes so by becoming their God, in a way of sovereign free grace, in and through Jesus Christ, in whom they have a peculiar interest in God as their God, and a special title to all the promises of the new covenant as their charter; all the promises being *Yea* and *Amen* in Christ Jesus. Now, it is in this sense especially that I consider this designation, *The Lord thy God*; because it is the *spiritual* intent of the text that I treat, namely, as it does typify and represent the *spiritual deliverance* of the *true Israel* of God from their *spiritual enemies*, in order to the possession of the *heavenly Canaan*; yet not excluding the great appearances the Lord makes for his church visible on earth, collectively considered.

Again, you may view this designation, *Thy God*, as expressive of all the *blessings* that are imported to this *special* relation that he stands in to this true Israel, who are Jews *inwardly*, and the true *spiritual circumcision*. And, indeed, the privileges imported thus in the Bible, *Thy God*, are innumerable and unspeakable. His being their God implies that they have an interest in all that he is, and all that he hath, and all that he can do, and is wont to do for those whose God he is. Here is a field that would take a glorious eternity to travel through: "Happy is the people whose God is the Lord." All happiness in time, and for ever, is implied in it. His being their God imports all the relations that he can be in to them, for making them holy and happy for ever in himself; that he is, and will be, their *Sun* to enlighten them; their *Portion*, to enrich them; their *Father*, to pity them; their *Righteousness*, to clothe them; their *Guide*, to conduct them; their *Glory*, to crown them; and their *ALL in all*. But the text confines me to these relations implied in this title, *Thy God*, which hath a respect to his destroying their enemies *before them by little and little*. I will only mention two of these: First. His being their God imports that he is their *Friend*, though their enemies be many. Second. His being their God implies that he is their *Shield*, though their enemies be mighty.

First. Amidst the multitude of enemies, their God is their *Friend*. And, indeed, no matter who be our enemies, if God be our friend. "If God be for us," says the apostle, "who can be against us?" (Rom. viii. 31.) And he is a friend to all those to whom he is a God in a peculiar manner. And his being their friend imports that his anger is turned away, and reconciliation made up through Christ;

whatever was the former difference. It implies the acceptance of their persons into favor, and the obligation he lies under, as a friend, by virtue of the new covenant of grace and promise, to help them in every time of need; and to *do all their works in them and for them*; as also to fight all their battles. Therefore.

Second. Though their enemies be mighty, his being their God implies that he is their *Shield*: "The Lord God is a sun and shield to them." (Psalm lxxxiv. 11.) The shields of the earth are his; and his being their shield, is to be understood both in a *defensive* and *offensive* way. He is the Lord their God and shield to *defend* them. "My defence is of God, who sayeth the upright in heart." (Psalm vii. 10.) Hence called a *strong tower*, and *rock of defence*, a *hiding-place*, a *covert*, a *shadow*, to shelter them from the assaults and attacks of the nations of enemies that are within them, and round about them. "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." (Isaiah xxxii. 2.) He is the Lord their God and shield, for *offending* all their enemies. Hence he is said to have a sword of power girded on his thigh, for executing judgment on their enemies. (Deut. xxxii. 41, 42.) "If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold of judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and a reward to them that hate me. I will make mine arrows drunk with blood." Read also ver. 43, and compare it with Isaiah lxiii. 1, 4: "The day of vengeance is in mine heart, for the year of my redeemed is come." O, it is a happy vengeance to the Israel of God, when he, as their mighty Conqueror, subdues the nations under them, and takes vengeance on all their powerful lusts and spiritual enemies. A day of vengeance to the enemy, is a day of redemption to his friends. But this leads me to

V. The fifth thing proposed, namely, to speak of the *manner* of the conquest. We have heard of the Conqueror, here designed *The Lord thy God*; and now the conquest is, "He will put out these nations before thee—by little and little." And here three things may be noticed with reference to the manner of the conquest: 1. It is obtained *powerfully* and *effectually*: "He will put out these nations." 2. *Visibly* and *remarkably*: "He will put them out before thee." 3. *Gradually* and *piece-meal*: by "little and little." To each of these I would speak a word.

1. The manner of the conquest; it is obtained *powerfully* and *effectually*: "The Lord thy God will put out these nations;" or, as it is rendered in the margin, he will "pluck off these nations." And so it is further explained, ver. 23 of this chapter: He will "deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction, till they be destroyed utterly." "And he will deliver their kings into thine hand," (ver. 24.) And (Exod. xxiii. 30,) "By little and little I will drive them out." Now, thus, in the spiritual conquest, the nations must be put out. And the Lord's putting them out does imply that these nations of lusts, and spiritual enemies, have *strength* and *power* upon their side, so that it is no easy work to get them

driven out; yea, utterly impossible, unless the Lord our God undertake it. The strength of the nation of *sin* and of *lusts* lies in their root, viz., *the body of sin and death*. As the strength of a tree lies in the root, so that the axe must be laid to the root, if you would destroy the tree; and as the strength of the water is in the fountain, so that if you would destroy it, the fountain must be stopped up; so the strength of sin is in the root and fountain of sin that is within all men by nature, who are therefore *alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them*. They have actual possession of the *will* which is filled with *enmity against God*, and rises up in arms and opposition against him, and in favor of these lusts. Yea, they have possession of all the powers and faculties of the soul; they are deeply rooted in the heart of nature, as the Jebusites were in the land of Canaan; and there they strongly fortify and deeply entrench themselves, and have no will to go out, so out they will never go, till they be driven by a superior power, as Christ drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple, who turned the temple of God into a den of thieves. Therefore.

It implies, an *exerting of the divine power* in opposition to these nations, in order to their being put out and destroyed; and that is even the almighty power of God in Christ, by the Holy Ghost. “*If ye, through the Spirit, mortify the deeds of the body, you shall live.*” (Rom. viii. 13.) “*It is not by (human) might, nor by (human) power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.*” (Zech. iv. 6.) When the conquest is actually commenced in a soul, the Spirit of God comes and gives battle to the nations of the Canaanites, the lusts and old inhabitants of the heart, and takes possession. Thus this power is and shall be *effectual*; for it is declared, “*He will put them out.*” He will drive them out of their old quarters, and destroy them; he will drive them out of the heart, out of the house, out of the will, out of the affections, out of all the forts where they strengthened themselves, and at last out of the world, when he completes his work of sanctification; for, “*He that hath begun the good work will perfect it.*” (Phil. i. 6.) And surely there is no true-hearted Israelite here but will say, AMEN. But then,

2. The manner of the conquest here expressed is *visible and remarkable*. He will drive them out *before thee*. I think this word may imply the visible and remarkable manner of the conquest; and more particularly, that the Israel of God get a *sight* of their enemies. These nations are in their view, while the Lord their God is driving them out, and while they, through grace, are led to the field of battle against them. He will drive them out *before them*. They that never saw their own sinful nature, nor experienced the power of corruption in their hearts, are yet living at their ease, in the midst of these nations, and under the power thereof; they are “*alive without the law.*” (Rom. vii. 9.) The commandment hath not come, nor sin revived, to discover its strength to them. They are yet soldiers under the devil’s banner. But again,

His driving out the nations before them implies that, through grace, the Israel of God are made *active* herein. It is *before thee* they

shall be driven out. Being acted by his grace, they act; being armed by the Spirit, they fight; and, through the Spirit, *mortify the deeds of the body*. It is true, sometimes the Israel of God have nothing to do, but just to stand still, as it were, to see how the waters will divide to let them through, and how they will return to drown and overwhelm their enemies; but, commonly, their work is to wait upon God with a quiet and composed frame of spirit, and a believing expectation of salvation, and so *go forward*, in the name and strength of the Lord their God, and under the banner of Christ Jesus, the glorious Captain of salvation, "to fight the good fight of faith." Yea,

His driving out the nations before them implies that, even when they are called to act and fight, they shall have no *ground of boasting*, but rather of *blushing*, when they consider what part it is they act in this matter; for the Lord himself must be the agent: "The Lord thy God will put out the nations before thee." Israel's Captain goes before them, and leads the van; the Lion of the tribe of Judah must go before them, and tear their enemies to pieces. It is he that subdues the nations under them. He hath gone before them already, and had a bloody battle with all the nations, of hell upon mount Calvary; there he fought, and "overcame principalities and powers;" there he "condemned sin in the flesh," and "destroyed the strength" of it, by "nailing the law to his cross." (Col. ii. 14.) And however the nations may rally their forces again, and seem formidable and dreadful, yet their strength being broken at this bloody engagement, the believer hath no more to do, in effect, but to hold up the red flag of the blood of Christ by faith, and then he "overcomes by the blood of the Lamb," (Rev. xii. 11;) therefore, the true Israel of God dare hardly call themselves warriors against their enemies, but rather *witnesses* to the battle of the Lord, when he fights for them, and makes them overcome, and then gives them the name of *conquerors*; yea, "more than conquerors, through him that loved them." He overcomes for them, and then crowns them as the overcomers, saying, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne." (Rev. iii. 21.) They are witnesses to his grand achievements and valiant exploits against their enemies; for, his ordinary time of fighting remarkably for them is, when "their strength is gone," and when he "sees their power is gone," and there is "none shut up or left," by reason of their enemies; (Deut. xxxii. 36;) then he steps in, and takes vengeance on their enemies. And, indeed, the day of power is a day remarkable for victory over sin, Satan, the world, and the lusts thereof. Do you remember the day, believer, when you thought there was a legion of devils, a nation of lusts, an army of corruptions, a regiment of hell within you? But, behold, you got a view of the Captain of salvation ready to put out these nations before you; and you were favored with grace to take hold of him, to believe in him, and so to "turn the armies of aliens to flight?" Are there not some remarkable times when you get your feet set upon the neck of your lust? "By thee I have run through a troop," said the Psalmist, "and by my God I have leaped over a wall."

(Psalm. xlviii. 29.) It is true, the conquest is not always remarkable; for sometimes the nations "compass them about like bees," and sting them, and torment them, and prevail against them. "Iniquities prevail against me," said David; yet they never prevail so far but that grace still renews the fight, and at last obtains the victory though yet through many ups and downs, fallings and risings, and vicissitudes and changes.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

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## A LETTER BY T. BOSTON, AUTHOR OF THE "FOUR-FOLD STATE."

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My very dear Sir,—It was on Friday, the 3rd inst., that yours of the 1st came to hand; that of the 18th and 24th of February coming on the Sabbath thereafter, being the 5th. I had withal, on the Tuesday before, an uncertain word of the ill-situation of your affairs, which, by reason of what you had told me before, seemed very probable. But while I was altogether uncertain of the state of your affairs, in my concern for you before the Lord, you still appeared to me as smiling.

It is ordinary with the Lord's people to fall into trouble, as it is with a person wading a deep cold water, who is, upon his first entering into it; struck, as it were, to the heart; but the first gliff, as we call it, is the worst. In this point the world's smiles and frowns do readily agree. Appearing at some distance, or in the first encounter, they look ordinarily greater than they are found afterwards really to be. Hence, our fears of the one, as well as our hopes from the other, are readily carried beyond the just bounds; and Satan presently falls a fishing in the muddy waters, and stirs them assiduously, to make them more muddy and awful-like. Many a time have I thought a great point gained when I have got a view of my naked cross and trial, for it is hard to get a sight of it without a ponderous cover over it, partly of our own, and partly of Satan's making; and therefore I am convinced there is a need of making use of Christ as a prophet under our trials, that, by his light shining into our souls, we may see what that cross or trouble is precisely that he has laid before us to take up and bear, that we may set ourselves to bear that and no more; and I am very sure that at this rate crosses and trials lose a great deal of their weight.

What but the art of hell, used in a disturbed mind, would bring in the wounding of the interests of religion, by the pass that your affairs were brought to, the opening of the mouths of the wicked, shaming the faces of the godly, &c.? Everybody knew you to be a sober man, and one of more than ordinary attachment to business. The occasion of the confusion of your affairs, arising from others at a distance from you, would not be hidden, and nobody is so ignorant of the state of human things as not to know that the most wealthy, fair, and diligent traders may be broken to pieces by providential incidents, or the treachery of false men with whom they may have



dealings. However, glad am I to find it has pleased the Lord to confound that temptation, and to satisfy you perfectly upon that head. But, my dear Sir, take heed and be on your guard against other devices of that kind, lest, if your feet become entangled therein, it may not be so easy to be extricated therefrom; and therefore I cannot cease to put you in remembrance that as you employ the Lord Jesus Christ, in his priestly office, for the removal of guilt, and address him as your King for strength to bear your trial, so you are still to be eyeing Him, in his prophetic office, to give you just views of it.

I see our Lord, the great Prophet, has come to you already in your darkness. I perceive the Interpreter, one among a thousand, was with you in a particular manner on Monday, February 20th. He was, in these two hours, exercising his prophetic office in you. He was, letting you see your trial in its true colors; not putting colors on it, for he is the "Amen," the faithful and true witness; and, therefore, though it do not always appear in these colors to you, that is the native hue of it, and the fault is in your eyes when it appears otherwise. He was taking you by the arms and teaching you to go, that you may employ him for his light as well as his strength in time to come; that, if he come not to you, you will go to him; and if a promise be not laid to your hand, you may go and fetch one in, and welcome.

The blessed Bible is a richly-laden tree of that kind of fruit. Sometimes the Lord's people have no more to do than take of the fruit falling into their lap; but that is a piece of indulgence that they only sometimes meet with. The ordinary way is to look up to the tree, and reach out the hand of faith, perhaps with no little difficulty, and pluck the fruit; and, O! a sharp trial makes the promise sweet! Witness your experience of the last two verses of Psalm cxxxiii. Sir, you are in a plunge, but I make no question that he that sits at the Father's right hand, having all judgment committed to him, will bring you out of it; and the day will come when you will say, from leisurely observation, "He hath done all things well." However, if you were through this trial, you would not be at the end of trials, lesser or greater, till you be in the better country; only, this is a deep step, a deep water; but the Lord Jesus is the lifter up of your head. You must say with David, as in Psalm lvi., "Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me," &c. That Psalm has appeared of late to me to bear an instance of as strong a faith as readily appears in the whole book, considering its firmness and the circumstances there described; only it must be owned that the terror of God in David's soul, with which nothing is to be laid in the balance, was, indeed, wanting in it. But O, how piercing was that, that the common saying on that melancholy occasion was, "There is no help for him in God," who stole the ewe and killed the shepherd, (Bathsheba and Uriah,) the very thing God was pursuing him for.

I am, my very dear Sir, in the straitest Bonds,

Yours affectionately,

March 9th, 1732.

T. BOSTON.



## AFFLICTION; AND CONSIDERING GOD'S INWARD OPERATIONS.

WHAT is a man without affliction? What is a man without observing God's operations in his soul? Worthless wretches that we are! We are only swallowed up in astonishment that God can stoop so low to have any thing to do with such insignificant creatures. We were like wild asses' colts, gallopping through "the forest" of this world to endless woe, by nature.

Affliction, through grace, sobers us down to attend to the things spoken in God's word, and in our consciences. O the headstrong violence there is in us by nature! But affliction in body, or conscience, sobers us down through divine grace. Any one, afflicted through the Spirit of Christ in cutting bitterness, O what a mercy it is for him! For God shall bring everything into judgment whether it be good or whether it be evil. O what a mercy it is if that judgment is sitting in our conscience; if every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil, is there weighed up, sifted, and examined! Without a tender conscience there is no mark of a new birth. Deep in unfathomable mines, everything is more or less transacted between Christ and conscience. This is a secret religion. Here is the bitterness a stranger intermeddles not with; here is the sweetness none but elect souls know. The roaring tempests of sin; the accusations of the devil; the reproofs of the Spirit of God, are all heard in this court of conscience. From the faintest whisper of God's mind, to his loudest reproofs, all are heard in this court of conscience, while affliction softens it, and considering God's operations thus in us edifies us in repentance and faith. O happy soul, whose religion is more than notion in these things! O happy soul, with whom God, in these things, deals with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm! Herein is the difference felt by elect souls between them, and the shallow operations in stony-ground hearers, thorny-ground hearers, and foolish virgins, whose lamp goes out.

At one time lifted up, at another time cast down, though never altogether like a natural man any more. Like springs and a weather-glass, a godly person is always more or less on the move, or liable in a moment to move at any time. A person said the other day, a weather-glass went down fifteen degrees so very quick through the weather. So is it with the sons and daughters of affliction; so is it with those precious souls who observe and consider God's operations in their souls. The blessed God will not let his own children be deaf and blind. They are brought to tremble at God's word, having eyes to see, and ears to hear. O how they are exercised! Like as in the natural sky, you can see every cloud, even for a moment, bedimming the natural sun, so with the Sun of Righteousness, every thought, word, and deed is felt. Here is the difference between notional grace, and felt grace. Felt grace makes a man of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord. Notional grace leaves a man a poor wooden creature. You will find some of those wooden men of notional grace as dry and uninteresting as can be to a spiri-

tual mind; they have neither the ~~acres~~ nor the sweets that God's children have. It is affliction that warms God's children, that they dare not trifle. O the sinkings that they have! O the hair-breadth paths they have often to walk! How thankful, at times, they are that they have not been permitted to sin the unpardonable sin; such awful wretches, they are in their own eyes! At one time they are thankful they have not been in hell years ago, and that they are still on the earth, not cut down as cumberers of the ground.

There are two sorts of professors of the truth, doctrinal grace and experimental grace. Affliction, and considering God's inward operations, inwardly in us, makes me discontented with doctrinal grace. I am glad to get away from doctrinal preachers and doctrinal professors of grace. O what is all religion without the flowing brooks and springing wells of sensible feelings between God and the soul felt! O the sensible feelings of the great God operating in the feelings, in repentance and faith, in bitters and sweets, in judgments and mercies, in awe and comfort, in despondency and joy, in cruel sorrow and inexpressible joy! The cruelty of the sufferings of Christ, and his inexpressible victories, both of them felt; the wounds of affliction, and the narrow observation of God's thoughts in us, in piercing us, and comforting us; these things take up the thoughts all the day long. Wonders in providence, wonders in grace! "He said in my hearing, O wheel!" The Spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. All our thoughts, words, and deeds illuminated by the living wheels in our souls, while affliction whets our appetites for spiritual food, and, considering God's inward operations, causes us to make straight paths for our feet. Guilt about a secret thought shows us that God will not wink at our thoughts. Pain about an idle word shows us that God takes the exactest knowledge of every word. All our behaviour is brought to the same severe standard. The Law tells men they are to be damned for their sins. And the Gospel tells saints, by fresh contracted guilt in a fellowship of the sufferings of Christ, what an amazing thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God, for our God is a consuming fire. A doctrinal God is not a consuming fire, but a notional paper God. The repentance of a doctrinal man is not saving, and the faith of a doctrinal man is not saving. A man of affliction and consideration of God's inward operations in him felt, is warm with divine life. Every breath of God that goes over him is felt, whether blighting or cherishing, whether wounding or healing. O the amazing field! Drenched with supernatural joys, in the bitters of repentance and the balmy joys of living faith. My soul is almost flooded away with divine bliss, and has been ever since I gave up being a Church Minister through the fear and love of God. I have seen the wonders of God in providence, and I have seen his wonders in grace. If I was dying, I could recommend religion to all young people; only I would say, "Be sure you have got it." Deep in the springs of God, lasting as the divine nature, is every one felt to be a mystical member in the mystical body of the Son of God. O sacred deep! O unspeakable sweets! O the near union and fellowship there is be-

tween such a soul and Jesus Christ! Does all the fulness of the Godhead shine in Jesus Christ? So does such a blessed soul as I have been endeavoring to describe, in affliction, and considering God's inward dealings in him, glow with divine life felt, beam with divine bliss felt, is on fire with divine repentance felt, and has, though with many imperfections and shortcomings, a divine Gospel obedience too, in all the preceptive parts of God's word; while a doctrinal man is a mere wooden man.

Abingdon.

J. K.

## A TESTIMONY FOR TRUTH.

Dear Friend,—The last time I wrote, you complained of my being so short, but that is better than for you to complain of the protracted length of my scroll. However, there are a few remarks I am desirous of communicating, which your complaint seems to have drawn out.

Have you seen that interesting account in the "Gospel Standard" for December, relative to the Lord's hand being made known to his servant Mr. Gorton? Art thou oppressed? Commit thy way unto the Lord; he is a God hearing and answering prayer, and he has said, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise." The good man naturally thought, from the encouragement given him from above, that his deliverance would have been made manifest on the day of the trial; but the Lord waits that he may be gracious, as evidently appeared in this case. And see what infinite wisdom was manifested! His servant obtained a victory by which he overcame the worldly power that seemed ready to crush him. His faith was increased, by which his head was raised or covered in the day of battle with the hope or helmet of salvation; and having obtained a victory, he was desirous of honoring the Lord, in this respect, with his substance; and we may say, he followed the example of the Levites, of whom it is said, "Out of the spoils won in battles did they dedicate to maintain the house of the Lord." (1 Chron. xxvi. 27.)

There is another thing I felt concerned about, in reading the review of Mr. D.'s book in the "Gospel Standard" for October. My thoughts were occupied for days, and I felt satisfied that it would be well for the author of that book if his eyes were anointed to see more clearly, and his heart affected to feel more deeply, concerning the things he has written; then, I am sure, he would retract many of his assertions. When error is advanced, we know it often has the appearance of truth. If it is introduced by the ministers of Satan, we find they are transformed as angels of light; and if by those we hope better of, still it is covered up in such a way that many are entangled. I think John Bunyan sets something of this forth in his Pilgrim. When Christian and Hopeful had got to the Delectable Mountains, they were shown, among other things, the Mountain of Error; and at their departing from these mountains, one of the

shepherds gave them a note of the way, another bade them beware of the Flatterer, a third bade them take heed that they did not sleep on the Enchanted Ground, and a fourth bade them God-speed. Soon after this, they fell in with two characters, Conceit and Ignorance. Whether the pilgrims were injured by their conversation it is not said; but soon after this, a snare was laid for them, and poor Christian said to his fellow, "Now do I see myself in error; did not the shepherds bid us beware of the Flatterer?" This Flatterer is represented as a black man in a white robe; but I need not go into particulars, as you can read it in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

"Snarcs and dangers may beset,  
For we are but travellers yet;  
As the way indeed is hard,  
Let us keep a constant guard."

The pilgrims were chastised and punished for their sins, as all God's children are; and many of them are afflicted in various ways; as it is written: "Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted;" and for these fools, the wise man says, there is a rod for their back, and living souls feel it. "Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" The scripture and experience are clear on this point. So it is also clear that God sees sin in his people. He that is omnipresent, and sees all things, is also omniscient, and knows all things. David knew this, when he said, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." So the prodigal, "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." But need I say more? Sufficient has been said by those of better abilities than mine, and by Bible witnesses, whose faith we are to follow. "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see? He that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he correct? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?" (Psalm xciv. 9, 10.) May you and I never be left to get wise above what is written. It is said, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." This covenant is shown more clearly to some than to others. Moses, though called to a great work, and taught of the Lord, as you may see in the 3rd chapter of Exodus, yet he understood very little of God's covenant at that time; but how different his language after many years' experience, towards the end of his days, as we have it, recorded in the 90th Psalm. See how blessedly he opens the covenant, as it regards the eternal safety of all God's elect, in which he was well established; but did he believe God saw no sin in them? Hear what he says: "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." And we may safely conclude he was of clear understanding in the dealings of God with his people, which is a confirmation of what we are endeavoring to set forth. Anything that is calculated to make people think lightly of sin, or, as some good men term it, sin cheap, may safely be suspected as erroneous.

Blush, Christian, blush; let shame abound;  
 If sin affects thee not with woe;  
 Whatever spirit be in thee found,  
 The Spirit of Christ, thou dost not know."  
 I shall now leave these scraps for you to make what use of them  
 you please. Requesting an answer to the former part at your earliest  
 convenience, I am, yours truly,

Deptford, Dec., 1856.

W. B.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION, SAITH MY SOUL;  
 THEREFORE WILL I HOPE IN HIM.

My dear Friend,—Changes and war seem to be against me, yet the Lord tells us that those that have no changes fear not God. My soul desires to be led in the right way, but I live to prove by daily experience that the Lord's ways are not my ways, neither his thoughts my thoughts; for I am daily proving that the Lord's ways are in the deep, and past our poor finite minds to find them out. Every soul that learns them aright must go down into the deep to seek for them; and when we can trace out his footsteps, and feel we are walking in them; then we have firm footing upon an everlasting foundation, where the soul can feelingly trust and not be afraid. The man's strength and courage are kept up above all his doubts, fears, and misgivings, when the eye is single, the ear circumsised, the heart made soft, the spirit meekened down, and the mind fixed upon the blessed Jesus, who is all in all to such a soul. When I left S—, you wished me to write to you a few lines. You were then in the furnace, and I myself was not clearly brought out, because my bodily weakness was then greatly felt by me; but what should we be without troubles, trials, crosses, and afflictions? Why, like a feather in the air, carried wheresoever the wind would take us. The wind of temptation and the floods of persecution, with inward and outward crosses and disappointments, seem to fall to my lot as I pass through this wilderness; but sometimes I hope these winds, storms, and floods all combine together to drive me nearer the shore of this rough voyage. My soul never much feared that I should be shipwrecked in the late rough sea, since a full and free salvation was let down into my heart, and the glad tidings of great joy sprang up within me, like a springing well. Satan tried with all his might to drive my soul into despair, and to knock me off the Eternal Rock. It seemed one time as though my handhold would let go, and my foothold give way. This brought fearfulness and trembling upon me, and my little faith was put to the blush for a time. I was obliged to be at the bush, and run from post to pillar, and ransack every hole and corner to see if I could find my piece of silver which I had lost. The language of poor Jeremiah suits a soul well when in such a hole, pit, and prison, where he cries out, "Thou hast removed my soul far off from peace. I forget prosperity. I said, My strength and my hope are perished from the Lord."



When the soul is removed far off from peace, when all former smiles, drops, crumbs, lifts, and deliverances are all out of sight, buried and hid from the eye of the mind, with the eye being dim by reason of sorrow, and nothing but fears and fightings, sinkings and gloominess, with so many mountains and hills thrown up before one, and the devil ready to devour one, body and soul, questioning whether there is any God or hereafter, and Satan telling one to get out of bed and take the razor and cut one's throat; O, it makes me tremble to think about it. I was going to ask my daughter-in-law to take the razor out of the room many times, only I thought she would be afraid to come to me afterwards; so I bore with it, and was obliged to keep on crying for the Lord to keep me. Bless his dear name for ever and for ever, for his watchful care and keeping power. The Lord led me back to a few trying spots; and I trust the Holy Ghost led me to remember my spiritual affliction and my misery, the wormwood, and the gall. It all sprung up afresh, so that my soul had them still in remembrance and was humbled within me. Then I could feelingly say, "This I recall to mind, therefore have I hope." Then how sweet it was to say, "It is of the Lord's mercies I am not consumed, because his compassions fail not; they are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness." Then how sweet came in the following words: "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him." Now the anchor feels its hold, which is both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail. Here my soul could and did sing a sweet song of praise, and felt out of the reach of all my enemies and foes; a sweet spot, a safe place to be put into the cleft of the rock and covered there with God's dear hand. O that my soul could live more feelingly here, and look to the end of my race, for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

I hope you are by this time restored to your usual health and strength again. You are often in the furnace, a sure proof that there is some silver and gold in the vessel; but there will not be the least grain of it purged away. No, my brother; the trial of it is much more precious than gold that perisheth. Then what is the thing itself, if the trial of it is so precious?

That the Lord may cheer up your soul, encourage your hope, increase your faith, confirm your confidence, and feed you also and lift you up for ever, is the desire of,

Your unworthy Friend and Well-wisher in the blessed Jesus,

T. G.

JACOB wrestled, and this is called his strength. (Hos. xii.) It appeared there was much of God in him that he could take such hold of the Almighty as to keep it, though God seemed to shake him off. If thus thou art enabled, soul, to deal with the God of Heaven, no fear, no fear, but that thou shalt be much more able to deal with sin and Satan. If God hath given thee so much strength to wrestle with him above and against demials, thou hast prevailed with the stronger of the two. Overcome God, and he will overcome the other for thee.—Gurnall.



## Obituary.

### MRS. CLACK, LATE OF STAMFORD.

*(Continued from our last.)*

THERE are few situations, at least in the middle walks of life, more trying to a young and single female than that of a governess. She is neither a servant nor yet fully on a level with the rest of the family. Often treated coldly and superciliously by the heads of the family, little respected by the servants, disliked by her pupils, if strict, and mastered by them, if indulgent; constantly opposed by tender-hearted mammas who cannot bear to see their little girls; and especially their darling boys, under punishment, however deserved; without a friend or a companion, except perhaps some poor down-trodden sister governess, with whom at stolen moments she may condole their mutual hard lot, her position is one which demands sympathy from all, and yet meets with sympathy from none. The teaching of children, especially if stupid or obstinate, is to most minds so irksome a task, so heart and head-wearying an employment, that intervals of rest are continually needed to refresh the jaded spirits. But the poor governess has few or none. A brief vacation once a year soon sends her back to her wearisome employ. In school, out of school, early in the morning, late at night, it is still the children, the children, the children. Were they her own, she could feel in the ever-gushing fountain of a mother's love a sweet pleasure in their company, and could patiently, if not cheerfully, endure their little trying ways; but bare duty and warm affection view whimpering girls and rough tearing boys with very different eyes; and the very prattling that delights the mother teases and worries the governess. Just at the very age when the affections are warmest, hers are repelled and chilled; for whatever fondness she may feel for her pupils it is rarely returned by them; or if she win their love, the mother's jealousy soon distils bitter drops into that cup, almost before she can press it to her lips.

Infinite wisdom and eternal love had, however, allotted this position to Caroline Tinsley (for such was her name at this period) for rather more than eleven years. As an orphan, indeed, and otherwise slenderly provided for, she had no other alternative; and so far from mourning over her lot, she rather viewed gratefully in it the kind providence of God thus giving her a home among strangers when her own was made desolate. Several very striking instances of the Lord's interposition in her behalf in providing her with situations, led her eyes away from the vexations inseparable from the position itself; and thus seeing his gracious hand in it, she cheerfully bore its trials and temptations, though, as is evident from various entries in her diary, she at times painfully felt them. But her soul was at this time much alive unto God; she was favored with a large measure of his grace; and many a sweet visit of his love has she recorded which filled the heart of the friendless governess with a peace and joy at times that carried her above all earthly things, lightening every cross, and making every bitter thing sweet.

What else indeed is needed to reconcile a child of God to every trying path? Submission to the Lord's will, true humility of mind, bowing the neck to the yoke, an earnest desire to glorify God in body and in spirit which are his, a springing up of godly fear to depart from every snare of death, and sips and tastes of the Lord's presence and love—let these fruits of the Spirit be found in the soul, let these beams of the Sun of Righteousness gild the path, what position is then trying, what task is then irksome? Indeed it is only our pride revolting from, and mortified by a position humbling to the flesh, or our self-indulgence always calling for the lap of ease, that makes any work a task, or any employment a burden. Done with an eye to God's glory, no labor is menial; cheered by his presence and smile, no situation is servile. Joseph in the dungeon was freer than Pharaoh on the throne; Paul and Silas in the stocks were happier than the magistrates who cast them into prison. Grace has its glories on earth as well as its glories in heaven, and there is a glorying in the cross as well as a glorying in the crown. Grace ennobles every occupation, dignifies every station, and turns the daily task and hourly employ into a spiritual sacrifice and an acceptable service.

But besides these supports flowing from grace, on merely natural grounds, Caroline Tinsley felt perhaps the position of governess less trying than is the case with most of her sister laborers in the same field as being more on an equality with her pupils and their parents than many of them are. The want of what is called "accomplishments" prevented her being engaged in families in the higher walks of life, and she was thus saved from many a cold look from "my lady" and many a toss of the head from "my lady's" maid. She was also naturally of a very quiet, almost timid, and submissive disposition, cheerful when not depressed with illness or trouble, and singularly patient and uncomplaining. By this natural disposition the trials of her position were much lightened; for, of a truth, the prouder the shoulders the heavier the cross, the greater the conceit the more bitter the mortification.

But if she escaped that frequent source of pain, her religion laid her open to another. We have already seen that her refusal to write out a bill on the Lord's Day cost her one situation. In another, opposition was overruled for her spiritual good; for not being permitted at Osbournby to attend the Methodist chapel, she was brought under the sound of truth in the church, and was in a short time led to embrace it, as commended to her conscience by the power of God.

We left her in our last number at Harpswell, where she continued till Midsummer, 1845, a space of about six years and a half. Though living so long in a carnal family, and rarely hearing the truth preached, yet, as is evident from many sweet and striking passages in her diary, the Lord kept alive his work upon her soul. She was indeed shut out from the usual means of grace, separated from her Christian friends, and doomed to hear a poor dead stick in the pulpit. But the Bible and the throne of grace were still open, and sometimes, by his word read in her ears, in the very church where his worthy,

name was dishonored, the Lord in a marvellous way fed her with living bread. She thus records one instance:

1841. Sunday, February 21st.—The bright sun shone o'er the fields; the feathered songsters warbled forth the praises of Him who at first bade them exist; all nature seemed, this morning, to rejoice; but I, unthankful and sinful, felt sad, and dull, and discontented. Now, thought I, many are going up to the house of the Lord, to hear the Gospel's joyful sound; but I must sit, and hear the words of holy writ sadly abused and misapplied. I must hear the Scripture which was "given by inspiration of God," spoken from by one who does not possess the sacred key, the Holy Spirit. Woe is me! because I dwell among a people who do not know the joyful sound. I went to church, and the dear Redeemer's fasting and temptation was the subject read for the lesson; and Oh! thought I, what did not Christ endure for poor, lost sinners! I was enabled, in some weak measure, to appreciate his wondrous love in leaving his Father's throne, and coming to live in this sinful world.

"O for this love, let rocks and hills

Their lasting silence break!

And all harmonious human tongues,

The Saviour's praises speak."

O that I could cleave closer to Jesus, and firmly rely upon him, and live to his honor and glory! Lord help me, I pray thee, for Jesus' sake alone. Amen.

The following Lord's Day she thought she would go to the Methodist chapel. With what success the following extract will show:

1841. Sunday, February 28th.—Alas! this night I feel very sad and mournful. I this afternoon went to the Methodist chapel; where I heard the glorious doctrine of eternal election flatly denied and zealously exclaimed against, and the doctrines of universal redemption and sinless perfection vindicated by the preacher and responded to by the people. It cut me to the quick, and yet, amazing grace! this is the vile delusion the good Lord has delivered me from. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

As we have still much to record, our limits will not allow us to make more than the following extracts from her diary, which will be an index to the state of her mind at different times during this period. Two extracts will show that she was no stranger to darkness and distress of soul:

1844. Sunday, April 7th.—The anguish and distress of mind which I have experienced during the week, I cannot express. O what a faithless, sinful worm am I! Here, O Lord; behold the vilest wretch that ever bowed at thy feet; but still I would bow me there. No happiness is to be found but in thee. Of this I am quite sure; and yet, feel that I am, how I do wander from thee. Lord Jesus, draw me nearer to thee. Thou dear, dying, risen Lord, raise me from this death of sin to a life entirely new, a life of righteousness. Let not thy great name suffer reproach through my stumblings; but, Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. I thank thee for the means of grace this day bestowed upon me. O thou God of all means, have mercy upon me, and bless my soul, for Jesus Christ's sake alone. Amen.

Sunday, 10th.—I have this day carried about with me an aching heart. O what a vile creature am I! so lifeless, so dull. I felt amazed at the mercy and goodness of God that he did not strike me dead while I knelt in the church. I thought my devout posture was verily hypocrisy. My heart is as hard as a stone. I cannot feel. Lord, soften it, I pray thee for Christ's sake. O wretched creature that I am! Lord, deliver me from the body of this death, and Oh! if it be thy will, make me glad with the light of thy countenance, for Jesus' sake, in whom alone I have any hope.

But darkness and distress were not always spread upon her path. Sweet manifestations of the Lord's love sometimes cheered her soul:

March, 1st.—Have during the week been blest with a sweet sense of the presence and love of my dear Redeemer. I have several times felt that my secret chamber has been the house of God and the gate of heaven to my soul. I have found my mind this night raised to a grateful sense of the love of God to me by contemplating and pondering over all the way the Lord hath led me. Surely he hath performed all things *for me*. “He hath done all things *well*,” and I do believe his mercies shall continue to be “new every morning,” and that he will still do great and good things for me, which shall cause me to wonder and adore. Yea, verily, he will do for me the wonder of all wonders; he will bring me into his eternal presence, washed from every guilty stain in the blood of his Son, and clad in the perfect robe of his righteousness, without wrinkle. Even so, my Lord and my God.

During her residence at Harpswell, she records a visit which she was obliged to make to London, the account of which strikes us as much stamped with that simplicity and sincerity which were so characteristic of her both naturally and spiritually:

1842. November 4th.—I desire this night to set my humble testimony to the truth, love, and mercy of the Lord my God. Verily he is a prayer-hearing and answering God. Having a journey to London, upon business, in contemplation, and being an entire stranger there, and not personally knowing any one, I have felt it a great trial, and my poor weak mind shrank at the idea of it; but I called upon the Lord and spread before him my trouble, and prayed him, who has the hearts of all in his hands, that he would be pleased to incline the heart of some one to deal kindly with me. I felt sweetly enabled to cast all my concerns into his divine hands, and this noon he literally answered my petitions. I received a letter from a friend of my dear deceased aunt's, inviting me to her house, and offering to send a person to meet me in town. When I received it, I immediately discerned my Father's gracious hand in it! Indeed it was such a signal answer to my prayer, that for some time I was lost in wonder, love, and praise. O my God, what am I that thou shouldst thus notice and bless me! O accept my humble thanks, and give me a measure of thy grace, that I may never distrust thee more, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

London, 9th November.—Preserved through this dreaded journey, I desire to write the praise of my gracious and merciful Preserver. Verily he hath been better unto me than all my fears. This morning, on looking into my little book of “Daily Bread,” I found the morsel appointed for the day to be, “Fear not, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.” These precious words were powerfully applied to my soul, and were truly sweet to my taste, and I found them nourishing and comforting all the day. Oh, how full they are. They seemed to signify thus: “I am thy shield, to keep and protect thee from harm; to preserve thee from accident and death, if my wisdom sees fit; and if this be not for thy good, if, by a sudden stroke, thou become a lifeless corpse, still fear not, I am thy exceeding great reward.” Let what will come, the Christian has no cause for fear. Life or death, time or eternity, are alike for his good, and for the glory of his Lord.

Wandsworth, November 11th.—I have this day visited the person at whose house my dear sister died, and am now at the house where my dear aunt died, and have beheld the spot where they are entombed in our grave. Oh! this has been a solemn, mournful day; but one thing, more than all besides, wounds my very heart. My poor dear aunt, who for years professed to love my Lord, from all that I can learn, died a dreadful death, impatient, un-resigned, blaspheming that holy name, whereby she had been called, refusing to be comforted by the good promises of his grace. My soul is filled with distressing fears, lest my last end should be like hers. O, my God, in mercy look on me. O, let me be a *real Christian*. Suffer me not to deceive myself with a false hope. If my hope is not well grounded, Lord, pull it down and root it up, and give me no rest, peace, nor joy until I have a well-grounded hope of eternal life through Jesus, thy beloved Son. Amen.

The wheels of time, however, were moving on, and bringing forward the gracious designs of the Lord in her behalf. An opening

was made for her, chiefly through her kind friends at Osbournby, to accept the situation of governess in a family residing at Ashwell, near Oakham, Rutland, the heads of which were members of the Particular Baptist Church meeting at Providence Chapel, in that town.

As this was made a means of bringing her under my ministry, and after a short period into the church under my pastoral care, I trust I shall be excused if I make more copious extracts from her diary at this period. The first gospel sermon that she heard at the chapel at Oakham was from Mr. Tiptaft, which she thus records, as well as her first meeting him at the house where she was residing:

August 3rd, 1845. Sunday.—I have, thank God, spent a delightful day at Oakham. Heard Mr. Tiptaft from the words, "Feed my lambs." The sermon was accompanied with much power to my poor, sinful soul; and, unworthy and vile as I am, I hope, trust, and humbly believe, I am amongst the dearly beloved lambs of the fold, whom the great and good Shepherd hath commanded his ministers to feed. In the afternoon, I witnessed the celebration of the Lord's supper, which I could not be allowed to join in; but, blessed be God, though I am indeed unworthy of the children's bread, yet did I feel Jesus did not reject me. Praise his name.

18th August.—Have this evening enjoyed very much the company of Mr. Tiptaft. The Lord Jesus and his great love in the redemption and salvation of his people, was the theme of his conversation, and apparently the joy of his heart. O Lord, bless this thy servant with more and more of thy Spirit.

The following extracts will show how she was led at this time:

1845. Sunday, September 21st.—Feel this night exercised in mind, having been present at the celebration of the Lord's supper, and could not join in the feast. Lord, direct me. I know I am not worthy of one crumb of thy children's bread; yet thou knowest there is a hungering and thirsting after righteousness in my soul; and hast thou not said such shall be filled? I pray thee to make my way plain before my face, and to enable me to walk in it, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

1845. Sunday, October 26th.—Blessed be God for the mercies and blessings bestowed upon me this day. I have, indeed, found it very good to wait upon him in the courts of his house. I felt my soul drawn out sweetly and strongly in prayer, and had access with confidence through the blood of sprinkling. Heard Mr. P. in the afternoon, from the words, "Thou hast delivered my soul from death; wilt thou not keep my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?" with great power. The word was indeed quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword. O Lord, I bless thee for the hope that thou hast delivered my soul from death. O, keep my feet from falling. Thou, and thou alone, knowest what a poor, vile, weak, worm I am. O, be my wisdom and my strength, for Jesus' sake.

After she had been at Ashwell about half a year, her mind became exercised about joining the church at Oakham. The following extracts wilt be read with interest, and may encourage others similarly exercised:

1846. February 1st.—I have of late had my mind tried very much respecting offering myself as a candidate for membership with the church. Have this day been to the deacon, and, blessed be God, felt much blessed, and had great liberty in telling him of the goodness of the Lord to me, and what I hope and trust he has wrought. His heart too, I have reason to believe, was opened and warmed towards me. O my God, if it be the good pleasure of thy grace, if it be for thy glory and my eternal good, suffer me to be joined to thy church militant here below, and with thee dwell throughout an eternal day. So be it, my Lord and my God!



February 28th. I have, during the month, had various feelings, and have sometimes been greatly harassed as to whether my experience be indeed that of the Holy Spirit's work. At other times have been fearing lest man's decision should be against me, and I should thus be forbidden the ordinances of the Lord's house. Went this afternoon to see Mr. P. in much fear and trembling. Did not feel much sweet liberty in speaking to him, but it pleased the Lord to incline his heart towards me, and he manifested a very kind, loving spirit. I am to come before the church, if the Lord enable, to-morrow fortnight. Lord, help and bless thy poor worm. So open my mouth that I may be enabled to show forth thy praise. Make thy strength perfect in my weakness, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

March 4th.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. I have this day been favored with sweet meltings of heart and loving gratitude for all the goodness and mercy wherewith the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ has blessed me, and the fear of man has been so completely removed from me, that I feel now that if my coming before the church could be dispensed with and I might become a member without it, I should feel disappointed. O still continue to be gracious unto me, I beseech thee, O Lord; and, if consistent with thy will, let me feel thus when the time arrives. Lord, bless me with much love and union with thy people; yea, let us feel that we are knit together by the heart's blood of Immanuel!

1846. March 15th, Sunday.—Blessed be God for the mercies and blessings of this day. I have heard two refreshing sermons preached by dear Mr. P., to whom I feel great love and union, and have also been before the church, and have been enabled to relate a small portion of what He has, in love and mercy, done for my poor soul. It was, indeed, but a small portion; for, O! what tongue can tell all his mercy and grace! I went in great weakness, but the Lord was pleased to open the hearts of the people to receive my feeble testimony; and on this day month, if the Lord will, I am to be publicly admitted to the ordinance of baptism. O my God, baptize me afresh with thy Spirit. O, let it be a sweet and precious season to my soul, if it be thy holy will.

1846. April 10th.—I have, during the week, been very uncomfortable and unhappy, murmuring and repining. Everything has seemed wrong; but last night the Lord, in mercy, was pleased to shine into my soul, and to bless me, unworthy and sinful as I am. I felt rebellious and discontented, and Satan said, "See, you are to be admitted to a church of the living God, a thing which you have been desiring for years, and now your desire is about to be accomplished you are as far from content as ever." Oh! this caused me great sorrow of heart; but last night the Lord was pleased powerfully to apply this verse to my soul:

"Tis I appoint thy daily lot,  
And I do all things well;  
Thou soon shalt quit this wretched spot,  
And rise with me to dwell."

Praised be the Lord! I cannot describe the peace, comfort, yea, even joy which it brought into my soul. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

1846. April 12th, Sunday.—I have this day been buried with my Lord in baptism. A sweet peace and calm have filled my breast throughout the day, and a humble, firm reliance on the Lord of life and glory as "all my salvation and all my desire," has been my happy portion. All fear which hath torment was taken away, with all false shame, nervousness, and all fear of man. This has, indeed, been a great and a good day to my soul, a day I trust, never to be forgotten. I also enjoyed the ordinance of the Lord's supper; the minister and people cordially and lovingly receiving me. My Father and my Lord, I thank thee for having opened their hearts, and for giving me a place among those who love thee. O keep me by thy almighty power, and help me to walk to the praise and glory of thy great and glorious name. O keep me for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

She thus records hearing Mr. Warburton at Stamford, which will be read with peculiar interest now that the dear old man is gone to his heavenly home:



1846. June 26th. Sunday.—I have this day been to Stamford and heard dear old Mr. Warburton from the words, "The righteous shall never be moved." Blessed be God for this day. While his servant was endeavoring to describe the dear Lord Jesus as a sinner's righteousness before a holy God, my soul had such a sweet soul-cheering view of the King in his beauty as completely ravished my heart. Glory to his grace. He did indeed appear to my soul as altogether lovely; but the bright and glorious view, or rather the rapture, it occasioned in my soul was speedily damped by sad doubts and fears, lest I had no share in that blessed, spotless righteousness; yet I do hope I have, or why should I feel so ravished with his divine and heavenly charms? Praise his dear name, I still hope in him. This is a day which I trust will be long remembered, yea, never be forgotten. Lord, bless thy dear servant. Clothe thy word with thy mighty power, and seal it upon the hearts of thy people, for Jesus' sake.

Her diary, which for some time was loosely kept, abruptly terminates with the following entries, which we think will speak for themselves:

1846. October 26th.—Last week, my dear, kind, compassionate Father was pleased to say unto me, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight, and rough places plain. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." O what comfort and peace did these words bring in. In these words, "I will not forsake them," lies the comfort, blessed be God. Yesterday I was melted and blessed under the morning sermon, from, "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved, for thou art my praise." Found it a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

1847. March 30th.—Since I last wrote in this book, numberless have been the mercies received, the sins committed, and the changes felt. I have been the subject of much hardness and vileness, dreadful temptations and awful thoughts, while many fears of death and hell have harassed and troubled my soul; but, blessed be God, there have been moments when, I do hope and trust, the Lord has touched my heart, and I have been melted into sweet submission and love at his footstool, with a precious hope of his everlasting love to me. I do hope, at times, that my heart is more drawn from earth, and creature comforts and blessings. I do see the vanity of all things here below more than ever; but, alas! my poor foolish heart sometimes longs for a rest below the skies. Lord, keep me from finding it. Give me not up; leave me not alone; but do work in me mightily by thy Spirit. Help me to pray, wrestle, and groan at thy feet a little longer. And if the miracle of mercy should come to pass that I should be found among the happy number who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises, to thee, O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, will I, with all the blood-washed throng, ascribe all the glory, honor, and praise, for ever and ever. Amen.

On Christmas day, 1847, she was united to a very worthy, and I trust gracious man, named Clack, who, in the providence of God, had come out of Wilts, and was residing at Oakham. The hope, however, of establishing himself in business, led him to remove to Stamford, where she passed the rest of her days, and whence her ransomed soul took its flight to eternal glory. Her path in providence became now somewhat different from any past experience. Hitherto all her temporal wants had been supplied without any care of hers, whence came her daily bread, and the precept was easy for her to practise to take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow in her case easily took thought for itself. But now she had to be daily looking upward for the bread that perisheth, that it might come from the blessing of God on her husband's industry and exertions.

The cares too and anxieties of a little family were in due time added to her lot; and these, from natural weakness of constitution, demanding more than usual attention, if they brought with them a larger share of affection, required a larger measure of patience and exertion. But, blessed with a kind and affectionate husband, and favored at times with the smiles of the Lord, she cheerfully bore up in tribulations rugged path. I have frequently visited her both in health and sickness, and have always much admired her submission and resignation to the will of God, her great simplicity of character, her tenderness of conscience, her godly jealousy over herself, lest she should deceive or be deceived, and the evidences she gave of the fear of God being alive in her soul.

About three years ago she was seized with an attack of spitting of blood, which was the first manifest commencement of that disease which was sent to bring her mortal tabernacle into the dust.

But as the account of her last illness and death will occupy more room than we can give in our present limited space, we are reluctantly compelled to defer it to our next number.

*(To be continued.)*

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It is sad and astonishing to observe the ingredients of that foundation on which self justiciaries build their hopes of heaven. First, there is a stratum of free-will; then of good dispositions; then of legal performances; next a layer of what they term divine aids and assistances, ratified and made effectual by human compliances; then a little of Christ's merits; then faithfulness to helps received; and, to finish the motley mixture, a perseverance of their own spinning. At so much pains is a pharisee in going about to establish his own righteousness, rather than embrace the Bible-way of salvation by submitting to the righteousness of God the Son.—*Toplady.*

**BAPTISM.**—When the believer comes to this ordinance in the name of and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the language he speaks, by submission to the ordinance, is, "In the presence of God and all who are here, I profess that I have no hope of immortal happiness but through the life, sufferings, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I submit to this ordinance as a sign that my whole trust and confidence are in my risen Saviour, and herein I answer a good conscience toward God by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. I do also in this solemn ordinance profess that through union to Christ I am dead to sin, the law, the world, the flesh, and the devil. I am therefore 'buried in baptism' to show, in a figure, that they are not, jointly or separately, to rule or reign over me, and that they have no just claims upon me, for by the body of Christ I am dead to and free from them. I hereby also profess not to be alone, but I rise from the water as a sign of the resurrection of my dear Lord and Master for my complete justification, and of my resurrection in him by virtue of my union to him; and through the power of the Holy Ghost I am risen to newness of life in Christ my Head; and I rejoice to acknowledge him my Lord and Lawgiver, and profess myself to be married to him who is raised from the dead, that I should bring forth fruit unto God. I do hereby also profess that as sure as this body is raised from the water, so sure I hope in the resurrection to rise from the dead in the likeness of Christ; for this vile body shall be changed and fashioned like unto the glorious body of my dear Lord and Saviour, with whom I shall live in immortal glory."—(Rom. vi. 5-6; Gal. iii. 27.)—*Gadsby's Works.*

## INQUIRIES.

Sir,—Several friends of truth, who value you highly for your works' sake, have been grieved lately by witnessing the sale of pamphlets (*i.e.*, sermons, magazines, &c.,) within the doors of our chapel, on the morning and evening of the Lord's Day. The works there and then disposed of are perfectly in character with a place where free grace is preached. But the offer of them for money on such a day, in such a place, appears to us at variance with many scriptural commands concerning the Sabbath Day. We write not for controversy, but because our minds have been at times much exercised about the matter. And should you see fit to make a reply in the pages of the "Standard," it would assist in establishing a right view of the matter, and be received as a favor by,

Yours respectfully,

Bromley, Jan. 9th, 1857.

L. S.

## ANSWER.

The subject has frequently come before us, and we feel it difficult to give a decided answer to the inquiry; but we will offer the thoughts that have occurred to our own mind upon it.

The public sale of sermons, magazines, &c., at the chapel doors on the Lord's Day is decidedly offensive to our eyes, and we think it should, if possible, not be allowed; but to exclude all sale of them whatsoever on a Lord's Day within the chapel would certainly, if carried out, cause much inconvenience. For, remember this, that if you begin to enforce this regulation, that to sell them at all is a breach of the Sabbath, you must carry out your principle, and must not suffer any money whatever to pass, by way of sale, on the Lord's Day. Now, in many places tea is provided for the people between services in the vestry. Carry out your principle, and not a penny must be taken for the tea so supplied. Again, many of the Lord's people live in country villages, and few of them are much acquainted with the way of getting books through booksellers. Besides which, a bookseller will not take the trouble of procuring a penny sermon, and there is a general dislike in the trade to works of truth, which are also rarely published in the Row, all which circumstances make it difficult to obtain them. Hymn books also are often kept by the deacons and pew-openers at the chapel, and as these are usually supplied at a cheaper rate than they can be bought at a bookseller's, it is a great advantage to a poor man to save a shilling this way, which will often decide whether he will have one or not. It is, therefore, a great convenience to poor persons to obtain their hymn books, "Standards," and penny sermons at the chapel; and as those who live at a distance cannot always nor often attend on the week-day, if you prohibit all sale on a Lord's Day, just see what you must come to. There must be no more tea to be had at the chapel, no hymn books, no "Standards," no penny sermons to be procured, unless you mean to give instead of selling all these; and then it will not only do away

with the objection of selling them on the Lord's Day, but will be a great boon to the poor, and will, besides, much enlarge your custom, as well as greatly oblige grocer, publisher, and bookseller, all of whom you will pay of course out of your own pocket every Monday morning.

But if you are not prepared for this liberal course of proceeding, you are necessarily brought to one of these two conclusions, either, 1. to submit to all the inconveniences named, and let no tea be made or drunk by the poor men and women who have walked their ten miles in heat and dust, or snow and frost; never let a hymn book, a "Standard," or a sermon be sold within the chapel, though often the only day when they can be got at all; or you must, 2. allow a sale, limited by certain restrictions.

After much thought on the subject, this is just the spot we have come to, to prohibit all sale of sermons, &c., at the doors, as offensive and unbecoming, but to allow those who cannot otherwise obtain them to pay for them in the vestry in the same way as they pay for their tea, the same person quietly selling both, but not hawking the one for sale more than the other.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige me by answering the following question: Is Isaac a type of Christ, or a type of the Church only?

Yours respectfully,

W. S.

#### ANSWER.

Isaac was clearly a type of Christ, but we cannot see how he was a type of the church. He was a type of Christ in these particulars: 1. as the promised seed; 2. as born by a miracle wrought on Sarah's womb, as Christ by a miracle in the womb of the virgin; 3. as mocked by Ishmael, the seed of Hagar, as Christ was by the Jews, the children of the bondwoman; 4. as carrying the wood, as Christ carried the cross; and laid as a sacrifice on the altar, as Christ was offered on the altar of his divine nature, which bore up the human nature and gave value and validity to the sacrifice; 5. as received by his father from the dead in a figure, (Heb. xi. 19,) having lain as it were dead three days in his father's mind and purpose; 6. as marrying Rebekah, who was a type of the church, as, 1. being of the same kindred; 2. as leaving all to become his spouse; 3. as decked in jewels of his giving, and brought to him by his servant; 4. as lighting off the camel and putting on her veil when she met him in the field, implying thereby subjection and submission to him, as the church is subject to Christ.

Will the Editor of the "Standard" favor us with his opinion upon the present agitation for abolition of capital punishment? If so, it will oblige a few of his readers as well as myself.

#### ANSWER.

The Scripture seems to us plain on this point both in the Old and New Testament. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his

blood be shed; for in the image of God made he him." (Gen. ix. 6.)  
 "For he beareth not the sword in vain, for he is the minister of God,  
 a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." (Rom. xiii. 4.)

The temporal ruler is expressly spoken of in this last passage as  
 "the minister" (or servant) "of God;" and he is declared "not to  
 bear the sword in vain," which clearly implies that God has com-  
 missioned him to use the sword; in other words, to inflict capital  
 punishment. We are, therefore, clearly of opinion that capital pun-  
 ishment for murder is sanctioned by the word of God, and ought to  
 be retained on the statute book for that crime.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige me by a reply to the following query?  
 Should I be justified in voting for a person to become a settled  
 pastor if his ministry did not commend itself to my conscience as a  
 living ministry, either by reproof, comfort, consolation, or instruction,  
 although there be nothing in that ministry (to the best of my  
 judgment) at variance with the letter of truth, and some consider-  
 able degree of talent displayed in its setting forth?

A CONSTANT READER.

#### ANSWER.

By no means vote for him to become a settled pastor if his min-  
 istry is never commended to your conscience as a living testimony  
 for God in any one way that you mention. If you believe him to be  
 a good man, and made useful to others, but not to you, do not oppose  
 him, but be neutral; but if you believe him only to be in the letter  
 of truth, never mind his ability, talent, &c., but vote against him,  
 unless you mean to help to saddle the church and congregation, as  
 well as yourself, with a dead minister, who may turn out to be a  
 wolf in sheep's clothing.

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ZEUXIS, the celebrated Grecian painter, used towards the latter  
 part of his life to give away his pictures, without deigning to accept of  
 any pecuniary recompense. Being asked the reason, his answer was, "I  
 make presents of my pictures because they are too valuable to be pur-  
 chased. They are above all price." And does not God freely give us a  
 part in the book of life, an interest in his Son, and a title to his king-  
 dom; nay, does he not make us a present of himself in Christ, because  
 these blessings are, literally, above all price? Too great, too high, too  
 glorious, to be purchased by the works of man, because we cannot merit  
 them, God graciously pleased freely to bestow them.—*Toplady.*

SOULS at ease put far away the evil day, while souls in trouble  
 consider their latter end. Hence Wisdom tells us that days of mourning  
 are better than days of feasting, for "by the sadness of the countenance  
 the heart is made better." And I am sure of this, the more they suffer  
 in the way, the less in the end.—*Huntington.*

WHAT can be of a more sad consideration than that we should carry  
 about us constantly that which is enmity against God; and that not in  
 this or that particular, but in all that he is, and in all wherein he hath  
 revealed himself. I cannot say it is well with them that find it not. It  
 is well with them indeed in whom the power of it is abated. But yet  
 for them who say it is not in them, "they do but deceive themselves,  
 and there is no truth in them."—*Owen.*



## REVIEW.

*"A Testimony to the Loving Kindness and Faithfulness of a Covenant God, as displayed in the last Illness and blessed Death of the late John Warburton, Minister of the Gospel, and for 42 years Pastor of the Church of Christ assembling at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge." London: Published for the Widow and Family, by John Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street. Price Fourpence.*

Who that knows anything of the wondrous doings and dealings of the Lord in providence and grace can say that miracles have ceased? It is true that the croaking raven no longer brings bread and flesh morning and evening to an Elijah by the brook Cherith; nor does the palsied leave his bed, or the dead come out of his grave, as in the days when Jesus walked here below; but wonders as great, though less visible to the eye of sense, are daily and hourly wrought by the same Jesus, now sitting at the right hand of God.

The life and death of our dear and esteemed friend, the late Mr. Warburton, proclaim this truth as with trumpet tongue to those who have ears to hear, and write it up, as with a ray of light, to those who have eyes to see how great are the signs of the Lord, and how mighty his wonders to those who fear and love his great name among the children of men. He was, indeed, a special instance of those miracles of providence and grace which testify to the power and presence, the mercy and love of a Covenant Jehovah. But most Christians have a history of their own, a wondrous tale to tell of the providence of God, as displayed in their past life; dull, indeed, and trivial to carnal men, unimportant and uninteresting, if not a scoff and a jest, to such as would push God out of the government of his own world, but precious beyond all price to themselves, as affording them, through its intimate connection with the work of grace, blessed evidences of their present sonship and future inheritance. When faith is in living exercise, and can roll out and read the long, and, it may be, intricate scroll of by-gone years, sweet is it to see the providence of God in well nigh every line. However long may be the chain, it is all linked together from beginning to end; nor can one link be severed without breaking asunder the connection of the whole.

Why born of such and such parents; why so, in earliest infancy, brought up; why so circumstanced in childhood; why so situated in this or that locality; why exposed, at this or that period, to such trials and difficulties; why directed to such a spot as years grew on; why, in tender youth, cast into this or that deep trouble and heart-breaking sorrow; why these fair prospects blighted, these warm affections withered, these airy castles shattered, when least expecting, and least able to bear the shock; why this sudden and unexpected turn of events, bringing on the hour when grace first visited their souls; all who have any living experience of the path of the just have their individual life-history in which they can at times trace



the wonder-working hand of God, holding the marvellous chain, and winding out link by link all these varied circumstances.

All, it is true, cannot tell the moving history recorded in the "Mercies of a Covenant God." They have had neither the deep troubles nor the blessed deliverances of the Lancashire weaver. Their goods have not been marked for rent, nor they and their children trundled off to the workhouse. They have not had the heavy trials in their families, in their churches, or in their own souls, which Infinite Wisdom had assigned to our departed friend. Still less have they had his great blessings and powerful manifestations of the love and goodness of God in providence and grace; nor has their tongue, if ministers, been clothed with that rich savour and divine unction which so marked his words in the pulpit, and in the parlor.

God designed him for a great work in the church of Christ, and therefore abundantly and eminently qualified him for it. However at the time hidden from his eyes, his heavy trials in providence; his deep and long poverty; the sinkings of his own desponding mind; the continual embarrassments into which he was plunged; his dismal and gloomy forebodings of a still worse future; his fears of bringing a reproach on the cause of God; the temptations of Satan with which he was assailed; the hidings of the Lord's face; his quakings and tremblings lest he had run unsent, and the whole series of anxiety and distress through which he was called to pass; all, connected as they were with the manifestations of God's love and mercy to his soul, were mysteriously tending to make him what he eventually was, a minister to the suffering church of Christ, a feeder of the flock of slaughter, a feeling experimental man of God to the mourners in Zion, the broken in heart, and the contrite in spirit. As in Paul he chose an instrument wherein "to shew forth all long suffering for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to everlasting life," so in John Warburton the Lord chose a vessel of mercy to show the power of his grace above all the wisdom of the creature.

But it has been well and wisely said that though God saves by "the foolishness of preaching," he does not send fools to preach. This is eminently true in the instance before us. Mr. Warburton was not a man of learning, or even much education; but he was naturally possessed of a sound, vigorous understanding, without which original gift mere school-cram is nearly useless. Great mistakes prevail on this head. Education is one of the grand idols of the present day, and is continually spoken of and cried up as the one thing needful, not only to root out of the land all immorality and vice, but to convert the rising generation into a race of philosophers, lawyers, statesmen, and divines. It is quietly assumed almost as a first principle, a mere matter of course, that the mind of man is naturally like a peach tree or a vine, which was only to be trained in a certain way and laid in to a certain length, and it is then sure to produce unceasing crops of fruit; or that it resembles a bale of Sea Island cotton, which may be scutched and carded, doubled and drawn, twisted and spun, woven and printed into any length, shape, size,

and pattern that the manufacturer chooses. Just as if the original force and feebleness of the mind, its natural quality and staple, were of no account; and just as if education could convert a weak intellect into a strong one, and schools and colleges turn out Miltons and Bacons by contract, at so much a gross. When the plane and French polish can make a mahogany table out of a deal board, and the willy and the spinning-jenny tear and twist London shoddy into Australian wool, then will the school and the academy turn a noodle into a Newton, and educate a blockhead into a genius. We do not deny that education will, according to the literal meaning of the word, draw out what is in the mind—but it must be in first. You may draw and draw, but your thread will never have any strength or length, unless there be at the bottom the needful staple and the requisite supply.

What Mr. Warburton might have been had his naturally strong and vigorous intellect been cultivated by a sound education in early boyhood and youth, cannot now be said. But most probably, we might rather say most certainly, it would have spoilt him. We might have had Warburton the acute lawyer, or Warburton the learned divine; but we should not have had Warburton the preacher, Warburton the feeling and experimental minister, the tried and exercised man of God. That he might not be thus spoiled, God himself took charge of his education, by placing him in early youth, not in an academy for young gentlemen, nor in a classical and commercial establishment, but in the school of Christ. Moses was made his schoolmaster, and first caught hold of him in Bolton Church, where, instead of charming his ears with the tones of the new organ, he sounded in them such a terrible peal of death, hell, and judgment to come, that his pupil dropped down half dead at his feet. Here he learnt his A B C in experimental religion; here Moses shook over him for the first time the rod; here the first lesson set him, amidst many sighs and tears, was to learn to spell the first letter of that dreadful sentence, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." What school or college could have experimentally taught him what he first learned in Bolton church—that he was a sinner, under the curse of God's righteous law? What labored course of lectures, free library, or mechanics' institute could have made him cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner," all the way home, till his breast bone was sore?

Education is admirable in its way, excellent for a time state; but no education, classical, theological, moral, or religious, could have made, though it might have marred a John Warburton, either as a Christian or a minister, or brought him with sighs and groans to the Redeemer's feet. And when peace and pardon first reached his heart, when rich, free, sovereign, and superabounding grace poured salvation into his soul, as he sat in Mr. Roby's chapel, he learned more in one moment what the love of God was, whence it came, and whether it fled, what it could do, and what bliss and blessedness it could create, than all the doctors and preceptors, pastors and masters,

schoolmasters or scholars, lecturers or libraries, teachers or tutors, could have taught him in half a century. When fierce temptations assailed his soul, when hell rose up in arms, and Satan, enraged to see so apt a tool lost to his service and enlisted in God's, hurled his fiery darts thick and fast against him, he was still at school, still learning better and wiser lessons than the Academy or the University could have taught him.

When dark clouds rested upon him in providence, when poverty and want knocked hard at his door, when little work and scanty wages, hard times and an increasing family plunged him into a sea of embarrassment and distress, he was still learning deep and blessed lessons, never taught at Cheshunt or learnt at Bradford. When the clouds of darkness broke in showers upon his head, when the Sun of Righteousness gleamed upon his path in providence and grace, when he could set up an Ebenezer here and a hill Mizar there, when he could "look from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards," and see the valley beneath all flowing with milk and wine; what books or book-makers could have taught him there was such a God in Israel, or have raised up in his heart such faith, hope, and love towards him? So with all his long experience of the ups and downs, ins and outs, joys and sorrows, risings and sinkings, feastings and fastings, smiles and tears, songs and sighs, mercies and miseries, heavens and hells of a living experience, what substitute could be found in human genius, or human learning, for this course of heavenly instruction?

We are not setting up Mr. Warburton, but the grace of God in him. We are not daubing his memory with fulsome eulogy, extolling and idolising a worm of earth, or dressing out his poor cold remains with carnal flattery and empty praise. Could he speak out of the grave-yard, he would bid us be silent, with that voice which has struck awe into whole congregations, and would admonish us in tones that would make us tremble, to ascribe the glory first and last to God. By the grace of God alone he was what he was. Grace began, grace carried on, and grace completed the whole work, from first to last, upon his soul. Great, especially in his early days, were his afflictions, and proportionably great were his consolations. But the Lord was with him in all his troubles and sorrows, temporal and spiritual, and brought him triumphant through them all. His debts, which had lain so heavy a burden upon him for many years, he was enabled honourably and fully to discharge, mainly through the blessing of the Lord resting on his little work, "The Mercies of a Covenant God." Thus his very providential trials proved providential blessings, and his debts were paid by his experience of their burden. Yet many were his mercies, if many his miseries. He was blessed with a large measure of health and strength for many years; was favored with an affectionate wife and family, some of whom he had the happiness of seeing called by grace; was much loved and esteemed by the church of Christ, to which he was made so signal a blessing; was spared to a good old age, without many of its usual infirmities; was sweetly supported on his bed of sickness and ill-

gushing by the presence and love of his dear Lord; and, after many longings to be gone, yielded up his spirit into his bosom with "Hallelujah" upon his lips.

He was not, indeed, without his faults and failings; but these much sprang from, and were closely connected with, the warmth of his natural feelings. If at times he was irritable, it arose, not from moroseness and sullenness of temper, but from that same warmth and depth of feeling which, flowing in another channel, made him so fond of his wife, children, and grandchildren, and so opened his heart to sympathise with their afflictions and trials, and take such a lively interest in all their concerns. He was also often considered arbitrary with his church and congregation; but Scripture and experience alike show that in a church, as in every other body, there must be order and government. If then the pastor do not exercise his legitimate influence and authority, there are those in every church who will rule the rest if they can; and as the other members will not quietly submit to this, the necessary consequence is strife and confusion. If Mr. Warburton held the reins with a firm hand, and sometimes sharply lashed the unruly, it was, in most cases, for the general good of the whole. He viewed himself as the father of the church and congregation, as indeed he was, for the former was chiefly made up of his spiritual children, and the latter was gathered and kept together by his gifts and grace. If then, as a father, he fed them, as a father he thought it right to govern them. His post was to lead, not to follow; to rule and govern, not to yield and obey. If sometimes he stretched his power beyond the usual limits of a pastor, and used the rod as well as the crook in ruling the church and congregation committed to his charge, it was not to exalt himself, make divisions, or introduce error, but for the good of the cause and the glory of God. He was naturally gifted with much sound good sense, knew the weakness and wickedness of the human heart, and seeing how soon divisions arise in a church, and what havoc they make of its prosperity and peace, he at once, with his broad weighty foot, trampled upon the rising flame which other ministers, of weaker and less determined minds, would let smoulder on, lest, in putting it out, they should burn their own fingers. Want of order and discipline is a prevailing evil in our churches; and when a pastor uses the authority which the Lord has given him to rule as well as feed the church, a cry is soon raised by those who are opposed to all order and discipline that he is tyrannical and arbitrary. He might sometimes, when thwarted and opposed, speak sharply, and look angry; and there was something in his fine, portly person, commanding look, and loud voice, that struck terror into the timid and silenced the talkative, but a tenderer heart never beat before the throne of grace and at the footstool of mercy. There indeed he was a little child, a babe, a humble, broken-hearted sinner. Much has been said of his temper and obstinacy, especially of late years, when painful divisions broke out in his church. But we challenge all his opponents and detractors to name a minister more broken and humble than he was before God. We have known many ministers;

many good and gracious servants of God, but we never knew a man more tender in real soul feeling, more broken, and simple, and child-like, when the hand of God was upon him. His temper was naturally stubborn and obstinate, but this made the contrast all the greater to what he was by grace. Thousands can testify to what he was in the pulpit. No one who knows what spiritual tenderness, divine sensations, and heavenly blessings are, could hear him pray or preach, when the Lord was with him, without feeling there was a peculiar savor and power in his words. This dew and unction, with which he was favored above any living minister, made him so acceptable to the tried and experienced family of God. It was not his gifts of eloquence, or powers of thought and expression; it was not the beauty of his language, or the force of his arguments, for in these external things he did not shine, that drew such crowds to hear him in London and the country, but the peculiar savor and sweetness that dropped from his lips. He was truly and peculiarly an experimental minister of God's truth. He preached what he knew in his own soul by the power of God; what he had tasted, felt, and handled of the word of life for himself; what had been wrought in his heart and conscience by the operations and influences of the Holy Ghost. For him it was eminently true, that "the heart of the wise teacheth his mouth and addeth learning to his lips." (Prov. xvi. 23.) He was, therefore, "a minister of the spirit, not of the letter," "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." He honored God, and God honored him.

No minister in these last fifty years, excepting Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gadsby, has been so blessed to the church of God, or had so many seals to his ministry. Let those men or ministers who, for years, have been snarling at him and secretly whispering their slanders, produce as many witnesses on their behalf. Let them search and see whether God has blessed them as he blessed him. Can they preach with his savor and power? Can they describe the trials and afflictions of the people of God as he could? or the feelings of the soul under his smiles, as he was enabled to do?

If anything could shame and silence his enemies, it would be this last testimony of the love and mercy of God to his soul, which we hope all our readers will see for themselves. This will most abundantly show how he was favored and blessed on his death bed. Gladly indeed would we have seen the whole of it in our pages; but as it is published for the benefit of the bereaved widow and family, we are happy to think that to those whom he loved so much upon earth he extends his hands, as it were, for their help beyond the grave. Surely no one who loves and reveres his memory will grudge the trifle that will enable him to possess himself of this testimony to the power of God in blessing his dying son and servant. It is very nicely and soberly put together, in a simple, unassuming manner, without any flattery of the deceased, or any attempt to exaggerate or set off his expressions, but leaving the dear old man to speak just as the words dropped from his lips. It is therefore quite commended to our conscience as a faithful record of his dying experience, and in



this lies its value and blessedness. We shall only give the closing scene, which we must say is commended to us as one of the most blessed departures that we ever heard or read of. We seem to see in his last word the dear man's soul passing at once from earth to heaven, ravished with its opening glory, and swallowed up in its bliss the moment before he entered eternally into it. Dry must be that eye which drops no tear over such a death, and hard that heart which does not inwardly sigh, "Let my last end be like his!"

Thursday, April 2nd.—All his children that resided in town, were summoned to his bedside. One of his daughters said to him, "Father, you feel Christ precious, and want to praise him in glory?" He lifted up both hands, pointing with one finger, and with fixed eyes as if gazing on some delightful object, exclaiming with peculiar emphasis and perfectly distinctly, "I haven't room, I haven't room." Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, it became difficult to understand what he said. To all around he appeared full of raptures, his lips continually moving as if talking to himself, and lifting up both hands continually as if enjoying the sweetest communion with his God.

Not long before he died, he appeared anxious to say something. On one of his daughters putting her ear close to his mouth, she heard him say, "Pen, ink." On which she replied, "Do you want to write, father?" He said, "Yes." Pen, ink, and paper were brought to him. He took hold of the pen, and held it in such a way as to cause surprise to all his children present. He tried to make a mark, but could not. He looked very earnestly at his daughter, and said, "You can write." She inquired, "Father, what must I write?" He said something; but none could understand what he said. On which his daughter said, "Is it anything about the church you want us to know?" He shook his head, and firmly said, "No." Another of his daughters said, "Is it anything respecting the family?" As before, he replied, "No." "Is it to tell us how good the Lord is to you in your last moments?" He lifted up both hands, and waving them with peculiar delight, said, "Yes, yes." He still continued to appear as if those around him did not sufficiently understand him. With great exertion, he lifted up both hands, pointing with his finger, and laboring to articulate something. At last he said, "Hal— Hal—;" then followed with a firm voice, without a waver, "Hallelujah!" and he immediately breathed out his soul, at a quarter past seven, p.m.

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## P O E T R Y.

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"The Lord gave the word."—Ps. lxxviii. 11.

He gave his precious word to me;  
Publish, my soul, the same;  
The Lord hath sent his servant forth,  
To tell his wondrous fame.

The Spirit condescends to take  
The precious word and show,  
To every quickened needy soul,  
What Jesus can bestow.

Arise, my soul, and bless his name  
Who did salvation bring;  
Publish, ye heralds of his grace,  
His glorious praises sing.

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It continues an infallible rule, that he who does not yet abhor all sin, and who is not in earnest to renounce every sin, does not possess true faith.—*Herman Franke.*



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JULY, 1857.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## THE GRADUAL CONQUEST; OR, HEAVEN WON BY LITTLE AND LITTLE.

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(Continued from page 171.)

3. The manner of the conquest here expressed is *gradual*, by little and little. As to the import of this phrase, it implies that the people of God are not to expect that their spiritual enemies will be all vanquished at the first onset. Though the victory is begun, when the soul is united to Christ by faith, and under his colors, who is the Captain of salvation, yet the commencement of the spiritual war is not the completion thereof; nay, there may be many a battle before the war be at a close and the victory complete; for, though the enemy hath got a deadly stroke, and though the nations of lusts, like the beast mentioned in Dan. vii. 12, "have their dominion taken away, yet their lives are prolonged for a season;" which occasions the war to be prolonged. Also it implies, that the visible advantages over the nations of spiritual enemies may be very small. Israel may be at a time but holpen with a little help, (Dan. xi. 34,) and get a little reviving in their bondage, (Ezra ix. 8,) a little victory at a time, a small advantage against the enemy; but though it be small, yet the day of small things is not to be despised. Therefore, O believer, be thankful if, by little and little, the Lord is putting them out, and gradually diminishing their forces, which he will continue to do until the day of death, when the warfare will be concluded. But this leads to another question, viz.,

How does the Lord their God bring them forth to the field of battle against the nations? I do not limit the Lord to this or to that way, he is Sovereign; but I will speak of the ordinary steps and degrees, by which he brings poor sinners that were under the power of sin and Satan, mixed with and under the power of the nations of hell, by which, I say, he brings them to the field. There are several fields that the Captain of salvation leads them through before they enter on the field of battle, where the nations are put out before them.

First. He leads them to the field of *consideration*, and makes them there bethink themselves what a sad state and condition they are in, while waging war against heaven, under the devil's banner. What am I doing? and where am I going? and what will be the end of these things, and of living in the service of these nations of lusts? And O! where will be my landing place to eternity, if this be my

course? Many never go so far towards the heavenly Canaan, as to step into this field of consideration. But, when the Lord begins a good work in his people, he brings them first to consider their ways: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." (Ps. cxix. 59.) It may be, he brings them to consider by some rousing providence, whereby he stops their career in wickedness, and hedges up their way with thorns, as he stopped Manasseh, and held him in the thorns of Babylon, till he began to consider and know that the Lord is God, and that he was fighting against the Almighty.

Second. Another little advance is, his bringing them next to the field of *concern*. This naturally follows upon due consideration. The sinner is brought to see the hazard and danger he is compassed with, and to be afraid of the issue. Some may take a step into the field of consideration a little, but they presently step back again, without going forward to the field of concern; but, when the Lord is pleased to bring on forward to the camp for war, he brings them into the field of great concern, where they are filled with a greater concern about salvation than ever they had about anything in the world, saying with the jailor, "O! what shall I do to be saved?" and with Peter's hearers, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Is there any salvation for me, that have been fighting against God all my days?

Third. Another little advance is, his bringing them from the field of concern to the field of *restlessness*, even to a restless endeavor to come out of the devil's camp, and out of that sad condition they see and feel themselves in; for this concern about salvation, and fear of everlasting damnation, makes them to fall about the means of relief; and so they read, and pray, and hear, and meditate, and mourn, and weep, and reform; and you would think they are by this time beginning to fight against the nations of their lusts; but, however these means are good in themselves, and a restlessness in the use of them may be wrought under the awakening influence of the Spirit of God; yet there is some other field the man must be taken through, before he be capable to lift arms against his lusts in an evangelical and acceptable manner; for, as yet, his legal heart leads him to nothing but a legal warfare, under which his spiritual lusts remain still in their strength and dominion. The man is yet under the law, and so under the dominion of sin. (Rom. vi. 14.) And hence, while he is yet in this field, he is ready to be filled with vain imaginations, and legal dreams, like the young man in the gospel, that it is by doing some good thing or other he is to have eternal life. In this case, he may be doing a great deal of duties, and doing what he can with the greatest natural seriousness, and yet to no purpose; because he is doing upon the principle of the old covenant of works, "Do and live." Therefore,

Fourth. The Lord brings them from that field of *restlessness* to the field of *despair*, so as to despair of help in themselves and in their endeavors; to despair of ever getting victory by their legal diligence; to despair of life by the law, and their own obedience

thereto. When the soul is upon this field, it meets with the law, and sees the extent and spirituality of it, as exacting no less than perfection; internal perfection in heart and nature; external perfection in lip and life; eternal perfection in point of continuance and duration; for, "Cursed is every one that continues not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." And so all this perfection it requires upon pain of eternal death and damnation. Now the commandment comes; (Rom. vii. 9;) and though the man was alive without the law, and reckoned he was right enough, and fairly bound for the heavenly Canaan, as well as his neighbors; yet the commandment thus coming, sin revives, and he dies. His hope and expectation by the law, or by his legal endeavors, give up the ghost. Now, till a man be brought to this field of despair, he is not brought half-way to the field of battle against the nations of enemies in his way to the heavenly Canaan; but when the Lord brings a man to this despair in himself, and to despair of relief from creatures and means, then there begins to be some hope in Israel concerning him; for he is now laid low in the dust, and made vile in his own eyes, by Christ discovering him to himself, as he did to Job. (See xlii. 6.) Therefore,

Fifth. Another little advance, while the Lord is bringing the man by little and little to the gospel-camp, is this: He brings him from the field of despair to the field of *hope*; I mean to a distant sight of the cape of good hope, in hearing of the good news of the gospel, concerning the Captain of salvation, in whom alone poor enslaved sinners may be made more than conquerors over sin, Satan, and the world; as also over death and hell, and all their spiritual enemies. The soul hears of this mighty Captain, that he is able to save to the uttermost, and so conceives hope, that perhaps he will show mercy, and deliver a poor captive. I do not speak here of the new and lively hope, that is the fruit and effect of faith; for, on this field of hope that I speak of, the man is yet between hope and despair, as it were. This hope cannot be a helmet to him, while he yet wants the shield of faith; yet it is such a hope, wrought by the objective revelation of the gospel, as keeps him from sinking into utter discouragement; and excites, enables, and encourages him to go forward, because he sees a door of hope open, in the call of the gospel, wherein he hears Christ calling him to come and take the water of life freely. "O! There is the door of a new covenant open," says the man within himself. "I see it is open for the like of me, and I am particularly called to come in at this open door;" and now, when the man is brought to this, he is truly not far from the kingdom of heaven; not far from the field of battle; he needs but be holpen with a little help further, and then this course is complete. Therefore,

Sixth. Another little advance is, after the soul is brought over all these fields, by the good hand of God upon him, he is brought to the field of *saving faith*, getting such a discovery of Jesus Christ, the Captain of salvation, by the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him, as powerfully determines him to follow Christ, as a volunteer, being made willing in the day of his power; and

being charmed with the glory of his person, the freedom of his grace, the holiness of the standard, and ruddy ensign dyed with his own blood. Here the man sees him girding his sword upon his thigh, even his glory and majesty. By this sword of glorious grace, the sinner is made a willing subject, a willing soldier, to follow the glorious Captain, and employ him to fight all his battles, and drive out all the nations of his lusts before him. And now the man is a believer, and is come, indeed, to the field of battle, being joined to the Lord Jesus, and disjoined from his old general. Now he is, by virtue of union to Christ, entitled to a complete victory over all the nations of enemies in his way, and entitled to all those new recruits and reinforcements from heaven, that are necessary for the gradual subduing of the nations before him, till he

“Win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.”

Thus you see how, by little and little, the Lord brings them forth to the field of battle; and by what various degrees they are brought from being slaves to the devil and their lusts, to be soldiers of Christ Jesus. But now, as by little and little he brings them to the field of battle against the nations in a day of power; so,

By little and little, he carries on the conquest, till the day of death, when the warfare is accomplished. Yes, it is Christ alone, and his Spirit, that can destroy the nations before them. But now, the gradual conquest, till the day of death, speaks out these two things: First. That the Israel of God hath many *sad experiences* all their days, that their enemies are not utterly destroyed; but are living and lively, strong and prevalent many times. Second. That they have also many *sweet experiences*, all their days, of some little aid and auxiliaries from heaven, whereby the enemy is driven out, and destroyed, by little and little, from time to time.

First. I say that notwithstanding their being got fairly under the colors of their glorious Captain, yet they will find, all their days, that their enemies are living and lively, strong and prevalent; for, their destruction being but by little and little, the conquest may be many times undiscernible, while the power of the enemy appears great and formidable, notwithstanding any little advantage gained at a time, and while they find many dreadful sallies and successful excursions that the enemy makes upon them. Do you not find, by sad experience, that there is a law in your members, warring against the law of your mind, and bringing you into captivity to the law of sin, that is in your members? and that you wrestle not against flesh and blood only, but against principalities and powers? (Rom. vii. 23; Eph. vi. 12.) Does not sad experience witness that it is within you that troubles assault you most; that your greatest adversaries are the men of your own house; and that, in the worst of times, there is always more cause to complain of an evil heart than an evil world; and that it is this carnal heart especially that clogs and impedes your progress and motion towards God, and many times makes your choicest duties to be like a grievous task? Does not sad experience witness, even since you were brought to the field

of battle against your spiritual enemies, that there is more wickedness in your heart, siding with the enemy, than you could have believed, though it had been told you? When, at any time, you got your feet upon the necks of your enemies, you could never have thought they would ever so fearfully prevail again; or, if you had thought it, would it not have been a terror to you? Does not sad experience witness such a power of corruption, that no sooner did you ever begin to parley with a temptation at a distance, and adventure to sport therewith, but it quickly hath turned to earnest, and carried all before it? So much fuel and gunpowder for the enemy do you carry about with you, that you take fire upon the smallest touch, and are ready to be blown up with the flame? Does not sad experience witness, how soon the strongest resolution, even under the sweetest gales, will vanish; that you are not oft in the evening what you were in the morning, nor for many hours do you keep the ground you had attained; and how quickly you destroy that which grace hath built, insomuch, that if grace were not stronger to save and preserve than you are to mar and destroy, you would be undone for ever? Is it not past reckoning, how oft your heart hath thus deceived you? And is it not plain that the word of God knows your heart better than you do, declaring it to be deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked? Does not sad experience show you, that the DEVIL, who heads and leads the nations of lusts and corruptions, hath the advantage of the ground? and knows how to correspond with your corruption, and suits his temptation to your natural temper, to your calling and company, and predominant inclination, and even to your retirement and solitude; and that he can even then most dangerously tempt, when the temptation is least seen and discovered; and that, by his temptations he not only aims at bringing sin to the thoughts, but to the act, too, putting some blot upon your conduct and conversation? Does not sad experience show you, that it is hard, difficult, and dangerous, to dance about the fire, and not be burnt; and that the temptation which, at a distance, seemed small, upon a nearer approach you have found had more bands on your heart than you could have dreamed it would have had, and how impossible it is, many times, to stop the current to which, through unwatchfulness, you have given a vent? Does not sad experience witness, how the power and prevalency of corruption hath consumed the vitals of your spiritual life, and tumbled you down headlong into confusion; especially when you have given conscience a ramp, by doing violence to light, in siding with the enemies, and adventuring on the occasions of a temptation? When you have gone, like Peter, to the high priest's hall, without a warrant or a call, hath it not cost you dear, insomuch that you have found bold sinning hath made faint believing, and turned all your comfort to the door, leaving nothing behind but bitterness and death? Do you not find your sins have a weakening, captivating, vexing, and tormenting power? But many sad experiences of this sort, and thousands of them during the days of their pilgrimage, may even the true Israel of God have, whereby they find, to their sad cost,

that the nations of corruptions are alive and powerful, as this gradual conquest, by little and little, declares.

Second. It shows also, that they have many *sweet experiences*, on the other hand, of some little succours and auxiliaries, some small aids and supplies from heaven, whereby the enemy is driven out and destroyed from time to time; and this all the days of their life also, till the warfare be accomplished at death. I am speaking of these that have been brought to the field of battle, as I showed before; and how the Lord, by little and little, makes the nations of lusts sometimes to flee before them. But by how many littles, in the believer's life-time, this warfare is carried on, who can tell? And how many little recoveries, little revivings, little supplies, little supports, little strengthening meals, little sin-killing antidotes, little soul-reviving cordials; how many of these little sweet things the Lord their God allows them from time to time, that by little and little they may win the day, is not possible to tell, they are so many. The poor fighting believer may get a thousand of them in a year, and ten thousands of them in his life-time; and, perhaps, more than half a score of them at one communion. Sometimes he gets a little new discovery of the glorious Captain after he hath been long out of sight; and a new sight of the glory of the Lord fills the Israelite's heart with new life and courage, and hope of prevailing; for then he sees Christ to be a full magazine of all military provision, and an open magazine to give out armour for the war; and so, by receiving out of his fulness, he becomes strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Indeed, so many little glances of the glory of Christ that the believer gets, so many little victories does he gain over the enemy. Again. Sometimes he gets a little out-pouring of the Spirit of prayer, and of the Spirit of adoption, crying, Abba, Father. "O Father," may he say, "pity a poor child, harassed with the devil, and captivated by the power of indwelling corruptions." O! but this gives the believer a little ease and relief, when he can get his heart poured out into the bosom of his best and most glorious Friend, complaining of the tyranny of the tempter, and the prevailing of the nations. Here is a little victory gained, when he gets a little grace to put the enemies of his soul into the hands of his Captain, saying, Vengeance, Lord; vengeance be executed upon these enemies that dishonor thy name, and disturb the peace of my soul. Again. Sometimes he gets a little discovery of the enemy's power and policy, and strongest holds; so as, knowing the depths of Satan, and not being ignorant of his devices, the believer is thereby put more upon his guard; and especially he is led to see and observe the old man of sin, that deadly cut-throat, that lies within his bosom; and while he is bemoaning himself, with Ephraim, and crying out, with St. Paul, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" the enemy is losing ground. Again. Sometimes he gets a little communication of life, after a deadness of spirit that seized him; and a little recovery after a fit of the falling sickness and backsliding; and the new communication of life and health to the soul, makes him start up on his feet again, renew the assault, and



pursue the enemy with more vigor and resolution than ever he did. Again. Sometimes he gets a little grasp of a promise, such as that, "I will subdue thine iniquity; sin shall not have dominion over thee; fear not, for I am with thee; the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly;" and having these promises, he is encouraged to the holy war, namely, to cleanse himself "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." And if the promises are not speedily accomplished, he is encouraged to wait upon the Lord until he bring forth judgment unto victory; and the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for him. He that believeth shall not make haste; knowing the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and hence the believer will find that his strength is to sit still, and quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord. Again. Sometimes he gets a little godly sorrow that works repentance unto life; gospel repentance, issuing from a sight of the crucified Christ, bring along with it a train of artillery for subduing the enemy. "What carefulness does it work," says the apostle; "yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what indignation; yea, what fear; yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal; yea, what revenge?" When the heart is melting before the Lord in godly sorrow, O what revenge is it meditating against the nations of corruptions! O how glad would the believer be then to wash his hands in the blood of all his spiritual enemies! For, at the same time, he gets a little resentment of his own ingratitude, saying, "O! do I thus requite the Lord, O foolish and unwise?" A little holy shame and blushing before the Lord at the thoughts of his own brutishness, saying, "*Behold I am vile;*" and a little soul abasement, casting indignity upon himself, and giving glory to the Lord, saying, "Truth, Lord, I am a dog, I am a beast, I am a devil; but yet I come to thee to cast out the devil, and get glory to thy name." Further. Sometimes he gets a little intimation of peace and pardon, a little sprinkling of the blood of Christ upon the conscience, to purge it from dead works, and a little application of that blood by the hand of the Spirit, showing him that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Sometimes they get a little opening of the heart, like Lydia, at the hearing of the gospel preached, and the more the heart opens to let in the King of glory, the more is the enemy shut out. Sometimes they get a little freedom and boldness at the throne of grace, when they come thither to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need; and when there, they get a little strength to wrestle with the Lord for a blessing, saying, "Lord, I will not let thee go till thou bless me;" they get even power with God himself, as it is said of Jacob, "He had power over the angel, and prevailed." And when a man is an overcomer in this sense, to have power with God, much more will he have power over the nations of enemies. Sometimes they are favored with a little shower of the sanctifying and comforting influences of the Spirit of Christ for watering their graces, and drowning their corruptions. Sometimes they get a little look and glance of the kind and compassionate eye of Christ, even after a denial, as he gave to Peter; and when

they find him thus graciously looking to them, and kindly rebuking them, they go out and weep bitterly; and while they are shedding the tears of faith, they are shedding the blood of their enemies. Sometimes they get a little back-look upon an old promise that the Lord gave them with power; and when they are helped to plead it, saying, "Lord, remember the word on which thou hast caused me to hope," the enemy gets a new dash. Sometimes they get a little opening of the door of hope in the valley of Achor, the lively hope of the heavenly Canaan through the resurrection of Christ; and this hope is the sinews of the holy war; for as "hope makes not ashamed, so he that hath this hope purifieth himself;" and, according to the measure of this hope, is the measure of victory. Sometimes they get the love of God shed abroad upon their heart, and then the love of Christ constrains them; the love of the Captain draws them to the field, where love is the signal for war; Christ's love, I mean. "His banner over me was love," says the church. His love both leads the van and fences the rear, and so the banner of love beats down the nations. Again. Sometimes they get a little sight of God in Christ, and then they can endure hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; thus they "endure, as seeing him that is invisible, counting the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt." Sometimes they get a little touch of the hem of Christ's garment by faith; a little touch of his name, his offices, his blood, his righteousness, or whatever hem it be. Virtue comes from him to stop the bloody issue, and stop the enemy's motion. Sometimes they get a little taste that the Lord is gracious; and it is like the taste of Jonathan's honey-comb; the more they taste of the honey of free grace, the greater is the slaughter they make among the Philistines. Sometimes they get a little smell of the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley, and it revives their fainting soul. All Christ's garments are said to smell of aloes, myrrh, and cassia; and the believer may be said to get a smell of the raiment, a smell of the rose, when Christ is precious to him above all things. And when all these spiritual senses are exercised, then they may be said to be exercising their arms, making havoc among their enemies, and successfully gaining ground upon them. In a word, he gives them sometimes a little breathing in the air of spiritual meditation: "My meditation of him shall be sweet;" (Ps. civ. 34;) and when Christ is sweet, sin is bitter, and the battle against it a bitter battle. He gives them here a little and there a little comfort and encouragement, and by little and little puts out the nations before them.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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THE way for us not to lose our way, is to receive nothing from man but what bears the stamp of Scripture; to beg of God that he would shine upon the dial, that we may consult it profitably, and know whereabouts we are; *i.e.*, that he would make us understand the Scriptures by the saving light of his blessed Spirit; and then to look upon no influence, impulse, suggestion, or direction as the voice of God in the soul, except it harmonise and coincide with that sacred Scripture which himself inspired.—*Top!ady.*

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—I have once more taken up my pen to write a few lines to you, hoping they will find you in health of body as well as of soul, as I am at present; and that your soul is at times feeding on that rich pasture of which the prophet Isaiah speaks in xxv. 6: “And in this mountain (Zion, the church of the living God) shall the Lord of Hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined,” or well purified; yes, for he trod the wine-press alone, and there was none with him. This is good fare indeed for poor hungry and thirsty souls, yet they cannot enjoy it unless the Master of the Feast is pleased to supply them with that bread of everlasting life, and the water from that well of which our blessed Jesus spoke to the woman of Samaria. She knew not then who that glorious person was that was then veiled in our human flesh. O, how great was that condescension for the Lord of Life and Glory to stoop so low as to take our nature upon him, and to pass by the nature of angels, to suffer as he did for his church and people. Here truly was love indeed beyond degree; wonderful and free. Little did the woman think of meeting such a guest at the well. That chapter has been a great comfort to me at times, and my poor needy soul has been drawn out in love to Jesus for his condescension to such a worthless worm, as I often feel myself to be. “Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again. But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him it shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.” And after a little further close conversation, she felt somewhat of this springing well; for she left her waterpot and went into the city, and saith to the men, “Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ? Then they went out of the city, and came unto him.” So her heart was opened to receive his answers, and his words dropped from his blessed lips therein, so that she turned preacher to her neighbors and friends. Truly indeed here was a needs be for his going through Samaria, that he might seek out some of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. What a mercy it is to have but one crumb or but one sip of this bread and water of everlasting life. It only creates a further longing and thirsting for more. “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”

While the light of his countenance shines upon our souls, and we are enabled to feed and feast on him by faith, then it is sweet indeed. But O how short these visits are! When I awoke this morning I felt so cold and lifeless about the best of things, I seemed not to have any marks or evidences of belonging to the Lord's family; yet I could not help feeling thankful to the Lord that I was spared to see the light of another day, and was not cut off, and sent where hope could never come. I did try to get some feeling in my breathings out to him, to revive me, and to restore again unto me the joys of his salvation; and that he would be with me through this day, and

bless me with some token for good. But no; it was not to be so then. His ears seemed shut up against me, and my heart felt hard, so that I found that I could not do anything of myself, and that it must all come from him alone. But before I came out of my room, I took my Bible, and it opened on Isaiah xxv. I read it, and when I came down to the fourth verse, my hard heart was made soft (Job xxiii. 16,) and I felt such a humbling and crumbling down, that I could not keep the tear from running down my face, to think that he should show mercy to one so vile and unworthy of the least of his mercies. I really felt myself to be one of the poor and the needy there spoken of, to whom Christ is the only safe and sure refuge from the storm, and a shadow from the heat, of the enemy of our souls, who is continually trying to disturb our peace. What a mercy it is that he cannot destroy, but only worry and perplex the Lord's tried family. O that I may be found at last amongst that number, when he counteth up his jewels!

I have many fears at times, but I do hope and trust that the Lord will be better to me than all my fears, as he hath been up to the present moment.

Can you give us an evening next week? or, if not then, when will it suit you? And have you come to any conclusion about Christmas day? I shall be glad to receive you at any time. Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends, also to Mrs. G. The friends unite with me in love to her and yourself, and believe me, your well-wisher in the truth,

Standard Road, Faversham, Dec. 8, 1846. G. BROADBRIDGE.

## THEY SHALL COME AND SHALL DECLARE HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS UNTO A PEOPLE THAT SHALL BE BORN, THAT HE HATH DONE THIS.

I remember to have had natural convictions when very young, and was what is called very piously inclined; for, as I grew older, I frequently attended a prayer-meeting at seven o'clock, and three sermons on the Lord's Day. Before I was seventeen I joined the General Baptist Church my parents belonged to, but I knew not the Lord's way of saving a sinner; I was rather looking to myself than to the Lord. I now see I was then nothing but a Pharisee. I do not think I had ever heard a gospel sermon. I was told of a Mr. Bailey in Alie Street. I wished to hear him, as I thought he held election, a doctrine I could not like, and I felt determined to pull to pieces all he said about it. How plain I now see my Pharisaical pride at that time! As soon as I got into the chapel I saw a most majestic person, with a drawn sword stretched across the heavens, and he pronounced with a voice of majesty, that entered the inmost recesses of my heart, his eyes all the time being fixed on me, which pierced me through and through, "For the word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow,

and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." I thought the Almighty had come near to judgment, and that I should be immediately cut off, and sent to hell; and I thought I saw the boards part under my feet, and devils trying to pull me in. The horror and terror that came over me is better felt than described. When I came out of the chapel I could not look at any one, but went home, inwardly groaning, "O that I had never been born! O that I had never made a profession of religion! Oh what a weight of sin and misery hangs over my head." The Arminian minister sent me word the deacons should visit me, but they never came, which I was very thankful for, as I was in such a trembling state of feeling I knew not how to speak to them, although all they could have said would not have had the weight of a feather on my mind, as the Lord kept following me up with these words, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." I kept constantly attending the place where I had felt the power, although I had nothing but reproof and condemnation, which occasioned floods of tears. A friend took me to hear Mr. Huntington, at Providence Chapel, who took his text out of Rev. ii.: "I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving him that receiveth it." I saw this secret was with the righteous, and that it was a knowledge of pardon and absolution, and known only by those who received it. O how did my soul go out to the Lord for the manifestation of this rich blessing! The doctrine of election began to open to my astonished view. I saw a glory and beauty in it, that had I possessed a world I would have given it for a hope that I was amongst the happy number of God's elect. Some time afterwards I heard Mr. H. from these words (Isa. xxv.): "A strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress." He described my poverty of soul, the deep sense of need I felt, and my great distress; and the Lord raised me to such a hope in his mercy, I shall never forget. But it did not last. I soon began to call it all in question, and I sank very low in the horrible pit. Indeed I had many fears that I had sinned the unpardonable sin. Added to this, I felt such reluctance to calling on the Lord, and in going to hear the word preached. I said, "It is of no use, I shall certainly be lost." I had now been about four years and a-half in bondage.

One Sunday in April, 1815, I was taken by a friend to hear a Mr. S., St. George's Road, who took his text from Rom. xi. The words were, "Towards thee, goodness;" the sermon was quite lost, as I was wholly taken up with those words, "Towards thee, goodness." They flowed into my soul with a power and sweetness never before felt. I was swallowed up in the ocean of electing love. Jesus, whom before I looked at as a terrible judge, now appeared my most loving friend. I thought Jesus and the holy angels were rejoicing over me. Many months was I favored to walk in this sweet enjoyment, holding daily converse with him, and having sweet familiarity and nearness to him, but a cloud gradually came over my mind. The Lord withheld the communication of his grace; I could not see

my signs and tokens for good ; I began to call all his work in question ; I sought the Lord, but could not find him ; called him, but he gave me no answer. The means of grace were dry breasts, and a throne of grace inaccessible ; for when he hideth himself, who then can behold him ? In this troubled state of mind, I may say distressed state ; I thought it was impossible I could live and bear it ; I went to hear Mr. Gadsby, at Conway Street. He took his text from 2 Cor. i. 9. : “We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth from the dead.” As he was reading his text, the Lord broke in upon my soul with such light and power I am not able to describe.

Here I must leave off, though I have travelled forty years in the wilderness since, and the Lord has never failed nor forsaken me to the present moment.

A PILGRIM PAST SEVENTY.

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### AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. CONYERS TO MR. ROMAINE.

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Well, my dear Sir,—“Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life,” saith the Lord ; and I am enabled to set to my seal that it is true. How far I may be mistaken in the way, and make difficulties to myself where God makes none, I know not ; but this I know, that I am at times so hard put to it, that I make a full stop ; and, for a moment, feel a wish in my heart to be either safely through or safely back again. No outward difficulties cause these unbelieving fears ; they arise not from opposition, nor from the fierceness and wrath of an angry, persecuting world. I have not at present much of these to fight with ; and when I have, though no man feels them more sensibly than I do, yet, indeed and in truth, I find them profitable. I enjoy many a sweet moment when under their pressure, and see much of the power and faithfulness of a promise-keeping God, when I occupy my business in these deep waters. Neither am I dejected with the view which God has given me (and a clear view he has given me) of my unworthiness, ignorance, helplessness, and sinfulness, and of the total blindness of my nature. It is not, I say, a sight or feeling of these things that makes my chariot wheels drag heavily in the way to the kingdom ; these are indeed humbling, and leave me not a word to say in my own behalf. I stand before God in myself, poor, and naked, and wretched, and miserable ; but this makes mercy the sweeter. The more we know of our ruin, and the mystery of iniquity that is in us, the greater value we necessarily set on our Saviour and his salvation. I am in Christ superior to all that is in me ; there is more in him to deliver me than there can be in myself to condemn me. But here the matter lies, Sir, when I look at the word of God, and see thereunto what I am called ; when I see my privilege as a child of God, and what arises from such an endearing relation ; when I see that I am called to a fellowship with the Father and the Son, to a peace



with God that passeth all understanding, to a love that casteth out fear, to a life of faith in the Son of God, yea, to joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have received the atonement; when I see that I am called to be a temple of God, through his Spirit dwelling in me; to be a worshipper in his spiritual house; an inhabitant of his spiritual Zion, that city of the Living God; a subject of his spiritual kingdom; to a hope full of immortality; to be an heir of God himself and a joint heir with his beloved Son; when I consider these things, Sir, I can hardly believe for joy and wonder. I look at myself and smile to see such an insignificant worm so exalted. I look on things around, the world and all its vanities, and can count them all but dung and dross, in comparison of the excellency of the knowledge of God through Christ Jesus the Lord. But, Oh! Sir! this is not always the case; nay, it is very often otherwise. This is the battle, this is my struggle, this is the reason of my complaint; now you see what I am, and what I am fighting for; now you see the very cause of my heartaches, my fears and distresses, my palpitations, &c. It is not steel-water, bark, nor the cordials of the apothecary, but the precious balm of Gilead, and the Great Physician there, that can alone give ease and quiet to my troubled breast. I want to live always like a man who is sensible that all the blessings of the everlasting covenant are his own. I would walk, and talk, and feel my hopes, and fears, and joys, like a creature that knows and believes that all things are his, for he is Christ's, and Christ is God's; but my weakness! my weakness! Woe unto me! my eyes and my ears are soon caught and turned unto vanity! My corruptions and sins (the guilt of which the blood of the Son of God hath done away) are yet as thorns in my side, and pricks in my eyes; nay, the very blessings are a snare to me, and frequently steal away my heart from him. My house is a snare; my children are a snare; my garden is a snare; my very dress is a snare; and such is my weakness, that my dear friend is a snare also. My comfort is in fellowship with God; his favor is better than life itself; and if I suffer my blessings to come in between him and me, it loses its name and is made a curse unto me.

Thus far my present experience.

Yours, &c.

R. CONYERS.

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WHEN you shall see what contrivances have been against you; what art, subtlety, malice, and power, they were agitated with; how unable you were, of yourselves, to foresee, prevent, avoid, or repel them; and how all the attributes of God and his providences, each one in its time and place, (which is most seasonable,) came in to your rescue, retorting on your adversaries, and safeguarding you; yea, how that which was death in itself was made to work life in you, how amiable and admirable will the story of it be! that when your faith was weak, the Lord did not withdraw from you; that when it was at its height and strength, he then did for you above all you could believe or think, and through an unspeakable press of difficulties and contradictions, he carried on his work in you; even bearing you on eagles' wings, until he brought you to himself; how will you magnify his work, and admire it then!—*Coles.*

## LETTER FROM MR. ROMAINE TO MR. T—, OF S—.

My good Friend,—I have read in a certain book, "As cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." You know this is the Gospel. Many (thank God, very many) times has it been good news to you and me; and while the blessed sound is joyful in our hearts, it makes all other good news better. So it improved your letter. I received it as one of my covenant blessings. You have your thanks, and God has had his. I am certain you will not be offended that he had the first and the best. The contents of the letter were also, every one of them, cordials as a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul. What struck me first was your noble collection; indeed it was great, in itself valuable; but more so from the motive. I believe Mr. K. gives, and teaches to give, from faith; Christian charity springs from Christ received, and works grace. Christ's grace expects acceptance through Christ's intercession, and done ever so much, or ever so well, refers all to Christ's glory. So again I come to my point; the good minister and the good congregation have my warmest thanks; but to the Lord Christ be all the praise. Please to communicate this to Mr. K., and further inform him how much he and his congregation are laid on my heart, since I have fully discovered the present state of S. O what deplorable blindness is there in ministers and people! what a fearful opposition are they carrying on against the Lord and his Christ! What have I told them? what had Mr. C. to tell them, but of the almighty power, of the infinite wisdom as influenced by the sovereign love of God,—Jesus,—to save all that come to him; to save them from all their sins, and from all their miseries, and also to give them all possible good in earth and in heaven? This is the kindest message of the Gospel, and it is sweetly recommended by putting the sinner into the present enjoyment of salvation, as the sure earnest of eternal enjoyment. Mr. — says, "This shall not be preached in my pulpit, because my congregation are offended at it." Lord God, open their eyes! In this view, Mr. T. sees the important stand which your brother ought to make. The good news shall not be suffered to be proclaimed in —, not even by Mr. C. among his friends and relations. In such circumstances, much, very much, depends upon Mr. K.; how earnest should he be in his work! how faithful in preaching! how careful in his walk! how fervent in closet-prayer! how constantly dependent on Christ for the success of his ministry. May the Spirit of the living God keep him, in his eye single, his heart chaste, his whole soul engaged in magnifying the person and the work of God our Saviour. I shall be often remembering him and you when I am at court. The King of kings is extremely gracious to me, and admits me into his gracious presence, sometimes into his cabinet. Whenever he vouchsafes such a favorable audience, I will not fail to present a petition for poor S. Let me recommend it to you to do the same in your prayer meetings. God bless them, and be much with you in that hour. May your pleadings for your igno-

rant neighbors bring down, both on them and you, showers of blessings! Your letter also was like one of the aforesaid cordials, because it brought a welcome account of your family. We had often been saying, "I wonder we don't hear from S. What can be the matter? I am afraid they are not well." At last comes good news of your family and friends; for which I am very thankful. My blessed Master is very kind in taking care of you. He has followed you with loving-kindness all your days, and I pray him, I doubt not, but he will keep you to the end.

When you have read thus far, you will begin to think I write in good spirits; and yet I am under the rod, and it is a sharp one. Mrs. T. called on Tuesday, but my wife could not see her; indeed, she has seen nobody since we heard the melancholy news of my son's death; it has been to us both a very heavy affliction. I am not a stone; but grace has got the better of nature. God supports. God comforts. I have a will of my own, and by it would have kept my son, for he was a sweet youth; but I can from my heart say, "Not my will, but thine be done," whereby I have the advantage of finding that my faith, being put into the furnace, is true gold; it is (glory be to grace) proved, and improved. When I first saw the letter which brought us the account, I knew the General's seal to it; and fearing the contents, I looked up for the presence and the support of my Great Master, and he answered me in the words of a great believer: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." He has a right to do what he will with his own. Then he enabled me to reply, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." And I do praise him for giving me some of Job's resignation, that I could use his words with the same spirit. My poor wife has exquisite feelings on this occasion; she wishes not to murmur, nor to displease our good Lord by any hard thoughts of him; but the tenderness of the parent, and to a child who never offended her in his life, occasions risings of grief; the spirit is willing to kiss the rod, but the flesh is weak. In the main, she behaves as I could wish; her faith is supported; her mind grows quiet and calm; and I doubt not but God will soon bring in his comforts as well as supports. Pray for us, that we may both profit by our loss.

At dinner I was reminded of another subject of thanks; I tasted your kindness in my pickles; at breakfast I remember and pray for you over my cracknels; at dinner over my samphire. My very grateful acknowledgments to your mother; I hope for an interest in her prayers at this time of need; she always has in mine. Mrs. T. lies near to my heart, and is never forgotten. My love to Mr. K. and family. My blessing on all your children. Again, and again, I beseech you to pray for

W. ROMANE.

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I SEE that mortification, and to be crucified to the world, is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be. Oh, how heavenly a thing it is to be dead, and dumb, and deaf, to this world's sweet music! —*Rutherford.*

## A LETTER BY THE LATE R. THOMPSON.

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My dear Brethren in the best Bonds of Love,—I received a very comfortable letter from you, for which I desire to be thankful unto you and to the God of all grace and the God of all our mercies. I began to think I had given some offence by your long delay; but after reading your letter was happy to find I had not. I have many times thought it was wrong of me to ask for your assistance in the cause in which I have engaged at B—, and had I thought upon the matter before, as I have done at times since, I should never have taken the liberty; but I felt at the time a great zeal for the cause, and I bless the Lord I feel the same zeal and love for it to this day.

My dear friend, if you find the least inconvenience in sparing your bounty, I hope you will not attempt to send it; for I would not be the means of depriving you of your property on any account whatever. I consider that we can do very well. The Lord has raised us up many kind friends, and the friends here have entered into a subscription club, at a penny a week, to which I think about fifty belong; which is a great help indeed; yet I should be sorry to give you the least unpleasant feeling, so that you should think your bounty is not acceptable, for every little is a great help. However, I shall not send for it until I hear from you again.

I am sorry to say the friends have not made the chapel large enough, and, consequently, we are about enlarging it, which will increase the expenses very much. We formed a church about six months ago. There were eight of us when we formed it, and now we have increased to twenty-six. There were six baptized about a month back, and there are several more who we expect will come forward after a while. I hope they will be led by the Spirit of God, and prove to be his children in spirit and in truth. The friends very much pressed me to take the pastoral charge over them, which request I could not conscientiously refuse, especially as the Lord had made me such a blessing to their souls' interest; and has united our hearts together as the heart of one man in the best bonds of love in Jesus. I think I should not have taken this office, only I knew the circumstances of the people, that they could not afford to keep a minister, nor yet to hire one, as they are generally poor; therefore I serve them freely, looking only to the Lord for my wages.

I bless God I do feel a desire to spend and be spent in his blessed cause; and I bless him also that he has delivered me from a covetous heart, so that I feel "it is more blessed to give than to receive." O how many covetous ministers there are in the world, that seek not the good of the souls of their people, but to enrich themselves with that which will finally condemn them. What an awful denunciation that minister will hear, who has served the church to answer his own purpose! The Lord keep me from it, that I may not be a hireling. But the sheep find out the hirelings; they know not their voice; they will not follow them; they find no pasture, no comfort for their souls; and so it was with the dear people amongst whom I labor.

They were driven from home, and scattered upon the mountains, some one way and some another, and that for years. There was nothing in their own parish but husks, such as the swine do eat, but they could not eat them. They wanted some of the good old corn of the land; and if ever that passage, 1 Sam. xxii. 2, was fulfilled, since the days of David, it was fulfilled when I first came to B—; for all the scattered sheep returned, and folded together. The Lord has given them one heart to walk together, and to love his truth. Now those who were driven away for years are united together, walking about Zion, counting the towers thereof, marking well her bulwarks, and all desiring the truth as it is in Jesus.

We have many elderly people amongst us, who had been starving for years, because they could not fetch food from far, or could not travel after it. They are now with us; they are blessing and praising God for sending his truth among them; and they freely join in the Lord's ordinances, looking as happy and cheerful as the spring after a long winter. It has indeed been a long winter with many, for I heard an old gentleman say, the Gospel had not been in that place for forty years (that is to continue). It is wonderful how the Lord blessed his word in the old barn. Many who have now joined us confess that the word first came with power to their souls in that place, where I first preached. When I hear this, it fills my soul with such gratitude and love, that it quite melts me down, to think that the Lord should bless such a weak and feeble instrument as I am, in such a manner, I, who am in every way so unfit for the office. But the Lord is not confined to means. He will bless whom he will, and raise up a people by the most unlikely means. Sometimes, when I look at the people and then at myself, I can hardly believe it; but I pray the Lord will keep me from dishonoring his holy name with vile unbelief.

I have often said to myself, "You have got through this Sabbath, but what will you do for the next?" but when the next comes, I am supplied out of Christ's inexhaustible fulness. I know if the Lord were to leave me, I should not know what to do; but Paul says, "Out of his fulness have we all received, and grace for grace;" therefore we need not fear if we are enabled to rely upon the Lord.

I am sure the Lord will only bless in truth that which he gives; and in this respect I am sure my soul ought to magnify the Lord, and my spirit to rejoice in God my Saviour, for what he hath done for me.

I have been very ill indeed since I last wrote to you. My life was almost despaired of. My illness lay in my head, and all over my body. I had six leeches put upon my temples. I was in bed about a month, and was very much reduced, having little left but skin and bone. It made my dear friends at B— very anxious; but the Lord was pleased to spare my life, and raise me up again, and now I am better in my health than I was before I was taken ill.

Now, beloved, there was no wrath in this affliction, but it was a visitation that was needful, and was all in love. What a mercy it is that the Lord chastiseth whom he loveth, nor does he grieve his chil-

dren without a reason, but in the very extremity makes manifest his love. This is the blessed effect it had upon my poor soul. I evidently saw it was necessary for the Lord to come this way. The Lord says to his people, "From all your idols I will cleanse you, and a new heart will I give you." It is very often that we trifle with that which would prove our ruin; but the Lord will not allow it. In all my experience I think I never before had such sweet manifestations of the love of God to my soul. I felt as though it would be better for me to depart and be with Jesus. O how sweet was this passage to me, "Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." (2 Sam. xxiii. 5.) Another passage came powerfully to my mind with great sweetness, and kept close to me throughout my illness: "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his." I was sure that the foundation was right for the Lord's family; I did not once doubt it; but the next question was, had I the seal? "Well," I said, "if loving the Lord and his family is a seal, I am sure I have it;" and that blessed passage came to my mind, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." I was sure I did love the Lord's people and would do anything to serve them. The purpose of my affliction appeared to be this, that I should know that the Lord loved me; for the children of God sometimes feel very desirous to love the Lord, and they think, or are fearful, the Lord does not love them; but this is a great mistake, and a great temptation of Satan's; for every man and woman, in his or her natural state, hates God, and his people too. It cannot be otherwise, for the "carnal mind is enmity against God;" and by this brotherly love, beloved, shall you know that you are of God.

I felt very glad indeed to hear that you all continued in the good ways of the Lord, and that you all hang together in union and love, in one heart and in one mind. I also feel happy that you have a little reviving in your bondage, and a little sweetness of Jesus's precious love in your souls. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." The Lord hath done great things for you already, in giving you a good hope through grace, and putting an aching void into your souls, that none but himself can fill; and I am glad to find that you do get a little help by the way.

I often think of you all, and it would indeed be a great treat to see you once more, though I am fearful it will not be so. The Lord knows best. You see, beloved, that I am not my own master, but get my bread by the sweat of my brow; and I feel happy that I am enabled to do so with the Lord's blessing. It was a great providence that placed me in so kind a family, where I can enjoy all the means of grace, and be respected. O what a different master I have now to what that wicked old carnal man was. Glory be to God for it, and for all his mercies towards me. Poor John B. knows well how I was treated; but I believe the Lord had a hand in it all, for I always call that my humbling place, where the Lord flogged me, and tried



me very much, both in temporal and in spiritual things; but now he has brought me out into a large place, and has rendered double unto me.

May the Lord overrule and sanctify every affliction and trial for your present and eternal good, and give strength equal to your day. May the Lord meet with you when you meet together in his name. May he say, "Peace be unto you," and fill your souls with his presence.

You will write to me again, I hope, the first opportunity. Do not wait so long, for it always does me good to hear from you, my dear friends.

And now "I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance amongst them that are sanctified, through faith in Christ Jesus."

Your loving Brother,

B. THOMPSON.

THE friend thou art looking for may be in thine house, and thou not know it. Is not this thy ease, poor soul? Thou hast been praying for strength against such a lust, and now thou wouldst have God presently put forth his power to knock it on the head and lay it for dead, that it should never stir more in thy bosom. Is not this the door thou hast stood looking for God to come in at, and no sight or news of thy God is coming that way? Thy corruption yet stirs; it may be is more troublesome than before; now thou askest where is the strength promised for thy relief? Let me entreat thee, before thou layest down that sad conclusion against thy God or self, see whether he hath not conveyed in some strength by another door. Perhaps thou hast not strength to conquer it so soon as thou desirest; but hath he not given further praying strength against it? Thou prayedst before, but now more earnestly; all the powers of thy soul are up to plead with God. Before thou wast more favorable and moderate in thy request; now thou hast a zeal, thou canst take no denial; yea, welcome anything in the room of thy corruption. Would God but take thy sin and send a cross, thou wouldst bless him. Now, poor soul, is this nothing, no strength? Had not God reinforced thee, thy sin would have weakened the spirit of thy prayer, and not increased it.—*Gurnall*.

It is with indwelling sin as with a river; while the springs and fountains of it are open, and waters are continually supplied unto its streams, set a dam before it, and it causeth it to rise and swell, until it bear down all, or overthrow the banks about it. Let these waters be abated, dried up, in some good measure, in the springs of them, and the remainder may be checked and restrained. But still, as long as there is any running water, it will constantly press upon what stands before it, according to its weight and strength, because it is its nature so to do. And if by any means it make a passage, it will proceed. So it is with indwelling sin; while the springs and fountains of it are open, in vain is it for men to set a dam before it, by their convictions, resolutions, vows, and promises. They may check it for awhile, but it will increase, rise high, and rage at one time or another, until it bears down all those convictions and resolutions, or makes itself an under-ground passage by some secret lust that shall give a full vent unto it.—*Owen*.

## Obituary.

MRS. CLACK, LATE OF STAMFORD.

(Concluded from page 186.)

SICKNESS and death are the allotted heritage of fallen man—the fulfilment of the sentence pronounced upon him by his justly offended Creator on the day of his disobedience in the garden of Eden. Sooner or later the mandate goes forth against every child of Adam: “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” But the decree being the same, how different in mode and execution! how rapid and sudden to some, how slow and lingering to others! Over each, over all of us the same sentence hangs, but the time when, the manner how, are wisely and mercifully hidden from our eyes. The disease that shall lay *our* head low, we may perhaps dimly descry in the dark distance; its seeds may already be manifesting themselves in our constitution, or be hereditary in the family; but to Infinite Wisdom alone, is it fully and clearly known. But whether in apprehension or in reality far off or near, unless the soul be supported by the Lord’s presence and power, all sickness, and especially the last, is sorrow and weariness, and unless blessed by the light of his countenance and the manifestations of his love, all death a terror. Through the weakness of the flesh, few perhaps of the Lord’s family can look, without some measure of gloom upon their spirit, to the days of their last illness and death. Whatever sweet assurance they may have of their safe landing on the happy shore where tears are wiped from off all faces, there is still the passage across the river. Their vile bodies they may at times feel willing to lay for ever aside, so plagued are they with their foul and incurable corruptions; but *how* they shall part with them; how they shall bear the pain and languishing that may gradually make them droop; how they shall take the last look of husband, wife, or child; how they shall endure the last death struggle which may, in their fears, be such a wrenching of soul and body asunder as shall be full of anguish, or of that gasping for breath and life, which is worse than the worst of mere bodily pain, these are the things which make the heart of many sink in anticipation of the last struggle. But if sickness and death have, through the infirmity of the flesh, their alarms even for those whose faith is strong, evidences bright, assurance clear, and hope firm within the veil, how much more to the doubting and fearing of the Lord’s living family, will the last scenes from time to time present themselves to the imagination, as surrounded with dark clouds and dismal forebodings. The daring and the presumptuous, who “are not in trouble as other (living) men, nor plagued as other (spiritual) men,” and who therefore have “no bands in their death, but their strength is firm,” may ridicule and deride the fears of the tender in heart and broken in spirit; but a dying sinner may well tremble before a holy Jehovah, unless he has the witness of the Spirit within, that the God before whom he is about to appear is his loving Father and eternal friend.

Many, very many of the dear saints of God, are all their lifetime, through fear of death, subject to bondage. A guilty conscience, guilty either from never having been effectually purged by the blood of sprinkling, or from the recollection of grievous wanderings and backslidings since deliverance, presses them sore, and fills them with apprehensions how matters will be with them as they pass through the dark valley.

But how groundless are their fears often, we may say usually proved to be! Sickness, and that perhaps long and lingering, falls upon their tabernacle; but with the languishing body and decaying frame, comes a support that bears body and soul alike up. The sick chamber is not so dull or miserable a place as the strong and healthy imagine it to be. Its calm quiet, its seclusion from a brawling, bustling world, its dim subdued light, its still solitude, all suit a sinking frame that noise would but weary and distract. It has, too, its sacred pleasures, its calm and holy enjoyments, when pain is a little alleviated, and the Lord draws near in his power and presence. Sustained and sanctified by his Spirit and grace, the pale invalid reads the scriptures with a divine light and life, and in a spirit of faith and prayer that makes them full of sweetness and blessedness; comforting and encouraging promises are from time to time dropped in; evidences are cleared up and brightened; the suitability of the Lord Jesus, his infinite compassion and mercy, the efficacy of his blood and righteousness, the depths of his dying love, the exceeding riches of his grace, the glory of his divine Person, the consolations of his Spirit and presence, and what he is and has, as the great High Priest over the house of God to those who believe in his name, all these divine and blessed realities become more plainly and fully made known to the soul; and as the Blessed Spirit bears his witness to their truth and power, and to his personal interest in them, the languishing invalid feels with dying Top-lady, that "sickness is no disease, pain no affliction, and death no dissolution."

But the same grace which deprives the sick chamber of its pains, robs death of its terrors. Death, viewed as the last stroke that severs all earthly ties, is not necessarily or even frequently, a painful or agonizing separation of body and soul. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." Gently therefore, very gently, tenderly, very tenderly, as a fond mother with a sickly babe, or a kind nurse with a wounded and mangled patient, does the Lord often undress his saints for the grave, and lays them down in their last bed with a kiss. "The sting of death is sin;" but if the sting be removed by atoning blood, if all fear which hath torment be cast out by the manifestation of pardoning love, the mere act of dying is but little; and in innumerable cases, so gently and calmly has the soul breathed itself forth from its tenement of clay, that it has been but as the falling asleep of a weary child on its mother's lap.

With these passing reflections, suggested by the circumstances that we have now to detail, we come to the closing scenes of Caroline

Clack's life, and shall find in them that, in spite of her doubts and and fears, the Lord down to the gates of death, still manifested his faithfulness and love, and fulfilled to the uttermost his gracious promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

She was blessed for the most part with a strong faith in the providence of God. As cast upon him from early youth, and having seen much of his providential mercies and deliverances, she was accustomed to watch his hand in the supply of her temporal wants more than many christians are wont to do. But this faith had its trials as well as its deliverances. I had it from her own lips, though not till after deliverance had come, that at the time of her first attack of spitting of blood, some providential crooks needed straightening. Nothing could exceed her husband's industry and carefulness, and their mutual desire to provide things honest in the sight of all men, but, as all know that are in business, fluctuations will occur which no exertions can provide against. She took a share in her husband's employment, and her weakly frame, now suddenly attacked by so alarming a symptom, necessarily made her fear, not only whether these temporal trials might be removed, which pressed for the present, but how far she might be able to assist for the future, in helping to earn the bread that perisheth.

This promise was, however, mercifully applied to her soul. "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." Supported and comforted by these words, she said to her partner, "if the Lord take away my health and strength, I believe he will supply all my need." Deliverance soon after came. A kind and attached friend, an esteemed and beloved sister in the Lord, whom she had known for many years, invited her to her house for change of air, at some distance from Stamford, and not far from the place where the Lord first opened up to her his precious truth. There she not only much rallied and recovered her lost strength, but found the hearts and hands of friends so opened to her, as well as elsewhere, that a way was made for the effectual straightening of the crooks in providence which have been alluded to. Thus the lily of the field,—and a lily indeed she was in body and soul—pale and drooping, but fragrant with humility, without toiling or spinning, had that supplied by the good hand of God, which delivered her from her temporal trial. A more contented and grateful person I never knew, and I well remember her expressive look of gratitude when she told me how the Lord had appeared in his kind providence, adding, that she could now see his gracious hand in the affliction, and why he had laid his hand upon her tabernacle. Nor was this passage of Scripture merely of use and comfort then; but as fresh trials arose and fresh hindrances appeared, still she would say again and again to her partner, "Consider the lilies of the field," &c.

Many were her fluctuations of mind and body during the last three years of her life. When I have called upon her, I generally found her lamenting and mourning her barrenness, or expressing her fears lest she should be deceived, but still hoping in the Lord, often cast down and discouraged, but not giving up, or giving way to

rebellion or fretfulness under her trials. For a time her health seemed much improved, but her relief, as is so usually the case in that subtle disease, which was manifesting itself in her constitution, was but temporary and deceptive. Though from time to time apparently relieved by medical treatment, yet it was evident the disease (consumption) was gradually making progress, and striking its roots more and more deeply into her frame. To add to her weight of trials, about sixteen months prior to her decease, she became the mother of a little babe, which, as might be expected, was but a delicate plant, inheriting disease and decay from its afflicted parent, and born but to droop and die, yet living long enough to make its life a misery and its death a mercy, both to itself and to the authors of its being. Some time in November last she took a violent cold, which fell on her bowels, and from this she never rallied, but gradually declined more and more till she sank into the arms of death. During the few last months of her earthly pilgrimage her cup of trial was filled to the brim. A constant and harassing cough, flying, and sometimes acute pains, debilitating night-sweats, with exceeding languor and weakness of body, were fast bringing down her tabernacle into the dust; and towards the close, the more than usually painful accompaniments of the last stages of consumption, such as internal ulceration and dysentery, made her temporal trials exceedingly heavy.

During this period the Lord mercifully led her to look back on the past manifestations of his love and mercy to her soul, which, through the power of unbelief, had been much buried and obscured. Still she had many fluctuations, sometimes sweetly rejoicing, then sunk as low; sometimes greatly blessed, and then doubting the reality of the whole. But her tabernacle was evidently fast falling into dust, and her illness now became heavier and heavier, till at last she was compelled to take to her bed. And now the Lord began more clearly to appear to his poor afflicted, sorrowing child, and brought to her soul with divine power, 1 Pet. i. 3-5. Whilst under the influence of the passage, she said to her husband, "What a sweet contemplation I have had from the words, 'an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' O! how different from everything here." When favored of the Lord, she was fond of meditating, as we see from her diary, on his goodness and mercy, and doubtless as she lay on her bed of languishing, she had some sweet views and meditations from this passage, on that blessed inheritance which lay before her—"incorruptible" from age or decay, sin or sorrow, "undefiled" by the miserable pollutions of a depraved nature and an ungodly world, and "that passeth not away," as all earthly joys and pleasures, but enduring with unchanging blessedness through a glorious eternity. The Lord too at this time was especially gracious in setting a hedge round about her, against the temptations of the Wicked One. Her husband asked her one day if she was much tempted. She replied, "no; the Lord knows how much I can bear; my pain is so great."

From severe illness which confined me to the house, I was not able myself to call upon her, though she much wished to see me;

but several of the friends to whom she was much attached, visited her continually, and their prayers and conversation were much blessed to encourage and strengthen her soul. Mr. Brown, of Godmanchester, who was then supplying at Stamford, called four times, and his visits were much blessed to her.

With each successive visit the mist of darkness which had gathered over her seemed more and more dispersing. The last time he called she felt much comforted, and spoke afterwards of the great union she felt towards him. Hymn 96 (Gadsby's) was much blessed to her just before his last visit, and she mentioned to him what sweetness and comfort she had found from it. Still, though strengthened and encouraged, and at times much favored and blessed, all fear which hath torment was not removed. She was jealous over herself with a godly jealousy, and nothing but a full manifestation of the Lord's love could satisfy her, and enable her to lay down her head in peace. As is so often felt by the Lord's people, her case seemed to herself peculiar, a mystery she could not fully fathom. Under this feeling one day she said, "I don't feel that any one who comes to see me, nor yet all the hymn writers exactly enter into my case." How true! how all human help, all preachers, friends, books, and comforters come short of reaching the exact place where the disease lies, of penetrating down into the precise spot where the pain is felt; how also such relief is but temporary, and how none but the Lord himself, by the word of his grace and the whispers of his love, can remove every fear, and fill the soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But though still tried and exercised, she was not suffered to cast away her hope. One morning she said, "I saw death and Satan both dancing before me last night, but I said they are conquered enemies." One day after she had been in some measure favored with the Lord's presence, Satan was permitted to assail her soul with that awful temptation—perhaps the most fiery dart of his infernal quiver—to curse the Lord. "No," she cried out with vehemence, "no, Satan you will never get me to curse him. I have known too much of his love years ago to do that. I will sink with him, and I will swim with him." When this temptation was passed away, the Lord seemed to strengthen her faith and confidence.

Just before the Lord more fully manifested himself, these words were applied to her with power, "Though thou hast lain among the pots, yet shalt thou be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." She had indeed, like most of us, lain among the pots, crouching amidst the broken potsherds of a diseased body, a corrupt nature, and a thousand idols all shattered in heaps. Dust and rubbish had covered her past experience of the loving kindness of the Lord, and many a reptile doubt and fear had trailed its slime over her soul; but soon she was to rise and soar out of and above them all, up to heaven's gate, as a dove all spangled with silver white, as washed in the blood, and her feathers all gleaming with yellow gold, as clothed in the righteousness and conformed unto the glorious image of the Lord Jesus. This passage was also brought with power to her soul, "I have loved thee with an ever-



lasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." At another time when her husband went into her room, she said to him, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage." She then repeated the following lines:

"As sure as God is God,  
And Abraham heard his voice,  
He'll love his saints unto the end;  
Then let them all rejoice."

On Lord's day morning, Feb. 22nd, the nurse perceived a change, and intimated to her that she thought her time would be short. She replied, "I shall behold his face in righteousness." In the afternoon of the same day, a friend coming in, asked her if she was happy, "Yes," she answered, "I feel that I can trust him." Her husband said to her, "The Lord has guided you with his counsel, has he not?" "Yes," she said, "and he will afterwards receive me to glory."

Being now much reduced in body, and scarcely able to bear the least noise or exertion, she had in the same evening all her children brought into the room, kissed them one by one, blessed them in the name of the Lord, and bade them good-bye, with as much calmness and composure as if she were merely going for a while from home. But the Lord had greater things to do for and in her, before he took her to be for ever with himself.

During the night season, early on the Monday, and the day before she died, he broke in upon her soul with a most blessed manifestation of his love. Her husband thus speaks of it in some notes with which he has favored us. "On Monday morning, Feb. 23rd, when I went into her room, she began to bless and praise the Lord in such a strain as I had never seen her before. Her countenance beamed with joy, though the sweat of death stood upon it, and she repeated,—

'My Jesus has loved me; I cannot tell why,  
But one thing I find that we are so joined,  
He can't be in glory and leave me behind.'

'He said he would never leave me; no never; he must save me; he is willing to have me, he will come at the right time.'

'My name from the palms of his hands,  
Eternity cannot erase,' &c.

And again:—

'Jesus can make a dying bed  
As soft as downy pillows are.'

She then exclaimed, 'Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength,' remarking with peculiar emphasis, 'it is everlasting strength.' She now prayed most earnestly for her partner in life, all the Lord's people, and his ministers."

This blessed visit from the Lord revived those manifestations of his love in former days, which had been much buried and questioned, for she was one of those heavenly pilgrims

"Who find their latter stages worse,  
And travel much by night."

But this manifestation of the Lord's love to her soul renewed her strength like the eagle's, and she returned to the days of her youth, when the candle of the Lord shined upon her head, and by his light she walked through darkness. As the morning, however, passed over, her joys declined, and she said, "O that I could bless the Lord as I did this morning. But it is passed. I long for immortality. We cannot know what it is here." She then added,

"And triumph o'er the monster death,  
With all his frightful powers."

The Lord having for a short time withdrawn his presence, Satan was allowed to tempt her soul. But she cried out, "No, Satan, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. If he send me to the pit of hell, I will love him." Having resisted the devil, he fled from her, and the Lord returning to her soul she said, "Tell the church and all of them, how the Lord has blessed me; give my dying love to them, and tell them I am full of the love of God."

On the Tuesday she was evidently sinking. Indeed, for several days, she was to all appearance dying, yet not only retained full consciousness but spoke in a clear articulate voice, such as the nurse declared she had scarce ever known in a person brought so low. The nurse washed her face, and as she was doing so, said, "I think I am washing your face for the last time." She replied, "Do you think so? Yes," she went on, as if in holy triumph, "I feel the sweat of death on my forehead, but I am washed in the blood and clothed in the righteousness of Christ." Soon afterwards she said, "Do you think I shall be long? I am so anxious to be gone—to see him as he is, without a cloud between. I would praise him all day long if I could; but I cannot." She then added, "I would not say one word more than I feel, for that would be hypocrisy, and it is no use dying with a lie in my right hand. I know there will be a great many saying, 'Lord, Lord,' to whom he will say, 'I never knew you.' I hope he will bring me through; I trust he will." Towards noon she was sinking, but repeated, "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger," here she laid strong emphasis, "and abundant in goodness and truth." She seemed now to be going, and looking up, cried, "Lord Jesus, come quickly;" but she revived again, and said, "I am no better than Mary Magdalene or the dying thief, but O the atoning blood of Christ! Won't the angels be astonished? A poor wretch like me lying here, and presently I shall be with them, and I shall have a harp." She now asked for a drop of wine, saying at the same time, "I hope it is not wrong my taking so much." She was enabled to take the glass and drink it, without any help. When she had taken it she said, "There; my next will be the wine of the kingdom;" and she never had a drop more wine here below. She next said, "Get the Bible." Her husband asked where he should read. She answered, "A psalm," for she had been remarkably fond of them during her illness. Psalm lvii. was read. She listened very attentively, but made no remark. Her husband said, "As Mr. Tiptaft says, 'If you had a thousand tongues they should all praise him, and a thousand crowns, you would put

them all on his head.' " She replied, "Yes; he is worthy. Do you think I shall be long?" The nurse said, "No." "If I could get a little sleep," she answered, "it would tell the time on a little." The nurse said, "You will soon be asleep in Jesus." "That will be nice," was her answer. Nearly her last words were, "Everlasting arms underneath." She soon became unconscious, and in less than an hour her ransomed spirit fled to the realms of eternal day, about two o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, Feb. 24th, 1857, in the forty-first year of her age.

I was unable myself, from illness, to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to her memory; but on Friday the 27th, Mr. Godwin committed her earthly remains to the dust, in the Stamford Cemetery, four members of the church bearing her body to its last resting place, where she lies waiting the great resurrection morn.

The Lord, of his infinite mercy and grace, raise up many to follow her as she followed Christ, adorning the doctrine by a godly life; and sealing its truth and power by a blessed death. So prays her attached pastor and affectionate friend,

Stamford, June 15th, 1857.

J. C. P.

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## INQUIRIES.

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Mr. Editor,—Will you favor me and my fellow readers of the "Gospel Standard" with your thoughts upon Ephesians i. 12, and explain of whom the Apostle is there speaking, when he says, "Who first trusted in Christ?"

W. T.

### ANSWER.

The persons who "*first trusted in Christ*" are the "*we*" spoken of in the first part of the verse. This is fixed beyond all doubt or controversy by the express language of the original Greek, where the word *we* is in what is called the accusative case, and the words *first trusted* a past participle in the same case, and in what is termed grammatical concord with it. We cannot explain this to persons unacquainted with the laws of the Greek language. We can merely assure them that it is so, and that there is no more doubt that "*we*" are the persons "who first trusted in Christ" than that the sun shines at noonday.\* We mention this, because some preachers and writers make the Father and the Holy Ghost to be those "who first trusted in Christ," as if they depended on his covenant engagements before he came into the world, and thus trusted in him so as to bless and save the Old Testament saints beforehand, in confidence that he would perform the work which he had undertaken. This may look, at first sight, very pretty and original, and what some call *deep*, but we believe it to be at best but very shallow, if not unsound, divinity,

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\* We much like the rendering of the passage in the Geneva Bible: "That we who first trusted in Christ should be to the praise of his glory."

and quite derogatory to God, besides being a false interpretation of the passage. Trust implies faith; and is, in fact, but another word to express the confidence of faith. God does not *believe* or *trust*. He *knows* and *is*. Those who talk of God's trusting will soon talk of God's hoping; and as they begin by making out a trusting, hoping God, will end by degrading the Omniscient Jehovah into a dependent creature, who has to look to and hang upon a higher and greater Being. Terry (Huntington's "Onesimus") contended that the saints in everlasting glory had both faith and hope. This was bad enough; but he never said that God believed and hoped before Christ came into the world. We reject, therefore, this view of the passage as a false interpretation, and, what is worse, as false doctrine; we say worse, for a man may mistake the meaning of a text, and not teach or preach falsehood, but to set up an error is a mistake indeed.

Besides which, the word in the original means, as it is translated in the margin, "who first *hoped* in Christ." We have had enough of God's trusting, let us hope we shall not next have anything about God's hoping. Men seek to be deep who had better seek to be clear and try to bring forth out of a passage something to astonish instead of bringing forth something to edify.

The expression, "first trusting or hoping in Christ," merely means that those who under the first preaching of the gospel were brought to believe or hope in the Lord, were but the first fruits of the Gentile harvest, into which the Lord was just putting his sickle.

Dear Sir,—Considerable strife and contention have arisen from your answer to J. S.'s question in the "Gospel Standard," No. 245, (May 1856) in choosing deacons.

Some understand your reply to mean, that the pastor and existing deacons are neither to nominate nor recommend suitable persons for the church to elect from. Allowing that as your mind, suppose a church does abuse that right, and chooses from ignorance or other causes a deacon, in opposition to the minister and those already in office, what then must be done? Where the members of a church are all walking in love, and striving together for the faith once delivered to the saints, there would be no danger; but such, alas, is too frequently not the case.

Perhaps you would allow me to ask further, whether you have proved by experience the propriety of leaving a church to take such an important step without guidance or direction? And is it not a fact, that when deacons are elected in that manner, the votes are often so scattered, that a small compact section elect their favorite?

I am, Yours sincerely,

AMICUS.

#### ANSWER.

It is scarcely possible for us, especially in our limited space, to give an answer to a question so as to meet all the difficulties and objections that may surround it, and to be adapted to all the varied circumstances of the case.

When we contended, as we still contend, that the right to choose the deacons rested wholly and solely with the church, we did not mean to exclude thereby all Christian advice, or all friendly recommendation on the part of the pastor and deacons. Right is one thing, the way in which that right is exercised is another; and it is a sad thing with a church when the spirit of love and affection has become so decayed that pastor, deacon, or members are standing up for their several rights one against the other. The same holy Scripture which gives the church its right to choose its deacons, inculcates on it the great law of love. Now if the members of the church exercise their undoubted right, not in a spirit of love, but in a spirit of opposition, and nominate for a deacon a member unfriendly to the minister and the already existing deacons, and in other respects quite unsuitable to the office; if they contemptuously or obstinately reject all friendly counsel or recommendation, standing firmly and rigidly on their right, what are we to say but that they are not only violating the great commandment love, but doing what they can to pull the church down instead of building it up?

"The church edifies (that is, builds up) itself in love." (Eph. iv. 16.) Ministers, deacons, members are but instruments in the hands of God to build up the church on her most holy faith. To this end all should work together as one man, walking by the same rule, minding the same thing, standing fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel. Where this love is wanting, where a spirit of union and affection does not influence the members of a church, there is no use laying down rules how to choose deacons and ministers. To lay down rules in this case is something like a man's going to a chronometer-maker's shop in Cornhill, and setting his watch by the regulator, when, from some fault in the spring or works, it loses an hour a day. Here are the Scriptures, a perfect rule of faith and practice,—a divine regulator. How shall we choose the deacons? Shall the church have an unbiassed right of choice? Certainly. Look at the regulator! It points to the exact hour and minute. Set the hands of the watch right. Ah, but the mainspring is broken, or too weak. There is no love or union in the church; the wheels are clogged with pride and prejudice; or there is one pinion which has two or three broken cogs; or another always pulling, but pulling the wrong way; the works want cleaning and oiling; or an old wheel should be taken out, which makes the rest all go wrong. We give you scriptural rules. We point to the regulator; but we cannot give you a new watch, or clean and oil the old one. This comes from him who has promised to give the new heart and new spirit.

But, dropping the figure, we do feel that nomination is one thing and recommendation another. Minister and deacons are not to form an arbitrary, exclusive, self-elected committee, filling up vacancies as the old rotten borough corporations filled up gaps in their body. But to exclude all friendly influence, all Christian and affectionate counsel, and all disinterested recommendations whatever from the pastor and deacons, who, from their very position, ought to have

both discernment and weight in so important a matter, and for the members of the church to say, "We shall not heed or listen to anything that may be said in favor of this or that person, but shall put into the office the man of our choice, however unsuitable for it, or distasteful to the minister and deacons," is surely as great an evil on the other side. The grand point which all to whom the glory of God and the good of the church are dear should alike consider is this. Is another deacon wanted or desirable, from say, the growth of the church, or the advancing age or death of the other deacons? Now look round you in a spirit of love and affection. Who in the church, from a clear and gracious experience, discernment of the work of grace in others, spirit of love and affection, walk and conversation, calmness and evenness of temper, humility and simplicity, gifts of utterance, depth and power of grace, and general acceptance with the members, seems most suited to the office? Is he attached to the minister? Is he in union with the deacons? Has he a quiet, peaceable spirit? Will he be a comfort and an ornament to the church? Will the congregation respect him as a man that fears God and adorns the doctrine? Is his character good in the town and neighborhood, and has he a good report from those that are without? Is he likely to care for the comfort and well-being of the church, not a party man, but the friend and servant of all? Then he is your man. But if, instead of this gospel spirit ruling and pervading the whole body, the deacons want this man chosen because he will side with them against this or that obnoxious member, or if a knot of three or four leading members are plotting and contriving to choose this man, to be a thorn in the side of the pastor, or to thwart and break up the influence of the present deacons, then we say it is bad altogether. Where such envying and strife are there is confusion and every evil work.

But assume that the matter cannot be settled in this Christian way. Might not a solution of the difficulty be thus accomplished? Let the minister and deacons, or the deacons alone if there be no minister, name five or six or more of the male members, who in the general judgment seem qualified for the office, for there are those whom none would think fit. Then let the church choose out of them the additional deacon or deacons that might be required.

Amicus has appealed to our experience of the matter. Through mercy, a spirit of love so far rules among us as a church that these painful divisions are not at present known, and the question has not as yet come practically before us in that precise shape; but we candidly say that we should think it quite right to name to the church those members who appeared to us fit for the office, leaving it with them to choose the exact persons; and that when the church began to slight and reject all such influence, it will be an evil day both for them and us.

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It is easy to get Godwards, and a comfortable message from our Lord, even from such rough serpents as divers temptations.—*Butherford.*



## P O E T R Y.

*THE WIND OF HEAVEN.*

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.”—John iii. 8.

WITH furious rage the north wind 'wakes,  
Obedient to Heaven's high command;  
Convulsed with fear, all nature shakes,  
And ruin spreads throughout the land.

The stately oak, the flow'ring thorn,  
And herbs that yield a sweet perfume,  
Now writhing, twisting, rent, and torn,  
Bespeak the day of general doom.

The mansion shakes, the cottage rocks;  
In fitful starts the traveller goes;  
Confusion marks the peaceful flocks,  
For where it listeth there it blows.

How flies the chaff before its face!  
Dark clouds are hurling through the sky;  
The sound is heard, but who can trace  
Its origin or destiny?

Behold the seaman, stout and brave,  
Toss'd on the gaping, yawning deep;  
Couching beneath the pond'rous wave,  
Then riding on the dangerous steep.

He sees his shrouds to atoms rent,  
And hears with dread the splint'ring mast;  
All hope is gone; his strength is spent;  
Each moment now appears his last.

Forlorn he stands upon the deck,  
And rends the air with piteous cry;  
Then on the bosom of the wreck  
He broken-hearted kneels to die.

But hark! The voice that rules the waves  
Speaks peace, and calms his troubled breast.  
The madd'ned sea no longer raves;  
The angry winds retire to rest;

The pilot runs with sails spread wide,  
(She braved the storm in days of yore)  
He hails with joy, and leaps her side,  
And safe she lands him on the shore.

So when the offended breath of Heaven  
Awakes, and on the sinner blows,  
With fear his guilty soul is riven;  
Destruction lowers where'er he goes.

Fast flies each false delusive charm;  
The earthbound spell asunder breaks;  
In wild dismay, and dread alarm  
The heedless sleeper now awakes.

Toss'd by the fury of the breeze,  
He feels the power, not knowing why,  
As through the gloomy mist he sees  
A woeful, dark eternity.

Launch'd on the restless sea of time,  
Toiling in vain to reach the shore,  
Fain would he sail to some fair clime,  
But louder still the billows roar.

Stern justice, mix'd with wrath divine,  
In fierce devouring torrents roll;  
The thunders roll, the light'nings shine;  
Deep waters overwhelm his soul.

Hell opens wide, and justice stands  
Ready to strike with fearful might.  
Trembling he waits heaven's just commands.  
He sees his doom, and knows 'tis right;

But who in endless flames can dwell,  
And feel the worm that never dies?  
An earnest of the damned in hell  
He feels; and loud for mercy cries.

At last the bleeding Lamb appears,  
And saves the wretch condemned to die;  
Reveals his glorious wounds and scars,  
And sweetly whispers, "Peace, 'tis I."

Amazed he views that form sublime  
With welcome arms extended wide.  
He feels new life in every limb,  
And leaps into his wounded side.

O blissful state! O safe retreat!  
Whose sure foundation nought can move;  
The howling winds and tempests beat;  
He dwells secure in boundless love.

Finch Green, Feb., 1857.

G. B.

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BUT what I hope the spiritual church of Christ will, above every other consideration, take with them, while contemplating this boundless subject, (the humiliation and exaltation of Christ, and his everlasting dominion and authority,) is the assurance that for the participation in those unsearchable riches of Christ, all the persons in the Godhead concur to the spiritual realization of them in every heart. If you or I are led to the spiritual knowledge of the person, and to the enjoyment of the riches of Christ, it is God the Father, who hath manifested his grace in those divine acts for that purpose. Jesus himself hath said, "No man knoweth who the Son is but the Father;" and that the very "coming to Christ" can only be "by the drawing of the Father." (Luke x. 22; John vi. 44.) And no less is the hand of Christ in this great work, for as the knowledge of the Son is by the Father's teaching, so the knowledge of the Father is by the Son; and "to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." And from the same authority we learn that it is among the gracious acts of God the Holy Ghost that the church in all her numerous members and diversified circumstances, is made blessed and happy in the possession of Christ himself and his unsearchable riches, when that Almighty God "takes of Christ, and shows unto his people."—*Hawker*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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AUGUST, 1857.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## THE GRADUAL CONQUEST; OR, HEAVEN WON BY LITTLE AND LITTLE.

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(Concluded from page 204.)

VI. The sixth thing proposed was, to give the *reasons* of the doctrine. It might here be asked, why the Lord their God does put out the nations before them? The reason is, because he alone can do it, for he is the Lord; they would never be put out if he did not do it; and he will perform it, because he is *their God*, and thus stands engaged by promise and covenant so to do: "The Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee." But, why will he do it so gradually, by "little and little?" Why does he let enemies without and within live to vex and perplex his people, seeing it is easy for him to destroy them instantly? To which I reply, there is much of infinite wisdom in this conduct, and therefore I would offer some particulars for representing the beauty of this method.

First. It is by "little and little" he puts them out, without destroying them at once, that by them he may *prove his people*, 'Judges ii. 22. Some Canaanites were still left remaining, to prove whether they would keep the way of the Lord. These Canaanites were enemies to their peace, enemies to their profession, that sought their bodies' overthrow and their souls' ruin; and they were left to prove whether they would cleave still to God's command, or whether they would follow the abominations of the wicked. Observe it then, sirs, we must expect to find enemies; outward enemies to the peace of the church, and to the truth of the gospel; inward enemies to the graces and comforts of the soul: and this combat, thus continued in Israel, serves to prove whether our graces be counterfeit or not; for they only are true Israelites, that are still taking up arms against the devil, the world, and the flesh, and all the nations of the Canaanites. By this, then, it is evidenced who are true christians, and who are not.

Second. It is by "little and little" that he will put out the nations before Israel, that thus they may be still learning to exercise their arms; I mean, that their graces may be exercised, and particularly their militant graces. There are some graces would be for little or no use, if no Canaanites and corruptions were left: the special use of *faith*, *hope*, and *patience* is, for helping the believer to surmount the difficulties that are now in his way. Many other graces there are that there would be no use for if all our enemies and corruptions were destroyed at once; triumphant grace,

such as *love* and *joy* in their perfection, would make a perfect paradise. But there are militant graces that must be exercised also while we are on earth, and which there are no use for in heaven; for example, if all wants were supplied fully, there would be no need of poverty of spirit; if all sins were wholly destroyed, there would be no need of godly sorrow; if death were already swallowed up in victory, there would be no need of the desire of death, nor longing for heaven; if vision were already come, there would be no need of *faith*, as it is a militant grace, fighting its way many times through doubts and fears, and want of sight and sense; if fruition were come, there would be no need of *hope*; if all trouble were at an end, there would be no need of *patience*. Again,

Third. It is by "little and little" they are put out for the advantage of the militant saints in many respects, as it is fit they should fight before they triumph, and that they war as soldiers on earth before they reign as kings in heaven; since 'no man is crowned except he strive lawfully,' 2 Tim. ii. 5. So it tends to enhance heaven, and make them prize and value it more, when it is attained through many difficulties, troubles, and oppositions; and by this means they come to have sweet conformity to their blessed Captain of Salvation, who was made perfect through sufferings; and it is their honour to tread in his steps, who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, and fought his way, Heb. ii. 10, and xii. 2, 3. This contributes also to the believer's comfort at the issue of every conflict, as a safe haven is very comfortable to a mariner that has been tost at sea. The Captain of Salvation shews the glory of his power in keeping us, notwithstanding the great danger we are continually in, while the enemy is alive within us, without us, and round about us. How greatly does his power appear in preserving the tossed ark amidst all the waves and billows of adversity that dash against it, and in keeping the burning bush from being consumed! He shows the glory of his triumphant arms like some famous conquerors in battle, who, though they may, yet will not put all their enemies to the edge of the sword, but will take some captive. When Joshua had discomfited those five kings that fought against Gibeon, he would not slay them instantly, but shut them up in a cave closely, intending, when the battle was fully ended, to put them to death openly, see Josh. x.; so our great General and Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, He strikes through kings in the day of his wrath; he leads captivity captive; he shuts up some of the kings and commanders of the hellish nations into the cave of the heart, where they may rage, yet they cannot rule any more; and at last crowns the solemnity of his triumph, by making a show of them openly, and destroying them utterly.

Fourth. He destroys them by "little and little" that he may counterplot the enemies in their own plot, and fight them with their own weapons. It is the plot of hell, by "little and little" to destroy sinners; yea, and to "wear out the saints of the Most High," (Dan. vii. 25), by one temptation on the back of another; therefore, by "little and little," the Lord will defeat the design of the

devil, and take the wise in their own craftiness. The wisdom of heaven can easily counterplot the policy of hell. The tempter comes sometimes, and bruises the believer's heel, as he did Christ's; upon which the believer is stirred up to look again to Him that was bruised for his iniquity, and then the devil is sure to get as good as he gave; for the bruised heel, he gets a broken head. Perhaps some temptation give the believer a trip, and down he falls; but the wise Captain makes use of that very fall for giving the devil and his hosts a greater foil than ever; for, after that fall, the christian goes alone, like Peter, and weeps it out, and watches, and prays, and fights better than he did before.

Fifth. It is by "little and little" that the Lord conquers the nations of enemies in the way to the heavenly Canaan, because, by "little and little" his people must be made ready for it; "By little and little I will drive them out from before me, until thou be increased, and inherit the land," Exod. xxiii. 30. As the Canaanites had kept possession till Israel was grown into a people, so there were to be some remains of them till Israel should grow so numerous as to replenish the whole. The land of Canaan had room enough to receive Israel, but Israel was not yet numerous enough to possess Canaan; even so here, the true Israel of God must be made ready for the heavenly Canaan before they come there. They are not always in actual readiness, therefore there is some service they have to do for their Captain, some battle they have to fight with the enemy; they must have some more experience, and learn some more lessons; therefore their possession of heaven is delayed till they be ready for it.

Sixth. It is by "little and little" that the Lord drives out the nations before them, lest the beasts of the field increase upon them; to allude to that word which immediately follows the text, which we have also, Exod. xxiii. 9, "I will not drive them out before thee in one year, lest the land become desolate, and the beasts of the field multiply against thee." And thus it is with the children of God; if they had not enemies without and within, and oppositions in their way, there are some dangerous beasts that would be ready to increase upon them: For instance, there is a beast called *pride*, that might grow upon you if you had no enemies to fight with, and while yet you are not ready for heaven, and sanctification is incomplete. Hence a thorn in the flesh was given to Paul, that he might not be exalted above measure. Is not the thorn in the flesh well ordered, that prevents confidence in the flesh? Peter was permitted to fall into a threefold pit, among his enemies' hands, for curing his self-confidence. Thus our Lord hath sometimes very fearful ways of correcting and curing the souls of his own people. There is a beast called *security* might grow upon you; but now enemies are on all hands of you, to prevent you falling asleep, and to keep you both watching and waking, and constantly on your guard. There is a beast called *presumption* that might grow upon you, and make you think you were able to go forward to heaven in your own strength, if you found no such enemy in your way.

There is another beast called *worldly-mindedness* that might grow upon you, if you had no adversaries and adversities to vex you, and wean you from the world; you would be in danger of saying, "It is good to be here;" but now the wars and battles, in your way to heaven, make you say from your heart, O, it is better to be there. There is a beast called *sensuality* that might grow upon you, believer, that might make you lukewarm and formal in all your duties, as well as carnal, and light, and vain in the intervals of duties; but the sight of your spiritual enemies on the field will make you see a need to be spiritual, zealous, earnest, and fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. There is also a filthy, dumb beast called *forgetfulness*, that would certainly grow upon you, and be very dangerous to your soul and spiritual welfare, if your enemies were all destroyed; therefore thus saith the Lord, "Slay them not, lest my people forget," Psal. lix. 11. If the execution were quick and hasty, the impression of it would not be deep and durable. Swift destructions startle men for the present, but they are soon forgotten; therefore, when we think that God's judgments upon the nations of our spiritual enemies come on but very slowly, we must conclude that God hath wise and holy ends in that gradual procedure: "Slay them not, lest my people forget." They would forget to pray, if they had not enemies to pray against; they would forget to praise, if they had not still new deliverances to praise him for; they would forget to pity those that are afflicted and tossed with tempests like themselves; they would forget their Captain, and their duty of living by faith and dependance on him; they would forget to mourn for sin, and repent; they would forget their own weakness, and their deliverer's power, and, like Jeshurun, in prosperity, would wax fat, and forget God that made them, and lightly esteem the rock of their salvation; they would forget to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb at the side of the Red Sea of the Lamb's blood, where their enemies are always drowned; even to sing, saying, "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea; the Lord is a man of war, the Lord is his name," Exod. xv. 1, 2, 3, &c.; they would forget to speak of the wonders of his mercy from time to time, and to give him the glory due unto his name; they would forget to call upon their Captain on every new attack of the enemy, saying, "Lord, thou hast delivered, and in thee we trust that thou wilt deliver." Yet Christ may let *carnality* live in a believer sometimes to kill his pride; much ignorance remain to kill his self-wisdom; much wandering in and indisposition for duty to kill his self-righteousness.

Now, as it is with believers in particular, so with the church in general; why does God suffer tyrants, and atheists, and hypocrites, and heretics to live among them, and vex them, but for reaching many, if not all, of these ends that I have been naming? When the church was in adversity under the primitive ten persecutions, then religion flourished; the life of the tyrants tended to the life of religion in the persecuted church; but when the Roman emperors



became christians, and friendly to the church, then pride and security crept in with their prosperous state; the beasts of the field increased so much, that, by degrees, a blasphemous beast assumed the very name and office of being the head of the church, even a beast with seven heads and ten horns, mentioned, Rev. xiii. 1; I mean the Roman Antichrist. And then, why hath a nation of heretics, with erroneous principles and doctrines, been spared and continued in the church from time to time, but that the friends of truth might have occasion to clear and vindicate it, and to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints? "There must be heresies," says St. Paul, "that they who are approved may be made manifest;" there must be errors, that truth may be more clearly discovered and maintained. Some precious truths had never been set into such a clear light, if opposite errors had not been vented for darkening the same. Thus there is an ungodly nation left alive, that the godly may be distinguished from them, and exercised the more unto godliness; and a hypocritical nation, that true Israelites, that are so indeed, may try themselves, and become the more sincere and upright.

VII. It now remains to make some improvement of the subject. Is it so, that as the true Israel of God have nations in their way to the possession of the heavenly Canaan, so the Lord their God will conquer these nations by "little and little?" Yet, beware of thinking that you may safely neglect the means, because this work of putting out the nations belongs wholly to the Lord. This were a lazy, antinomian conclusion, drawn from such promises, as rather bear the greatest encouragement in the world to make diligent use of the means. If it be a good reason of working out our salvation with fear and trembling, that the Lord works in us both to will and to do, which is the apostle's argument, Phil. ii. 12, 13; then it is as good a reason for warring, and using all the means necessary for accomplishing this spiritual warfare, that it is the Lord our God that conquers the enemy for us by "little and little." Yea, this is such a necessary consideration, that take away this argument and there remains no encouragement to use the means at all; and hence it is only believers that are capable of this spiritual warfare; and only believers in Christ that are capable of the right and diligent use of the means that relate thereunto: for they cannot be used duly, but in the faith of this encouragement, The Lord thy God will go before thee to conquer the nations of enemies in your way. Unbelievers, indeed, ought to use the means, because the Lord commands the use thereof; and therefore, for the Lord's sake, neglect no commanded duty and ordinance wherein the Lord uses to be found. But yet, I say again, never will any soul use the means aright, and acceptably, till something of the real true faith of this encouragement excite him; therefore, O believer, neglect not to read, and hear, and pray, and meditate, and use all commanded means and ordinances, for there you must expect to meet your Captain, that hath engaged to put out the nations before thee.

Again, beware of thinking that the strength of the warfare lies

upon you, because you are obliged to use the means, and that it is your using the means that will do the business. As the former is a lazy, so this is a legal thought, and as pernicious and destructive as the other; for, if you lean upon the means, and think that your reading, hearing, and the like, will drive out the nations, bring down the body of death, or conquer one corruption, that were like beating your enemies with a sword of straw; such a fleshly weapon will never draw blood from your spiritual enemies, and, instead of getting victory over your sins by such legal weapons, you are brought under greater bondage; for as many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse; and to be under the law is to be under the dominion of sin; for, the strength of sin is the law. This legal method then were to be opening a front door to let out the enemy, and, at the same time, opening a back door to let them in, and that with more advantage against you than ever. As it is a dangerous extreme to neglect means, upon a pretence that Christ must do all, since his doing all is the greatest encouragement thereunto; so it is as dangerous on the other hand to use means upon a notion that you must do all, or that the weight of the warfare depends upon you and your duties; for your entertaining that notion is the greatest discouragement in the world to the use of the means, and gives your enemies the greatest advantage against you, even in that wherein you think to defeat them; therefore wait upon the Lord, for he giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength, from time to time, till in death he end the warfare, by driving out all the nations, so as never to be seen again.

Hence we may see, the special and peculiar privilege of the people of God. May it not be said of them, as it is, Deut. xxxiii. 29, "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, who is the shield of thy help, and the sword of thine excellency?" And verse 27, "The eternal God is thy refuge, underneath are his everlasting arms; he shall thrust out the enemy before thee, and shall say, Destroy them." What though all the nations of the world were against them, outward and inward, the nations of earth and hell both? Yet he, who is the King of nations, is for them; and if God be for them, who can be against them? He can destroy nations for their sake; "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Sheba for thee." The nations may fight, but cannot prevail; nay, the gates of hell can never prevail against them. Why? they have the Lord for their God, and their God is their guard. And he being their God in Christ by a spiritual, indissoluble union, entitles them to all spiritual blessings and deliverances. However difficult and dangerous their way to the heavenly Canaan is, by reason of the numerous opposing nations, which they can never destroy of themselves; yet their God and Captain leads the van, and drives out the nations before them.

See here the miserable case of the nations who know not God, and are enemies to the people of God. Why? like the cursed Canaanites, they are devoted to destruction, they vex themselves in

vain when they fight against the Lord and his anointed. The Lord God of Israel is to drive them out; yea, he will drive them to hell that continue in their enmity against God and his people: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," Psal. ix. 17. Yea, the greatest misery of all the wicked, that remain in an ungodly state, lies in this, though they do not see it to be their misery, namely, that they are under the power of all the nations of hell, under the power of the devil and their lusts, and in league with the nations that oppose the true Israel of God in their passage to the heavenly Canaan.

Hence we may see the reason of the multiplied experiences of the believer, both sad and sweet, because the nations are cast out before him by "little and little," and not utterly destroyed until death. Hence many sad tales he hath to tell of the nations compassing him about; iniquities prevailing against him, and lusts again and again, and a thousand times stirring, and working, and warring, and overthrowing him, and treading upon him. And, on the other hand, notwithstanding all this, he hath many sweet tidings to relate of the Lord's humbling and healing; convincing and converting him; many convictions, many conversions does he get from time to time; and the next conviction more deep than the former, and the next conversion more sweet than the former; and one conversion on the back of another, because of one defection on the back of another, through the power of the nations of hell within and without him. As a dying saint that was asked when he was converted, said he had been converted a hundred times; so, in this sense, it is possible some believers of long standing may be converted a hundred times, and a hundred too. That saints may need conversion is plain from what Christ said to Peter, who was a saint, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 32). Yea, every new conversion of the believer may be more remarkable than another, while the Lord is thus, by "little and little," destroying the enemy; because every touch of the nations' power and policy in drawing him aside from the Lord, and the recurring power of corruption, is so horrible and monstrous to him, that he thinks with himself, Oh! will ever the Lord return again to the like of me? And when the Lord returns, he wonders more than ever; and this begets in the soul an antipathy against all sins and lusts, purifying the heart by faith, and setting it directly against sin. Tell a carnal heart, sin lies at the door; Why, let it come in, it is a friend of mine: but acquaint a believer exercising faith, that there is sin in such a thing; Oh! it is an abomination. Faith discovers the danger the soul is in by the nations of lusts that encompass it, and excites all the faculties of the soul to rise up against it, saying, Rise, Samson, for the Philistines are upon thee; canst thou sleep in the midst of troops of lusts and devils? And this rouses the soul to sigh, and groan, and pant, and pray, and cry unto the glorious Captain of Salvation, that he would avenge it of these Philistines; as in the parable of the unjust judge, Luke xviii. 1—8. The parable was put forth for this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint.

The judge there mentioned was one that feared not God nor regarded man: a widow came unto him saying, "Avenge me of mine adversary;" and through her importunity she prevailed with him: and shall not God avenge his own elect that cry day and night unto him, though he bear long? yea, he will avenge them speedily. Therefore go to a God in Christ and cry, Lord, avenge me of my lusts, avenge me of my pride, avenge me of my unbelief, avenge me of my carnality, avenge me of mine enemies. Yet,

In order to pursue the nations to death, pursue the claim you have to the victory over them, in the use of all appointed means, with an entire dependence upon the Lord Jesus Christ; not depending upon means; nay, nor yet depending upon sensible manifestations, nor relying even upon the graces of the Spirit, but upon the God of all grace, pleading your right and title by virtue of the divine promise, 'Lord, hast thou not interposed thy faithfulness, thy word, thy oath, and is not thy promise sealed—sealed by the blood of Christ—sealed in the sacrament of the supper? Hast thou not said, Solomon shall reign, though now, behold Adonijah usurps the throne? Hast thou not said, Grace shall reign, and sin shall not have the dominion? Behold how it usurps!' Well, put him to his word, and pursue your claim. Surely the Lord will not deny himself! nay, Jehovah-Jireh, in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen. Though you have no strength, no might against this multitude, yet let your eyes be towards Him, who is mightier than the noise of many waters, and who hath blended your interest with his own glory, his own faithfulness, and truth. Let your difficulties be never so great, your enemies never so many, and their power never so invincible, it is not you they have to do with, but Christ; and can anything be too hard for him? Wait on thy God continually, who hath here promised to accomplish the warfare gradually; the Lord thy God will put out these nations before thee by "little and little."

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THERE is in us all, by nature, the legal leaven of a self-righteous spirit, which leads us into a dry, stiff, dead formality in prayer; and into peevishness and fretfulness if we cannot perform our task. But God requires not such long prayer, nor are we heard for our much speaking. The bible is the best prayer-book. God tells us to call upon him in the time of trouble, and that he will deliver us, and we shall glorify him. A few minutes in prayer, frequently put up, as our troubles abound, are best. To pray God to keep us from the evils we fear, to pardon us for the sake and satisfaction of Christ; to give us submission to his will, and strength and patience equal to the day; to teach and instruct us that we may know his mind and will concerning ourselves; that he would keep us from failing of the grace of God, or from coming short of the promised rest; that he would reveal his dear Son in us; that he would lead us into his own ways, and keep us by his power. We should likewise plead the promises, and encouragements that he holds forth in Christ to sensible sinners, and above all, the appointment and great undertakings of Christ.—*Huntington.*

## I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE NOR FORSAKE THEE.

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Hope anchoring in the promise, thankfulness for mercies bestowed, watching the operations of the blessed Spirit, and seeking from felt necessity the continued favors of Israel's God, is the path, my very dear brother, that the poor worm is now treading, who, through the good hand of the Lord upon him, is inclined, with warmth of heart, to write a line, in answer to your kind, christian inquiry to know how it fares with us. We are neither forsaken nor forgotten; no, the Most High that made heaven and earth, careth for us, and visits us, and makes us sing with the poet:

Surrounded with sorrows, temptation, and cares,  
This truth with delight we survey;  
And sing, as we pass through this valley of tears,  
The righteous shall hold on his way.

Yes, he holdeth our soul in life, and keeps us alive in famine, gives us power when we faint, and a good word to lift us up when through heaviness of heart, we stoop under the inward plague, and outward cross.

One night, while at W., my soul was melted with a blessed feeling that there was no hell for poor, feelingly-lost, panting-for-Christ sinners. I felt the adorable Redeemer would not, could not, be without any that would not do without him.

'Twixt Jesus and the chosen race,  
Subsists a bond of sovereign grace,  
That hell, with its infernal train,  
Shall ne'er dissolve, nor rend in twain.

The Omniscient Jehovah could see the end from the beginning, consequently not a fiery lust, wretched, wandering, base imagination, trap, pit, or snare, that ever besets our souls, and sinks us in wretchedness and woe, but the Lord hath in love provided for our escape; as saith the poet:

Though thousand snares enclose his feet,  
Not one shall hold him fast;  
Whatever dangers he may meet,  
He shall get safe at last.

Every tear, sigh, cry, groan, struggle, and lamentation, over and against our sins, and imploring a covenant God, for Christ's sake, to have compassion on us, pardon us, keep us, save us, and bless us, is from life; yea, from the life of God in us; and, "though damped, it never dies." Though my beloved brother touched a mournful string in his loving epistle, 'twas as much the fruit and effect of life as the highest point of soul-humbling consolation.

'Tis well, when on the mount,  
They feast on dying love;  
And 'tis as well in God's account,  
When they the furnace prove.

No ashes, no beauty; no mourning, no oil of joy; no heaviness, no

garment of praise. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

We cannot miscarry, our aid is divine.

Who then can harm us if we are followers of good? To confess sin is good; to cry for pardon is good; to read the word, longing for its application to our souls, is good; to meet with the Lord's people, hoping to find the Lord with us, is good; to write to each other the Lord's dealings with us is good; and, bless our God, these good things are in us, and I pray God that in them we may abound more and more.

I shall now relate a little of the Lord's kindness to us in providence. It was his holy will to withhold from us our rent at Christmas; we were obliged, for the first time, to let it run on, and as the half-year drew on, fears and cries increased. The last time I left W—, I was wanted to do some work here, which, though there were two in the way, I obtained; and by working early and late, it enabled us to pay our rent. But whilst I was labouring at home, one of the two obtained my place at W—, since which I have hitherto had enough to do at home; and though fear still haunts me, I humbly trust the Lord will provide. The limits of a letter will not allow me to enter into the many fears, cries, hopes, sinkings, struggles, shuttings up, and openings which I pass through and experience; suffice it to say, here we are, not one good thing hath failed us. The Lord's faithfulness to his promises we have realised, which props us up, and encourages us still to look up.

I love to hear, to read, and, above all, to prove for myself the goodness of the Lord. I feel to be a poor, empty, destitute thing, and so fearful at times, it makes me afraid to speak or write of the things of God, lest there should be no dew, savor, life, or power. Oh, how my soul sickens at the thought of prayer, lest it should be lifeless! What is it, beloved, without life? I want life in writing, in reading, in hearing, in praying, in conversing; life moving my soul, tongue, pen, and heart, so that I may sensibly feel the springs rise, fears sink, wants fly, miseries abate, devils silenced, enemies conquered, sin subdued, mountains levelled, the inward beasts go into their den, and crouch beneath the love, mercy, smile, presence, and blessing of the Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God of Jacob, whose dear embrace, dissolving love, tender words, and heart-breaking visits, my never-dying soul craves more than thousands of gold or silver. The Lord knoweth that I lie not.

Yours in truth,

R. D.

I HAVE had many and sharp conflicts with the enemy of late; and every member and feature of the old man have been discovered in the furnace. But before enlargement we are straitened; before fresh discoveries and bright views, we are in darkness; cold, dry, barren, and stiff frames, go before fresh anointings; bitterness promotes appetite, and precedes the banquet; and cold neglect goes before the sweetest kisses.—*Huntington.*



**COUNSEL IN PERPLEXITY.—A LETTER OF JAMES BOURNE, IN HIS LATTER YEARS MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT MANEY CHAPEL, SUTTON-COLDFIELD.**

My dear Friend,—I cannot but feel for you under all your perplexities, both in providence and grace, knowing that, if they work aright, they bring us into great dismay; and we, being covered with much darkness and uncertainty under the distressing circumstances, cry to the Lord, but do not all at once get his ear, nor understand his voice. But that his voice is in these dispensations there is no doubt. Yet the flesh and human prudence pull one way, and the Lord checks and leads another way. In rightly steering our course between these contending parties, lie all our perplexing difficulties. For Human Reason is a special pleader, and far beyond the common run of counsel, and argues so well as often to set the Lord at a distance. Yet not so as finally to defeat his purposes. For the Lord will come in another way, and show us something of his terrible Majesty, and the danger of leaning to our own understanding. This is a rock on which we all are ready to split. But when our wisdom, conceit, foolishness, and confusion all are brought with us to the bar of God, all this comeliness is turned into corruption, and there will be nothing left but “God be merciful to me a sinner.”

If human prudence asks, “Where am I to live?” the answer will be, when we are at God’s bar, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” “What shall I do with my children?”—“God be merciful to me a sinner.”—“But the time is come in which I must act.” Still, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” Why so? Because this is the first grand object of our being, and if we attain to this mercy the Lord has promised to add the rest. Let not our first and most earnest cries be about the transitory things of this life, however needful, “for after these things the Gentiles, or the world at large, seek.” Make the Lord your friend by communion with him, and you will find, like Esther, the sceptre held out to your encouragement. Remember, she first got into the presence of the king, and then laid before him her troubles. This is to show to you and me that it is our sweet privilege then to ask counsel in all our matters: “Shall I pursue?” “Shall I overtake?” “Yes, and doubtless recover all.” So that it seems we have in all cases this one rule: “Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all else shall be added,” in due order, “*with afflictions.*” But alas! there is an ear given to this and that friend’s wise, fleshly counsel; and because it is fleshly God blows upon it, as in the case of Ahithophel. He is a jealous God, and will not give his glory to graven images.

The Lord says thou shalt say, from a feeling sense of the truth, “I was a Syrian ready to perish,” and the Lord brought us up out of Egypt with a mighty hand, with signs and wonders, and brought us into a land that floweth with milk and honey, the blessed gospel. Where then are the first fruits of the land the Lord hath given us? These ought to be set before the Lord. I am ashamed while I write, feeling how deficient I am here. Yet in this very

sense of shame we have reason to hope the Lord has not forgotten us, but that we are much in earnest, with many fears pleading that he would not enter into judgment, but remember mercy. How often have I found in this place a healing of all my diseases and a light upon my path discovering the way I should go, and my strength again renewed to walk in his way, and not in a way of my own devising. How happy should I be to see you steady. Nothing can give sobriety, uniformity, and certainty to our movements but being daily more or less in communion with God. "In his light we see light." Unbelief puts this light out: carnal reason and carnal counsel are the extinguishers made use of for this purpose; and are too effectual. May the Lord be pleased to pay you a visit, and comfort your anxious, troubled mind, for he alone is the rest of his people; anything else will prove a bed too short. This is the desire and prayer of your very sincere friend in the Lord,

Feb. 25, 1836.

JAMES BOURNE.

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### A FEEBLE TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND SYMPATHY.\*

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Dear Friend,—I desire to sympathise with your widowed mother, your sisters, yourself, and, I may add, the living church of God, in the bereavement which you have sustained in the departure of your beloved and esteemed father. At the same time we must acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in sparing him for so many years to the church, and to his family, and honouring him so highly in life and death. We cannot therefore but mingle our praises with our sighs, and feeling what a blessed change it is for him, cannot, dare not, wish him back in this vale of tears.

I have known him personally about twenty-three or twenty-four years, having met him first at our friend, Mr. Tiptaft's, Abingdon, when I was in the Church of England, and I believe we felt from the first a mutual union, which was never weakened or interrupted. We have often preached together at Calne, and every time I saw him, the more was I led to love and esteem him for the grace that he manifested, and the power and savor which rested on him.

It is a rich and unspeakable mercy that the Lord was so much with him in his last illness. It put such a seal upon him and his labours, and is sufficient, one would think, to cover his enemies with shame and confusion. Many before the Throne, and many still in the body, have had reason to bless God for ever having raised him up to preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. For nearly sixty years did he contend for the power of truth as made known to the soul by the Holy Ghost, and this from an experience in his own soul of the bitter and the sweet, of sorrow and of joy.

A more affectionate father and husband never lived, as you can all bear witness; you especially, dear friend, have reason to say so,

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\* The following letter would not have been inserted but by the particular request of the friend to whom it was sent.

for if ever a father bore a son on his heart, he bore you, and next to the salvation of your own soul, you have reason to bless God for such a father, who travailed for you in spiritual birth, and rejoiced over you, when called by grace, with a love and affection both natural and spiritual that is rarely witnessed. The Lord enable you to follow him as he followed Christ, and bless you with a large measure of his grace and power.

My love to your mother and sisters. I shall think of you on Friday, when I understand the mortal remains of your beloved father will be committed to the earth until the great resurrection morn.

Yours affectionately,

Stamford, April 7th, 1857.

J. C. P.

## THOU SHALT WORSHIP THE LORD, AND HIM ONLY SHALT THOU SERVE.

Beloved in the sacred fellowship of the everlasting covenant of life and peace, confirmed of God in Christ, and made sure in the eternal love of Jehovah, Israel's covenant God and portion,—I have heard of your trial, and write a line to assure you of my deep and entire sympathy with you in the same; also to exhort and testify to you that this is the true grace of God, wherein we stand. We must pass through tribulations, rugged and thorny mazes, knowing that we are called thereto, in order to take away our sins of self-complacency, earthly-mindedness, and creature-worship (see Isaiah xxvii. 7—11), where you will perceive that he does not smite us, as he smites them who smote him (his enemies), but in measure it shooteth forth from the treasures of loving wisdom, weighed out as an apothecary does the various ingredients of his medicine. Moreover, he stays his rough wind in the day of his east wind, *i.e.*, he stays the devil and persecutors, though he himself blows an east wind upon us, and withers us up; but we debate with it, kick at it, reason over it, and ask the cause of it, until we are searched out, and our hidden thoughts and principles laid bare. Then we hear the rod and the voice of him that appointed it, and our soul is humbled in us, conscience awakes, and flies back on the wings of memory through the past, takes us to the pure precepts of the gospel, and leads us to look at eternal things; places us upon the very brink and boundary of time, shews us the worth and excellency of things eternal; convinces us of sins of omission and commission, opens up to our enlightened mind and tender conscience all our wickedness and backslidings in heart; and thus he works in us true repentance, which essentially consists in sorrowing, after a godly sort, which worketh us in carefulness, clearing ourselves (in humble confession), (see Psalm xxxii.) indignation, fear, vehement desire, zeal, revenge, so that we pass again under the rod of him that telleth and numbereth us. Thus having afflictions laid upon our loins, we ultimately pass—even through fire and through water—out into a wealthy place, even the full, sweet, clear, and manifest enjoyment of all things in Christ, and Christ in all things. Thus he breaks down

our altars, cuts down our groves, and makes all the stones of our altars as chalkstones, so that the groves and the images cannot stand up; for the lofty looks of man shall be brought low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day. Thus we are taught to cease from man, and trust in and bow down to the Lord alone. And what a mercy it is that our God is a jealous God, and will not suffer his children to set any other god on his throne; either to love idols more devotedly, or serve them more diligently than they do him. He hath said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart," &c. ; and, "Thou shalt worship the Lord, and him only shalt thou serve." In this love and worship consists the principle, the practice, and privilege of all real christians; to be thus spiritually-minded is life and peace, when to be carnally-minded is death; and they who thus sow to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting, while they who sow to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption. Remember, beloved, the intimate union—yea, the inseparable connection between the precept and promise, and that all God's words are pure words; "more to be desired than gold, yea, than fine gold; sweeter also than honey, or the honey-comb."

Yours,

J. F.

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### THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

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My dear Friend,—It is of very little consequence where I am, or among what people; if the Lord hide his face, I am sure to drop into misery, for all my comfort is in him, and without him I can do nothing but evil, and am nothing but evil. I not only get no better as I advance in years, but I am more stupid and weak now than ever I was; and if this is growing in grace, I seem to be growing apace. I never was anything, but I feel to be a far more nothing now than ever; I once thought, although I was nothing at that time, I should be something by and by. Alas! what a fool I was! Yes, and that is not the worst, but fool I still remain; yea, greater than ever. Well then, what is to be done with such a lump of ignorance and corruption? Nothing—absolutely nothing can be done with me to any good purpose, but to roll me, or drop me into the sea of the Lord's love and blood. Here I try and try again to come, and call and cry to be put in, and yet I can't get there; but, since it is prepared for sin and uncleanness, and I am that, and nothing else, surely my turn will come at length to have a plunge therein; his very own hand must do it, or it cannot be done. But, my dear brother, I once was in it, or all my hope is false; I had not then a particle of guilt or fear left. May I have it certified to my heart, again and again, for I cannot believe without that certifying power over and over again. I would as soon come to your house, and see you and your dear wife, as to any house I have any knowledge of, but you are so out of my track at C—.

Yours in the truth,

London.

J. S.

## Obituary.

MR. J. G. SMITH, late of Princes Street, Bedford Row, died on Saturday, September 20th, 1856, aged eighty-one years. He left a widow and one daughter, ten years old, quite destitute. His widow also died on September 27th, 1856, (just one week after her husband) aged 45, leaving the poor orphan quite unprotected and unprovided for, having no relations, nor any means of subsistence. The widow was buried on Tuesday, September 30th, in the same grave with her husband. But the Lord who dwelleth on high, and who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth (Ps. cxiii.), has condescended to move the hearts of several Christian friends, who have kindly contributed to the expences of the funeral, and to the support of the orphan.

Mr. Smith\* was for many years writer at the Exchequer Court, London, and many years a hearer of Mr. Huntington, and subsequently a member of the church at Staining Lane, London, under the ministry of Mr. Hobbs. He died in the Lord, full of joy and peace in believing. Almost his last audible words were to this effect: "I long to be gone, to be with him, and to see him as he is! My Lord Jesus is most precious to me; a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation; 'he that believeth shall never be confounded.'" He afterwards requested John xvii. to be read to him, and shortly after fell asleep in Jesus. He had committed his wife and child into the hands of the Lord, in faith and prayer, assuredly believing all needful provision would be made for both, saying, when speaking of them, "The Lord will provide." And thus far has his faith been abundantly honored, for it hath pleased the Lord to provide for the poor afflicted widow by taking her to himself, and to raise up friends who are willing to clothe, educate, and provide for the orphan as if she were their own child. It may be truly said, "What hath God wrought!"

A few days before his death a friend (Mr. Thaine) calling on him, he asked him if he knew him? He said "No, but if you love the Lord Jesus I am happy to see you." On Mr. T. mentioning his name, he said, "Ah, my dear friend, I am happy to see you; I long to be gone," &c., as stated before. "I hope soon to be with him." Mr. T., with a view to draw out the state of his mind more fully, asked him what was the foundation of his hope? In an animated manner he said "The foundation of my hope? Why the foundation God has laid in Zion; a sure foundation, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone," &c. "He that believeth on him shall never be confounded. The Lord Jesus is most precious to me; I long to be with him, to see him as he is." On being asked about his future dependence, he said the Lord who had kept him alive above sixty years would not forsake him now.

Mr. T. afterwards asked his wife, (who through a series of accidents was a cripple,) having injured the spine of her back, broken

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\* Mr. Smith was the author of the piece, which appeared in the May number, entitled, "A Bethel Visit."

her collar bone, and afterwards her arm, through three successive falls, about five years back, each succeeding the comparative recovery from the other,) what prospect she had if her husband were taken away? She replied she had no other prospect than going to the union, and said, "I have no objection to going there, if the Lord will go with me, which I believe he will." "And what will become of the poor child?" "Don't call her poor, sir," was the reply; "she is the daughter of a good man, the child of many prayers, and God is faithful; I believe the Lord will raise up friends to take care of her." On the day of the funeral this somewhat singular woman said, as the coffin of her husband was being removed out of the room, "There goes my dear husband, John George Smith. I cannot wish you back, I cannot grieve for you, I cannot weep; I know you are happy with him whom your soul so long desired to be with, and I believe I shall soon be with you."

Two days after she was found dead in her bed.

He was turned out of doors by his parents, and constrained to seek for a livelihood in some other occupation, unattended with guilt of conscience, which his profession as a dancing-master brought upon him. While walking up and down the Strand, in London, for that purpose, the Lord applied these words to his soul with power: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." He saw by this that he was not warranted in seeking great things for himself temporally, but to be content with any situation that presented itself, and accordingly he took a menial situation as porter or messenger in a lawyer's office; but after being there for some considerable time, they found that he possessed abilities and education that fitted him for better employment in their office, attended also with that integrity that made his abilities of more value. Accordingly he was promoted to fill a higher and more important station, in which he remained for years, gradually progressing and prospering. Eventually he married a gracious woman, who was a widow carrying on business on her own account, and by his continuing in his lucrative situation, in addition to her business, they were permitted to amass wealth to a sufficient degree that warranted their expectation of being able in another year or two to retire from business, and live on their fortune. But the Lord so ordered his affairs that, by the nefarious transaction of a wicked man, he became suddenly dispossessed of the whole, and was reduced to poverty once more, when the words were again applied with power, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof," and with them so blessed his soul with a divine sense of the Lord Jesus being his portion for time and eternity, that reconciled him to the otherwise distressing dispensation and afflicting Providence. To this was added the loss of his wife, and, having no family, the bereavement placed him again as a forlorn individual once more in poverty. After a lapse of time he became acquainted with the person named below, with whom a strong spiritual union was formed, on both sides equally firm, which ripened into a strong natural affection for each other,



the grounds of which you will find stated in the second and third extracts from his letters, and which ended in a marriage union. He promised himself much comfort in this union; as his wife was much younger, he considered that as he increased in years he should much need a partner in life with spiritual and natural affection sufficient to become his nurse, as he should most probably stand in need of her in that capacity.

As far as such happiness goes as arises from a spiritual and natural union, in the sweet communion produced by it, which they were abundantly blessed with, he was much favored. But it pleased the Lord to mar it, by sending a most painful cross, in permitting her to have three successive falls, under most peculiar and painful circumstances, which rendered her a cripple for life. He was thus under the necessity of becoming nurse to her, instead of having her to nurse him as anticipated; and again the words were spoken with power to his soul, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof," under which this time he felt guilty in his conscience, as having so done in providing, as he thought, for his future comfort, that being partly the motive he had in marrying, but in which he failed. Thus as a son was he chastened for his folly.

There was found among Mr. Smith's papers an account of his early and first experience of the Lord's mercy. It was contained in letters addressed to his second wife before their marriage. Also there are some extracts from other letters, addressed to the same person. It may not be altogether unprofitable to those who love the truth to read them, as they breathe a tender spirit of caution, and of the fear of the Lord on that most important point.

The early and first experience:—

11, Greville Street, Sept., 1842.

As friends are wont to act and write very freely to each other, I shall avail myself of this freedom in writing to my beloved friend M., and give her a succinct account of the marvellous dealings of the Almighty Saviour of poor perishing sinners with such a poor worthless worm of the earth as I feel myself to be.

I was about twenty years of age, and being an apprentice to a dancing-master in the country, it was whilst engaged in that frivolity in the service of Satan, that the Almighty was condescendingly pleased to impress my mind with such a sense and concern of an hereafter, and of an account to be rendered of the deeds done in the body, that neither fiddling nor dancing, nor the company of ladies with all their fascination, could ever alleviate or disperse the gloom and terror that accompanied it. I therefore became religious,—went to church and said my prayers night and morning, was careful of my thoughts, and at last became so holy in my own eyes as to despise my master, mistress, and every one with whom I came in contact; the language of my heart being, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou." Whilst this Babel building was going on and had arrived at such a height, I was standing in the kitchen one Monday morning, waiting to accompany my master in the chaise, when all of a sudden a light shone into my heart; it was like a flash of lightning within me, and I saw at once that all my righteousness indeed was but as "filthy rags," and my heart a cage of every "unclean bird." I marvelled at the instantaneous and wondrous change, and could not make it out. I therefore turned my feet to his testimonies, and made haste to keep his commandments, but I found as the light increased in my understanding that I sinned in thought, word, and deed,—that "by the works of the law no flesh living could be justified in his

sight." The holy law of God acted as a mirror to me, reflecting and discovering my vileness before the eyes of infinite Purity; here all my hope died of obtaining salvation by the law, and I sunk in my feelings fathoms in the horrible pit and miry clay of my corruptions. The dreadful forebodings of the wrath to come, and the dreadful overwhelming fears of my awful state, drank up my animal spirits to that degree that rendered me unfit for the company of any.

Here I was dwelling in the regions of the Shadow of Death, being bound in "affliction and iron," as the Psalmist expresses it. In this state I found no prayers in the prayer-book descriptive of my case, nor any power or capability to utter my complaints at the footstool of mercy, being condemned by the holy law of God and condemned by the gospel as an unbeliever. I had no hope in the Saviour, for he was not yet revealed to me, but I believed my doom was irrevocably fixed, for I felt myself utterly lost, and had no hope in his mercy, that being cut off, but went groaning for days and weeks, never expecting but that my wretched existence would be worn out by the intense anguish of my spirit. And in all this furnace-work, M., did the Lord cut up my natural religion, and made me a terror to myself, so that all pretensions to the favor of the Most High by fleshly performances in alms, deeds, prayers, fastings, and good works, so called, were all swept away, agreeably to what is written in Isa. xxviii. 17, "Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place." And now, lest I should weary my friend, I will continue my tale at another opportunity, and, if the Lord permit, and if agreeable, shall usher in a relation of the marriage-day between the Saviour of poor perishing sinners and such a rebel-wretch as I feel myself to be.

11, Greville Street, Oct., 1842.

The Almighty having cut up by the roots all my natural religion that I was rooted in, I endeavored to keep the holy law of Moses, and to square my life, walk, and conversation by that as far as my natural ability would enable me; but the light within my understanding still increasing, my corruptions raging with awful fury, and the Almighty himself being a swift witness against me, as he says in Mal. iii. 5; and being arraigned at his bar with my mouth stopped, I had no plea to urge why judgment should not be executed upon me. But one day being in the coach-house, waiting to accompany my master in the chaise, being dreadfully depressed and sunk in all my natural powers, expecting to be cut down as a cumberer of the earth, these words were spoken within me, (there was no audible voice or articulate sound,) "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious; and I will show mercy unto whom I will show mercy." (Exod. xxxiii. 19.) Strength was communicated to me with these words, to bear up under the dreadful load of guilt, misery, and condemnation that I felt.

One morning, while riding with my master through Cheshunt Fields, Herts, tears gushed from my eyes like a flood from the oppressive load within, when these words were spoken upon my heart, accompanied by his power, (no voice to be heard by the outward ear,) "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench; he shall bring forth judgment unto truth." (Isa. xlii. 3.) This sweetly operated as a cordial and propped up my sinking heart with a witness in these my desperate fainting and dying circumstances; accompanied with a dawn of hope amounting to "Who can tell, but I may find mercy at his hands;" but before the close of the day the sweet edge of comfort was blunted, and I felt if possible lower in my feelings than ever of guilt, misery, and distress. I believe I never ceased crying for mercy all the day long, and I believe and know that it arose from that principle of life within communicated to me at first (mentioned in the last letter). I was always afraid, when going to bed, to go to sleep, expecting that I should awake in hell, so awful was my state according to my feelings, till at last the "kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force." (Matt. xi. 12.) These exercises lasted some months, but as I kept no diary I cannot recollect to state correctly the time; but one night when I bowed my knees to groan out my heart at his footstool, the Lord was mercifully pleased to pour into my heart the Spirit of grace and supplications, and to enable me by opening my

mouth to pour out the same in his own consecrated language, and his most Holy Spirit helped my infirmities indeed, so that I arose from my knees with something of an expectation that he would appear for me and deliver me from the dreadful state I was in.

I went to bed and slept a comfortable night; which I had not done for some time before, by reason of my appalling fears, and in the morning, directly I opened my eyes, these words were spoken upon my heart, attended with such a power that resounded through all my mental powers and faculties, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 1.) The love of God flowed in like a mighty river, and sweeping all before it of guilt, misery, and condemnation, filling every faculty of my soul, I broke out with tears of joy, love, and praise, and was carried out of myself. My heart was wrapped up in his everlasting love, and I was enabled to claim him as my own in the language of the church, (Cant. ii. 16,) "My beloved is mine and I am his." I never was so certain of anything in all my life as I was then, and am now, of my Lord Jesus being the portion of my soul, and the lot of my inheritance. He is a heaven of inexpressible sweets and delights indeed. I neither expect nor wish for any other heaven than to be dissolved in him.

This jubilee and wedding-day lasted for many weeks, and thus, M., has the Almighty Saviour of perishing sinners dealt with his poor worm, stripping me of my own carnal religion in the flesh, washing me in his own most precious blood, clothing me with his immaculate robe of righteousness, and giving me heartfelt experimental knowledge of himself by his own Almighty power,—  
"Who hath delivered me from the power of darkness, and translated me into the kingdom of his dear Son." (Col. i. 13.)

The following extracts from various letters written to his wife before their marriage will be read with interest:

11, Greville Street, Sept. 26, 1842.

Well, M., how is it with you? Is your mind unshackled, unfettered, free as the air, so that the thoughts like a swarm of bees have no objects to settle upon, no cross to take up, no self-denial in exercise, but everything falling out and turning up as M. could wish? Or is she under instruction now, learning that all persons and circumstances are under the management, control, and disposal of him who works all things after the counsel of his own will, and by whom the bounds of our habitation are fixed, so that no alteration can take place till the heavens move the change? Is M. on the humble knee of prayer able to beg submission to his will, and to wait on him continually? for the word says, "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." (Ps. xxxvii. 4.) But then there can be no delighting ourselves in an object *we do not know*. The Lord declares, "I will give them a *heart to know me*, that I am the Lord." (Jer. xxiv. 7.) May the good Lord incline M.'s heart to inquire after this, and perhaps she will kindly answer these particulars to one who feels interested in her.

11, Greville Street, Oct., 1842.

Time shall correct my dear friend in those particulars that distinguish between a staid and durable affection, and a mere transient flame that appears but for a moment to deceive and lead astray, and when most needed is found to be extinct. Now the former of these is a chaste and delicate passion of the human mind; will wade through a sea of trouble and afflictions, and abide firm to the close of life. The other is known by the name of lust, and gives birth to all the awful evils that exist in the millions round, and which I would fervently supplicate the Lord to preserve myself and my friend from falling victims to. You must not be an idol in my heart, lest it incur the resentment of him who reigns and rules in my affections, the best of lovers, and the best of friends; for in that case he would turn your heart to hate me, (if brought together,) and make you a bitter scourge to me the remainder of my days. Let my dear friend ponder well, weigh, and consider it, and turn away her eyes before any knitting or entanglement of affection takes place which no circumstances or events can alter. I know the Lord has not tied up his children from marriage, but then it must be "in the Lord," being moved by his holy fear im-

planted in the heart, a walking in his ways, observing the operation of his hands both in us and around us, and acknowledging him in all our ways; for he hath promised to direct all our paths, yea to instruct us and teach us in the way that we should go, and to guide us with his eye, and to direct us with the skilfulness of his hands.

11, Greville Street, Oct., 1842.

Upon my parting from you I suddenly fell into affliction, and partook largely of your feelings on the occasion. I bitterly reproached myself with being the cause of afflicting you, entreating the Lord all the way that he would save me from myself, and from taking any step or act contrary to his holy will, or making crooked paths for my feet, for he hath declared that they shall not know peace who walk therein, and that he would grant that circumstances in his providence might arise to prevent us if it be not in accordance with his holy will.

I cannot help writing in this strain, whether you deem me a maniac, fanatic, or enthusiast. I know whose I am, and whom I serve; with my spirit I therefore desire to act with all circumspection in this manner. I roam over all the circumstances that have occurred and brought me acquainted with you, and often wonder what the issue of it will be. I charge you by the affection you possess for me, and by the estimate you put upon your own happiness and peace in this life that you join with me night and morning and all the day long in supplicating the Almighty that he would conform us to his will and grant us submission to the same, yea, that he would remember us with the favor that he bears to his own children, and visit us with his salvation; that we walk (if brought together) as fellow-heirs of the grace of life, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Oh, M., my mouth is opened unto you, my heart is enlarged in writing thus to you. Remember this is not to amuse you, but I would have your mind duly impressed with its importance; it is too momentous to pass over superficially. But here I must pull in, for I feel my mind solemnly affected whilst writing. Do read the seventh chapter of the First Corinthians, and the sixth of the Second, beginning at the fourteenth verse, and entreat the Lord to open the eyes of your understanding, and to shine upon the word, that you may comprehend the important precept there laid down.

T. G. SMITH.

Mrs. Smith was a very afflicted woman in body, having been the subject of a spinal complaint the last seven years of her life, which brought on a complication of disorders. Her patience and submission under her manifold afflictions were remarkable, having never been heard by those round her to murmur at the dispensation, but she viewed the hand of God in it all; and she had also (as her husband had done) committed her child into the hands of the Lord in prayer and in faith, and when questioned after the death of her husband on the subject, replied to this effect: "I have been very much troubled about my child in times that are past, but the Lord has removed all my fears on that point now. She is the child of many prayers, and God is the Father of the fatherless; he has promised to care for such. I have no fears for her; God will raise up friends who will do better for her than I could; I am so helpless."

She expressed her thankfulness that the Lord should have removed her husband from this life before herself, saying, "I have always been afraid I should be taken first, but I am so thankful that I have been spared to see the last of him. We have been happy and united in ourselves; but we have both been long weary of this life, and desiring to enter that rest the Lord has prepared for believers."

Mrs. Smith had a talent for writing poetry, and the following lines by her express a oneness of spirit with her husband (in those things

which made for his everlasting peace) that may not be altogether unprofitable to consider.

To J. G. Smith, from his loving wife, M. Smith.

She stood before the altar, but no bridal pomp was there;  
 No waving plumes of snowy white, no jewel-braided hair.  
 Those living bands of loveliness, that crown the bridal day,  
 With all the pride and pomp of wealth, oh these were far away.  
 I saw one humble figure bend, where grandeur claimed no part,  
 And as she knelt she smiled upon the chosen of her heart.  
 Oh, what were glittering gems to her, the sceptre, or the throne?  
 It was enough that she could call her wedded lord her own.  
 With looks of joy and confidence she gazes on that face;  
 To her 'tis fraught with every charm of beauty and of grace;  
 She looks with more than woman's pride—she loves as daughters do—  
 He was her guardian and her guide, her friend and father too.  
 And when on earth their plighted hands, their plighted hearts are given,  
 Full well they know each holy vow is register'd in heaven;  
 For they have sought the path of truth, as found in holiest page;  
 The God whom they have lov'd in youth will not forsake their age.  
 Though they must share with pilgrims here their trials and distress,  
 The God of comfort will not leave his children comfortless.  
 That loss to bear, that cross to share, is still their glorious aim;  
 Through evil and through good report to follow still the Lamb.  
 This earth is not their rest, they seek a city yet to come;  
 A house on high not made with hands is their eternal home.  
 They have an anchor sure and fast, all lies within the vail;  
 Nor while the earth's foundations last will that sure refuge fail.  
 Full well they know that they must bow to death's decisive dart;  
 In earth to sleep, in heaven to meet, where spirits cannot part.  
 But they can lay their slumbering clay where once their Saviour slept;  
 With him can trust their sleeping dust who once o'er Lazarus wept.

April, 1843.

They hear that risen Lord exclaim,  
 "Lift up, ye saints, the expiring head,  
 The everlasting God I am;  
 The hope of those long counted dead  
 The Alpha and Omega still,  
 I am the First, the Last, to thee;  
 The Resurrection and the Life  
 Of all who dying die in me."

This God is ours; our guide till death,  
 And thou and I in him are one;  
 For ever one my earthly tie,—  
 Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone.  
 The hills may move, the world dissolve,  
 The rocks may rend, the mountains par  
 Still, still, the bond of heavenly love  
 Shall twine the closer round my heart.

All hail the hour, the glorious hour,  
 When flesh and sense no more rebel  
 When we, far, far beyond their power,  
 Shall with the pure in spirit dwell.  
 Shall know Him e'en as we are known  
 As we are seen our Lord shall see;  
 And cast before the eternal throne  
 Our crowns and palms of victory.



## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Having had my mind much exercised of late respecting two passages of Scripture, I have thought I should like to hear what you might be led to say of them, so that if you deem it advisable and feel at liberty to write a few lines on them, I shall be gratified to read it in the "Gospel Standard;" one is in Matt. vii. 1., "Judge not that ye be not judged;" the other 1 John iv. 1 "Try the spirits." They do not appear to harmonise. May the Lord give you understanding in all things, and enable us to ascribe all glory to him.

A CONSTANT READER.

## ANSWER.

We do not ourselves see any particular difficulty in harmonising the two passages quoted by our correspondent; but shall be pleased if the following thoughts may serve to reconcile a seeming contradiction, and to relieve him, or any of our readers similarly perplexed, from any difficulty on the subject.

When the Lord bids us not "to judge that we be not judged," he would thereby restrain us from harsh, one-sided, uncharitable decisions, either in our hearts or by our lips, upon the words or conduct of christian brethren. He does not forbid us calmly weighing matters in our own minds, but from pronouncing hasty and harsh decisions upon the cases and characters of God's people, when we have not sufficient means of coming to a right conclusion. To "try" and to "judge" are certainly distinct things. In earthly courts a cause may be tried, and yet not judged, or decided upon, for want of sufficient evidence, or because probabilities may weigh as much on one side as on the other. Paul bids us "prove all things," and "to separate ourselves from all that walk disorderly." We are thus bidden to examine both men and things; and not only examine, but to act upon that examination, as we are told to "hold fast that which is good." But the same apostle reprehends harsh or faulty judgments; for he says: "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." James also shows us in what sense we are to understand the Lord's words: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." "Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law: but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge. There is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy: who art thou that judgest another?" (James iv. 11, 12.)

But though the Lord most wisely and blessedly forbids those harsh, severe, and uncharitable judgments, which have done so much to wound and distress the saints of God, have caused so much division between brethren, and sown so much disunion in churches, he does not tie us up from exercising a sound, righteous, and spiritual judgment in divine matters. He therefore bids us by the pen of holy John "try the spirits whether they be of God." He



does not bid us judge men's words or decide hastily on men's actions, but to try, spiritually and experimentally the spirits true or false, good or evil, from heaven or from beneath, which come abroad in the world, and blow either upon our own minds or upon the churches. These "spirits" we are to try by the word of God, by our own experience, by the influence that they communicate, by the spirit which they breathe, by the good or evil which they convey, and by the general effect which they produce on our own mind or the minds of others.

Now, surely these are two very distinct things, and may be easily reconciled without the least jar or contradiction. It is clearly one thing to be preserved from forming or expressing harsh or hasty judgments upon the actions of christian friends, (assuming that they are such as may bear a christian interpretation) and trying humbly and prayerfully any spirit that comes abroad, and seeks to bring our own minds or the minds of others under its influence.

The former may be done under the influence of a legal spirit, be tainted with prejudice, or be pronounced with undue haste, and thus be contrary to the first elements, not only of christian, but even of common equity. The latter is absolutely necessary to a christian walk, and to a preservation from a thousand errors, delusions, and evils. The first is, or may be, altogether contrary to the precepts and spirit of the Gospel; the other is in full accordance with both. The first is a work of the flesh, and the fruit of a self-righteous, unhumbled, undiscerning, unexercised, and ignorant heart. The other is a fruit of the Gospel, springs from the teaching of the Spirit, and is essential to all comfortable and christian walking. The first often, if not usually, springs from prejudice and enmity; the other flows from a spirit of love to the Lord, his word, and people.

Much more might be said to point out the clear distinction between these two things, but we trust we have said enough to show that the two passages, so far from contradicting each other, are in full accordance, not only with the letter, but the spirit of the Gospel.

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Mr. Editor,—A controversy having arisen between minister and people on the one hand, and deacons and people on the other, respecting whether a woman has or has not a right, as a member of the church, to a voice—that is, an elective voice—in church matters, we have come to the conclusion to beg of you to decide the matter for us in your next number of the "Standard," and you will greatly oblige the deacons and friends of the above church.

Yours obediently,

F. F.

#### ANSWER.

We are surprised that any doubt should exist as to the right of female members having a voice in church matters. It is true that the Scripture does not lay it down in so many express terms, but the general analogy of faith strongly demands it.

A gospel church is spoken of as being the body of Christ (1 Cor. xii. 27); and therefore all the members, as in the human body, pos-

ness a like interest in the general welfare of the whole. To deny, therefore, the female members of the church the exercise of so important a right as a voice in the affairs of the church, would be equivalent to striking with paralysis perhaps more than half the members of the body. We are expressly assured that "in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female," which implies that such natural distinctions as sex, age, or rank, find no place in the church of God. Have not the female members souls to be blessed and fed, as well as saved and sanctified? Have they not often a better experience and a clearer discernment in things of God than the men? Do they not usually form the larger portion of a church, as well as often being its most honorable and consistent members? Are they not as good judges of what is right or wrong; and would it be consistent with the liberty and equality that should pervade a church of God, that they should have no more voice in the most important matters that can come before it, than the seats on which they sit? For wise purposes, and as most becoming the modesty of the sex, women are forbidden to speak in the churches (1 Cor. xiv. 34); for every right-minded person can see it would be unbecoming the reserve of the sex to stand forth and make an oration before the men; but to vote and to speak are two very different things. To hold up the hand, or quietly express by voice a vote in favor of or against any measure that may affect the general welfare of the whole body, and get up and make a speech, are two quite distinct things. The latter would violate those first principles of decorum, which both nature and grace require and support; but the former is the exercise of an important privilege, to deprive the woman of which would be to rob the female members of their undoubted scriptural right and clear privilege.

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AND sometimes I have thought, and I still think,—and more than think, I *believe*,—that the methods God takes in the dispensations of grace are such, that he will put it out of the power of the devil to be able to say, that there is any circumstance whatever, that is a match for grace. If the whole church of God were to be taken to heaven, like the dying thief and some others, as soon as God is pleased to quicken their dead souls, the enemy might have it to say—"Ah! the Lord knows very well, that if they were to live long, I should get them, after all; I should upset their confidence, and bring them back into my power; and, therefore, he is obliged to take them to heaven." Now the Lord says—"No, Satan; they shall go through a variety of toils and troubles and distresses; and as it was in the case of Job, so shall it be with numbers of my people; the devil shall have fair play to do all the devil can do, and yet I will save them, and let the power of my omnipotent grace be known." But then he might say, that the Lord is obliged to take such lingering steps, or he could not accomplish the work. "No," says the Lord; "you shall not have that to say; I will let you know, that my grace is such, that it can cut the work short in righteousness;" and there shall be no case or circumstance out of the reach of the power and efficacy of my grace." Thus grace shall "reign through righteousness unto eternal life," and the whole church shall be brought to triumph in the mysteries of his love."—*Gadsby*.

## R E V I E W.

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*“Memoir of the Tried Life and Happy Death of Richard Dore, a London Mechanic.” By the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, Minister of Port Vale Chapel, Hertford. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street. Hertford: Stephen Austin, Fore Street.*

THOMAS HARDY, in one of his excellent letters, makes the following remark, “The best Christians I meet with are generally Huntingtonians.” This witness is true. There is, or as we must now say there was, for so few of them are left, a depth and clearness of experience, a savor and a sweetness, a rich, tender, feeling, unctuous utterance, a discrimination between law and gospel, letter and spirit, form and power, a separation from a lifeless profession, whether presumptuous or pharisaical, which distinguished them, in a most marked and decisive manner, as a peculiar and separate people.\* They had their failings and infirmities, as their justly admired and esteemed pastor and teacher had before them; and there were those, doubtless, in their ranks who had caught his faults without catching his grace, who were followers of his doctrine, but not followers of his Lord. Seeing all delusion but their own, taking hold of their teacher’s skirt, as if he could thereby pull them into heaven, idolising and extolling him, as if thereby a part of his grace were reflected upon themselves, and clinging to him as a servant of God, as if that were the sum and substance of Christian experience; if there were such amongst his hearers, it was only what he himself declared and denounced, and is but another proof of the desperate wickedness and deceitfulness of the heart of man. His eminent gifts and grace, his great abilities as a preacher and writer, his separating, discriminating ministry, and the power of God so evidently resting upon him, not only gathered together a large congregation, but wherever there was a saint of God of any deep experience of the law in other congregations seeking rest and finding none under a letter ministry, he as it were instinctively crept in to hear the man who could and did describe the feelings of his heart. And when from the same lips the gospel was preached, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and pardon and peace reached his conscience, the wanderer settled under his ministry, as fraught with a divine blessing, and loved and revered him as the mouth of God to his soul. When he went into different parts of the country it was still the same. In Kent and Sussex, in the Isle of Ely, in Lincolnshire at Grantham, in Nottinghamshire at Newark and Nottingham, wherever he went, his Master went with him, and accompanied the word with signs following. His ministry was especially blessed to the gathering

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\* Our Obituary this month affords a marked instance in proof of this assertion.

together of the outcasts of Israel, those peculiar characters whom Hart so well describes:

“The poor dependents on his grace,  
Whom men disturbers call;  
By sinners and by saints withstood,  
For these too bad, for those too good,  
Condemn'd or shunn'd by all.”

Like Simon Peter, he was made a fisher of men. He could throw the hook into deep waters, where his brethren of the rod and line knew not where or how to angle. His own deep experience of the law, of divers temptations, of soul distress, of spiritual jealousy, of the hidings of God's face, enabled him to drop his line into the dark waters and gloomy sunken holes, where some spiritual fish hide and bury themselves out of sight and light; and his clear and blessed deliverance qualified him to angle also for those which leap and bask in the bright beams of the noon-day sun.

By his writings, occasional visits, and constant correspondence, he kept up the tie which knit him to his country friends. His liberal hospitality opened his house to them when they came to London, where he fed body and soul, entertaining them with his lively, witty, cheerful, yet spiritual conversation, reading at a glance their foibles and failings, and entering into their varied experience of sorrow and joy, with all the freedom and familiarity of an intimate friend, and all the authority of a revered and beloved teacher.

Amongst his town hearers and warmly attached friends and followers, was Richard Dore, the subject of the memoir before us. He was one of that class of hearers of whom John Rusk, Thomas Keyt, and, perhaps, Christopher Goulding, were types; men of naturally sound, vigorous understanding, with that sharpened activity and acuteness of mind, that peculiar readiness and intelligence, which characterise the London tradesman and mechanic. Mr. Huntington knew and highly esteemed him; and, as he was entangled in an unhappy marriage with a professing woman, who sat under the same ministry, is supposed to have had him in his eye in the “History of Little Faith.” For forty years this wretched woman was the plague of his life; for Mr. Dore did not die young, as “Little Faith” is represented, but lived to a very advanced age (nearly eighty-eight years,) retaining full possession of his mental faculties, but afflicted for many years with almost total deafness. He seems to have resided at Hertford during the latter period of his life, and to have attended the chapel where Mr. Gilpin preaches. He was thus brought under the special notice of Mr. Gilpin, who, possessing a very happy faculty of remembering and recording spiritual conversation, collected, at different periods, the experience of Richard Dore. Though published six or seven years ago, it only very recently fell into our hands, and we must say that a more interesting, spiritual, and edifying book we have not for a long while seen. It is thoroughly commended to our conscience, as a blessed testimony of the power of vital godliness and the real experience of a living soul; and as such, we have felt a desire to bring it before

our readers. Mr. Gilpin, we may observe by the way, was formerly a clergyman in the Establishment, but now ministers at Port Vale Chapel, Hertford, and though not much known to the church of God, evidently from this and some other memoirs which we have seen, knows and loves the truth from a personal gracious experience of its power.

The memoir thus opens :

Those who knew Mr. Dore during the latter years of his life, cannot fail to reverence his memory for the truth's sake; and to desire that some memorial may be made of him, as eminently one of those, who though "poor in this world, are chosen of God to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love him." (James ii. 5.)

He was a person naturally of great firmness both of mind and body, large and athletic in frame, blunt and uncultivated in manner, but capable of tender affection, and his thoughts and expressions full of energy. He commanded the esteem of his acquaintance, as a man of strict integrity in word and deed, abhorring deceit in everything, most of all in religion.

For many of his latter years he labored under the great disadvantage of a deafness almost total. The only method of conversing with him was by his visitors writing down their questions or remarks on a slate, always kept by him for that purpose, which he would read and reply to. It pleased God to give him vigor of mind and strength of faith, to sustain this infirmity, though at times it weighed heavily upon him. He became increasingly fond of reading and meditation, and the result of both he would joyfully impart to others, with much freedom, and often to their spiritual edification. His constant companion was the Bible; and in the renewed diligence of his spirit in searching for its hidden treasures the word was truly fulfilled, "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest it shall lead thee, when thou sleepest it shall keep thee, and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life." (Proverbs vi. 20-23.) It was the continual hunger and thirst of his soul, that led him to this unwearied diligence in searching the word; in which employment he found a never failing relief in all those inward conflicts and temptations which abounded in him as his consolations abounded.

It would appear that he was for many years, it cannot be said a hearer of Mr. Gilpin's, but an attendant at his chapel :

Notwithstanding his deafness, he persevered, while his bodily strength allowed, to attend public worship with the congregation to which he had long been united. For nearly fifteen years, being unable to hear a word, a quiet place was appointed for him, where he continued reading and praying throughout the service; and being directed by some friend to the text, he would sometimes, if asked afterwards, enlarge so freely upon the same subject, that one might have imagined he had heard the whole sermon. At other times his infirmity tried him severely; as he once expressed to a friend thus, "I know nothing now of what goes on in the world. I say, 'O Lord, thy people are comforted with one another's conversation, and I don't wish them to be as I am; but, when I was able to hear, the word from the preacher's mouth would enter my heart, and fill it with the love of God; now I often go and return again with a hard heart, being put to shifts, and I beg of the Lord to keep me. For,' say I, 'I cannot rejoice in what I do not hear; therefore, O Lord, unless Thou hold me up, it is impossible for me to go on.' And I am obliged to pray heartily."

As we have already alluded to his unhappy marriage, it would be perhaps as well to show how he was betrayed into a step which entailed upon him a cross which lasted forty years.

The next particular worthy of notice in Mr. Dore's life was his marriage,



which took place about the year 1790. Nearly forty years afterwards he became a widower, and from that period his daughter Rebecca lived with him to the close of his protracted life.

Before his acquaintance with the person whom he afterwards married, and at the very time he was under the strong hand of God in the beginning of his religious life, he had purposed to unite himself to one, who (to use his own words) "was to all appearance a quiet, innocent creature," but who was in truth a deeply designing hypocrite, and proved herself so by the profane ways she adopted in order to make him think her religious. Of these he was informed by some one who had detected them; yet his affections were so deeply entangled that he felt a sort of desperate determination to marry her, let the consequences be whatever they might, and began to make preparations accordingly. Just at that crisis he was reading in the book of Proverbs, and these words struck to his heart as a message sent for his warning from God. "He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver, as a bird hasteth to the snare; and knoweth not that it is for his life." (Prov. vii. 22, 23.) "These words (I quote his own expression) struck me into a shivering at once. I was so terrified that I could not speak; and when a friend came in to see me, I could tell him nothing about it. However I was effectually cured, and never wished to marry that wicked woman afterwards."

After this providential escape, he began to feel himself too secure; "For," adds he, "I was so ignorant and careless that I never thought about asking the Lord how I should go on, and so after all I got a hypocrite for my wife. I became acquainted with another woman, and married her at once. I remember feeling afraid to pray about it, lest I should be hindered. She was a member of Mr. Huntington's church, and I thought that was enough. 'For the minister,' said I, 'has such good eyes that nothing can deceive him.' I supposed he could see through people all at once. I was no sooner married, and he heard of it, than I found out he knew I had been deceived in her; for he said to me of her, 'There is no Christ there.' This cut me like a dagger, but proved true indeed; for in about three weeks the war began, which went on till her death, nearly forty years afterwards.

"As long as ever she lived I had nothing but a continual dreadful trial with her. It is impossible to tell of the things I went through. Yet sometimes I got comfort in a strange way. She used to be worse than usual on the Sunday, so that many times to be quiet I have stayed out walking all the time between morning and evening service, with a dry crust for my dinner rather than be in the house with her."

What made this dreadful violence the more distressing to her poor husband, was her apparent softness and hypocritical religion shown to strangers. Her words were so plausible as to deceive many for a time, and she invented all sorts of calumny against her husband, thus trying to bring him into trouble. But the more he was known the less her reports were believed. His integrity stood the test; and parties who had only him to look to, to defray out of the hire of his labor the debts she had recklessly incurred, treated him with the most lenient forbearance, from the respect they bore to the probity of his character. One more quotation from his own words will suffice on this subject. "My wife teased me till I was obliged to let her sell the lease of our house and our furniture for nine hundred guineas, and I never had a farthing of the money. She spent it all in drink, and wasted it. I don't think I could bear it now so well as I bore it then, for I was simple, and afraid of doing wrong, and so I got imposed on. I did strike her once, being greatly provoked, and she had me up before the magistrates. But when they heard the provocation, they said, 'We can't blame you.'—And now these troubles are as if they had never been."

The remarks of Mr. Gilpin on this subject are much to the point:

This distressing dispensation of his unhappy marriage is calculated to enforce upon us terrible but most useful lessons. It seems as if the Lord, by suffering it, may have designed to treat with holy severity this good man's treacherous departure from a beginning which was right. He had just been



providentially delivered from a similar snare, when instead of the exhortation finding place in his heart, "Thou that thinkest thou standest, take heed lest thou fall," we find him immediately forsaking the Lord as his Counsellor, and blindly relying upon the judgment of man. Now if after beginning in the Spirit we thus end in the flesh, see what a terrible end it makes.

At the same time let us remember that a good man is not one who commits no faults and makes no mistakes; but one whose faults and mistakes are all overruled for good, and who in the end, "through the fear of God, comes forth of them all." As Mr. Dore afterwards said, "The Lord has mercifully brought me through all my trials, especially that one I had for so many years with my wife. I remember Mr. Huntington preaching once from this text, 'He that feareth God shall come forth of them all.' He was a man that could branch out many things in his sermons, and I used to sit and try how far I could find the evidences in myself, which he set forth as belonging to the people of God. I said of that sermon, 'It is all true, every word;' and so it has been to this day; here I am, and have 'come forth of them all!'"

The commencement of the work of grace upon his soul was faint; but, as is usually the case in those whom the Lord takes in hand, went on increasing in depth and power, till he was effectually killed to all legal hope. His experience, as given in the Memoir before us, was written from his own lips at various times by his friends taking notes of his conversation, and these were subsequently arranged in a continuous form. The first movement upon his conscience is thus recorded:

The first time I took notice of anything peculiar from God was when I was about seventeen years of age. I had burnt myself with gunpowder, and kept my bed senseless for a time, and unable to see because of the swelling. I lay in a little room, opposite a narrow window looking to the east. As the swelling went down, one morning the rising sun darted a ray into the room. The moment this ray of light entered my eyes, the Lord sent a ray of his wrath and judgment into my soul, which shewed me I was lost by nature and utterly undone. I burst into tears, and said, "I must be lost!" My mother heard me, and wanted me to see her Arminian ministers, but I would have none of them come near me. I prayed God to raise me up, and promised I would no more go on in my wickedness. He answered my prayer and raised me up, but I turned out worse and worse. I was quite ashamed at times of my evil ways; but that fear I had felt in my illness never left me. I used to be terrified at thunder, lest God should send me to hell at once for my wickedness. Once, at Birmingham, I was in a room with several people, and a storm came on. I was so frightened that I went down on my knees before them all, and began to pray the Lord's Prayer."

Soon after this he went to London, where he went through many alternations of feeling; sometimes sunk in fears of death and hell, and trying to reform, but ignorant of the way of salvation. The first gleam of hope he thus records:

"I walked about twenty yards from the door, along Oxford Street, and could almost show to this day the very stone I was standing on. It was a bright, cold night in March, the stars shone with uncommon lustre. I looked up, and 'Dear me,' I said, 'the stars are brighter than ever I knew them in my life before.' Just then a ray of light came directly down into my soul. Oh, it was a marvellous thing! It came as it were from the east into my heart. 'Lord,' I said, 'there is a Man in the heavens whom I love, and I know he loves me by what I feel.' I had never heard of such a thing as a man in the heavens. I had heard of angels and seraphim there, never of a man. I was never so surprised in my life. I put up my two hands, a little way apart, and said, 'I wish the elements would open, just so wide, that I might see him.' It filled my heart with praise. I ran on, blessing God for the preaching I had that day heard, though I had not understood it. I was before so afraid of the

devil that I dared not look behind me, now I thought I feared him no more than some straws which I remember seeing in my way. A sweet peace followed me till I reached my own door, and then left me. Yet the power of it has never left me to this day; I can never forget it. It was the very same joy I feel now. I thought next morning I would tell the man of it, who had first brought me to hear Mr. Huntington; but, as soon as he began to speak, I saw at once, though I was but just born, that he knew nothing. From that time it has been like fire and tow in my heart, a continual conflict; yet this ray of light has been never taken away and never shall."

But he had to sink into deeper waters, that he might prove the power of him who alone could deliver. The dealings of God were singular with him, and so was his deliverance.

"The last Sabbath spent in this trouble, I remember walking through every room in my house, and seeing my face in the glass, I thought my countenance had changed, and that madness was coming on. However, it was not to be so, but it was fearful work. I went to chapel, and the text was, 'I will put a bridle in the jaws of the people, causing them to err.' (Isa. xxx. 28.) It was as if the whole discourse was to me alone, and had nothing to do with any one else. Going down Oxford Street, there was represented to my mind a number of people, and amongst them some religious professors whom I knew. I said to myself, 'You know your religion is better than theirs; if you can't stand, how can they stand?' 'Not at all,' I replied. I saw a line in my mind dividing the people into two parts, those on the right to be saved, those on the left to be lost. I saw that nothing could alter it. This shook me greatly. I looked up, and felt such infernal malice go up from my heart as never before nor since. It was truly the spirit of the devil himself. I said, with my teeth clenched, 'Oh, I wish there was no God!' Yet still there was a sort of crying or looking to God through all. In about four hours, I thought I could perceive in my mind that there was pity in God the Father towards me. It was as if he said in my heart, 'If you can prevail with my Christ, I will not stand in your way.' I caught it directly, for it shewed me I had been praying to God without Christ. I remember the day well. I had envied the vilest reptile; my heart was shown to be full of such venom and spite as I am sure is in every soul; and if my power had been equal to my will, I should have pulled God from his throne, and trampled him under foot! There was a state to look to be saved in! Yet he looked down as if he had compassion upon me, and made me to understand I should find mercy if I could prevail on his Son, Christ.

"This did not at first deliver me from my trouble, but it kept me for two or three days doing nothing but crying to Jesus Christ to have mercy upon me. It was just like the breath coming and going, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!' I prayed nothing else; and the next Tuesday night, about ten o'clock, going into the little back parlor of my house in Poland-street, I was so oppressed that I could not speak; but my heart was still crying, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!' I fell on my knees, with my face looking downwards, and that same Lord Jesus, if ever he appeared to any man, appeared to me. I saw him standing at my left hand, and passing slowly towards my right. Just as he passed, he stooped down and looked up in my face; and the moment his eye glanced at mine, such a power proceeded from it into my heart as I can never describe. It wrought a revolution in my very soul. I can never tell all I saw. My sins were all laid upon him, and not mine only. He so innocent—I so guilty! I quite forgot my own misery, and thought only of him. I was grieved for him, and quite ashamed of myself. I loathed and abhorred myself worse than the vilest creature. The feeling in my body was as though my heart swelled, and I should be choked and die. But just then I burst into a flood of tears, which relieved me, and swept away all my hardness. I kept crying a long time, but it was not all sorrow. It was sorrow and joy, it was bitter and sweet, it was an ointment altogether. He appeared to pass on till he came to my right hand, and there stood still as plainly as man ever did. I remember his look exactly; I should know him again if I saw him. He was like a poor, care-worn young man, weighed down with sorrow and grief, heavily burthened with my sin and the sin of all that are to be saved. Just as it is

written of him, 'He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.' How he went away I cannot tell; for I did not see him go away; but after he was gone, I said as surely as ever Simeon said it, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' It made me to understand these words, 'He shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul.' (Psalm cix. 31.) Oh, how this satisfied me, it was so very healing! My conscience was healed by the blood of the Lamb. I saw now no blood, but I felt the effects of it. I rejoiced as much as I was before sorrowful, 'with joy unspeakable and full of glory;' for the Lord had turned out the devil, and taken his place in my heart: 'Then was my mouth filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing.' It made me laugh for joy even as I went along the streets. The very next day I was laughing while at my work, and did not know that others observed me, and they said, 'See how Dore is laughing!' for I did not use to laugh while in that misery. The Song of Solomon used to come to my mind, 'He is the chiefest among ten thousand. His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend.' But what words can make this peace to be understood as I then felt it in my soul! Oh, I bless and thank his holy name!"

The extracts that we have made from the book will show that it is no common Memoir, and that Mr. Dore was a man of no common experience. He had a religion wrought by the power of God in his soul; and that which the Lord began, the Lord carried on. The life of God was kept alive in his soul up to the latest hour of his life. In his youth he had been led to offer up many fervent prayers, that the Lord would not suffer his religion to wither in his old age. Those prayers were abundantly answered, and though for many years, during the last stages of his earthly pilgrimage, he was cut off, by almost total deafness, from hearing the preached word, yet, as will be observed from our first extract, the word of God was his constant companion; and to these holy fountains of inspired truth, he continually came, and was often permitted and enabled to drink blessed draughts of love and mercy, that flow so richly and freely in and through them.

Being a man of great natural vigour of mind, being blessed with a deep and clear experience, and being well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, his conversation was singularly original, spiritual, and experimental. Mr. Gilpin, possessing great facility in taking down the exact words of those with whom he converses, has, with great wisdom and honesty of purpose, given them, in all their unvarnished simplicity, to the church of God, and has appended to the Memoir some extracts of Mr. Dore's conversations. We should be pleased to give some of these more fully, but our limits, especially considering the copious extracts that we have already given, will only permit us to lay before our readers the following paragraphs:

"If you cannot feel as you wish, God says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' Come unto me, and tell me your griefs, 'for every one that asketh, receiveth.' 'I am the Lord, and I change not.' It is impossible that you can ask and not receive; if you do not ask, it is because you do not want. Tell him your wants simply. If you get into the way of conversing with the Lord Jesus, you do not know how it will grow; you will in the end tell him every secret which you can tell no one else. You can go and say, 'I should like to confess my sin and forsake it; but I cannot, it holds me so fast. Do help me.'

"It is the want of a clear view that, his sins are forgiven, which makes a man afraid of death. Nothing but love removes this tormenting fear. You have not this love at all times; but at times it slips into your heart and makes you say, 'I love the Lord, because he has forgiven my sins.' And it is only by love that you know that your sins are forgiven. If you ever had this love you will not finally lose it. Those three verses, Rom. viii., 28, 29, 30, must make a man know his state, if he is made honest. He must know whether there has been a call at some time or other, in some way or other, in some place or other. He must know if he was ever stopped in his mad career. Now if you are 'called,' it is because you are 'predestinated' to have your sins pardoned; and if so you shall be 'glorified;' and if you have these things, what shall 'separate you from the love of God?' I would pray, if I were you, day and night until I obtained it. I did so, but I never expected to be answered so full as I was. Yet I continued praying on, for the Lord kept me at it."

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OUR God and bridegroom is a jealous God, jealous of his people's love; and those that love him are jealous of his love: and where there are two real lovers, both tinctured with jealousy, there will be quibbles, disputes, surmisings, and suspicions. They will harrow up old grievances, sifting things to the bottom; provocations, reasonings, arguments; kissing and making up, then breaking out again; scuffling, striving, assuming airs of consequence and deep compunction for it; disdainful looks and silent tears; bitter words and loving hearts; perverse lips and pious grief; contending, and yet fearing; murmuring, and trembling at it; running away, and looking back; longing to chide, but fearing to speak; wishing to claim, but afraid to presume. I am for a wedding, but he is forbidding. I have been at this till my carcase has been nothing but a bag of bones; envying all, yet best off myself. But now I know that he is faithful, and loves for ever.—*Huntington*.

THE Assyrians, who had captived the ten tribes, and been victorious a little against the Jews, might think that the God of Israel had been conquered by their gods, as well as the people professing him had been subdued by their arms; that God had lost all his power: and the Jews might argue from God's patience to his enemies, against the credit of the prophet's denouncing revenge. The prophet answers to the terror of the one and the comfort of the other, that this indulgence to his enemies—and not accounting with them for their crimes—proceeded from the greatness of his patience, and not from any debility in his power. As it refers to the Assyrian, it may be rendered thus: You Ninevites, upon your repentance after Jonah's thundering of judgments, are witnesses of the slowness of God to anger, and had your punishments deferred; but, falling to your old sins, you shall find a real punishment, and that he hath as much power to execute his ancient threatenings, as he had then compassion to recall them. His patience to you then was not from want of power to ruin you, but was the effect of his goodness toward you. As it refers to the Jews, it may be thus paraphrased: Do not despise this threatening against your enemies because of the greatness of their might, the seeming stability of their empire, and the terror they possess all the nations with round about them. It may be long before it comes, but assure yourselves the threatening I denounce shall certainly be executed, though he hath patience to endure them a hundred and thirty-five years (for so long it was before Nineveh was destroyed after this threatening, as Ribera computes from the years of the reign of the kings of Judah); yet he hath also power to verify his word, and accomplish his will: assure yourselves he will not at all acquit the wicked.—*Charnock*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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SEPTEMBER, 1857.

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MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

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## THE EFFICACY OF THE WORD.

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“As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace.”—Isa. lv. 10–12.

WHEN God had made this wonderful world in which we live, a council was held by the three divine persons of the Godhead, on the subject of man's creation, as the chief and masterpiece of the whole work. And in this the wisdom and goodness of God appeared, that man should not be formed till the sixth and last day of the creation, that all the accommodations might be ready provided for him when made; the earth for his habitation, and all creatures for his special use; the fruits of the earth for his profit and pleasure, and light, and heat, and air for his delight, comfort, and refreshment; and, in short, all things that could be wished for and desired to make his life happy. “And God said, let *Us* make man in our image after our likeness.” (Gen. i. 26.) God the Father here speaks to the other two divine Persons of the Trinity, as co-workers with him in creation; and it was no sooner said than done. For in the next verse it is written: “So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.” Man was created different from all other creatures; he was created in that form which it was settled in eternity, should, “in the fulness of time,” be assumed by the Son of God, and which he speaks of as *prepared* for him. (Heb. x. 5.) He was not made in the likeness of any of the creatures already made, but as near as could be in the likeness and image of God; in the immortality of his soul; in his intellectual powers; in that purity, innocence, and righteousness in which he was created; and in his dominion, power, and authority over the creatures; in which he was God's vicegerent, and resembled him. God placed Adam in a garden abounding with all that the heart of man could wish for food; and he was allowed to eat of the fruit of all the trees, excepting one, called “the tree of knowledge of good and evil.” And God said to him, “In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” (Gen. ii. 17.) Adam's life on earth, then, with all the various blessings he enjoyed, was made dependent on his obedience to a divine command. There was a

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covenant engagement between God and Adam, which we call the covenant of works ; and in this covenant it was settled, that if Adam did what God had commanded, and abstained from eating of the forbidden tree, he would enjoy an endless life of happiness upon earth, but that if he disobeyed God, and ate of the forbidden tree, he should die, and return to the dust from which he was made. (Gen. iii. 19.)

But Adam soon broke this covenant. Though made in the image and likeness of God, he soon sinned against him, by eating of the forbidden tree ; and “thus Adam broke both the tables, and all the commandments.” 1st. He chose him another God whom he followed—the devil. 2nd. He idolised and deified his own belly, as the apostle’s phrase is—his belly he made his god. 3rd. He took the name of God in vain, when he believed him not. 4th. He kept not the rest and estate wherein God had set him. 5th. He dishonored his Father which was in heaven, wherefore his days were not long in that land which the Lord his God had given him. 6th. He massacred himself and all his posterity. 7th. In eyes and mind he committed spiritual fornication. 8th. He stole that (like Achan) which God had set aside not to be meddled with ; and his stealth is that which troubles all Israel—the whole world. 9th. He bore witness against God when he believed the witness of the devil above him. 10th. He coveted an evil covetousness, which cost him his life and all his progeny.

And in the day that Adam broke the covenant, he became obnoxious to the curse of the law, which is *death*, a corporeal, spiritual, and eternal death. He was at once stripped of the immortality of his body, which God had bestowed on it, and became mortal, subject to diseases and a corporeal death ; and so all his posterity, for “in Adam all die.” (1 Cor. xv. 22.) Immediately a spiritual or moral death seized on all the powers and faculties of his soul ; his understanding became darkened ; his mind and conscience defiled ; his affections inordinate ; his will biassed to that which is evil, and to every good work lifeless and reprobate, until restored by the grace of God ; as every man is dead in trespasses and sins until quickened. And Adam became obnoxious to eternal death, which God had decreed should be the just wages of sin, which is no other than the wrath of God revealed against all unrighteousness, and which comes upon the children of disobedience ; and there are none of his sons but are such. This is the grand curse, the flying roll in Zachariah’s vision, that goes over the face of the whole earth, and cuts off the sinner on this and the other side, and which the wicked will hear at the last great day, in those awful words, “Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.” But the righteous will be saved from it, because Christ has redeemed them from the curse of the law, and delivered them from the wrath to come. When Adam sinned, he sinned not as a private person, but as the head of the whole human race ; and they became sinners in him and exposed to the curse of God. “By one man,” says the apostle, “sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; and so death passed



upon all men, for that (or in whom) all have sinned." "By the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation." (Rom. v. 12, 18.) *All* Adam's posterity come into the world sinners, by his sin which cleaves to them, and is imputed to them; and this is true of children who die before they can commit actual sins. And they are not only accounted sinners by his transgression, but inherit from him a corrupt nature, which soon leads them to commit actual sins, and to show by their wicked works that they no longer bear the image and likeness of God, in which Adam was created, but are enemies to him. This corruption of nature is universal in every age and period of time; whenever God took a survey of the state and condition of mankind, this was the sum of the account: "They are *all* gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no not one." (Psa. xiv. 3.) And this corruption of nature extends to all the powers and faculties of the soul, and to the members of the body. The heart is described as "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." (Jer. xvii. 9.) "The inward parts very wickedness." (Psal. v. 9.) "The thoughts of the heart evil continually." (Gen. vi. 5.) "The mind and conscience defiled." "The understanding darkened through the ignorance that is in it." (Eph. iv. 18.) "The will averse to that which is good, and not subject to the law of God." (Rom. viii. 7.) The affections of men are all described as inordinate; as all running in a wrong channel, and fixed on wrong objects; and that they hate what they should love, and love what they should hate. They hate the good, and love the evil; and they are lovers of sinful lusts and pleasures, rather than lovers of God, of good men, and good things. In short, there is no place clean, and no part free from the pollution and influence of sin. If it should be asked, *when* this corruption of nature takes place in man, the Scriptures tell us that "the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." (Gen. viii. 21.) That "the wicked are estranged from the womb," (Psal. lviii. 3;) that is, alienated from God; being under the power of a moral death, or being "dead in trespasses and sins." Nay; David carries the pollution of his nature still higher, for he says: "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." (Psal. li. 5.) And if David, so famous for godliness and religion, "a man after God's own heart," whom he raised up to fulfil his will; if he was tainted with sin in his original formation, then surely the same must be true of all other men.

And now, let us turn from this sad account of Adam's fall, and the effects of it on his posterity, to a more pleasing theme; even the love and mercy of God displayed in the salvation of his elect people by Jesus Christ. Here, then, I must remind you, that as things future are the same with God as things present, and "one day is with him as a thousand years; and a thousand years as one day," (2 Pet. iii. 8,) so in eternity, God foreknew the fall of the first man, and that he and his descendants would become sinners, and would therefore be exposed to the curse and condemnation of his law. Nay; God determined to permit the fall; and that it was

by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God is certain from this, that the sufferings and death of Christ, by which is the redemption of men from that sin, and all others, were ordained before the foundation of the world, which must have been precarious and uncertain, if Adam's fall was not by a like decree. (Acts ii. 22.) God was not taken by surprise when Adam fell, for he had made preparation for it in eternity, and was not an idle spectator of the event when it came to pass. No doubt he could have restrained Adam from sinning, as he withheld Abimelech from sinning against him, and Balaam from cursing the people of Israel. He could have done the one as well as the other; but it was not his *will*: and as he foreknew, so he suffered that event to come to pass, and no doubt did so that it might be for his own glory; that his justice and holiness might be glorified in the destruction of his enemies, and his love, grace, and mercy be glorified in the salvation of his elect.

But though the fall of Adam was according to the foreknowledge and decree of God, yet it was not the will of God that all his descendants should perish by reason of that fall. In eternity, God set his love upon a portion of mankind, whom he did foreknow, and had their names all written in heaven (Luke x. 26), in the Book of Life, (Phil. iv. 3;) and thus early determined that they should have a better life than what they would lose by Adam's transgression; not that endless life on earth which he promised to Adam, on his obedience, but an endless life of glory with himself in heaven. And he made early provision for their safety, for he set up his own dear co-equal and co-eternal Son to be their Saviour, before he made the world; as he himself says: "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth, and my delights were with the sons of men." (Prov. viii. 23—31.) Yea, before all time, or before the earth or anything was created, Christ was set up, or fore-ordained to be the Saviour of a portion of mankind, who were the objects of his own and of his Father's love; and he rejoiced at the work he was set up to do for them. His delights were with them according to the fore-view he had of them in his divine mind, as beheld in the glass of his Father's decrees; as "chosen in him before the foundation of the world," (Eph. i. 4,) and given him by his Father as his children, and spouse, and bride. He united them all to himself, and they became "his body the Church," (Col. i. 18;) of which he is the head, and they are the members; and by virtue of this union they shall live with him in glory: for it is no more possible that the members should perish, than that the head should; "Because I live," says he, "ye shall live also." (John xiv. 19.) And for the temporal, spiritual, and eternal good of these persons, the Father entered into covenant with the Son; and in this covenant, called "the covenant of grace," because proceeding from the free grace and love of God to them, it was agreed upon, that as they would be partakers of flesh and blood, Christ also should take part of the same. (Heb. ii. 14.) It was settled

in covenant that he should assume their nature, in order that he might obey for them the whole law and will of God; for, as God he could not obey; it was necessary that he should become man. And it was settled that he should shed his blood as an atonement for their sins, for it was the will of God that "without shedding of blood there should be no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.) In short, it was agreed upon, that Christ in human nature should do that for the chosen ones, which, by reason of their fall in Adam, they would be too weak to do for themselves, even to satisfy the holiness of God's law, by a perfect obedience to it in all its spiritual requirements; and then to satisfy the justice of God by shedding his blood, the greatest atonement that could be made for their sins, and by suffering the penalty of death, as their Surety, and in their stead. And as the Son cheerfully and willingly consented to do all that was required of him in this covenant transaction, for the chosen ones, and to remove all impediments that lay in the way of their salvation, the Father promised, among many other blessings, eternal life for as many as he had given him. And as this is the great comprehensive promise of the covenant, the apostle John speaks of it as if it were the only one. "This is *the* promise," says he, "that he hath promised us, even eternal life." (1 John ii. 25.) "This is *the* record," says he, "that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." (1 John v. 11.) The Father put into the hands of the Son eternal life, for all that he had given him, and it is in him, and at his disposal. Eternal life, or a life of happiness and glory hereafter, is in the present state unseen, but will in the world to come be a life of vision, free from all the sorrows and imperfections of this; and will be of the utmost perfection and pleasure, and for ever. It is a pure free grace gift of God the Father, proceeding from his sovereign good will and pleasure, which he gives to all his chosen ones, for they are "ordained to eternal life," (Acts xiii. 48;) to as many as he has given to his Son, (John xvii. 2;) to all that are redeemed by his blood, and are brought to believe in him: to these he gave it in his Son before the world began; and to the same in time he gives the right unto it, the meetness for it, and the pledge and earnest of it: and will hereafter give them the thing itself, the whole of it, to be possessed and enjoyed by them in person to all eternity. And this life is in his Son, not only the purpose and promise of it, but the thing itself; Christ asked it of his Father in the covenant of peace, (Psal. xxi. 4;) and he gave it to him, that he might have it in himself for all his people. Here then it is safe and secure; it is "hid with Christ in God," (Col. iii. 3;) it is "bound up in the bundle of life" with him, (1 Sam. xxv. 29;) and because he lives, this life shall never be lost, nor shall they come short of it. Yea, as Christ, "in the fulness of time," came into this world, and performed all the stipulated conditions of the covenant, in order "that they might have life," and a more abundant one. (John x. 10) than what they lost by Adam's fall; he will see to it that they are put in possession of it, and he has proclaimed it, as it were, in a tone of authority, as his will and his right. "Father,

I will," said he, "that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," (John xvii. 24;) and at the last great day he will present them before the Father with exceeding joy, saying: "Behold I and the children which God hath given me." (Heb. ii. 13.) "I came down from heaven," said he, "not to do my own will, but the will of him that sent me; and this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but raise it up again at the last day. (John vi. 38, 39.) Now as these persons, few in number indeed when compared to the great mass of mankind, and whom Paul speaks of as a "*remnant* according to the election of grace," (Rom. xi. 5,) inherit from Adam, in common with the rest of mankind, a corrupt nature; for if the fountain has become impure, the streams must be so, and come into this world not only guilty, but filthy, and are therefore, while in their natural state, not only unfit for the pure and spiritual enjoyments of that inheritance reserved for them in heaven, but unfit for communion with God on earth, or to live to his praise; it is his will that they should be regenerated, or "born again" by the power of his grace and Spirit, and become "new creatures." And as "the potter hath power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another to dishonor," (Rom. ix. 21,) so God, in his own good time, makes his people "vessels unto honor; sanctified and meet for the Master's use." (2 Tim. ii. 21). And this he promised in covenant, and the promise runs thus: "From all your filthinesses and from all your idols will I cleanse you; a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh; and I will put my spirit within you; and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye *shall* keep my judgments and do them; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God: and I will save you from all your uncleannesses." (Ezek. xxxvi. 25-29.) Yea, God in his own time singles out of the filthy crowd of mankind, "one of a city, and two of a family," (Jer. iii. 14,) according to the good pleasure of his will, and plants new and holy principles of grace in them: principles of light and life, and love and grace, and holiness and joy, and peace and comfort; and makes them meet for communion with him here, and for that pure, holy, and undefiled inheritance in store for them hereafter. "This people have I formed (or new formed), for myself," says he; "they shall shew forth my praise. (Isa. xliii. 21.)\*

(To be continued in our next.)

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\* The writer of the above piece who has now been dead a few years, formerly lived at Bedford, and has left behind him a considerable number of manuscripts on religious subjects. He was gifted with clear, sound views of divine truth, and a neat, plain, unassuming style to set them forth. It will be seen that there is nothing very deep or experimental, or very sweet or savoury in his writings; but as a sound and scriptural exposition of truth, we have felt disposed to give the above a place in our pages.

## THE SIEGE OF JERICHO.

Dear Friend,—In travelling through a large field, in the Holy Land, I suddenly alighted on a small spot of ground which heretofore was called Jericho, but which in these latter days has another name, which my brother knows well. Here I stopped, and pondering and inquiring a little while, I found it formerly was a strong-walled, rebellious city, which was besieged, taken, and destroyed by Joshua and the children of Israel. Now, many things respecting this city, with the taking of it, particularly struck my mind, and I cannot help submitting them to my brother's judgment. First, its being in the Holy Land while in rebellion, to me represents a sinner in God's covenant, while in a state of nature; its strong walls, the enmity of the carnal mind; its king with his mighty men of valor, the strong man armed that keeps the palace, by ignorance, enmity, pride, and hardness of heart, which keep the soul in a false peace. It being given to Joshua, or Jesus, by the Lord, before he took one step against it, sets forth the elect being given to Christ long before he came to destroy him that had the power of death, and to set these captives free. "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me." Thus having marked out my ground, I shall begin to file my men for the siege.

And the first thing that Joshua did, he sent spies into the city. These spies I consider to be the all-seeing eye of God which spies the elect, continually working reflections and convictions, which at last terminate in a close shutting up under the law. Now as soon as these spies entered the city, the king was moved with a determination to put them to death; thus it is with the sinner. No sooner do reflections and convictions begin to work, but Satan, with all his art and malice, endeavors to stifle them; but as it was with Jericho, so it is with the sinner; these terrors will work a Rahab, or faith, that will take them in; and this makes the battle more severe. The city becomes divided against itself; the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and a man's enemies are those of his own house. The flesh wants to be gratified; the Spirit denies, rebukes, reproves, with threatenings of eternal punishment. Now to heighten this distress, armed men are ordered by Joshua to march round the city six times a day. These armed men I conceive to be the terrors of death, which in Scripture is called the king of terrors; and one in these circumstances cried out and said, "The arrows of the Almighty are within me; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me, and pursue my soul as the wind." The next thing that was to follow these armed men, were seven priests, with seven trumpets of rams' horns. The ram's horn is the law of God, the priests are the ministers that sound it, and a strange sound it makes when it enters a sinner's conscience; there is nothing but cursing and condemning all the day long, with threatenings of wrath continually. "Thy wrath," says one, "lieth hard upon me." "I am consumed because of thy wrath." "O that I had wings like a dove! I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." The next thing that



struck me was, these armed men were to go round the city six days, which, I think, represents the same as the six days' work of the Lord, which the Apostle Paul declares to point out the law-work on a sinner's conscience, before the Lord Christ is savingly revealed: "He that is entered into rest, he hath also ceased from his own works, as God did from his." The next thing was to follow the ark of God's covenant, in which is displayed the love, favor, and mercy of God, shining in the face of our spiritual ark, the Lord Jesus Christ. This may show us that all true convictions are attended with discoveries of mercy, as well as justice and wrath; the one breaks in pieces, the other softens and melts; one wounds, the other heals; one kills, the other makes alive; one drinks up the spirits, the other revives them; and thus at once may be seen the goodness and severity of the Lord.

What I shall next notice is the dawning of the seventh day. You know how, under the law, a leper was to be shut up seven days, and on the seventh day the priest was to look upon him, which look is no more, I think, than the Sun of Righteousness arising on the soul with healing in his wings; as saith Peter, "Take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place," the heart, "until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts." And when the day began to break they went round the city seven times; and at the seventh time they gave a shout, at which the walls fell down. In this is represented the Lord Jesus Christ. When he had finished the work on earth, he went up with a shout, leading captivity captive; and when he subdueth a sinner's heart, there is a shout, at which carnal enmity gives way, and love succeeds. All are put to the sword but Rahab and her family, faith with its different graces; and a curse is pronounced on this city, and him that builds its walls; in his first-born son he shall lay the foundation, not when he is born again.

It was not my intention to have sent this, but to have enlarged, as this is only the outlines; but though there seemed plenty of materials, there seemed a want of time, and, thinking there might be both in London, I have left my brother to enlarge as much as he please. Fare you well.

P. BRICE.

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LET nothing carry thee away, my dear brother; let God every morning have the first minutes of the day, and the first thoughts of the morning. Let him be thy first counsellor, and let him have the casting voice in all thy consultations. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy steps; commit thy ways unto him, and thy thoughts shall be established." When God has been pleased to indulge us with nearness of access to him, and freedom and enlargement before him; with humility and self-abhorrence attended with love and gratitude to him; with hope in him, and peace with him, how composed and becalmed is the mind! How tranquil and serene is the soul! And with what fortitude and satisfaction do we go forth to meet the toils and troubles of the day, conscious that there is nothing standing between us and our God, through the great undertaking and full satisfaction made by the surety of the better testament!—*Huntington.*



## WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.

My dear Friend,—In obedience to the impression on my mind, I would act in accordance with the apostolic injunction, to “remember them that are in bonds, as being bound with them, and them that suffer adversity, as being myself also in the body,” and not only liable to, but in reality having lately suffered both in mind and body, from bonds and afflictions, according to the promise and purpose of him who hath said, “In the world ye shall have tribulation.” The Lord “worketh all things after the counsel of his own will,” and does not afflict willingly or wantonly, to grieve his dear people; for whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. So to be, my dear friend, without this fatherly chastisement, and friendly visitation, would be solemn marks against our childship; for then we might fear we were “bastards, and not sons:” “for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?” And though “no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.” For chastening to the Lord’s own people frequently produces much and painful exercise, both of body and mind; under which afflictive visitation there is much exercise from different objects, and on different subjects. For instance, the poor body, through affliction, under this chastening power, becomes weak, pained, enfeebled, emaciated, and worn; in conjunction with which, the mind is low, heavy, fearful, and desponding. In connection with this also, the precious soul, and its eternal interests, become beclouded, becalmed, dark, gloomy, and sad; former experience seems to be lost, and present feelings seem to indicate no religion at all. In and under this the Lord is pleased to allow the great enemy of souls—as in the case of Job, though in a less degree—to try us, and tempt us, from morning till night, and from night till morning, not only to the more common, but frequently to the most uncommon temptations, that even make us shudder, and respecting which we dare tell none but the Lord. Thus then, under these chastenings of the Lord’s hand, there is a weak and afflicted body, a dark and cheerless mind, a feelingly barren, empty, and benighted soul, either as to present enjoyment, or future security and blessedness; and a tempting, roaring, lion-like enemy, all meeting. Is not this calculated to produce deep and painful exercise of mind and soul? Indeed it is, and it does to those who have ever been quickened and made alive by the Almighty Quickener, the Lord the Holy Spirit. And again, as the Lord is pleased to suffer the enemy to try them, so does he try them himself; as it is written, “The Lord trieth the righteous;” and, “When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold,” which trial, though seemingly severe, is “more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire;” “for the fire shall try every man’s work, of what sort it is;” and this, by the Lord, was never intended to destroy the gold, but the dross; not the wheat, but the chaff and stubble; not the silver, but the wood. From which it is

evident, that the great end the Lord has in view in trying his people by his chastening visitations, is not to destroy his grace in them but to try it ; not to stifle it, but to draw it into use and exercise. Many graces of the blessed Spirit would have but little room for active scope or exercise but for the trials, temptations, tribulations, and afflictions arising out of, and consequent on, divine chastisements. For instance, if all our religion consisted in sense and feeling, we should not want faith, which has most to do with things hoped for, and is “the evidence of things not seen,” and without which it is impossible to please God. If all were light, we should not need to be exhorted to trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his word in the dark. If we had always the Lord’s comforting and manifested presence, there would be no sorrow or sadness at his departure, or watching, waiting, and longing for his return. Were he always to answer us immediately, there would be no room for patience to have her perfect work. In a word, no tribulation, no feeling need ; and if no necessity, no message to the throne of grace ; if no message, no prayer ; and if no prayer, no answer ; and if no answer, no praise and thanksgiving for mercies thus vouchsafed. Thus you see, my dear friend, that the Lord trieth the righteous, under which they are exercised, and sometimes most deeply and solemnly, too, that the whole of their religion is not only called into question, but seems to have no real vital existence ; so that while thus under the sore and chastening visitation, the soul is indeed “exercised thereby.” “Nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby,” not before, but after ; the root before the fruit, the seed time before the harvest ; as it is written, “He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again bringing his sheaves with him ; and he that soweth in tears shall reap in joy.” The storm and then the calm ; the exercise and then the peace ; “for in the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace ; therefore be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” Therefore, as fatherly chastisements, sanctified by the blessed Spirit, are exercising things, so afterwards fruitful, in yielding the peaceful fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.” For in the salvation of the Church, and in all the Lord’s dealings with that Church, in every member of the same, from the womb to the tomb, every species of righteousness is included. Instance, the righteousness of the law and the gospel, of man and of God, all meeting and centring in our Lord Jesus Christ, and revealed in the gospel, and “all working for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose ;” which sanctified chastening serves as a cloud to cover the hand that holds the rod, and brings peace and quietness ; as the way the God of peace taketh to bring the peaceable fruits of righteousness into the troubled breast. For be assured that our joys can never spring from the painful root of our sorrow, or our peace from our trouble, abstractedly considered ; but from “the God of peace,” who so sanctified both our trouble and sorrow, that out of the eater shall come

forth food, and out of the strong sweetness, and from the dunghill a prince shall rise, and take his seat among his fellows. Hence it is I trust I have been led so to write; and unto my suffering friend, I would say, the Lord cheer and support you under your affliction, and his fatherly chastisement. The rod may be feared, and seem severe, but it hath a voice; but it is in thy Father's hand, which dear hand I pray thou mayest see, and kiss with the kiss of suffering affection. Though your affliction be severe, may the Lord support you under it; and though your poor mind may be much tossed respecting it, the Lord, who is, I trust, your Lord, "knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation," either by taking them home to himself, or removing it from them while here.

May the Lord bless you and keep you, cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace by all means, for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Gloucestershire.

R.

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### MR. HUNTINGTON TO A LADY.

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Well, Sister Ann, and how do you do? What dost thou think concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a man mighty in word and deed, before God and all the people, who loved poor sinners with a love stronger than death, and who for our sakes became poor that we, by his poverty, might be made rich? Dost thou see any form or comeliness in him whereby he should be desired? Do thy thoughts go out after him, and hover like a swarm of bees over and about him? Is there any desire in thy soul after him? Hast thou got any wounds that want healing, any appetite that wants filling, and blindness that wants moving; any hardness that wants melting, any grief that wants soothing, any debts that want discharging, any filth that wants purging, any spot that wants washing, any knots that want untying, any bands that want loosing, and burdens that want bearing; any yoke that wants breaking, any broken bones that want binding up, any faintness that wants strength, any weak hands or feeble knees; in short, art thou full of wants, and wanting all in all? If so, give me thine hand, and come up into the chariot, and see my zeal for God. I am servant to the Great Physician; I visit my master's patients, enquire after their health, and lay their various cases before him, and carry out medicine; and am an eye, and ear, and living witness of an innumerable number of famous and wonderful cures, even the leprosy, the plague of the heart, and the plague in the head. I attend consumption, soul labour, and soul travail. I have been at the birth of the new man, and at the death of the old man. I have been a wet nurse and a dry nurse. I have attended miscarrying wombs, and seen untimely fruit like a snail that has never seen light. I have made caudle for others when I have wanted it myself. I have given suck to strangers, and at times have envied them every drop they have swallowed down. I have been permitted to carry leaves from the tree of life, and gathered fruit from the same every month, week, day, and hour,

and sometimes all day long. I have been permitted to carry my master's balm from place to place among the sick; and as many as have touched it have been made perfectly whole. And now, as I have shewed you my country and occupation, from whence I came, and what people I am of, and my present calling, is there anything wanting in our way?

What sayest thou of thyself? Consider these things, weigh them well, and seek relief while it may be had, if thou art sensible of thy need, and learn for the future to show a little more lenity becoming thy high station; severity seldom succeeds, nor does it spread the fame abroad to the honor of the higher powers.

Sister M., farewell, be of good cheer, be of good comfort; seek the best Treasurer, the best Way, and the best End; while I remain, with all due respect, distance, and submission, your greatness's most obedient and devoted servant, for His sake,

WM. HUNTINGTON.\*

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### THROUGH FIRE AND WATER INTO A WEALTHY PLACE.

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Dear Friend and Beloved in the Lord,—I received yours, and was glad to find you are kept alive to your poverty in self and creatures, and that your sole wealth is in Jesus Christ, in whom we possess unsearchable riches. To grope within for that which only can be found in Christ, is a part of our folly, which is daily manifested by us; and to look only unto Jesus for all good, is the work of the Holy Spirit within us, which is given us by the Father, to wean us from self and creatures and to trust in Christ alone. We come through fire and water into this wealthy place. There are a fiery law, fiery temptations, fiery trials, from sinner and from saint; and the water of the Divine Spirit is poured upon and into our hearts through the gospel doctrines, precepts, and promises, in streams of light, life, love, help, consolation, and comfort. This was and is a thorny path to flesh and blood, sense, and reason; yet he is a rich merchant who has bought eyesalve and gold tried in the fire, and white raiment without money and without price.

“To trust in Christ alone,  
By thousand dangers scared,  
And righteousness have none,  
Is something very hard.

Whate'er men say, the needy know  
It must be so; it is the way.”

The first time I met with Satan after my pardon was sealed, he told me I was a first-rate saint, and proved to me from the word of God, that I was as safe as if I was then in heaven. I knew him not

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\* The above admirable and most characteristic letter by the immortal coal-heaver has been given to us as an original and unpublished letter. We have not thought it worth while to verify this by searching among his works, feeling that, whether published or not, it will be as fresh and as full of life, power, and savour to those who love the truth as it was when the ink was first wet from his pen.

in this dress and manner, and he did me an injury I am smarting under to this day, and the effects of which I shall, I fear, carry to the grave with me.

“An open foe may prove a curse,  
But a pretended friend is worse.”

The desperate depravity of our nature is the thicket where this lion lurks, and through which he pounces upon his prey; but the Shepherd of Israel will never suffer him to destroy one lamb of the flock, although he occasionally is permitted only to leave us half alive, nay almost without a sign of life. Yes, it is indwelling sin and carnal reason, unbelief and sense, that give us the keenest wounds, and make us go mourning all the day long.

Notwithstanding all the violent wrenchings of our hearts from creature love and creature dependence, and the painful feeling as a consequence; yet, fool-like, if Joseph is taken, we cleave to Benjamin; if Joseph, Simeon, and Benjamin are taken, we must die, and the bowels of self move so feelingly that we are oft carried away by force, until the dear Lord appears, dispels the illusion, and shows himself our Omnipotent, Immutable, and Ever-loving Friend; and the Holy Spirit shows us Jesus, the Lamb of God, and gives us fellowship with him in his sufferings, and the power of his resurrection. This brings faith forth and the new man into operation. Every traitor within is condemned, and their death decreed and earnestly desired, until the visit ends, and then, alas! alas! we are poor, foolish, stupid, vile, and helpless creatures again, and full of doubts and fears.

Yours in the Lord,  
T. C.

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## THE PATH OF LIFE.

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Dear Friend in the Lord,—I thank you for your kind remembrances of me by letter. Your first communication not requiring an immediate answer, time passed on, and about the time I thought of answering it a second communication informs me that you wish me to come and preach one Lord's day. The way of man is not in himself. I can promise you the third Lord's day in June, if that will do, God willing. I am a dependant upon the God of Israel in every sense; all is his gift from the first breath to the last of my existence. He is the fountain of life, natural, spiritual, eternal. The measures and manifestations of life in us is a secret which we can only understand by the Holy Ghost. “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” Changes, war, tumult, and strife, mark our daily experience more or less. Many afflictions, much tribulation marks the path of life; there is no entering the kingdom in any other way; but a sight of Jesus now and then cheers our hearts, and we press on. I am glad that Jesus and his truth is precious to your souls. All is blank with us, and no prize, if we have not the Christ of the Father; all is death and barrenness without the Spirit. Life in our

souls, and unction and power in our assemblies, is what we want; "God in the midst of us." This world is a wilderness, a desert land; here is neither food, rest, nor shelter without Christ. When we lose him what a loss apparently we feel, but we gain something. Deep things are discovered out of darkness; the land of the shadow of death tells us somewhat of an eternal midnight, of an outer darkness that awaits lost souls, and we fear the pit and the snare of the fowler; we fear an empty profession; we want the reality—Christ in us sensibly known and felt. Here we learn our weakness, our depraved heart, the devices of Satan; how he tries to sap the foundation of our hope, by endeavouring to undermine the Gospel, or by assailing us about our calling by grace, and our interest in the atonement. Still the bruised reed is not broken; the tempted soul is kept by a secret, mighty, mysterious power; the smoking flax, the feeble inward desire is maintained, never quenched. It is an immortal spark, and burns secretly; and the smoke, the desire, goes out in groans and sighs; the uplifted eye, the falling tear tells us, "Behold, he prayeth."

Accept this scrap in love; it is poor, like the writer. If the time I have promised will not suit, let me know; if it will, no further communication will be necessary.

King's Cliffe, May 2, 1856.

B. H. I.

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ARE those that are justified by the blood of Christ such as, after that, have need of being saved by Christ's intercession? Then hence I infer again that God has a great dislike to the sins of his own people, and would fall upon them in judgment and anger much more severely than he doth, were it not for Christ's intercession. The gospel is not, as some think, a loose and licentious doctrine, nor God's discipline of his church a negligent and careless discipline; for, though those that believe already, have also an intercessor, yet God, to shew his detestation against sin, doth often make them feel to purpose the weight of his fingers. The sincere, who would fain walk with God, have felt what I say, and that to the breaking of their bones full often. The loose ones, and those that God loses not, may be utter strangers as to this; but those that God loves do indeed know it is otherwise. "You have I known above all others (says God,) therefore will I punish you for your iniquities." God keeps a very strict house among his children. David found it so; Heman found it so; Job found it so; and the church of God found it so; and I know not that his mind is ever the less against sin, notwithstanding we have an intercessor. It is true that our intercessor saves us from both damning evils and judgments; but he neither doth nor will secure us from temporal punishment, unless we watch, deny ourselves, and walk in his fear. I would to God that those who are otherwise minded did but feel, for three or four months, something of what I have felt for several years together, for base, sinful thoughts. I wish it, I say, if it might be for their good, and for the better regulating of their understanding. But, whether they obtain my wish or no, sure I am that God is no countenancer of sin; no, not in his own people; nay, he will bear it least of all from them. And, as for others, however, he may for a while have patience towards them, if, perhaps, his goodness may lead them to repentance, yet the day is coming when he will punish the carnal and the hypocrites with devouring fire for their offences.—*Bunyan.*



## Obituary.

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### HENRY BIRCH, A.M., LATE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH MEETING AT DANE HOUSE, CRANBROOK, KENT.

MR. BIRCH was the last surviving son of the Rev. Thomas Birch, of Thoresby, Lincolnshire. When at Magdalen College, Oxford, the Lord was pleased to convince him of sin, and he became greatly alarmed concerning his eternal state. The thoughts of eternity would intrude when pursuing his studies so as to unfit him for his ordinary duties, and the only books from which he found comfort and spiritual instruction at that time (from the best information we can get) were "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" and Luther's "Commentary on the 51st Psalm." But the Lord having effectually begun the great work of calling a sinner out of darkness into his marvellous light, he fell yet into deeper soul trouble, and his downcast countenance manifested so legibly his inward grief that some of his friends became greatly concerned on his account, as they could not understand the handwriting. However, at length he left Oxford, and filled several curacies; first for his father; then at Luton, in Bedfordshire; also at St. John's, Bedford Row, with Mr. Cecil; and the last was at St. Paul's Cray, with Mr. Symons. The Lord continuing his powerful work in his conscience by the application of his holy law, and finding nothing but condemnation in what he was engaged, some other books falling into his hands, from which he gained a little comfort, and a slight difference having arisen between himself and his rector, Mr. Birch determined to leave the ministry of the Church of England, and became acquainted with William Huntington, to whose person and ministry he was ardently attached. That ministry was to him, he said, like a blaze of light on weak eyes, and to part with church preferment and emoluments for such a ministry, was to him like parting with a straw for a guinea. After Mr. Huntington's death, Mr. Birch continued meeting with that congregation until he came to Cranbrook, by the wish of Mr. Isaac Beeman (with whom he was on friendly terms); but previous to coming there he sought the Lord's will concerning it, and was told to go into the street called Straight (as he afterwards found it,) and there it should be told him what to do. After Mr. Beeman's death he led the congregation by reading and prayer until a difference arose between them and Mr. Birch, on account of their neglect of the ordinances of the Lord's house (for which Mr. Birch was a great advocate); in consequence of this he left them, when several persons followed him, who wished him to speak to them at his own house. Mr. Birch had previously been exercised about his neglect to preach the word; and he sought the Lord's will and mind on the matter, when, in answer, he had these words: "But afterwards he repented, and went and did the will of his father," which he took as a reproof from the Lord. Therefore he consented to speak to a few persons at his own house, until they took the Dane House for him, in or about November, 1839, where he formed a church on the same prin-

ciples as his revered friend, Mr. Huntington, and administered the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and preached the word of life freely to the people, without fee or reward, and declared at times the satisfaction he felt in so doing.

Mr. Birch, as a minister, was close and heart-searching, very experimental, had a profundity of scriptural knowledge, and was most encouraging to the coming sinner, entering deeply at times into the trial and triumph of faith.

Mr. Birch preached twice and administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper on Lord's day, 3rd May. On Wednesday, the 6th, he went to Sevenoaks, and preached a sermon, in which he was occupied two hours, from Job xxviii. 20, 21. A friend states in a letter to the writer: "His last visit to us was a peculiar one; he was very happy with us, and I believe left a blessing behind him." Mr. M. expressing his fears lest Mr. B. should feel fatigued by so long a sermon, he replied, "I am not; I feel happy. Blessed be his dear name, he strengthened my soul and my body. He is my portion; and I love him." He then quoted those favorite lines:

"The despised Nazarene,  
He is high in my esteem.  
Other lovers I despise;  
Mine is gone beyond the skies."

Next Lord's Day (10th) he preached twice from Ecclesiastes vii. 13. He complained then of being very feeble, and the difficulty he experienced to get about. The following extracts from a letter to Mr. White will explain the commencement of his last illness:

Dear White—I am not fit for the field of action. On the evening and night of the 10th I had most excruciating pains all over. On Monday, the 11th, I lay like a log on a sofa, speaking to none and keeping as quiet as possible; but on Tuesday I found this would not succeed. I sent for Mr. Dunhill, the surgeon, who immediately ordered me to go to bed and continue there. On Wednesday I was very ill. Yesterday (Thursday) I fancied for the first time as if I should recover; I have had great depression of spirits. To-day (Friday) I have no power for the work, and I must give up all thoughts of meeting my people on the 17th. Do come early, and I will find you something to read. I find faith in Christ's precious blood—his alone gift—will alone save me and defeat the accuser. He who rebuked the fever in Peter's wife's mother still lives. Yours, as a servant for truth's sake,

HENRY BIRCH.

The foregoing, especially the latter part, was written in a very tremulous hand, as was also a short letter written to Mr. Milsted, of Balham Hill; and as it shows his great tenderness, integrity, and faith in Christ, I will transcribe it:

Waterloo Place, Cranbrook, May 14th.

I will not go out of the world in debt to so honest, kind, and upright a man as Mr. John Milsted. Accept this (a post-office order for £1); do not send it back. Death has lost his terror in me. I owe this to the only lover I ever had, or shall have—who knew me before I knew him.

HENRY BIRCH.

Mr. Milsted, in reply, said in a letter:

My dear Friend,—What could induce you to send me this, when I consider I am your debtor? I shall hold myself so at some future time, should the Lord spare you and me to meet again.

But this was denied; Mr. White being from home when the above letter from Mr. Birch, written to him on the 15th, came to hand, he did not see him until the next Sabbath (24th), when, on entering the room, he took Mr. White by the hand, with all the affection of a tender father in Christ, expressing the greatest confidence as to his safety. He also read exultingly the three last stanzas of Mr. Hart's 88th hymn, on saving faith, which he now felt assured he possessed, giving a charge to remember the poor, and said he would make some provision for that purpose, and would acquaint his sister with the same. He then directed that a portion of Dr. Owen's works, and the account of the last hours of the immortal Toplady should be read that day at the chapel, stating he should die; and he thought on that day, and said he wished to die on the Lord's day, which wish was at length gratified. To those in attendance at his bed-side he stated that death had lost its sting, and said, "I am full of sweet peace; the time has been when I feared he would not notice me, but not so now; he has dispersed all my fears, and he is all my happiness. Get him, and you get all; lose him, and you lose all." The medical man had forbidden conversation that might excite him; but to one of his church, who sat up with him, he said, "I cannot refrain, for those that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and said that they should be his when he made up his jewels." It was very evident to those about him that his end was fast approaching, and it was their great joy that his faith was strong, and his confidence unshaken. Some few sentences are recollected by one who sat up with him one night towards his end (18th). Speaking of his Saviour, he said: "Of deaths most accursed, at a time most solemn, at a place most infamous, with company most wretched, Jesus Christ died, but the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Soon see his glory, his utmost glory. Oh, to have faith and a good conscience! Jesus thus for sinners smitten. Thou hast brought me into the dust of death. How beautiful upon the mountains! He feedeth among the lilies. He walketh upon the wings of the wind. We are not to say, let him hasten his work, that we may see it; be patient. Born in the year 1780 in the month of June (19), into a world of sorrow. Oh, how painful 'tis to die! I think I hear the sound of his feet—lingering, lingering—body and soul going to part. The righteous shall end in peace. Bands in my death,—and wait till my dismissal come. Then what shouts will rend the sky! God puts his mark of approbation on his servants. They are the seed which the Lord has blessed. He came walking on the sea. Tell Mrs. E. I have some hope of her; she always loved me, poor soul. What will become of the people here? I cannot tell. They are under a good shepherd; he won't leave them. I know the Holy One of Israel. The Lord make you a daughter of peace."

One of Mr. Birch's friends, who saw him frequently, had observed for many months past that temporal things, and his own declining health, seemed a burden to him; but his love to Christ and his people was his chief delight; and he would frequently say, "I am

never so well (mentally) as when engaged in my blessed Master's work." To the same friend, who visited him on Friday, 29th, he remarked: "The doctors tell me I must go to sleep, and keep quiet, but I have had the best of company; I have been lying down in green pastures;" and his countenance bespoke it. Only three days before he died he sent the following lines (which will form part of his epitaph), in a letter to one of his oldest friends, Mrs. Lightfoot:

"Oh, my Emmanuel, thou hast loved me,  
A vile lost sinner, wholly saved by thee."

About two hours before he died he said to his youngest servant, who was attending on him, "God Almighty bless you; may your end be peace. You cannot tell the many earnest prayers I have put up on your behalf, since I have been on this bed of sickness. I never felt any restraint when petitioning for you, and I cannot help thinking the Lord will do something for you." It being chapel time he hastened her away to attend, saying he did not like persons to be late at a place of worship. His elder servant then continued with him, assisting him with his books, which he had in great profusion on his bed. He read Mr. Hart's 14th hymn, repeating with emphasis, "In the highest heights, and then—" Also looked over some letters of his late friend, Mr. Matthews, read a little out of the "Gleanings of the Vintage," and was putting some marks in a book containing letters of Oliver Cromwell, when suddenly he fell back, about fifteen minutes past twelve on the Lord's day (agreeable to his wish), 31st May, 1857, and died in sweet peace, falling as in a sleep into the arms of his much-loved Saviour, who, as he had said to those around him, "Could not love him more, nor could he love the Saviour less than he did."

On Friday, June 5, 1857, his remains were interred in the churchyard at Cranbrook, in sure and certain hope of his resurrection to eternal life, followed by his three nephews, and some of his sorrowing church members and friends.\*

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By no other means, my dear brother, will you grow, but by being emptied from vessel to vessel; by ups and downs; by the horrible pit and the joyful mount; by clouds of darkness and rays of light; by the deepest sorrows and sweetest drops; by flames of jealousy and soul-dissolving love; by sad desertions and transient visits; by bitter sighs and sweet support; by hard thoughts of the best of friends, and self-abhorrence for them; by blasphemous temptations and wonderful preservations; by slavish fears and melting joys; by desponding thoughts and budding hopes; by quitting the field, and renewing the fight; by fainting away and pursuing the end; by sinking in hell and soaring aloft; by starving, for want of eating one's fill; by dying for love and kissing to death; by boldness in prayer and shame to look up; by urging our claim and doubting the same; by calling him ours and confessing it is wrong.—*Huntington.*

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\* We have omitted in the above interesting Obituary two or three remarks in favor of infant baptism, of which Mr. Birch was a decided advocate. We may love a good man, and rejoice in his finishing his course with joy; but this we can do without loving what we consider his errors.

## INQUIRIES.

My dear Sir,—We are not amongst those who would trouble you with all kinds of foolish and vain questions, of which you have before now complained as the Editor of the Gospel Standard; but if you will answer the following, you will confer a great favor on a few of your constant and anxious readers: Was Judas, who betrayed Jesus, a disciple, and did he partake of the Lord's supper? We ask this for the following reasons: It is affirmed that he did, and it is quoted in defence of a believer sitting down with a church where there is a member who is believed by nearly all not to be alive from the dead. Would a person be doing right in joining such a church, and are the present members doing right by partaking of the Lord's supper with such an one? What kind of charity is it which admits such into a church?

Yours affectionately,  
W. Q.

## ANSWER.

We certainly have to complain that many "Inquiries" are sent us, some of which we do not care to answer, as foolish and frivolous; others as partial and one-sided statements, seeking to entangle our feet, and intended to draw from us replies hostile, not only to friends, but to friends of truth and uprightness; others mere catch questions, such as Arminian books are full of, and aimed against the grand truths of the gospel; others upon dark and difficult passages, of which no satisfactory solution can be given. We have among our "Standard" papers quite a large roll of such "Inquiries," which we have neither time nor space, wisdom or patience to answer. Where the Lord has given us any wisdom or understanding, there we are willing to do what we can to relieve any anxious inquirer; but to assume that we are able to answer any and every question that may be sent us, must show as much ignorance in the inquirer, as it would evince pride and presumption in the answerer.

But to the question now before us, or rather series of questions.

1. Judas was most certainly "a disciple" of the Lord Jesus, if by that term he meant, as is usually understood, the twelve whom he chose to be constantly with him. This is most plain from Matt. x. 1 and Luke vi. 13, ix. 1; from which places it is undeniable that Judas was not only a disciple, but an apostle, and was sent by the Lord himself to cast out devils, cure diseases, and preach the gospel. We well know that he was not a "disciple indeed" (John viii. 31); but as regards his outward mission he was as much a disciple as John, and as much an apostle as Peter.

2. But there is no reason to believe that Judas was present at the Lord's supper. He was present at the eating of the Passover, and it was most probably in the sauce eaten with the paschal lamb, which was made thick, as an emblem of the clay of Egypt, of which the bricks were made, that the Lord dipped the sop which he gave to Judas. Directly he had taken the sop, Judas went out

(John xiii. 30); and then it was, immediately after his departure, that the Lord instituted the Lord's supper, by blessing and breaking the bread, and afterwards blessing and distributing the wine.

When we can get a little leisure, we may perhaps, in a future number, attempt to harmonise the statements of the four Evangelists, and show the order of events to bear out our assertion that Judas was not present at the Lord's supper.

3. But the main object of the inquiry is, whether, if there be a member of the church, who, it is feared, is not alive from the dead, it is right to join that church, and sit down with that dead man.

Now, is there anything inconsistent or unbecoming in that man's conduct? Does he hold any error, or is he one of those covetous or contentious characters against whom the Scripture so strongly warns us? If not, and he be a quiet, peaceable man, who, if he give no evidence of regenerating grace, gives at least no decided evidence to the contrary, is the church to be virtually broken up, and the ordinances of the Lord's house thrown aside, because one individual member is a doubtful character? Where are churches to be found of which every member is, beyond all doubt, a clear and decided partaker of grace? And till we are sure of that, must there be no Lord's supper and no baptism? For of course if it be wrong for you to join such a church, and to sit down with this suspected member, it is equally wrong for other believers; and therefore there must never be another baptizing, nor must the Lord's supper ever be administered until this unhappy individual is removed by death, or is separated, or taken himself away; none of which events may take place for many years.

We have again and again insisted on the necessity of exercising the greatest care and caution about taking in members; but when once taken in by a majority of the church, they should be treated as brothers and sisters, and no difference be made between them and the most highly-favored members. There can be neither peace nor prosperity unless this be the case; and it is often found that those members "who are least esteemed in the church" (1 Cor. vi. 4) become useful and acceptable; "and upon those members of the body whom we think to be less honorable, we are afterwards compelled to bestow more abundant honor. (1 Cor. xii. 23.)

4. It is one thing to admit members loosely and laxly into a church; it is another to bear with them when admitted. The first is a false charity, and the true charity is to keep out all doubtful or deceitful characters; but the second is not a false charity, but one quite indispensable to the prosperity and well-being of the church.

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Dear Sir,—The following has come under my immediate knowledge, and if the Lord would dispose you to give your mind thereon in the "Standard," I for one should feel thankful: A member of a Baptist church has a partner who has been called by grace, and been led to see and embrace with all her heart the ordinance of believer's baptism; but she is laboring under a chronic disease, by which she cannot attend to that ordinance. She is, however, desirous



of meeting with the Lord's people, and feels that she cannot unite herself except with those who maintain strict communion. Under such circumstances, would it be any infringement upon gospel order, (not allowing the same as a precedent,) to receive her into church fellowship, seeing that disease and physical debility render it impracticable for her (though she much desires to do so), to attend to the ordinance of Baptism?

Yours respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

#### ANSWER.

This is just the way in which error and evil creep into churches, and gradually undermine gospel truth and gospel order. The change from immersion into first affusion, *i. e.*, pouring water on the head or face, and then sprinkling, both of which forms virtually deny and overthrow the ordinance of baptism, arose from just such pleas and excuses as the above. It became customary at a very early period in the church to defer baptism from a superstitious idea of its efficacy to wash away sins. The consequence was that it was often put off so late that the dying man could not be immersed. Must he then die without baptism, and so without pardon? For the more that baptism was elevated into a saving ordinance, the stronger was the necessity for its administration. The difficulty was thus solved. The learned doctors of the church decided that to pour water on the face was as good as to dip the whole body; so the dying man got pardoned without his life being endangered.

The next step was very easy, for it is in error as in sin, one leads to another. If it be allowable to pour water out of a basin and still preserve the ordinance, you may next sprinkle a little water out of the basin; for having once changed the scriptural form, and got from the river, or the baptistery, to the basin, it cannot much matter whether you have all the basin or part of it. In this gradual manner, when once a breach was made in the mode appointed by the Lord, and practised by his apostles, error crept in, and became established, and then the transition was easy from the baptizing of adult believers to the indiscriminate sprinkling of infants.

God is jealous of his own order. A new cart might seem a more suitable and convenient conveyance for the ark than to carry it up upon men's shoulders. But God did not think so, and therefore showed his displeasure by a solemn judgment-stroke, and "made a breach upon them, for that they sought him not after the due order." (1 Chron. xv. 13.) A thing may appear very right to us, and such or such a step may seem allowable under such and such circumstances. The flesh pleads hard for indulgence; the plan to be pursued seems commendable and reasonable, and the scriptural way difficult or impracticable. All this time the veil of unbelief is over the eyes, and the glory of God not laid to heart. It was in this way, from consulting the convenience, and listening to the pleas of the flesh, that open communion crept into the churches.

Our correspondent talks of this as a peculiar and solitary case, and not to be made a precedent; but we know how one example almost

invariably leads to another, and what a deal of water may escape through a very small breach in a mill-dam. Satan and the flesh have made the water quite a terror to some minds, but a very delicate state of health for many years in our own case has rarely interfered with an abundant daily use of cold water. We believe there are few, very few, cases where baptism by immersion can be dangerous. But if the present be one of these rare cases, the order of God must not be broken for the sake of an individual. If her complaint will not allow her to be baptized, the Lord, who is not a hard task-master, but an indulgent Father, will accept the will for the deed; and if she has been baptized by the Holy Ghost and has fed by faith on the flesh and blood of the Son of God, she has already had that of which baptism and the Lord's Supper are but the outward visible emblems, and mere shadowy representations.

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I NOW see that the conflicts of my soul are the life of the flock and though I am at this time under the continual attacks of Satan, yet I am looking out for better days, and for glorious accounts of some poor souls in future, proportionate to the soul travail that I have waded through. Pray, but never faint.—*Huntington*.

THE greatest boon conferred on the sacred literature of the country during this period, was the preparation of the *authorised version of the Holy Scriptures*. It originated in a suggestion of Dr. Reynolds, at the Hampton Court conference. He complained that there were many inaccuracies in the existing versions, and proposed that there should be an authoritative revision. Notwithstanding a demurrer from Bishop Bancroft, the proposal was caught up by the king. He was much displeased with some anti-monarchical notes, which he had detected in the Genevan version; and the only substantial result of that famous conference—but it goes far to compensate for the want of more—was the appointment of the new translators. Of these, forty-seven entered on the actual work, dividing themselves into six companies, to each of which a several portion was allotted. Infinite pains were taken, not only by the members of each company, in perfecting their own quota, but by all the companies in revising the labours of their brethren; and, when in 1611, and after seven years of affectionate industry, King James's bible appeared, it was probably the ripest result of sanctified learning ever given to the world. There was a remarkable providence in the timing of this translation. Had it been delayed a few years longer, it must have emanated from a sect, and must have borne the impress of religious controversy. But at the outset of the seventeenth century, there was no open schism in English Protestantism. Reynolds and Chaderton, the Puritans, sat in the same committee with Abbott, Andrewes, Overall, and Sanderson, men who wore, or were destined to wear, the mitre; and such were the acknowledged ability and conscientiousness of the divines and scholars to whom the sacred task was entrusted, that their work scarcely drew forth a single cavil at the time, and, before half a century elapsed, it had superseded every rival. The Pilgrim Fathers took it in the "Mayflower" to New England in 1620; and, instead of remaining a mere British bible, it is now the bible of the fifty millions of the English-speaking world, the standard of our language, and the storehouse of those glorious truths and spirit-stirring watchwords which bind the scattered members of the Anglo-Saxon family to one another.—*Christian Classics*, pp. 155, 156.

## REVIEW.

*Memoir of the Life of Hannah Judd. By the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, Minister of Port Vale Chapel, Hertford. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street. Hertford: Stephen Austin, Fore Street.*

IN this world of ours, just now so bright and beautiful, as the golden grain falls under the reaper's sickle, the Lord himself giving us a fruitful season to fill our hearts with joy and gladness, nothing meets the eye but what is of time and sense. Wherever our lot be cast, or whatever be the place of our temporary sojourn; whether the crowded streets of the huge metropolis, or the busy northern towns, where the untiring giant of steam ever vomits forth his pitchy clouds and whirls unceasingly round and round his million spindles; or the lonely sea-shore, where no sound meets the ear but the murmur of the waves against the shingly beach; or the quiet, secluded country village, where, lost amid shady lanes, we may roam and meditate, as if we were alone in the midst of creation; wherever our foot treads, or our eye rests, the world, and nothing but the world, meets our view. The men and women that we meet on every hand, whether fluttering in the gay robes of wealth and fashion, or the sons and daughters of toil, with poverty and care written on every feature of their face, and stamped on every thread of their dress, all, as they come trooping onward, however they vary in their million points of difference, resemble each other in this, that they live as much for time, sense, and self, as the ox that grazes in the field, or the bird that makes its nest in the bush. As far as we can judge from their words and actions, God is no more in all their thoughts, is no more looked up to, feared, loved, or adored by them, than he is by the swallow that chases the gnats in the evening breeze, or the butterfly that poises its wings over a flower in the noon-day sun. Nay, worse than this, "all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the seas," all these, though by first creation put under man's feet, continue to glorify God, by still showing forth the wonders of his creative hand. "They continue this day according to his ordinances, for all are his servants." (Psal. cxix. 91.) But man, their original master, man their primitive head, has debased and degraded his nature far below theirs, for he has defiled it to the lowest depths of infamy and shame, and sunk himself and it into a loathsome abyss of pollution and crime, to which the brute creation present no parallel. Listen to that thrush on the topmost bough of yon quivering aspen tree, hailing the morning sun with his tuneful throat. He knows neither sin nor shame; he glorifies the great Author of his being, and is even now singing a morning anthem to his praise. But that miserable creature of a man, who, all bloated with gin and begrimed with filth, is staggering out of the ale-house, who cannot speak but with a voice hoarse with oaths and strong drink; or that wretch of a woman who, alike polluting and polluted, infests the public street,—do we say that the thrush is a nobler creature

than these sons and daughters of crime? Why, the very toad that lurks under the box edging in the garden, is not only a nobler being, but more glorifies God than this miserable drunkard, and that wretched prostitute. The bird of the air and the reptile of the ground are what God has made them; in them there is no sin, for them there is no hell. No blasphemy has defiled their mouth; no crime has sullied their feet. The eye of God does not hate them; the hand of God will not smite them. When they have lived their little day they will pass away, and be no more; but the wicked will be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.

Yet under this seething world of sin and crime, hidden by the veil which time and sense cast over all external objects, there are transactions going forward, which are divine and heavenly, daily plucking out of this sea of confusion predestinated individuals, elect men and women, delivering them from the power of darkness, and translating them into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The Son of God has a kingdom given to him by his Father before the foundation of the world, and of which he took possession when he rose from the dead, ascended up to heaven, and sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Of this present evil world Satan is the god and king, for the whole "course of this world" is "according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." But Jesus, King Jesus, is meanwhile administering his own kingdom of grace here below, and as such, is continually plucking out of Satan's domain the members of his mystical body, the objects of his eternal love, the sheep of his pasture, and the purchase of his blood. But this kingdom "cometh not with observation," or "outward show." (Luke xvii. 20.) It is a secret kingdom, a treasure hid in a field; and the favored subjects of this kingdom, the partakers of its grace, and the heirs of its glory, are, like their once suffering but now glorified Lord, despised by a world of which they are the salt, hated by a world which is not worthy of their sojourning feet.

This train of thought has occurred to our mind from perusing the Memoir now lying before us. Whilst the busy world were buying and selling and getting gain, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, a poor woman, named Hannah Judd, was being trained up amidst affliction and sorrow, for the enjoyment of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for her, as kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. The incidents of her life are soon told, and are summed up by Mr. Gilpin in a few concise paragraphs:

Hannah Judd, whose family name was Shephard, was born in the village of Little Hadham, Herts, in November, 1758. Her father was in a small way of business, and her mother's family were farmers. In the twenty-second year of her age, she married Mr. Judd, a farmer, in the same county, and they had twelve children, every one of whom the mother survived, though ten grew up. She became a widow about the year 1812; but continued to carry on a farm at Barley, in Herts, till the year 1827, before which time she had become entirely blind; and in this state she went, with her only surviving daughter Sarah, and her youngest son Benjamin, to reside with another son, William, at a farm

called Claypits, in Black-fan wood, Bayford, about three miles from Hertford. Here, first Benjamin and then Sarah died, and their mother was left in a state of considerable destitution with her son William only; who, not finding the farm to answer, became too poor to keep even a female servant. In the year 1839, they retired together to a little cottage near Wormley, in the same neighborhood, where William's health began to decline, and he died in the year 1842, his blind and helpless parent having been for nearly two years confined to her bed through weakness, though not from disease. A relation by marriage (widow of one of the sons) had come to wait upon William at the last, and remained after his death to nurse her mother-in-law; who after a lingering and painful decline, died on the 24th of July, 1843, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

What read we here? A farmer's daughter marries in early youth a farmer, with whom she toils and labors thirty-two years; has by him twelve children; is left a widow at 54 years of age; between 60 and 70 falls entirely blind; loses one by one all her children; sinks into deep poverty, and finally dies, after a lingering and painful decline, in the 85th year of her age. What is there in such a life as this—the life of hundreds—worth recording? Why should this poor blind, helpless old woman, this care-worn widow have a Memoir published of her sayings and doings? Why, but because this poor old creature, this forlorn, poverty-stricken widow was a jewel of Immanuel's crown, a member of his body, a partaker of his grace, an heir of his glory. The Holy Ghost had made the body of this poor blind woman his own temple; Jesus himself communed with her from off the mercy-seat, revealed and manifested himself to her, and after conforming her to his suffering image here below, has taken her to himself that she may see him as he is face to face, behold his glory, and be for ever ravished with his love.

We have before remarked the happy facility that Mr. Gilpin possesses of taking down the exact words of those heirs of the kingdom, whose conversation he records. It is with him not merely a case of conscientious, scrupulous accuracy, but a labour of love. If thoughts be worth recording, if observations and speeches be worth preserving, let us, by all means, have them exactly as they were uttered. No one can describe a feeling so accurately and truthfully, or relate an experience so vividly and feelingly as the person who has passed through it. There is a freshness, a reality, a life, a power, an originality in his words and expressions which almost wholly vanish, when you translate it into another person's language. And if this be the case in ordinary instances, how much more so is it, when, as with Richard Dore, and Hannah Judd, there is a remarkable natural vigour of mind and strength, as well as originality of expression, combined with an experience of the things of God, singularly deep and varied.

The work of grace upon Mrs. Judd's soul commenced soon after her marriage, and seems to have begun in a way of sovereign mercy without any of those means that the Lord often employs to bring sinners to himself.

Mr. Gilpin thus records it from her own lips:

"I married when about twenty-one years of age; and soon afterwards fell into very deep concern in my soul; but I did not understand my own case—



everything was a mystery to me. I remember this passage of Scripture was very powerfully brought to my mind, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and other things shall be added.' I said, 'Lord, what is this seeking? How shall I seek?' and I longed to know, but I could not. At times I was in a very dull state, and seemed without any life in my soul. I could not tell anybody what I felt. I do not know that there were any of my relations who had the true fear of God, excepting only my husband's grandmother. I thought then, and I think yet, that she was a child of God. I could speak to her, and she used to like talking to me; for she saw the Lord had begun a work upon my soul. One day I very earnestly said to her, 'There is one thing I long to know—oh, how I do long to know it!—I seek—I try—I study, but I cannot find it out.' 'Well, child,' she answered, 'what is it?' Said I, 'It is what the new birth means;—what it means, that we 'must be born again?' She smiled, and said, 'Child, you *shall* know; for the word says, 'Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord.' That was her answer; and I could not get more from her at that time. In those days, I would take the Bible, and go into a spare room, away from all the din of the family, and search, and search, and search, that I might know this great thing. And to this day I feel satisfied that it is this seeking which must continue and abide with us."

Though seeking so diligently, she still continued in a confused state for some time, and her first comfort was from the words, "The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save." But this did not last long, and she seems to have been in much darkness and confusion for several years. But we will now let her speak again for herself:

"When I was thirty years old, I began to grow worse. My distress and horror were heavy at times. I knew I was a sinner, and yet did not feel the weight of my sins; I saw I was not able to repent. I heard a sermon at Buntingford from these words, 'Turn thou me and I shall be turned. . . Surely after that I was turned, I repented.' Jer. xxxi. 18, 19. It confirmed me to know that repentance is the Lord's work. I longed for it—I asked for it—but did not think I was either longing or asking, not so as to satisfy myself. My husband could pray night and morning, but I did not think I was praying at all. It used to comfort me that my husband prayed for me, for I supposed he was an experienced Christian, regular in attending his stated place of worship, had no darkness of soul, and no misgivings; he was always comfortable, but I grew worse.

"All this brought on by degrees impatience and fretting; and my fretting provoked the Lord. For I used to be saying, 'It is better for me to die than to live.' And I thought the Lord would have taken me at my word. For one day while yet in this bad state, my mind was impressed suddenly that in three days I should die indeed. This brought a change, it fell on me like a judgment. 'Die! (I said) I'm not fit to die;' and I prayed that I might live. 'O, Lord, (I said) lengthen my days, and enable me to repent,' for I thought I should go to destruction, it seemed clear to me. However, it was wonderful what that impression meant, not that I should die in body, but that on that day I should begin to die to sin and to live to God. For on the third day a change came. His Spirit struck in with the word, and brought this text to my heart, 'Thy Maker is thy husband.' (Isaiah liv. 5.) It followed, 'Fear not, I have redeemed thee—I have called thee—I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness, for I have redeemed thee, saith the Lord.' These words altered my state; they made me understand the grace of God, and I was satisfied that I had never understood things rightly before. I had light now from the Lord, and seemed to be in a new world, all things were new to me. I tried to explain my happiness, but I found that those around me did not like it, and could not conceive what I meant; so I was obliged to keep my feelings to myself."

And now what comfort and encouragement did she get from her pious husband, who was so regular at chapel, who had no darkness



of soul, and no misgivings, who was always so happy and so comfortable, the type of hundreds who know neither God nor themselves, ignorant alike of sin and salvation, and who know nothing of doubt or fear, because they know nothing of either heaven or hell?

"Now it was that my husband quite disappointed me. For as long as I had continued in my bad state, he would frequently put such questions to me as these, 'How do you go on?' 'Does the Lord hear your prayers?' So I thought he would be very glad to hear that my prayers had been heard indeed. But when I gave him the account, he did not understand it at all. He said, 'You are mistaken.' 'No, indeed, (I would say) I am not,' for I was quite sure I was not, but I never could make him see it; so that instead of being able to speak with him more and more, I was obliged to speak less and less, and at last I could say nothing at all. For I began by degrees to find out that he had never known a change, never known the Lord's dealings, though he was so steady in his profession. This was a heavy thing."

But this poor woman had something more trying than a professing husband. She left her first love, and had to be brought back by terrible things in righteousness:

"Well, I hoped I had almost done with sin, but sin began to return more and more. I seemed to myself worse than before. I began to be like the children of Israel, who turned back. For a long time after that light sprang in, I had felt it like death to have a worldly spirit, but by degrees I began to cleave more and more to the world again. I became vain in my dress, and very proud, thinking I had been shewn great things by the Lord; and so dead I was in my soul, that though I went to public worship, I hardly knew what for, but kept swinging to and fro, like a door on its hinges. Only at times I felt many secret rebukes, and was quite sure that the Lord would punish my sins. All my comfort left me, and I began again to feel great horror and lowness of mind."

The first stroke of the Lord's chastening hand was the death of a beloved daughter, aged seventeen, which she deeply laid to heart, though not without hope for her soul. Her trouble and her remarkable deliverance are thus recorded in her own simple, sweet, and expressive language:

"My affliction brought me back to seek the Lord more, and he had never left me utterly without hope, though for a long time I had mostly felt things all very dismal. I went on in a low state, but still seeking, for nearly two years. It began to be a great burden to me again to enter much into worldly business. By degrees the great weight of my sins began to oppress me most heavily. I could see no escape, no way open. I cannot tell you of this time of trouble, as I even now feel it to have been. I do not think that this dreadful lowness arose so much from the fear of destruction, as from the Lord's enabling me to feel the real guilt and evil of my sins. I remember I used to have hope at times. Sometimes many promises came into my heart, but I was such a wretch that I could receive none of them. I kept putting them away, saying, 'These are not for me.' Once the Lord said, 'Behold, thou art made whole, sin no more.' But I could not conceive how this could be. However, the blood of Jesus, as shed for me, seemed precious at times, but the lowness swallowed up the hopes again. Thus the Lord kept teaching me deeper and deeper by littles.

"It seemed a long time before the Lord was pleased to return; but oh! when he did manifest himself it was in a beautiful manner! I can tell no one all that I felt at that time! It was on a day when I had for a while felt very unhappy, and had a great longing to pray; but it did not seem as if I could pray. I went into a little spare room in our house at Barley, and there I read the Bible by myself. Having finished reading, I was going out of the room, but I was as it were turned back again, that I might see the great sight. I

have often wondered since that I did not fall to the ground; and I am quite sure I could not have kept standing, had not the Lord strengthened me. The Lord drew nigh in great glory, and he sent into my heart these words, "Return, O backsliding daughter, for I am married unto thee." (Jer. iii. 14.) That was the word, 'I AM MARRIED UNTO THEE.' At the very same time He was pleased to let me know what it meant, in a beautiful way and manner never to be forgotten. It was marvellous, very marvellous,—I could tell no one,—it was too great. I feared I should be doing wrong to speak of it, remembering that the Lord said after his transfiguration, 'Tell no man.' So I can say, 'Come hither, all ye that fear God, I will tell you what he hath done for my soul;' for He hath done great and marvellous things; but I cannot speak of all that the Lord shewed me on that day—only that the thing was so. If ever I knew what it was to look to an arm of flesh in my husband, I knew then and there what it is to be married, and to be one, with that great Saviour. As soon as ever the Lord had spoken these words, and made me to know, them I was like Jacob. I said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not!' and I was afraid, and said, 'How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!' (Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.) At the moment it seemed almost all delight, yet there was a fear and a dread; but these were swallowed up. I did not see my sins then; no, not one of them; they were all hid out of sight, and taken away and gone. I felt the love then, not the sin. Yet I had a fear, and the fear abode too; so that I never went into that room afterwards, as long as ever I lived there, without being struck with something like a shadow of what I had once seen there. Whenever I went in there, I feared. For indeed, if you love, you must fear; for there is reason to fear as well as to love, He is so great a God. The Lord says, 'Oh that there were such a heart in them always to fear me.' So it is; there is fear as well as love; and whenever I went into that room where I saw the great sight I shuddered. I said that what I had enjoyed in those few minutes was worth striving a whole life for. I said, Who can tell the folly of living to the world, and not seeking to know the Lord?"

Trouble after trouble, chiefly in the loss of one beloved child after another, poverty, and blindness befell this afflicted widow; and to these outward trials were added sorrows of a keener, because of a more inward and spiritual nature. But in all these things she was instructed, and through them was led more and more deeply into the mystery of vital godliness. She thus speaks of the benefit of her trials:

"One good has been this, that the Lord has shewn me a great deal more of the evil of sin, and also of the application of Christ's blood; and I know, and am quite sure, that He died for my sins indeed. I don't mean that inwardly, any more than outwardly, it has been all sunshine. Oh! the plague that my heart has occasioned me, joined at times with the devil and all his troop. But the Lord will never forsake the work of his own hands; die when I may, I know I am the Lord's; what a wonderful mercy! I can say with all my heart that I am not worthy of the least of all his mercies, nay, that I am truly and indeed deserving of hell; but I know and am certain sure that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Also, I wish to encourage others to seek the Lord, for He teaches us these things by very slow degrees, and He has much to teach us; but He is always faithful, and everything which he says He will fulfil. He will never leave his work unfinished."

How well, how wisely this poor woman speaks! What life and power, what reality and truth are stamped upon her words, especially where she describes what she saw, heard, and felt when the Lord drew nigh in his glory and love.

Where there is true religion, there is a power, a depth, a reality, as different from the out and dry Calvinistic profession of the day, as light from darkness, or life from death. Read too our next extract,

and then compare it with the dry, doctrinal assurance, the ease in Zion, the settling on the lees, the "always happy" state of the great bulk of modern professors. Why, one half-hour of this poor old widow's experience would dash their dead assurance to a thousand shivers. She had an assurance, too, good old creature; she knew in whom she believed, and that her sins were washed away in atoning blood; but her assurance did not rest on a doctrine in the letter of the word, but on the sweet manifestations of the Lord to her soul, and the inward whispers of his eternal love:

"Since Sarah died, I have been mostly quite alone; William out in the fields all day, and no soul in the house to look after me. But by all these things I know and feel that the Lord teaches me deeper and deeper. I can compare my case to that of children, whom we put from one school to another school, that they may be deeper and deeper educated. About the beginning of last winter the Lord taught me in a wonderful way. I was left to feel my abject weakness to the uttermost; I was ill in my body, and I believed that death might ensue; and I felt at that time an exceeding great dread and fear of death. I had sunk upon the floor in my bed-room and was insensible for some time. It was the day before my daughter-in-law from Chishill returned home. She came up to say that two ladies wished to see me. I just had strength to go down, but I could hardly speak to them, and they soon left. At this time I felt no fury from the enemy, and no help from God; but a sinking lower and lower, even to hell, and neither foot-hold nor hand-hold to keep me up. Surely it was a horror of great darkness which fell upon me. At day-break my daughter-in-law took her leave; and being quite helpless and forlorn, my inward trouble and my outward trouble together seemed too great for me. I thought it was needful that I should try to get through a little household work. I went out to wash some pails; and as I was feeling along by the bushes into the garden, I was so overwhelmed and pressed down, that I stood still, and said, 'My burden is too great for me!' Then were these words spoken to me with such light and power, it was as if I heard the Lord speaking them from heaven, it was as when I saw his glory in the heavens, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee!' This took away all my trouble. It was as if I looked about for my trouble, but could not find it. I said, 'I don't want my daughter-in-law nor anyone else, to make me comfortable, since God loves me with an everlasting love, and will certainly save me to the end.' I felt the sureness of his love, and that not one thing he has promised me could fail for evermore."

Our great desire for ourselves in personal experience and in all that we bring before our readers, either as written by our own pen or that of others, is a faith which stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. We dearly love vital religion; we embrace, with all the affections of our heart, the power of God, as put forth in a sinner's soul; we see more and more the deceitfulness and hypocrisy of a religion in the letter and in the flesh, and we see more and more the beauty and blessedness, the grace and glory of a revealed Christ, and of his divine kingdom set up in the heart. Husks and shells are all that the letter gives. Marrow, fatness, honey, milk, wine, yea, more, the very flesh and blood of the Lamb—this heavenly food in the eating and drinking of which is eternal life, the Holy Ghost gives to the hungry and thirsty saints of God, when he applies the living word with a divine power to their hearts. Get, dear friends, a taste of the sweetness and blessedness of a divine religion, and it will kill you to all other. It will be a light in your understanding, to see the miserable end of a

graceless profession; a life in your soul, to stir you up to seek more and more of the inward kingdom of God; a power in your affections, to fix them more on things above; and a feeling in your conscience, to depart more and more from evil.

If then we have drawn somewhat too largely on the memoir of Mrs. Judd, it has been from the desire to bring before our readers what we hope may be for their spiritual profit. Many an eye rests on our pages to find therein some heavenly food. When we cease to bear this in mind, it will be better for them and ourselves to lay down our pen.

Among the friends of Mrs. Judd was the late Mr. James Bourne, a man of deep and tried experience, and a minister of the gospel, if we mistake not, at Sutton Coldfield, of whom Mr. Gilpin has published also a memoir. Several of his letters to Mrs. Judd are inserted in her memoir, and we cannot forbear closing our review with one which we consider particularly sweet and experimental:

From Mr. Bourne to Mrs. Judd, Nov. 25, 1835.

Dear Friend and Companion in tribulation,—I have often thought of you since I paid you a visit, and have pondered the wisdom and righteousness of God in his judgments upon the children of men. Perhaps I differ a little from some, when I speak of his judgments upon his own children; but having been myself made to feel that he is terrible in his doings, I am constrained to stand in awe, and acknowledge that my sin has many times brought on his severity. For (see Psalm xcix.) though the Lord pardons Moses, Aaron, and Samuel, yet “he takes vengeance of their inventions.” How often have I been brought down to the gates of death, and almost to despair here, and yet his faithfulness has never failed. When the furnace has humbled me and broken the iron sinew of my neck of pride, then in his compassion he has poured in the oil and the wine, and as the tribulation has abounded, so also has the consolation.

The Lord does nothing in vain. It was not in vain that he should give you a large family and take them away again. It was not in vain that he should take away your eyesight. Flesh and blood cannot account for these things; but the teaching of God’s Spirit enables us, in them all, to acknowledge his wisdom, to be silent from complaining, to confess that our sin procures them, and his love, mercy, and pity, sanctify them; and that these all are among the “all things” which are to “work together for good.” (Rom. viii. 28.)

The Lord watches over us. He knows our feeble frames, and was himself, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Once, when I was almost upset in despair, and as David says, “I roared for the very disquietude of my heart,” the Saviour drew near, and said in the sweetest, tenderest manner possible, “I am touched with the feeling of all your infirmities.” This love, pity, and compassion, broke my heart all to pieces, and I said, “Lord, I am ashamed to make one complaint, I am a grievous sinner, and thou art infinitely kind and tender!”

This is what reconciles us to the cross, and will work patience and submission.

Oh, may the Lord abundantly satisfy your soul with some such sweet refreshing from his presence, and then you can and will say, “He hath done all things well.” This will also be your token, that though you are now naturally blind, you shall one day see “the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off!” Remember me, when it is well with you!

I am, dear friend, yours in the Lord,

JAMES BOURNE.

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Love is the root; the green blade is life in the soul, aspiring after God; and the choicest grains in the full ear are faith, hope, humility, poverty of spirit, and resignation to the will of God.—*Huntington.*

## P O E T R Y.

*LINES COMPOSED IN AFFLICTION.*

DEAR Saviour, I pour out my soul unto thee,  
 My deepest afflictions I know thou can'st see;  
 'Tis by thy good pleasure I'm now laid aside;  
 Oh, make me like gold seven times purified.  
 Oh would that I could on thy promise relying,  
 Resign myself wholly for living or dying;  
 But ah, the last conflict, I shrink from its power;  
 Jehovah, sustain me in that dreadful hour!  
 But am I not thine, thou unchangeable Friend?  
 How is it I cannot entirely depend  
 On Him who has called me from darkness to light,  
 And told me my "life was most dear in his sight?"  
 But the changing of worlds! How it frightens and shakes me!  
 Oh, what shall I do, if Jehovah forsakes me?  
 Do come to my rescue, dear Jesus, I pray;  
 On thee my poor soul would most solemnly stay.  
 I linger not here, except till thou shalt come,  
 This world I can't deem it one moment my home;  
 Its harassing cares I so deeply have known,  
 They have wrung from my bosom full many a groan.  
 Afflictions of body I've had from a child;  
 Blest chastisements they! that I should not be spoiled.  
 Dear parents have anxiously watched o'er my bed,  
 Expecting each hour I should rank with the dead.  
 But, no—my poor life was immortal till Thou  
 Thy grace didst impart and thy mercy didst show.  
 Then too, sharp affliction upon me was laid,  
 And the terrors of God made me sorely afraid;  
 My sins came against me in dreadful array,  
 And death and destruction I looked for each day.  
 Again I was raised from the brink of the grave,  
 With some little hope that my soul he would save.  
 I hated the things I had practised before,  
 But still rested short of Christ Jesus the door.  
 Then God laid his line to the plummet again,  
 And all my false hopes were effectually slain;  
 Through seasons of conflict and sorrow I passed,  
 But, bless his dear name, he appeared at the last.  
 Yes, Lord, I remember that jubilee day,  
 When bondage and fear from my soul fled away;  
 When first, precious Lord, I could say, "Thou art mine,"  
 And I trust I was sealed everlastingly thine.  
 And many a jubilee day I have had,  
 When the sound of the gospel has made my heart glad,  
 Uplifted my feet from the mire and the clay,  
 Deliver'd my soul, and established my way.  
 Yes, a true gospel ministry's dear to my heart,  
 And from it I've never been left to depart;  
 Thy blest habitation, O Lord, I have loved,  
 And the place of thine honor my soul hath approved.  
 Midst trials, temptations, distresses, and woes,  
 There my soul hath rejoiced, in spite of my foes;  
 And the more tribulations did with me abound,

The more I have long'd in thy courts to be found.  
 Yet often my spirit has sunk in dismay,  
 Through various trials attending my way;  
 Poor Zion, thy troubles have caused me to weep,  
 And many a night have deprived me of sleep,  
 To see thy fair sons, once compared to fine gold,  
 So dim and beclouded, so sad to behold.  
 But worse than all these, I with penitent grief  
 Confess my own sins, of all burdens the chief.  
 Close conflicts I've had with the old man of sin,  
 And sometimes have grievously fallen therein;  
 My wicked, deceitful, and treacherous heart  
 Has sided with Satan, and taken his part.  
 Then sorrow and anguish, confusion and woe,  
 Have made my heart bleed, and my eyes overflow.  
 Yet, though sunk in distress, by my foes overcome,  
 Poor destitute prodigal, far from my home,  
 Bemoaning my vileness, almost in despair,  
 What sweet words of mercy saluted my ear!  
 "Thou art a base sinner, I know thee full well,  
 Thy dreadful backslidings have merited hell;  
 But though thine affections from me have run wild,  
 I still am *thy Father*, and thou art *my child*."  
 "What *me*, Lord! the rebel, the traitor so base?"  
 "Yes, and thy returning is all of my grace;  
 I see thy condition all tatter'd and torn,  
 And with my best garment I will thee adorn;  
 The ring of my love on thy finger I'll place,  
 And shoes thou shalt wear to the end of thy race.  
 For thee, my poor child, was the fatted calf slain,  
 And now thou shalt eat and be merry again."  
 O'ercome by such goodness, I wept at his feet,  
 Though I never could render the praise that was meet.

Thus I look through the distance of twenty-eight years  
 Of mercies, and comforts, temptations and fears;  
 But although he has graciously helped me till now,  
 Yet the gate to his glory I fear to pass through.  
 Lord, thine in all ages have trusted in thee,  
 And long'd for the hour that should set their souls free;  
 But I to the walls of my prison still cling,  
 And can't over death the *full victory* sing.  
 Oh, come, blessed Lord, and deliver my soul,  
 Before the rough billows shall over me roll;  
 The blissful assurance, oh, give to my heart,  
 That thou wilt be with me whene'er I depart;  
 Then joyfully I can go down to the grave,  
 While leaning on Thee who art "mighty to save."

1855.

S.

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BELIEVERS are of a nobler extract than to love God the less because he loves them so much; and it is no trivial slander to insinuate that believers, especially such as have assurance, are most exposed and given to backsliding; which is an unnatural consequent of their being "sealed to the day of redemption."—*Elisha Coles*.



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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OCTOBER, 1857.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## THE EFFICACY OF THE WORD.

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(Concluded from page 265.)

This great change, which it is the will of God should take place in all his chosen ones before they quit this world, is described by our Lord in his memorable conversation with Nicodemus, and recorded by John, as a *new birth*; and this supposes a prior or first birth, to which regeneration is the second; and it may be well to consider for a moment the contrast between the two births, as they are quite the reverse of each other. The *first* birth is of sinful parents, and in their image; the *second* birth is of God, and in his image; (John i. 13;) the first birth is of corruptible, the second birth of incorruptible seed. (1 Pet. i. 23.) The first birth is in sin, the second birth is in holiness and righteousness; by the first birth men are polluted and unclean, by the second birth they become holy and commence as saints; the first birth is of the flesh, and is carnal, the second birth is of the Spirit, and is spiritual, and makes men spiritual men; by the first birth men are foolish and unwise, being born like a wild ass's colt, by the second birth they become knowing and wise unto salvation; by the first they are slaves to sin and the lusts of the flesh, by the second birth they become Christ's free men; from their first birth they are transgressors, and go on in a course of sinning, until stopped by grace, in the second birth they cease to go on in a course of sinning, but live a life of holiness; by the first birth men are children of wrath, and are under tokens of divine displeasure; by the second birth they appear to be the objects of the love of God, regeneration being the fruit and effect of it, and that which gives the evidence of it. And now, the instrumental cause of regeneration, if it may be so called, is usually the word of God, preached by the ministers of it. Hence regenerate persons are said to be "born again by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever;" (1 Pet. i. 23;) and James says, "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth," (James i. 18.) And ministers of the gospel are not only represented as ministers and instruments by whom others believe, but as spiritual fathers. "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ," says Paul to the Corinthians, "yet have ye not many fathers, for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel." (1 Cor. iv. 15.) Yea, God puts great honor upon his word faithfully preached by his ministers, for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word

of God;" (Rom. x. 17;) and it is as the channel by which the Spirit of God conveys himself and his grace into the hearts of men; and this is done when the word comes, as it did to the Thessalonians, "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." (1 Thess. i. 5.) But if ministers expect this great blessing of regeneration to be the effect of the preached word, let them see to it that it is preached faithfully, and not those *dreams* which in these days are pushed upon the world as the word of God. "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully; for what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." (Jer. xxiii. 28.)

Let those ministers who have the word of God, preach it to others; the word of the Gospel, the word of peace and reconciliation, of righteousness, life, and salvation; the evangelical part of the word, though not to the exclusion of all the rest, but this chiefly. They who have it, not only in their hands to read, not merely in their head, so as to have speculative notions of it, but have it in their hearts, where it has come with power, and has become "the engrafted word," and who have an experimental knowledge of it, (and such only are fit to be ministers of the word,) let such see to it that they speak or preach the word faithfully, without any mixture of man's word. Let them not keep back or conceal any part of it from fear of man, but speak it out boldly, with a single eye to God's glory, and the good of souls; for there is no more comparison between the word of God and the word of man, however adorned it may be with eloquence, than between chaff and wheat. The word of man can no more feed the soul than chaff can feed the body; whereas, the word of God is to the soul what wheat is to the body—pure, solid, substantial, nourishing, strengthening food; food to be rejoiced in. "Thy words," says the prophet, "were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." (Jer. xv. 16.) And God's blessing, in his own good time, shall attend his word, faithfully preached; it shall be a blessing to his people, as surely as the rain he sends is a blessing to the earth. And so he hath promised in those words, which stand as a motto to this piece: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may bring forth, or give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please; and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The gospel, which is the word of God, like the rain, comes from heaven; and as the rain is a blessing to the earth, so is the gospel to the souls of men; and it falls, like rain, according to divine direction, here and there, and tarries not for the expectations or deserts of men. It has fallen in this highly-favored land, while a great portion of the globe remains as "a barren land where no water is," or like the mountains of Gilboa, where there was no dew and no rain. (2 Sam. i. 21.) It is the means of softening the hard hearts of men, and of reviving

dreoping, disconsolate, and weary souls. It is the means of the first buddings of grace in the Lord's people, and of all their after fruitfulness in good works. It is productive of seed to Christ, the sower, and of fruit to his ministers, who labor under him; and of bread to the eater, the believer, to whom Christ is the bread of life, upon whom he feeds by faith. Yea, as the rain does that for which God sends it down upon the earth, so shall his word do that for which he sends it forth; it shall not return to him void, but shall be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom. i. 16.) It shall accomplish that which he pleases; it shall not be left to the preacher, whether slow of speech, like Moses, (Gen. iv. 10;) or persuasive and consoling like Barnabas, or powerful like Euanerges, or eloquent like Apollos, (Acts xviii. 24,) or firm as a stone, like Cephas, (John i. 42,) "or in speech contemptible, like Paul," (2 Cor. x. 10,) though "set to be a light to the Gentiles, and for salvation to the ends of the earth." (Acts xiii. 46.) Neither shall it be left to the free will of the hearer; but it shall do that for which God sends it; it shall be for the conversion of sinners, and for the comfort of saints; it shall prosper in the thing whereto God sends it; it shall not be a negative thing, or a mere dead letter, which may or may not produce effects; it shall prosper, whether it be "the savor of death unto death, or the savor of life unto life." (2 Cor. ii. 16.) It shall prosper; it shall quicken some, even all those that are "ordained to eternal life," (Acts xiii. 48;) and it shall harden others, and leave them without excuse to perish in their sins. God's word shall prosper for the conversion and comfort of his people, because it comes from him, and contains his will, and is preached by his order, and attended by his power; it is divinely breathed by him; he speaks in it by his ministers, and he is heard of it by his people, who, in due time, hear it both externally and internally, and receive it into their understandings, so as to know it spiritually and experimentally, and to believe in Christ revealed in it, and receive it into their affections, in the love of it, and with joy in the Holy Ghost.

God's word, wherever it may be sent, and by whatever minister it may be faithfully preached, however weak, and feeble, and inefficient he may seem to be in the eyes of the world, shall prosper and accomplish that whereunto he sends it; and the promise he makes to the people in the text is free and sovereign, not depending upon the exertion of their free will, or fettered by any conditions imposed upon them. "Ye shall go forth with joy, and be led forth with peace." Ye (little word of large and sweet import!) ye, my people; ye whom "I have loved with an everlasting love," (Jer. xxxi. 3,) not only of old, or a good while ago, but from all eternity, with a love which will always last, notwithstanding dark and afflictive providences; ye, my people, whom I have blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and chosen in him before the foundation of the world, that ye should be holy and without blame before him in love, having predestinated you to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to myself, according to the

good pleasure of my will, to the praise of the glory of my grace. (Eph. i. 3-6;) ye, my people, for whom I set up my co-equal and co-eternal Son in eternity to be your mediator, putting you all into his hands, consigning you to his care, that you might be preserved in him, notwithstanding your fall in Adam; entering into covenant with him as your head, representative, and surety, and storing up in him your temporal, spiritual, and eternal blessings; and "in the fulness of time," sending him forth into the world in your nature, that you might have a better and more abundant life than that which you have lost by Adam's fall, even a spiritual life here, and a life of glory hereafter; ye, my people, whom, lest I should forget, "I have graven on the palms of my hand," (Isa. xlix. 16,) and "set apart for myself;" (Psal. iv. 3;) and who, notwithstanding all your sinfulness and unworthiness, and the enmity of your heart, are as delightful and refreshing to me as grapes in the wilderness to a thirsty traveller; (Hos. ix. 10;) ye, my people, round whom I am as a wall of fire, and my glory in the midst, (Zech. v. 6,) and with whom I have promised to be when you pass through the waters, and through the rivers, and through the fire; (Isa. xlii. ii;) ye, my people, who constitute the "general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, (Heb. xii. 23,) and who have been redeemed to me by the blood of Christ, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation," (Rev. v. 9,) redeemed, not merely by power, but by price, from your state of slavery and bondage to sin, Satan, and the law; "ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." Yea, when the gospel, which is the word of God, the word of peace and reconciliation, of righteousness, life, and salvation; when the gospel comes to the hearts of God's people, and he opens their hearts to attend to it, as he opened the heart of Lydia to attend to it, when spoken by Paul; (Acts xvi. 14;) when he makes them "willing in the day of his power" (Psal. cx. 3) to receive it, and it becomes the "engrafted word," (Jas. i. 21,) which takes deep root in them, and brings forth much fruit; to receive it, "not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which worketh effectually in them them that believe;" (1 Thess. ii. 13;) when it comes down to them, "not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and power, that their faith may not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God;" (1 Cor. ii. 4;) when it comes to them as it did to the three thousand when preached by Peter, to the jailer when preached by Paul, to the eunuch when preached by Philip, and to Levi, Zaccheus, and the woman of Samaria, when preached by Christ; in that day fixed in the divine mind in eternity, for the conversion of each individual of God's elect people; in that day, when the deaf shall hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness, when they that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine; (Isa. xxix. 18-24;) then "they shall go out with joy;" they shall go out of a state of bondage to sin, and Satan, and the

law, with the joy of prisoners let loose from prison. They shall go out of the darkness, and ignorance, and blindness of their natural state into the "marvellous light" of the gospel, with the joy of men removed from a dark dungeon into the bright cheering rays of a summer's sun. They shall go out of the "horrible pit and the miry clay" (Psa. xl. 3) of nature's misery, out of "the hole of the pit," (Isa. li. 1,) the lowest possible state of darkness, and wretchedness, and filth, with the joy of poor beggars raised out of the dust, or lifted off of the dunghill to be set among princes. (Psal. cxiii. 7, 8; 1 Sam. ii. 8.) They shall go out of themselves and their own righteousness, having "no confidence in the flesh," to "be found in Christ," (Phil. iii. 3-9,) and be "clothed in the robe of his righteousness," with the joy of men who cast off their filthy rags," (Isa. lxiv. 6,) to be clothed with "clothing of wrought gold, and raiment of needlework." (Psa. xlv.) They shall go out of their own sinful ways, ways of destruction and misery, (Rom. iii. 16,) "pernicious ways," (2 Pet. ii. 2,) "crooked ways," (Psa. cxxv. 5,) to follow Christ in his "garden enclosed," (Song iv. 12,) whose ways are "ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are peace. (Prov. iii. 17.) Yea, and when they have come to him to walk in his ways, and "all that the Father giveth him shall come to him," (John vi. 37,) he will see to it that they do not go back into their own evil ways; for, speaking to his church, by his prophet, he says, "Behold, I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall that she shall not find her paths; and she shall follow after her lovers, but she shall not overtake them; and she shall seek them, but shall not find them; then shall she say, I will go and return to my first husband, for then was it better with me than now." (Hos. ii. 6, 7.) "They shall go out from among the men of the world, and their companions in sin, with whom they walk in the broad way that leadeth to destruction." (Matt. vii. 13.) Yea, the men of the world shall separate them from their company; for, as the world loves its own, it hates those that are chosen out of it;" (John xv. 19;) and the separation shall be a source of joy to them. "Blessed are ye," said Christ, "when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Rejoice in that day, and leap for joy, for, behold, your reward is great in heaven." (Luke vi. 22.)

And not only shall the Lord's people "go out with joy," when he sends forth his word to them, and opens their hearts to receive it, making them "willing in the day of his power," but "they shall be led forth with peace;" and this not by force, but by love. He will draw them with "bands of love" (Hos. xi. 4) in a gracious and gentle way, even as he drew Israel on in the wilderness, till they were brought to Canaan's land, by bestowing kind favors upon them, and making precious promises to them. So the Lord deals with his spiritual Israel; he draws them out of their present state and circumstances, in which they are by nature, to himself, and to his Son, to follow after him, and run in the way of his commandments; and this not by compulsion against their renewed wills, but by the



power of his grace, secretly working upon them and attracting them, by revealing Christ in them, in the glories of his person and the riches of his grace, and by letting in his love into their hearts ; by kind invitations, by precious promises, by divine teaching, attended with his powerful and efficacious grace. "They shall be led forth," by the Spirit, who shall take them by the hand, as it were, and "bring the blind by a way they know not, and lead them in paths they have not known ; and make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." (Isa. xlii. 16.) He shall lead them to Christ, to his person, fulness, blood, and righteousness ; to the house of God and to the ordinances of it, which are "the green pastures and the still waters;" (Psa. xxiii. 2 ;) and from one degree of grace to another, till he bring them safe to glory. "They shall be led forth with peace." They shall have peace with God, flowing from a sense of reconciliation to him, that great blessing, which is of more worth than all this world can give ; that blessing which the world cannot give or take away, and which quite "passeth the understanding" of the men of the world, who are like "the troubled sea, which cannot rest, and whose waters cast up mire and dirt, and to whom there is no peace;" (Isa. lvii. 20 ;) and they shall have peace among themselves. The Lord "shall hide them in the secret of his presence from the pride of man, and keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues;" (Psa. xxxi. 20 ;) and they shall "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." (Eph. iv. 3.) Yea, God will extend peace to them like a river ; (Isa. lxvi. 12 ;) peace, like a large, spreading, overflowing, abundant river, which brings blessings with it wherever it comes ; a sweet, calm, unruffled peace, which even the world's tribulations cannot disturb, which persecutions cannot hinder, and which men and devils cannot destroy.

May the Lord bless this portion of his word, and cause it to prosper among those to whom it is sent ; may it be like "bread cast upon the waters," (Eccl. xi. 1,) which shall be found after many days. May it be blessed for the conversion of those that are out of the way, and for the comfort of those who have been already gathered into the fold of Christ. Amen and amen.

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ETERNITY and time differ as the sea and rivers ; the sea never changes place, and is always one water, but the rivers glide along, and are swallowed up in the sea. So is time by eternity.—*Charnock*.

THE doctrine of ineffectual grace is a doctrine which represents Omnipotence itself as wishing, and trying, and striving to no purpose. According to this tenet, God, in endeavoring (for it seems only endeavor) to convert sinners, may by sinners be foiled, defeated, and disappointed. He may lay close and long siege to a soul, and that soul can, from the citadel of impregnable free-will, hang out a flag of defiance to God himself, and, by continual obstinacy of defence, and a few vigorous sallies of free agency, compel him to raise the siege. In a word, the Holy Spirit, after having for years, perhaps, danced attendance on the will of man, may at last, like a discomfited general, or an unsuccessful petitioner, be either put to an ignominious flight or contemptuously dismissed, *re infectâ*, without accomplishing the end for which he was sent.—*Toplady*.



## CHARACTERISTICS OF A BELIEVING CHRISTIAN, IN PARADOXES AND SEEMING CONTRADICTIONS.

BY FRANCIS BACON,

BARON OF VERULAM, VISCOUNT OF ST ALBANS, AND LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.\*

1. A Christian is one who believes such things as his reason cannot comprehend, hopes for things he never saw, and labors for what he knows he shall not obtain; yet in the issue his belief appears not to be false; his hope makes him not ashamed; his labor is not in vain.

2. He believes Three to be One, and One to be Three; a Father not to be older than his Son, a Son to be equal with his Father, and One proceeding from both, to be equal with both; as believing Three Persons in one nature and two natures in one Person.

3. He believes a virgin to be the mother of a Son, and that very Son of hers to be her Maker. He believes Him to have been shut up in a narrow cell, whom heaven and earth could not contain. He believes Him to have been born in time who was and is from everlasting. He believes Him to have been a weak child, and carried in arms, who is the Almighty; and Him once to have died, who alone has life and immortality in himself.

4. He believes the God of all grace to have been angry with one that never offended him; and God, who hates sin, to be reconciled to himself, though a sinner continually, and never making or being able to make him satisfaction. He believes a most just God to have punished a most just person, and to have justified the Christian, though a most ungodly sinner. He believes himself freely pardoned, and yet a sufficient satisfaction was made for him.

5. He believes himself to be precious in God's sight, and yet loathes himself in his own. He dares not justify himself, even in those things wherein he can find no fault with himself, and yet believes God accepts him in those services wherein himself is able to find many faults.

6. He praises God for his justice, yet fears him for his mercy. He is so ashamed that he dares not open his mouth before God; and yet he comes with boldness to God, and asks him anything he needs. He is so humble as to acknowledge himself to deserve nothing but evil, yet he believes that God means him all good. He fears always, yet is as bold as a lion. He is often sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; many times complaining, yet always giving of thanks. He is the most lowly minded, yet the greatest aspirer; most contented, yet ever craving.

7. He bears a lofty spirit in a mean condition. When he is ablest he thinks meanest of himself. He is rich in poverty, and poor in the midst of riches. He believes all the world to be his, yet takes nothing without special leave from God. He covenants with God

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\* Whether Lord Bacon wrote the above paradoxes or not they are blessed Gospel truths.—ED.

for nothing, yet looks for a great reward. He loses his life, and gains by it; and whilst he loses it, he saves it.

8. He lives not to himself, yet of all others he is most wise for himself. He denies himself often, yet no man loves himself better. He is most reproached, yet most honored. He has most afflictions, and most comforts.

9. The more injuries his enemies do him, the more advantages he gains by them; the more he forsakes worldly things, the more he enjoys them.

10. He is the most temperate of all men, yet fares most deliciously. He lends and gives most freely, yet he is the greatest usurer. He is meek towards all men, yet inexorable by men. He is the best child, husband, brother, friend, yet hates father and mother, brother, and sister.

11. He desires to have more grace than any man in the world, yet is truly sorrowful when he sees any man have less than himself. He knows no man after the flesh, yet he gives all men their due respects. He knows if he please man he cannot be the servant of Christ, yet for Christ's sake he pleases all men in all things. He is a peacemaker, yet is a continual fighter and an irreconcilable enemy.

12. He believes him to be worse than an infidel that provides not for his family, yet himself lives and dies without care. He reverences all his superiors, yet stands stiffly upon authority. He is severe to his children, because he loves them; and by being favorable to his enemies, he revenges himself upon them.

13. He believes the angels to be more excellent creatures than himself, yet counts them his servants. He believes that he receives many good things by their means, and yet he never prays to them for assistance, nor offers them thanks, which he does not disdain to the meanest Christian.

14. He believes himself a king, how mean soever he be, and yet, how great soever he is, he thinks himself not too good to serve the meanest saint.

15. He is often in prison, yet always at liberty, a freeman, though a servant. He loves not honor amongst men, yet highly prizes a good name.

16. He believes that God hath bid every man who does him good to do it, yet of any man he is the most thankful to those that do for him. He would lay down his life to save the soul of his enemy, yet will he not venture upon one sin to save the life of him who saved his.

17. He believes Christ to have no need of anything he does, yet reckons he relieves Christ in all his acts of charity. He knows he can do nothing of himself, yet he labors to work out his own salvation. He professes he can do nothing, yet as truly professes he can do all things. He knows that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, yet believes he shall go to heaven both body and soul.

18. He trembles at God's word, yet counts it sweeter to him than honey and the honey-comb, and dearer than thousands of gold and silver.

19. He believes that God will never damn him, and yet fears God for being able to cast him into hell. He knows he shall not be saved by or for his good works, yet does all the good works he can.

20. He knows God's Providence is in all things, yet is as diligent in all his calling and business as if he were to work out his own happiness. He believes that God before-hand has purposed what he shall be, and that nothing can make him alter his purpose, yet prays and endeavors as if he would *force* God to save him for ever.

21. He prays and labors for what he is confident God means to give him, and the more assured he is, the more earnestly he prays. He prays for what he knows he shall never obtain, and yet gives not over. He prays and labors for what he knows he shall be no less happy without. He prays with all his heart not to be led into temptation, yet rejoices when he has fallen into it. He believes his prayers are heard, even when they are denied, and gives thanks for that which he prays against.

22. He hath within him both flesh and spirit, and yet is not a double-minded man. He is often led captive by the law of sin, yet it never gets dominion over him. He cannot sin, yet he can do nothing without sin. He does nothing against his will, yet maintains he does what he would not. He wavers, and doubts, yet still obtains.

23. He is often tossed and shaken, yet is as Mount Sion. He is a serpent and a dove, a lamb and a lion, a reed and a cedar. He is sometimes so troubled that he thinks nothing true in religion, yet if he did think so, he could not be troubled at all. He sometimes thinks that God has no mercy for him, yet resolves to die in the pursuit of it. He believes, like Abraham, against hope, and though he cannot answer God's logic, yet with the woman of Canaan he hopes to prevail with the rhetoric of importunity.

24. He wrestles and yet prevails; and though feeling himself unworthy of the least blessing he enjoys, yet, Jacob like, he will not let go without a new blessing. He sometimes thinks himself to have no grace at all, and yet how poor and afflicted soever he is besides, he would not change conditions with the most prosperous man under heaven who is a manifest worldling.

25. He sometimes thinks that the ordinances of God do him no good, yet he would rather part with his life than be deprived of them.

26. He was born dead, yet so that it would have been murder for any one to have taken his life away; and after he began to live he was ever dying.

27. And though he has an eternal life begun in him, yet he accounts that he has a death to pass through.

28. He counts self-murder a heinous sin, yet is ever busied in crucifying the flesh, and in putting to death his earthly members, not doubting but there will come a time of glory, when he shall be esteemed precious in the sight of the great God of heaven and earth, appearing with boldness at his throne, and asking anything he needs; being endued with humility, by acknowledging his great crimes and offences, and owning that he deserves nothing but severe punishment.

29. He lives invisible to those that see him, and those that know

him best do but guess at him, yet those many times judge more truly of him than he does of himself.

30. The world will sometimes count him a saint, when God accounts him a hypocrite ; and afterwards when the world brands him for a hypocrite, God owns him for a saint.

31. His death makes not an end of him. His soul, which was put into his body, is not to be perfected without his body ; yet his soul is more happy, when it is separated from his body than when it was joined to it ; and his body, though torn in pieces, burnt to ashes, ground to powder, or trod to rottenness, shall be no loser.

32. His Advocate, his Surety, shall be his Judge ; his mortal part shall become immortal ; and what was sown in corruption and defilement shall be raised in incorruption and glory ; and a finite creature shall possess an infinite happiness.

#### A LETTER OF SYMPATHY TO MR. NEWTON, OF LAKENEATH, BY THE LATE MR. BIRCH, OF CRANBROOK.

My dear Friend in Jesus Christ,—I cannot forbear writing to you, since I have read the account of your dear son's joyful and happy end. Blessed be the name of the Lord, who has not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead, but who shows that he ever liveth by his shedding forth his Holy Spirit on your dear son, which you saw, heard, and are a witness of. Cannot you bless your merciful and covenant God for the birth and death of such a son? Does not all your labor and trouble seem light to you when you consider what a blessed harvest you have reaped in his being gathered to the people of the God of Abraham? I am sure I rejoice, and so do as many as have heard of what God has wrought at Lakenheath. He is still working salvation in the midst of the earth, even in as many as he has purposed to call ; and whether they have shepherds that can understand or not, it matters not ; he will both search his sheep and seek them, for he telleth the number of them, and calleth them all by their names, being written one by one in the Lamb's Book of Life. But you will say, how does he call them, that I also may know that my name is in his book? He says, "I will make a man to know what are his thoughts;" and I know that he has made you to know them. Yes, say you, he certainly has, and bad enough they are. Then to such, and only such, he says, "Let the unrighteous forsake his thoughts;" and have you forsaken them? I know you have by your hating those vain thoughts, which still lodge within you, such as false thoughts of God, that his mercy is clean gone for ever, which is a thought quite contrary to his thoughts towards you. Now, how come you and I to know that our thoughts please him? Let us ask when did we feel the sensible approbation of God towards us? When we thought him inexorable, or when we thought him full of grace and truth? Did he not gladden our heart when we were enabled to believe him all love, pity, and compassion to us? Did not the Rock, Christ Jesus,

pour us out at such times rivers of oil? Did he ever reprove us for giving credit to his word? He never did reprove me for it. He has often reproved me for stubborn unbelief; and so he has you. I found this out many years ago; for it was customary with me to be attacked with a violent temptation that I was a hypocrite, about once a month, after I was in bed, and generally after I had been hearing on the Lord's Day. To this I could make no reply; the charges seemed so just, and attended with such apparent evidence that I gave up all, and felt as Nabal did when his heart became dead as a stone. On the next day I found myself unable to pray; but as I gathered strength, and renewed my confidence I found that God smiled upon me, and I therefore concluded that I did not displease him by my confidence. Nay, my dear friend, why should I say not displease him, when he himself has told me that without faith it is impossible to please God? therefore by faith it is possible for both you and me to please him; and, to tell you the truth, nothing else pleases him; and the more my eyes are turned to that blessed object of faith, our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the more does the Father shine upon me. I am learning this slowly; but being put to his school by his own unmerited free choice, and kept there at his sole expense, I learn it surely. When I would go from him he brings me back, and shows me that if I forsake him I forsake my own mercies. Our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parr, too, rejoiced in your dear son's joy. I thought of these words: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." This was spoken by the lip of truth; therefore why should not we on earth follow their good example? and thus his will is done on earth as it is in heaven. You will say I make very free with you, but I cannot help it, for from the first day I knew you I loved you for Christ's sake, and ever since I have had you in my heart, and often mention you in my prayers as one for whom Christ died, and as bound up in the bundle of life with him, the Lord our God.

I hope, my dear friend, that we are both making nearer approaches to the Son of God. He is indeed our life and the length of our days, and all our happiness lies in him. Out of him is nothing but condemnation and misery. God has so ordered it that we shall find no rest or peace but where he rests. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" and then he adds, "Hear ye him." "He that hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, (that is confidently,) and shall be quiet from fear of evil." There is and can be no fear of evil where he is known, for he bare all the evil and took it away; he finished transgression, and made an end of sin. Blessed day in which he removed the transgression of his purchased possession; and blessed day when we, like your dear son, come into possession of it by faith, as he did. "For they gat not possession of the land through their own arm, neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them." I doubt not you sorrow at the loss of an affectionate and good son, and so must Mrs. Newton,

to whom I desire to be remembered. You have also the burden of caring for your family cast upon you; and may your gracious Lord enable you to cast it upon him. "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." This he alone can enable her and you to do, who has all power to give what he commands. How quickly was the work performed on your dear son's soul. You, perhaps, knew very little what was going on within him; but how did the work show itself at last? What encouragement to you, that what a gracious God has wrought in you he will perfect.

"These feeble desires, these wishes so weak,  
 'Tis Jesus inspires and bids you still seek;  
 His Spirit will cherish the life he first gave,  
 You never shall perish if Jesus can save.  
 "Blest soul that can say, Christ only I seek;  
 Wait for him alway, be constant, tho' weak."

Mrs. Parr is feeble in health, yet far better than ever we expected. She is a good friend, because a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus. I suppose we must not expect to see you now, which I am sorry for; but wherever we are, brotherly love can reach one another. It is of God, and, like its author, eternal; it rejoices in the truth of God's salvation, as we do now with you in your joy. The Holy Spirit has gathered us to Christ, the meeting place, and to one another; we are no longer strangers and foreigners either to God or to one another, as we once were, but known to each other by a new nature imparted. We are taught the same truths, and speak the same language; we see eye to eye, and see and acknowledge that the glory of God is to be known only in the face or person of Jesus Christ.

Remember me kindly to Mr. Cooke and Mr. Francis Smith, whom I once saw at Mr. Parr's. Mr. Gardner is well in health; God remarkably visited him last year in his soul, after his severe illness. He was very happy indeed. He told me yesterday that he had within the last three days had as powerful communications of love as ever he had in his life. Mr. Lock informs us that God has visited two or three persons in your neighborhood with happy discoveries of his mercy. I should be glad to hear any account of them from you, if you feel inclined to write, but do not force yourself to write. I write upon occasion of this happy end of your dear son. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints; for it is the harvest of his labors upon them. He had bestowed much labor upon them, had ploughed up the fallow ground of their heart, sown the good seed, waited for its springing up, given it the rain, looked for fruit, which is from himself, and now is come the harvest, which is what the husbandman intended should take place. I am at this time somewhat straitened in my spirit. My old nature is ever at war with all that is good, and if I try to oppose it in my own strength, I find that it has chariots of iron. I must, therefore, put myself under the care of him who is my shield, the Captain of the Lord's host. O, Mr. Newton, I am a paradox indeed; at war in



my flesh with God, and yet at peace in my mind; reconciled, yet a rebel. From such a one what must you expect but contradictions?

Your sincere friend,

HENRY BIRCH.

30, Park Street, Camden Town, London, Oct. 31st, 1832.

P.S.—My dear wife sends her Christian love to you. I have seen Mr. Lock; he is much better for his visit. Send me an account of the others who died happy.

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## A LETTER FROM A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN INDIA.\*

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My dear Brother in Christ Jesus, the only Hope of life eternal,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. After a long silence I will again attempt to add a few words, by God's mercy, in answer to your most precious presents. I have had the happiness of receiving five sermons while my regiment was in Persia, and also one when we arrived at Chinsurah. These to me were all welcome guests, for they are full of truth, good for the experienced child. This is that which adds strength to poor Zion's sons and daughters, as they sojourn in this tomb of sin and death. This is what the world appears to me. Oh, the unspeakable goodness and mercy of God to us poor polluted worms of sin! for even while we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. This is where the Lord remembered us; and in his own good time he hath made manifest to us our sonship by revealing Christ in us as the only hope of life. So, my dear brother, by the grace of an internal experience, we can say with Paul, "Salvation is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." My dear brother, I am happy to see that you are one that has got a sight of Christ by faith, which is a precious grace; for without this grace we cannot please God, nor worship him; for God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, dear brother. When this truth is revealed to us by the Holy Spirit, it also enables us to see what poor, empty, broken pitchers we are. We are lost and ruined by the fall, and it is only of God's gracious mercy we are saved at all. Dear brother, you wished to know if the sermons were made a blessing to any poor soul? Bless the Lord, I hope I may say of a truth, the good of them was most precious to my soul and to the rest of them. I called my brethren to the feast; and I hope I may say the Lord was with us in our midst to bless his truth. I am led to hope it was the blessed Lord, who saw the state we were in, for not a spark of life

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\* The above letter was written by a soldier in India from Benares, a celebrated city in the North Western provinces, and about half-way between Calcutta and Delhi, where the mutinous rebels, after committing horrible atrocities, are now besieged by the British troops. The latest accounts speak of risings at Benares also; we should otherwise have conjectured that the writer, if spared, is now before Delhi. As such, besides its own intrinsic value, it will be read with interest. It was written to a gracious young man, whom we know, who had sent the writer some of the Penny Pulpit Sermons.

was in the whole camp at M—. Dear brother, I hope the Lord has raised you up again, as I was led to see in the last you sent me you were poorly. Fear not, my dear brother. I hope we can say with David of old, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." "For this light affliction, which is but a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Dear brother, these mud walls have to come down, and our heavenly Father has wisely ordered all things for our good; so when his tender, afflicting hand is upon us, it is for our good; yet Joseph, like me, would say, "Not so, my father." This is nature, which is sure to err. But, my dear brother, God grant us the grace of patience; and remember he is God eternal, and he is our refuge, and underneath us are his everlasting arms. His most precious blood has delivered us from going down into the pit; his immutable power has engaged to save the weakest of his sheep. (John vi. 37.) Dear brother, I hope you feel the preciousness of Christ, who was for our sakes afflicted beyond measure. Oh, may this ever be our cry at sweet mercy's door!

"Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,  
As such I look to thee;  
Now in the bowels of thy love,  
Dear Lord, remember me."

Dear brother, what a mercy we are taught by experience this is not our rest. No; we have no abiding city here. This same spirit is clear to be existing, has existed, and does exist in the quickened family of God. David of old cried thus, "Up to thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul." Christ, our exalted Head, after he finished the work of his Father upon earth, longed for the glory he had with his Father before the world was. Paul, when writing to the church at Corinth, said, "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." Now what is this that becomes a burden to the quickened groaning sinner? Experience teaches us that we have a body of sin and death, which, when its evil indwelling propensities lift up their angry heads, is a burden to the new man. Thus we do groan and long for this mortality to be swallowed up of life. Dear brother, I am happy to believe you have both tasted, handled, and felt the truth of these precious words; and as my paper is near done, I will decline to add any more at this time. I hope God's blessing will accompany these feeble remarks, and to God be all the praise.

Dear brother, you doubtless will have thought me unkind for not writing to you before this, but I have to tell you that since I wrote, my regiment has been sent to Persia, and we have had two general engagements. Bless the Lord, neither my brethren nor myself were touched, nor yet your brother G. He was well when I left Moham-merah. I called upon him, and a fine, big man he is. I doubt not but he will have informed you of the war in Persia. On our arrival at Bombay we were ordered off to Calcutta, the capital of Bengal, for the native army had desperately mutinied. In my next (D. V.) I will tell you more of the state of the country.

Now, dear brother, I will close with my love in Jesus to you and the dear little band of God's chosen with you. May truth and

and peace dwell with you all. Accept of the love of my brethren in Jesus. My dear brother, I do feel a desire to again thank you for your kind presents ; for I have the happiness to tell you they were blessed to another poor soul, whose heart the Lord has opened. He was a sailor on board the ship I came down in from Persia. He rejoiced to feed his hungry soul. He never saw the like before. He had a bundle of those dead letter tracts, but they went into the sea. I hope you will be able to send more of the sermons, for they are surely of the finest of wheat. I have read of the now glorified saint, the late B. W. G. I must close.

Believe me to be,

Yours truly and affectionately in Christ Jesus,

Camp Benares, June 26th, 1857.

A. BAKER.

P. S.—I hope to hear from you soon. The above sermons were preached by Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Philpot, and Mr. Gadsby. Address, 2356, A. Baker, 78th Highlanders, Calcutta, Bengal, India.

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### AMIALE LOVE.

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Seeing the account of the death of the late Mr. Husband, of Hartley Row, in the "Gospel Standard," I do not think it unbecoming in me to mention the following to his honor, as he gloried in the blessed Jesus. I have a letter by me, written by him to me in the summer of 1835, in which he says it was as if the Lord laid it on his mind and on the mind of his first wife to allow me so much money a year out of their income, till it might please Providence to provide for me. He was pleased to say it was laid on their minds, feeling that I was a good man. As a cup of cold water given out of heart-felt love to Christ and his seed is in no case gospelly to lose its reward, I think it is not unbecoming in me thus to consecrate his memory in this unsought-for and honorable Christian action. He was as good as his word; and from 1835 to 1848, when I got property left of my own, he always punctually paid me so much a year. Peace to his memory ! O may I be enabled to copy his honorable footsteps, and to follow him as he followed Christ. "The memory of the just is blessed," and after they are turned to dust the memory of their actions shall smell sweet. May affection pardon the tribute of a tear, which I thus affectionately shed to his memory.

I may add, Mr. Husband was brought up at Magdalene College, Cambridge, gave up being a clergyman in the Established Church (as my unworthy self did) through scriptural conscientious objections to the Prayer Book, and for a period of nearly 25 years afterwards glorified God in his body and spirit, respected by all who knew him, and a pattern to all that knew him of self-denial and every Christian grace.

I may add when, in 1848, I offered him all the money back again, he declined to take it, and I heard him once say he did not wish to lose his reward (of grace).

O may I ever be enabled to copy so bright an example of Christian kindness and disinterestedness. Few persons with Mr. Hus-

band's property would have lived in the self-denial that he did. Now that he is dead and gone, I know his benevolent kindness in money matters was most extensive. Instead of spending his money in pride and show, he helped the poor and necessitous, and his actions bless him in the gates. And when many a high and towering man of knowledge in Christian matters shall be put out in obscure darkness, Mr. Husband, whose bowels moved with loving-kindness and tender mercies, shall be crowned with the diadem of undeserved grace.

I once heard a person say of him and of another esteemed friend, "You never hear of their most extensive deeds of love." No, like their divine Master, their "voice was not heard in the street," and "their right hand did not know what their left hand did." Surely such men are the excellent of the earth; their memory and example smell most sweet and blossom in the dust.

O may I be ever enabled to copy the bright examples of those who have got into Paradise before me, and be this the warmest grief I can ever feel that in so many things I unwillingly come short.

I may add also that as in 1834 I gave up being a clergyman through long-felt objections to the Prayer Book, without a sixpence to depend on, and broken health too, I humbly hope it was the Spirit of God, in his undeserved mercy, who thus (unsought for by me) laid it on Mr. and Mrs. Husband's kindness to be friends to me. The mighty hand and outstretched arm of God even in providence consecrates everything to his people's good and happiness; and many a time have sobs and tears, and prayers of gratitude come from me to the Author of every good, and that he puts it into the hearts of his people to do good; as it says of Barnabas, "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and faith," of which honorable character all the elect more or less partake.

"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance," and their memory is consecrated both with God and man.

Abingdon.

J. K.

## A BLESSED SOUL IN AN AFFLICTED BODY.

My dear Friend,—I promised when I left you to write and tell you how I found things on my return. Through the mercy of the Lord, all was peaceable and quiet. I went out to see the fields next morning, and on my way found myself seized with a sudden pain in the bowels, followed with a remarkable perspiration, which I could not account for. I soon found it necessary to return home. The pain increasing, it became very violent, which soon caused alarm among some neighbors, who came to see if they could render any assistance. It was cholera. I found a solemn impression come over me, and said to a friend, if the cause is not soon removed, I shall be in another world in a few hours; my pains are so great. Immediately I found the Sun of Righteousness begin to rise on my soul, and I asked the Lord to give me strength to bear the pain. I was passive in his hands. The beams of heaven's glory blessed.

shone on my soul. Vomiting came on, most distressing to the body, but my soul was blessed, and cried out in the midst of it, "I do not want to get better;" and said to them around me, "May the Lord give you to know what it is to be at peace with God on a dying bed;" for it seemed to all appearance I was on my dying bed; and though in great torture of body, I had peace in my soul. A soul sensibly feeling the peace of God can bear a tortured body better than a healthy body can endure a tortured soul. During the agony, I seemed for a moment to have a sight of the sea of torture the adorable Redeemer underwent. My own seemed lost.

I will be as short as the case will allow; but I felt I must tell you a little about it, hoping it may kindle a little love in your hearts to the Lord, who is so full of mercy to poor undone sinners. After about two hours the pains abated so far that I could lie and deliberately consider the matter over; and to my soul it was that the adorable Sun of Righteousness shone, so clear, in a spiritual sense. It was like a morning without a cloud. I looked within, and found all the adversaries of my soul were gone. I do not know that I was ever more free in my life. I found infidelity, which for a long time had haunted me, was gone, and those strong reasoners, who would undermine the foundation of my hope concerning the Lord Jesus in a way I should hardly dare to name. Many can daringly speak of it to turn Christianity into ridicule. I had found they had lodged within me, but they were all gone, and all they who had said unto my soul, "There is no help for him in God;" were all gone; all that made death appear terrific was gone, and my poor nervous mind felt so free on account of it, that altogether it was the most comfortable day I have had for many years. I had been frequently finding the words of the poet crossing my mind, and from similar words at different times, and what followed them, I was at times inclined to think something was coming. The words were, "I will sanctify to thee thy deepest distress." I thought if they were to be understood as applying to me, I did not know what I should do, for I am such a poor weak creature. It did not seem as if I had any one particular trouble, out of an ordinary way; and if I saw or heard of friends in affliction, I used to think with myself, I do not know how I should endure it if it were my case; and I thought I would rather do without the blessing than have to go through the trouble to get at it; as the poet says:

"Fain would I find my God, but fear  
The means, perhaps, may prove severe."

I frequently think what a barren state of mind I was in, and call to mind that it was a number of years since I had full and free communion with the Lord, as I formerly had had, though I did not despair of my interest, nor was I without divine renewings; but I did not feel that comfortable assurance to say in the blessedness of it, "My God is mine," nor to see in the brightness of God's countenance that my Redeemer lived, though I could not wholly doubt it, but had not the joy of it. I often, when alone, would be pondering it over, and felt sad about my dying day, which I knew

must come, and knew not how soon. Sometimes terror would lay hold of me, and a thousand fears in different shapes lodged around and came out when it was dark to fright my soul ; and it would seem I was not quite sure. And as the tempter's work is always made up of truth and lies together, it is sure to throw a poor soul into confusion ; and through so many things, I was afraid sometimes to ask for great blessings, for I thought the trouble would be so heavy ; but how easily the good and merciful Lord can bring it about. He can make a poor weak worm like me bear the heaviest pain with the greatest pleasure.

May the blessing of the Lord be with you all. If we should live to meet again, I hope he will do for us as he has done. With love to all friends,

South Moreton, July 27th, 1857.

Yours,

W. DOE.

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### SITTING AT JESUS' FEET.

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Dear Friend,—Having an opportunity of sending you a line without expense, I thought it might not be amiss to do so, just to say once more that I shall (God willing) be with you on Monday, the 10th instant, and the ten following days ; and from past experience, and the unconditional promise, I have a hope that I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, that yourself and the brethren with you may be refreshed and built up in your most holy faith.

Dear Friend, I am often with you in the spirit, and often think of writing, but being so sluggish (as you can witness), I neglect it until I feel ashamed. I have much on my mind, and much to communicate, but the time will not for the present admit of my doing so.

The state of my mind this morning is humble, meek, contrite, and heavenly. Christ is precious, self abhorred, Satan conquered, sin subdued, the old man crucified, the new man revived, the world cast out, and the kingdom of God come in.

Oh, how sweet to sit at Jesus' blessed feet ! How sweet must it be with him to fill the throne ! What a pleasure to be his servant, to wait upon his saints ! What a privilege to be a child, and to draw nigh under a persuasion of the soul-endearing relationship !

James, look to him who is Head, Husband, Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend, Neighbour, and Constant Guide. Study much his name, perfections, works, words, and blessed ways. Open your mouth for wisdom, and ask the Almighty for understanding ; for happy is the man that findeth and retaineth her.

My good wishes and Christian love to yourself and wife, with all others who partake of the true faith of the everlasting God. Amen.

Wadhurst, Nov. 5, 1828.

W. C.

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OH, say you, I cannot pray. I answer, Honest sighing is faith breathing and whispering in the ear. The life is not out of faith where there is sighing, looking up with the eyes, and breathing toward God. "Hide not thine ear at my breathing." (Lam. iii. 56.)—*Rutherford*.



## A LETTER BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of 2nd of July came duly to hand, but has waited a wearisome while for an answer. Indeed, I have been much, yet not too much afflicted, for some months, with my old disorder, a nervous fever. We have been housekeepers every summer these forty years, and this fever-friend has kept me in this summer twelve weeks at home, and forbidden me literary correspondence. I do not love this fever-friend, yet he is the best earthly companion I have. No lasting gain I get, but in a furnace. Comforts of every kind, in the issue, make me either light or lofty, swell me, though imperceptibly, with self-sufficiency. Indeed, so much dross, natural and acquired, is found in my heart, that I have constant need of a furnace, and Jesus Christ has selected a suitable furnace for me; not a hot and hasty one, which might harden and consume me, but one with a gentle, lingering heat, which melts my heart gradually, and lets out some of its dross. Though I cannot love a furnace, nor bask in it like a salamander, yet the longer I live the more I see of its need and its use. A believer seldom walks steadily and ornamentally unless he is well furnaced. Without this his zeal is often scalding hot, his boldness attended with rashness, and his confidence at times more the result of animal spirits than the fruit of the Spirit; but a furnace consumes these excrescences, and when sweetly blown by grace, will make a Christian humble, and watchful, and mellow, very conscious of himself, and full of compassion for others. May your congregation keep increasing in numbers, and the power of the Lord be present to wound and to heal, to quicken and comfort; but, let me add, the growth of the children will greatly depend on your conduct, for a congregation quickly drinks into the spirit of the preacher. Much reading and thinking make popular ministers, but much secret prayer must make a powerful preacher. If you commune much with God on the mount, as Moses did, and the old puritans did, your hearers will perceive a gospel lustre on your countenance, and, what is best of all, you will not be sensible of it yourself. Much secret prayer will solemnize your heart, and make your visits savory as well as your sermons. The old puritans visited their flocks by house-row; the visits were short. They talked a little for God, and then concluded with prayer to God—an excellent rule, which prevented tittle tattle, and made visits profitable. May God bless you and water your flock.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN BERRIDGE.

Everton, Oct. 18th, 1788.

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As a mother doth by her child that is learning to go, she sets it down, and stands some distance from it, and bids it come to her; the child feels its legs weak, and cries for the mother's help, but the mother steps back on purpose that the child should put forth all its little strength in making after her. When a poor soul comes and prays against such a sin, God seems to step back and stand at a distance; the temptation increaseth, and no visible succour appears, on purpose that the Christian, though weak, should exercise that strength he hath.—*Gurnall*.

## Obituary.

### MRS. COSTER, LATE OF BERRICK.

She had for many years been a professor of the Gospel, and in her youth she joined the General Baptist Church at Coat, near Bampton, and although there was reason to believe she possessed life in her soul, yet she evidently appeared, for many years, as one never made very deeply acquainted with the mystery of iniquity within her own heart, or to feel very deeply her lost condition, so as to manifest that deep, deep concern which is peculiar to those thus led.

For many years she appeared as one sunk into a cold or lukewarm state; every spiritual grace seemed hidden, and she seemed as one almost buried in the cares of this life, so that it became a matter of doubt as to whether she possessed the life of God in her soul or not, for the effects of that life could not be clearly traced by those who were in possession of it until within the last few years of her life.

In June, 1856, my dear mother became deeply affected with violent sickness and pain, so much so, that it evidently appeared to us that her life was drawing to a close. I visited her at the commencement of her illness, and on asking her the state of her mind, she told me how deeply she had been tried for many months. My sister also, who lived with her, bore witness to the same. She had often heard her moans and lamentations over herself and sin, and her earnest cries to be washed in that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. This was generally in the silent watches of the night, when she thought all to be asleep. She told me how she had been made to possess the iniquities of her youth, and one night in particular she said she had been in great distress of mind, when those words were brought home with sweet power, "The needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." Also what comfort the words were to her, and that she believed the Lord would fulfil them in her experience; and at the time she said, "I called upon my soul and all that was within me to bless his holy name."

On hearing this account from my dear mother, I felt much pleased and encouraged, as she had been laid much on my mind a week previous especially. I had felt enabled to entreat the Lord on her behalf. I begged of the Lord that if my mother really belonged to him, he would condescend to make it really manifest to me by granting her such tokens of his favor as he bestowed upon his own dear people. After this those words were much on my mind, "At eventide it shall be light." I could not but hope that they had reference to her end; and so it proved, through mercy; and I desire to bless his holy name for his boundless mercy and goodness manifested towards her, and for so abundantly answering my petitions on her behalf.

I visited my dear mother again the week following, and found her so very ill that I determined on remaining with her. She wept on seeing me, and said, "Oh, Patty, I have this afternoon wetted my pillow with my tears; but they were not tears of sorrow but of joy, for the Lord has been with me, and I have had such sweet communion with him." She afterwards told me of what soul-trouble she had passed through for many months, and me asked to read the 77th Psalm, as what it contained had been her experience for many months past. She observed, "I have travelled it out."

After this she sank into deep waters; her distress of soul was great. "Oh," she said, "I fear I am deceived, that all is a delusion; oh, if I should sink into hell after all!" She would cry out at times, "Lord, help thy poor dust!" She would sometimes cry, "Lord, search my heart to the very bottom; let me not be deceived; oh, lead me in the way everlasting."

Those fears kept her crying for fresh tokens of the Lord's favor. Again she said, "He has told me he will never leave me nor forsake me, but I want to feel that underneath me are the everlasting arms." Often when in extreme agony she would say, "Oh, how gently the Lord deals with me; how kind and good to a worthless worm!"

Another time, after being absent from my dear mother some time, she told me how the Lord had again blessed her soul, and how the word of God had been opened up and applied to her, and what power she felt from those words, "Thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name." Again she lost her comfort and peace for a time, and complained of darkness, and of being without power even to think a good thought. Often did she bemoan herself on account of sin, feeling herself so vile.

At another time, on visiting her, I found her very comfortable in mind. She said, "Oh, he is my rock, my refuge, my high tower, and my hiding-place; what have I to fear, or of whom shall I be afraid?"

After this time, to the astonishment of all, she began to mend. Her sickness left her, and after a little time she was able to come down stairs; but this respite was but of short duration, for her sickness returned with greater violence. I had left home, and was on a visit to Brighton for my health, as it had been much impaired, owing to anxiety and painful watchings by the sick bed of my dear mother. I returned as soon as possible after the tidings reached me of my mother's relapse. I found that during my absence her mind had been much supported, and her soul at times greatly blessed; and her hope and confidence seemed well grounded, as all who knew her could testify; I mean those who know the Lord.

October 19th.—I visited my dear mother, and found that the day previous her soul had been so greatly blessed, that she lay blessing and praising the Lord the greater part of the day. Her affliction rapidly increased, so that after this she became too weak to say much. During the night she was thought by all present to be dying. I was not present at that time. I went over in the morning, and she was very near her end. She appeared in a stupor,

owing to the medicine given to compose her. After a while she awoke, and recognised me; she appeared affected. I asked her how she felt. She appeared too weak to answer me, but presently lifted up her poor arm, and observed, "Here is just life." I felt much tried in mind through her not being able to tell me the state of her mind, especially as her end seemed so near. Some time after, on my husband asking her how she felt in her mind, she answered, "She could not tell." Presently afterwards she broke out, and said, "Good hope, good hope! Salvation, oh, the joyful sound."

She was now evidently passing through the dark valley of death, but to her it was not dark, for the Lord graciously fulfilled the promise he gave her in the first part of her illness, namely, "that he would be with her, and lead her through." Her bodily sufferings were indeed great, but her mind calm and serene; not a wave of trouble rolled across her peaceful breast. "Oh," she said, "how I long to be gone! O Lord, help me through my last conflict!" On being asked to take something to moisten her poor mouth, she said, "Let me be happy." Articulation now failed; in a whisper she said, "Glory, glory, glory! Salvation, salvation! Jesus, precious!" Similar expressions hung upon her dying lips as long as able to whisper, and afterwards her lips moved, but we were unable to distinguish what she said.

With a look so blessed, so placid, and serene, she raised her eyes towards heaven, and lifted up her dying hands, as though the glories of that blessed place she was entering were full in view, as much as to say, "I am coming." Soon afterwards, without a struggle or a groan, her immortal spirit took its flight, to dwell for ever with the Lord.

She departed this life October 29th, 1856, aged 83 years.

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WHEN we are dead to God, and alive to self and the world, sin is dead and we are securely dreaming of a God all mercy, and of meriting his favor, the great reward, by dead works; for our works can rise no higher than the workfolks. We are dead, and our works are dead also.  
—*Huntington*.

As he that cometh to God by Christ is no fool, so he is no little spirited fellow. There are a generation of men in this world that count themselves men of the largest capacities, when yet the greatness of their desire lifts them no higher than to things below. If they can with their net of craft and policy encompass a bulky lump of earth, O what a treasure have they engrossed to themselves! Meanwhile the man in the text has laid siege to heaven, has found the way to get into the city, and is resolved, in and by God's help, to make that his own. Earth is a drossy thing in this man's account; earthly greatness and splendor are but like vanishing bubbles in this man's esteem; none but God as the end of his desires, none but Christ as the means to accomplish this his end, are the things counted great by this man. No company now is acceptable to this man but the Spirit of God, Christ, and angels and saints, as fellow-heirs with himself; all other men and things he deals with as strangers and pilgrims were wont to do. This man's mind soars higher than the eagle or stork of the heavens; he is far musing about things that are above, and their glory, and for thinking what shall come to pass hereafter.—*Bunyan*.

## REVIEW.

*Hymns on Sacred Subjects, wherein the Fundamental Doctrines of Christianity, with many other interesting points, are occasionally introduced. By the late Rev. A. M. Toplady. Written between fifteen and eighteen years of age. London: W. H. Collingridge, 1, Long Lane.*

THE God of all grace raised up, equipped, and sent forth many eminent ambassadors of the Gospel, in the middle of the last century, whose names are still embalmed in the hearts of his living family; for among the innumerable glories and excellencies of heavenly grace, this is not the least of its beauty and blessedness, that wherever vitally manifested, it lives and flourishes in death, through death, and beyond death. Like, indeed, its divine Author and sovereign Giver, its beauty and glory are hidden from the eyes of a profane and professing generation, that can no more love and admire grace than Herod and Pontius Pilate or the Scribes and Pharisees loved and admired Jesus Christ; but as in the days of his flesh, there were those favored ones who "beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," so are there those now who still behold his glory, as made known to their souls in the grace of the gospel. All that savors of his power and presence, of his Spirit and love, is dear and estimable in their eyes. They love his servants, because, as anointed by his Spirit, they testify of Him; and they love what is uttered by their lips, or is traced by their pen, because, through their word and witness, heavenly blessings are communicated to their souls. Nor does death break the bond of union which makes them and the church one in love. Their writings live when the hand that penned them is mouldered into dust; the power and savor that rested upon them in life still anoints the records of their experience; and the same Jesus at the right hand of the Father now bears testimony to them, as they once bore testimony to him. Their persecutors have perished from the earth; their very names are forgotten, or, if remembered, are only so by virtue of their connection with the men whom they hated, as Alexander, the coppersmith, is preserved from oblivion by his persecution of Paul. So true is it, that "the name of the wicked shall rot," but "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." And why? But because as the Lord said to his disciples, "It is not they that speak, but the Spirit of their Father which speaketh in them;" and what he speaks is like him of whom he testifies, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." As, then, righteous Abel, by that faith of which he was made a partaker, "being dead yet speaketh," so out of their tombs, or rather from their heavenly mansions, up to which faith follows them, do many departed servants of God still speak by their writings, or by such fragments of their living experience as are left on record. And in some sense they are more honored and esteemed now than when they lived and walked upon earth.

A great writer has said,

“The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.”

This witness is true as regards the children of men, whose evil is so great and good so little ; but is not true as regards the servants of God. Their frailties and infirmities, however treasured up by a sneering world, are forgotten by the Church of God, and what they were by the grace of God is alone remembered. All in them that was mortal sank into the same grave with their tabernacles of clay, and what was immortal still survives untainted by death or corruption. So far as they were impregnated with life from the Fountain of Life, their words still live, and the same grace that breathed and spoke in them when their lips moved on earth, still speaks in their writings now that their souls have passed into glory. But whilst we love the men, we do not idolise their names or canonise their writings. They are not Jesus, nor are their books the Bible. We love them because they loved Jesus, and we love their writings because they testify of him to us. What he made them they only then were, and what he makes them to us they only now are.

Among the eminent saints and servants of God, who lived in the last century, few have exercised a greater influence in the church of Christ than Toplady. He was raised up at a peculiar juncture, just when John Wesley was sowing his tares in the gospel field, and fighting with all the desperate enmity of his crafty mind against the sovereignty of God. Wesley was no common antagonist; and it needed a man of great natural powers of mind, acuteness, and force of intellect, undaunted fearlessness, readiness of pen, and above all, a deep experimental acquaintance with the truth, to meet and overthrow him in the field of conflict. Wesley had on his side nearly everything that could set off and recommend his flesh-pleasing doctrines. He had naturally great clearness of mind and precision of thought, and a very simple, lucid style of preaching and writing. These were backed by amazing zeal and earnestness, most unwearied labors, great self-denial, a look and manner almost apostolic, a large amount of outward holiness, and a singular power of influencing and governing the minds of men. In his preaching and writing there was so much scripture, torn and riven from its connection and plausibly introduced, as to gild over his errors ; and, as he dwelt much upon the terrors of the law, and, to use the expression of his followers, “shook his hearers over hell,” he alarmed the conscience of many with legal convictions, which he set himself to heal by preaching up fleshly holiness and perfection in the flesh. Against the sovereignty of grace, the glorious truths of personal election, particular redemption, imputed righteousness, a finished work, and the certain perseverance of the saints of Christ, he fought with all the subtlety, ingenuity, and violence that could be displayed by the most daring rebel against God and godliness for more than sixty years, getting worse the older he grew. As the acknowledged leader of multitudes, he, by oceans of sermons, books, and tracts, filled



hundreds and thousands of his followers with as much enmity as himself against the blessed plan of salvation by grace; and, determined to make a compact with error, and shore it up with all the beams and buttresses of human policy, he spared no labor, and shrank from no exertion to accomplish his end.

But just in the height of his war against the truths of the gospel, a champion stepped forth from the ranks of the despised Calvinists, who met him at the sword's point, beat his weapons out of his hand, and laid his pride and self-righteousness in the dust. This champion was the immortal Toplady.

A short sketch of this eminent saint and servant of God may, perhaps, not unsuitably, serve as a preface to our Review of his hymns, which have been issued under the superintendence of Mr. Doudney, from the Bonmahon Industrial Printing School.

He was born at Farnham, Surrey, on the 4th of November, 1740, his father, who was a major in the army, dying at the siege of Carthage, soon after the birth of his son. He was partly educated at Westminster school, that celebrated seminary where so many great men, and among them, neither least nor last, the poet Cowper, have received that training which fitted them to occupy the most eminent positions in the State. But he was removed thence at an early period of his age by the circumstance of his widowed mother going to Ireland to obtain a family estate, so that he continued and finished his education at Trinity College, Dublin. It was there chiefly that, by dint of hard and unwearied study, he obtained that proficiency in the learned languages and that great knowledge of divinity and church history which appear so conspicuous in his controversial writings. He certainly was possessed of very shining abilities, of great penetration and acuteness of mind, of a peculiar fluency of language, and at times of great elevation and even eloquence of expression. To these great natural abilities was added an unwearied perseverance, which made him study night and day. All this he might have had independent of and distinct from divine grace, and have lived and died an enemy to God and godliness. But the Lord had designed him for great and eminent services in his vineyard, and therefore, in his own time and way, called him by his grace. We do not know the exact means the Lord employed to awaken him from his sleep of death, but his mother was a gracious woman, and he sat under the sound of the gospel before he went to Ireland. He has himself told us that "he was awakened in August, 1756," but we know not how deeply he suffered under the condemnation of a broken law and the guilty alarms of a conscience made tender in the fear of God. The time and manner of his deliverance is much better known, and was very marked and conspicuous. About a year after his first awakening, when but sixteen years of age, he one evening went into a barn at a place called Codymain, in Ireland, where a man named Morris was preaching to a handful of people. There the Lord blessed and delivered his soul from the bondage and curse of the law, and brought him nigh unto himself by the blood of sprinkling.

He thus speaks in his diary of that memorable evening:

Feb. 29th, 1768.—At night, after my return from Exeter, my desires were strongly drawn up to God. I could indeed say that I groaned with groans of love, joy, and peace; but it was even with comfortable groans which cannot be uttered. That sweet text, Eph. ii. 3: "Ye who were sometimes afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ," was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul; and the more so as it reminded me of the days and months that are past, even the days of my sensible espousals to the bridegroom of the elect. It was from that passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God. Under the ministry of that dear messenger, and by that sermon, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756.

But though thus sensibly brought nigh by the blood of the Lamb, much darkness rested on his mind respecting those heavenly truths, which are usually called the doctrines of grace. For about two years was he searching and inquiring into the truth, till the reading of Dr. Manton's sermons on John xvii. was blessed to his soul to lead him into, and establish him upon the grand discriminating truths of sovereign grace. About four years after this establishment of his soul in the truth of God, and six years from the time of his deliverance in the barn, he was ordained a minister of the Church of England.

Though unable ourselves to continue in that system, we are not so bigoted as to deny that the Lord has had dear saints and eminent servants of his, who lived and died in communion with it. Romaine, Berridge, Toplady, and Dr. Hawker, where can we find four men or ministers more blessed of God in their own souls, or in their ministry to others? In the Church of England they were born and brought up; in it they preached and labored, and God owned and blessed their labors; and in it they died in peace and joy, and the full assurance of faith.

The objections, the well-grounded objections which have compelled so many good men to leave her walls, were not laid upon their consciences. The providence of God seemed to favor their continuance where they were; and as the Lord overruled this circumstance to the effectual calling and blessing of many under their ministry, what can we say? Who that fears God and loves his truth would have lifted up his finger to prevent Romaine preaching at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, or St. Ann's, Blackfriars, to crowds of listening hearers? Who would not be glad were there such a preacher in London now, whether he preached in Westminster Abbey or St. Pancras Church? Who that loves the truth would wish to nail the pulpit-door against Dr. Hawker, as he walked up the aisle of Charles Church, Plymouth? Had these great and good men felt as Mr. Brook and Mr. Birch felt, they would have acted as Mr. Brook and Mr. Birch acted, and cast gown and cassock, prayer-book and surplice to the moles and the bats. But the errors and corruptions of the Church of England which have forced so many good men out of her pale, were not laid with weight and power on their conscience. They saw that she held truth, blessed truth, for the most part in her articles, and there being an open door in her communion to preach the gospel without let or hindrance, and being much blessed in their

own souls, and in the ministry, they continued to preach peace by Jesus Christ without being disturbed in their consciences by what has been an intolerable burden to other men of perhaps less grace than themselves, but more exercised on these particular grounds. But evil always produces evil, and the consequence of these good men remaining in and sanctioning by their example a corrupt system, has been to embolden others who have neither their grace nor their gifts to stand out against all convictions themselves and to condemn those who desire to act in the fear of God in this important matter.

Toplady evidently was greatly blessed in his own soul both in private and in public, when a minister at Fen Ottery, and Harpford, Somerset, and afterwards at Broad Hembury, Devon. No one that knows and loves the truth can read his diary, never meant to be perused by mortal eye, without seeing how, at times, his soul was blessed and favored. How full of sweetness and savor are the following extracts from it !

Wednesday, March 2nd.—In secret prayer this morning before I left my chamber, the fire of divine love kindled, and the Lord sensibly shone upon my soul. I could not forbear saying, "O why art Thou so kind to the chief of sinners?" I was so taken up and, as it were circumfused, with the love of God, and the perception of my union with him, that I could hardly ask for pardon. Thus I walked in the light of His countenance for, I suppose, two or three minutes ; when, alas ! evil wanderings intervened, my warmth of joy suddenly subsided, and I was in a great measure brought down from the Mount. Yet the sweetness and peace of this heavenly visit remained after the blessed Visitant had withdrawn. Though the Sun itself retired from view, ye (if I may so express it) I enjoyed the refraction of His beams. He did not disappear without leaving a blessing behind him ; sufficient, I trust, for faith to live upon until I see him again.

Friday, 25th.—This afternoon and evening, but especially at night, the Lord has been very gracious to my soul. I could see myself loved with an everlasting love, and clothed with Christ's everlasting righteousness. My peace flowed as a river, and I found the comforts of the Holy Spirit to be neither few nor small. My sense of justification was unclouded, as when the clear shining of the sun giveth light. "My beloved is mine and I am his." Under these sweet unutterable manifestations I have scarce anything to pray for ; supplication is swallowed up in wonder, love, and praise ; Jesus smiles, and more than a ray of heaven is shed upon my soul. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord ; my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." My harp is taken down from the willows, and I can sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

Saturday, 9th.—The merciful and gracious Lord was sensibly with me the latter part of to-day. "Awake and sing," and presently after, "Arise and shine" were spoken to my soul from above with great power and sweetness.

Late at night God was again pleased to give me the knowledge of a Sabbath day's blessing to-morrow. Such comfortable and peremptory convictions of God's future presence and blessing on a succeeding Sunday (with which I have been so often favored beforehand) I intend henceforth, as often as God is pleased to grant them, to distinguish by the name of Saturday assurances. Assurances they are indeed, so clear, positive, and satisfactory ; I never knew them once fail or deceive my trust. I have often been dejected and fearful at the approach of a Sabbath on which I was to minister publicly ; and God has frequently, not to say generally, been better to me than my unbelieving fears ; but on those happy days (and blessed be his name, they have of late especially been very many) when previous assurances have been given me of his help and presence, on the Sunday following the assurance has always been

made good. The Lord has often disappointed my doubts and the evil surmises of unbelief, but he never once disappointed my hope when he has said previously to my soul, "I will be with thee."

Saturday, 27th.—In secret prayer to-night, God gave me a Saturday-assurance of 'a blessing to-morrow; and I was enabled to believe that it would be unto me even as the Lord had said.

Sunday, 28th.—Read prayers and preached, both parts of the day, with uncommon strength of body, and with vast enlargement of soul. Between morning and afternoon service, being in my study, and comfortably engaged in secret prayer, the Lord visited me with a refreshing shower of divine love, so that my soul was like a watered garden. I never felt so intense a desire to be useful to the souls of my people; my heart was expanded, and burnt with zeal for the glory of God, and for the spiritual welfare of my flock. I wished to spend and be spent in the ministry of the word, and had some gracious assurances from on high that God would make use of me to diffuse his gospel, and call in some of his chosen who are yet unconverted. In the afternoon the congregation was exceeding great indeed. I was all on fire for God, and the fire, I verily believe, caught from heart to heart. I am astonished when I review the blessings of this Lord's Day that a sinner so vile, so feeble, so ill, and so hell-deserving, should be thus powerfully carried beyond himself, and be enabled to preach with such demonstration of the Spirit. Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Lord, let thy word run and be glorified! Out of weakness, I am made strong; to thy name alone be the entire praise! And go on, O go on, to own the counsel of thy unworthiest messenger, and to make the feet of him that sent me sound behind me! Thy mercies to me, both as a man, as a believer, and as a minister, have already been so wonderful, that there is hardly anything too great for me to hope for at thy hands.

Who can read these extracts from his diary, and not see how favored and blessed this saint and servant of God was? And what a blessed death he died! We cannot forbear for the sake of those readers who may have never seen the account of it, to make a few extracts of his dying experience of the goodness and love of God, as manifested to his soul.

The more his bodily strength was impaired, the more vigorous, lively, and rejoicing his mind seemed to be. From the whole tenor of our conversation during our interviews, he appeared not merely placid and serene, but evidently possessed the fullest assurance of the most triumphant faith. He repeatedly told me that he had not had the least shadow of a doubt respecting his eternal salvation for near two years past. It is no wonder, therefore, that he so earnestly longed to be dissolved and to be with Christ. His soul seemed to be constantly panting heaven-ward, and his desires increased the nearer his dissolution approached. A short time before his death, at his request, I felt his pulse, and he desired to know what I thought of it. I told him that his heart and arteries evidently beat (almost every day) weaker and weaker. He replied immediately, with the sweetest smile upon his countenance, "Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching; and blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory."

A few days preceding his dissolution, I found him sitting up in his arm-chair, and scarce able to move or speak. I addressed him very softly, and asked if his consolations continued to abound as they had hitherto done. He quickly replied, "O, my dear Sir, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me. Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon (glory be to his name!) I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence with, and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words or any language to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable, and I fear not but that God's consolations and support will continue." But he immediately recollected himself, and added, "What have I said? God may, to be sure, as a sovereign, hide his face and his smiles

from me; however, I believe he will not; and if he should, yet still will I trust in him. I know I am safe and secure; for his love and his covenant are everlasting."

The same friend calling upon him a day or two before his death, he said, with hands clasped, and his eyes lifted up and starting with tears of the most evident joy, "Oh my dear Sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant, that he leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Nevertheless, I do not forget that I am still in the body, and liable to all those distressing fears which are incident to human nature, when under temptation, and without any sensible divine support. But so long as the presence of God continues with me in the degree I now enjoy it, I cannot but think that such a desponding frame is impossible." All this he spoke with an emphasis the most ardent that can be conceived.

Speaking to another particular friend on the subject of his "dying avowal," he expressed himself thus: "My dear friend, those great and glorious truths which the Lord, in rich mercy, has given me to believe, and which he has enabled me (though very feebly) to stand forth in the defence of, are not (as those who believe not or oppose them, say) dry doctrines or mere speculative points. No. But, being brought into practical and heartfelt experience, they are the very joy and support of my soul; and the consolations flowing from them carry me far above the things of time and sense." Soon afterwards he added, "So far as I know my own heart, I have no desire but to be entirely passive; to live, to die, to be, to do, to suffer, whatever is God's blessed will concerning me; being perfectly satisfied that as he ever has so he ever will do that which is best concerning me; and that he deals out in number, weight, and measure, whatever will conduce most to his own glory, and to the good of his people."

Another of his friends mentioning likewise the report that was spread abroad of his recanting his former principles, he said, with some vehemence and emotion, "I recant my former principles! God forbid that I should be so vile an apostate!" To which he presently added, with great apparent humility, "And yet that apostate I should soon be if I were left to myself."

To the same friend, conversing upon the subject of his sickness, he said, "Sickness is no affliction; pain no curse; death itself no dissolution."

All his conversations, as he approached nearer and nearer to his decease, seemed more and more happy and heavenly. He frequently called himself "the happiest man in the world." "Oh!" he says he, "how this soul of mine, longs to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away to the realms of bliss and be at rest for ever." Being asked by a friend if he always enjoyed such manifestations, he answered, "I cannot say there are no intermissions; for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear; but when they abate they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness, and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal Rock, Christ Jesus, that my soul is filled with peace and joy!"

At another time, and indeed for many days together, he cried out, "O what a day of sunshine has this been to me! I have not words to express it. It is unutterable. O, my friends, how good is God! Almost without interruption his presence has been with me." And then repeating several passages of Scripture, he added, "What a great thing it is to rejoice in death! Speaking of Christ, he said, "His love is unutterable!" He was happy in declaring that the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, from the 33rd to the end of the six following verses, was the joy and comfort of his soul. Upon that portion of scripture he often descanted with great delight, and would be frequently ejaculating, Lord Jesus, why tarriest thou so long? He sometimes said, "I find as the bottles of heaven empty they are filled again;" meaning, probably, the continual comforts of grace which he abundantly enjoyed.

When he drew near his end he said, awaking from a slumber. "O what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?" And a little before his departure he was blessing and praising God for continuing to him his



understanding in clearness; "but (added he in a rapture) for what is most of all, His abiding presence, and the shining of His love upon my soul. The sky (said he) is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Within the hour of his death he called his friends and his servant, and asked them if they could give him up. Upon their answering, since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him, he replied, "O what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me, for no mortal can live (bursting while he said it into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." Soon after this he closed his eyes, and found, as Milton finely expresses it—

————— "A death like sleep,  
A gentle wafting to immortal life,"

On Tuesday, August 11th, 1778, in the 38th year of his age.

After this wonderful display of the love of God to his dying servant, it seems scarcely credible, though the fact is indisputable, that John Wesley actually gave out that "he died in black despair, uttering the most horrible blasphemies." Sir Richard Hill wrote a letter to John Wesley, which he published in the magazines of the day, mentioning the names of the parties to whom Wesley had used the words, and called upon him to affirm or deny what he had so said. But to his lasting disgrace, J. Wesley answered not a word, and had not the common honesty to acknowledge or to deny the truth of the report. But no; to acknowledge the blessedness of Toplady's death would be to acknowledge the blessedness of the doctrines that Toplady lived upon and preached, and to do so would shake the very foundation of the system that John had so laboriously built up.

In addition to his other mental gifts Toplady possessed that highest and most elevated, if not the greatest of all natural endowments, a poetical genius. To write verses is easy enough. Any one can tag a few rhymes together and call it poetry. Cowper has well described such poetry as that:

"When Labor and when Dulness club in hand,  
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand;  
Beating alternately in measured time,  
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme;  
Exact and regular the sounds will be;  
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me."

But Toplady had a real poetical gift, and when the Lord sanctified this endowment to his own glory, sweet were the strains that he poured forth.

How a youth of eighteen could pour out such simple, easy, thoroughly original, and yet at times sublime verses, so pure in thought and language, so rich in experience, and so imbued with the unction and savor of the Holy Ghost, is indeed marvellous. Some of his compositions will live as long as there is a people of God on earth, such as "Rock of Ages," &c., "Happiness, thou lovely name," "Christ, whose glory fills the skies," "A debtor to mercy alone."

We wish our limits would allow us to give that sublime one, entitled "A Contemplation suggested by Rev. vii. 1-17," and commencing:

"I saw, and lo, a countless throng."



There is to our mind a grandeur in that piece of poetry, an easy flow of language, a harmony of rhythm, and purity of rhyme, and all gushing spontaneously out of his heart, like a bright mountain stream, that speaks at once the poet and the saint. As he strikes his harp it is with the hand of a master, but holy fingers touch the strings. We have no doubt they were written when his soul was in the sweet enjoyment of the Lord's presence, and flowed forth without toil or labor, being the utterance of his heart, gushing out in modulated verse, as the most suitable vehicle to express the blessed feelings of his soul. We cannot forbear giving one verse of this sublime "Contemplation," where he addresses the saints gone before him, whom he had personally known on earth :

"Lov'd, while on earth ; nor less belov'd tho' gone ;  
 Think not I envy you your crown ;  
 No ; if I could, I would not call you down.  
 Tho' slower is my pace,  
 To you I'll follow on,  
 Leaning on Jesus all the way.  
 Who, now and then, lets fall a ray  
 Of comfort from his throne.  
 The shinings of his grace  
 Soften my passage thro' the wilderness,  
 And vines, nectareous, spring where briers grew.  
 The sweet unveilings of his face  
 Make me, at times, near half as blest as you.  
 O might his beauty feast my ravish'd eyes,  
 His gladd'ning presence ever stay,  
 And cheer me all my journey thro'.  
 But soon the clouds return ; my triumph dies ;  
 Damp vapours from the valley rise,  
 And hide the hill of Sion from my view.  
 Spirit of light, thrice holy Dove,  
 Brighten my sense of int'rest in that love  
 Which knew no birth, and never shall expire !  
 Electing goodness, firm and free,  
 My whole salvation hangs on thee,  
 Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity.  
 Redemption, grace, and glory too,  
 Our bliss above, and hopes below,  
 From her, their parent fountain flow !  
 Ah, tell me, Lord, that thou hast chosen me !  
 Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,  
 Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,  
 And let me my election know !  
 Then, when thy summons bids me come up higher,  
 Well pleased I shall from life retire,  
 And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now."

As might be expected in compositions written by a youth between sixteen and eighteen years of age, there is a disparity ; and some, it must be confessed, are rather flat compared with the higher poetry, but all breathe the pure language of Canaan, and are more or less savory and experimental.

Mr. Doudney deserves credit for this neat little volume, which we may well recommend as a good railway companion, being not too large for the side pocket, nor the print too small for the shaking of the train.

We find that we were under a mistake in saying that Richard Dore was a member of Mr. Gilpin's congregation. He lived in London, and continued to sit under Mr. Burrell up to the time of his decease.

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## P O E T R Y.

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### P R O V I D E N C E.

MARK the fair flowers that fill the vales,  
 Ye weak ones, whom vain fear assails;  
 Whene'er ye doubt Jehovah's care,  
 Behold the birds that skim the air.  
 Oh, who can see and not admire  
 The lily's pure and bright attire?  
 Can all the pomp of regal dress  
 Equal her simple loveliness?  
 And yet no art laborious weaves  
 The silken texture of her leaves.  
 He who hath so the mead array'd,  
 With flowers to-day that bloom and fade,  
 And yet are decked so richly—He  
 Will ne'er unmindful be of thee.  
 No want the little warblers dread,  
 For whom God's hands a table spread;  
 Their food he gives them day by day;  
 Nor barns nor storehouses have they.  
 That Lord who guides each insect's ways,  
 And sap to every leaf conveys;  
 The blades of grass who numbereth o'er,  
 And grains of sand upon the shore,  
 With those that 'neath the ocean sweep,  
 And pave the caverns of the deep;  
 Who hears his creatures when they call,  
 And guardeth every sparrow's fall,  
 Will listen to thy earnest prayers,  
 And bear the burden of thy cares.  
 To Him more precious and more dear  
 Than many sparrows ye appear.  
 Upon thy cheek, say, could thy power  
 The bloom of youth retain one hour?  
 Or would the bolt in death's stern hand  
 One moment sleep at thy command?  
 How then will all thy anxious thought,  
 Without God's help avail thee aught?  
 Though in His presence, angels bright  
 From that unutterable light  
 Of majesty, their faces veil,  
 And Him, All-wise, thrice holy hail;  
 Yet lo, he condescends to see  
 All things in heaven and earth that be.

A. C. M. J.

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THE world hath a beginning of being; it was not from eternity; it was once nothing. Had it been of a very long duration, some records would have remained of some honorable actions done of a longer date than any extant.—*Charnock*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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NOVEMBER, 1857.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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AN OUTLINE OF A DISCOURSE, PREACHED BY  
THE LATE MR. WARBURTON, ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER, 1839,  
AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

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“Be strong and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee nor forsake thee.”—Deuteronomy xxxi. 6.

We find in these words that Moses was encouraging the children of Israel to trust in their God. “All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.” Therefore I consider that our text this morning is applicable to God’s spiritual Israel, who are sometimes subject to slavish fears. There is no ground whatever for God’s church to be afraid of his faithfulness or power, for he will take them home to glory.

Joshua saw the Lord’s wonders. What a grand destiny was his! What a delivering hand Joshua saw! He was but a man, yet what courage he appears to have had. “And it came to pass when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand; and Joshua went unto him boldly, and said unto him ‘Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?’” (Josh. v. 13.) Yet when Israel fled from before their enemies at the little city of Ai, see how fear began to work in Joshua, slavish fear. Some may say, “Why did not Joshua look unto the Lord, and not give way to such unbelief?” I tell you what, my friends, as soon as God leaves the greatest champions, they become poor, timid, fearful, weak worms, not a bit stronger than either you or I.

There may be a few crumbs picked up here and there by the children of God, and they are very thankful for even crumbs; but they want slices at times. They are afraid sometimes that all their cries are but the tears of an hypocrite, and from the flesh; but by and by they are led out of these slavish fears. They are something like a man who has a long and a short leg, first up and then down. Their cry is, “Oh, if I should prove one of the number!” What are we to do with these poor little children? Knock them about? The Lord did not knock them about, poor things; he said unto Peter, “Feed my lambs.” He will feed his flock like a good shepherd;

he carries them in his bosom, and gently leads them that are with young.

“ Buts, ifs, and hows are hurled,  
To sink us with the gloom;  
Of all that's dismal in this world,  
Or in the world to come.”

Poor worm, dost thou want Christ? Dost thou want communion with him? Does thy soul come sometimes with this blessed cry, “We would see Jesus?” Will no other refuge do for thy soul? Then thou wilt never be damned. Lift up thy head. The dear Saviour says he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax; yea, he says, “Blessed are the poor in spirit.”

Some people tell us that this is all foolish preaching. Did you ever hear of any one in the world that was starved with only a little hunger? No, says the man, cut me a good slice. It is not crumbs that will satisfy a man. It is not common sense. Nothing will do until Jesus comes into my heart and tells me he is mine. The apostle John says, “We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” Come, poor soul, dost thou find any love to the people of God in thy heart sometimes? Canst thou not at all times say that thou lovest them because they are God's dear children? Say you, “I think I did love them at one time.” Well, never mind being plagued by the devil about it. God's children love a holy communion with God; they want to have more of the sweetness of God's love shed abroad in their hearts. Sometimes they feel nothing but enmity working up in their hearts, and then there is a sinking, my friends. I have many times been struck with what the apostle Peter says unto the brethren: “Wherefore, laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings.” And this is to prove that the dear brethren have nothing good in their hearts by nature.

Poor child of God, dost thou fear that thou art nothing but a hypocrite? What a sinking does this bring to a poor child of God! “Out of the heart proceed all manner of evil thoughts, thefts, murders, and adulteries;” and we find that “the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” Some people tell us we are fools for looking here; and so we are. But I should like those gentlemen to tell me how I am to get out of it. I would not give them a farthing for their confidence. David cried when he was sinking in this corruption, “Let not the pit shut its mouth upon me.” God brought his feet out of the miry clay, and put a new song into his mouth, even praise to our God. David could not have had this confidence till God put it into his heart. “Woe unto me,” says the prophet Isaiah, “for I am undone.” And the apostle Paul says in this state, “I find another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity unto the law of sin, which is in my members.” Paul saw the wretchedness of the human heart. He says, “That which I would not, that do I.” The poor child of God, when he sinks, cries, “O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?”

Perhaps there may be a poor child of God come up here this morning, saying, "Can ever God dwell in such a heart as mine?" Perhaps you may be thinking that you are nothing but an apostate, nothing but a hypocrite. I feel sometimes such ungodliness working in my heart, that I think it cannot be possible that ever a single grain of grace can ever be there.

There is really no cause for the children of God to give way to their fears, no cause for doubts in God's children, for the Lord has engaged to stand by them; and yet they are constantly at it. If the enemy is sinking a poor sinner ever so low, he can never sink him below the covenant love of God the Father. Thou, poor child of God, art for giving it all up, but thy covenant God and Father rests in his love; therefore there is no just cause to fear that thou wilt not hold on thy way. The promises are not to people full of joy, but to the weak and helpless; to those poor souls who are afraid they shall not hold on their way. God says, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." He also says, "They shall be my people, and I will be their God." So you see, poor weaklings of God's people, that God will be with you, and bring you through. David, instead of having faith enough to believe in his God, cries, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever?" As if there was not a crumb of mercy that he could pick up. What a glory it brings to the soul, when God reveals his covenant to any of his children. The poor, doubting, fearing soul shall never be overcome or forsaken, but God will bring them all to glory. The Father of all mercies has laid all the sins of his people on his Son. What cause, then, is there to fear that thou wilt be overcome?"

Says some poor child of God, "It is sweet to enjoy the Lord's favor, but I have it so seldom." Hast thou ever had a taste of it? If thy name was never in the covenant of God's grace, God would never have brought thee to Christ; never would have emptied thee, stripped thee, nor healed thee. All thy damnable abominations were laid upon Christ. None but God's covenant children are ever brought to Jesus. They are always sorrowing over their own wretchedness and misery. Instead of this being a token of thy being a hypocrite, it is a token of thy being a child of God. "Ah," says one, "I want the comfort full in my heart." This proves that thou art one of the number. God has caused mansions of eternal rest to be prepared for thee. There is a home for thee to go to which the devil can never overthrow. Bless his dear name, hear what Christ says, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The "fear not" implies that these poor souls are afraid that they will never enter into the kingdom of glory. They say, "Can it be possible that such a backsliding wretch as I can ever enter into the kingdom of glory?" He thinks it impossible. But Christ says, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto myself; that

where I am there ye may be also." And shall you ever get past this? Shall anything that ever takes place break his wills and shall?

What a blessed declaration was that which Peter made, when he said, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." Where, then, is damnation to the children of God? God has bound them up so fast that neither the devil nor hell shall ever rob them of their inheritance which is left. "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ who is your life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Come, poor dear child of God, lift up thy head; God has bound thee up in his covenant love, and will take care of thee.

There is not one affliction or burden that shall come on any of the Lord's dear children, but the Saviour had to bear the same. He has satisfied justice in the room of his dear people, my friends. He is the head, and they are the members; he is the head, and they are the body; and thus there is one perfect man; and all their peevishness, all their sins, past, present, and to come, there is not one sin or transgression which was not atoned for on the cross. Some people do not like this sort of preaching; and I have been called a horrid Antimonian for these forty years. Professors cannot bear it; but what of that? I know in my soul it is the truth. "By one offering Christ hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified;" and neither the law, guilt, or sin can ever damn them, or send them to hell, for Christ has satisfied justice, and brought in an everlasting righteousness.

Some people say, "You need not be afraid of sin." The poor child of God is at times no more afraid of sin that it will damn him, than he is afraid of going to bed; yet he would not commit a sin for a thousand worlds.

God has sweetly opened a way by which the poor sinner can go to heaven. May God give thee a sight of this. I want no one to tell me that the elect are all tied up in the covenant. "But," say you, "have you not had a sight of it?" Yes, I have, but I want it again and again.

"The Saviour stood the fiery test,  
And we shall stand through him."

The devil is chained up, but the poor child of God cannot always see the chain. Whatever temptations thy soul may have, the devil shall never overthrow thee. Christ has conquered every fiery dart. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old." So that it is impossible for thee to be overcome.

Poor dear soul, afraid of death! Why, death is the greatest friend the child of God has in this world. Says some one, "It shakes me." And so it does me. I have felt sometimes it will take



me in a moment. Says some one, "You are a very weak man." Yes, I am a very weak man. Another says, "I think you are very nervous." Why, yes, I am, but God can cure me in a moment. Bless his dear name.

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## A LETTER FROM THE LATE THOMAS BOORNE, OF DEPTFORD.

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Grace and peace be with my dear friend, and with all that love our Lord Jesus Christ at C. Amen.

A savory experimental knowledge of the ever-blessed Trinity is an unspeakable blessing, because eternal life is included in it, and so saith Truth itself, "This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." The first branch of this knowledge appears to me to lie in this text, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law." Under this teaching my soul lay for some years; at first the wound seemed but slight, and almost imperceptible. I wondered what was the matter with me; my heart was full of youthful lusts and vanity, and I longed to gratify these things; but every now and then I felt rebuke and remorse in my conscience, which was a check at times to these bitter weeds, but the root of all still remained. Sometimes I looked at my companions, and felt envy at them and rebellion against God, because I could not sin with that pleasure which they seemed to do; "So foolish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before God." But God kept this wound open, and by degrees pierced it deeper and deeper, till he made me sensible of the reality of eternal things, the certainty of the day of death, and of the day of judgment; of the eternal happiness of the righteous, and the eternal misery of the wicked. He also made me sensible of his omniscience. I believed that he took notice of my thoughts, words, and actions: "Thou hast set our sins (or iniquities) before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." But perhaps you will say, What do we learn of God under all this teaching? In the first place we learn something of that woful state in which we and all mankind are as children of Adam: "Far from God by wicked works." In the next place we are taught the impossibility of being justified by the deeds of the law, and thirdly we learn something of the justice and holiness of God. For my own part, while I lay here, the best idea I had of God was as follows: God the Father was the object that was constantly before me; I viewed him as angry with me as a sinner, but as for the Saviour and the good pleasure of the Father in him, I knew nothing at all about him, nor yet of the ever-blessed Spirit; these blessings were reserved till the time appointed of the Father: and so saith the apostle, "Now I say, that the heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all, but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the Father." Again it is written in the prophets, "They shall be all taught of the Lord;" and the Saviour

saith, "Every man, therefore, that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto me." And here, my friend, I feel it difficult to describe the first drawing of the Father; one reason is this, I sat under a dead ministry, where I heard duties and precepts set forth, but not the work of God the Spirit on the heart. This fed the legal pride of my heart: I strove, I resolved, and vowed, but alas! I failed in all these things; the corruptions of my heart and of the world were too powerful for me. This puzzled me much, for I never met with any that seemed to be like myself. Sometimes I went in secret, and bowed my knees; at other times, I thought it presumption for such a vile wretch to approach the Most High; and then again I have envied those that were carnally secure, thinking, "they were not in trouble as other men, neither were they plagued like other men; but all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." But the good Lord caused a gleam of hope at times to arise in my heart that I should see better days, and granted me some encouragement in secret prayer; this set my soul longing and thirsting for his mercy. But as soon as this sweet influence was gone, Satan, and the world, and my corruptions, seemed to get the mastery over me, and down I sunk again; and these things distressed and puzzled me much, so that I could form no judgment of my state, for I could not believe that any that feared God ever felt such things as I did. Thus, "the law entered that the offence might abound," and it is thus that the Almighty makes us feel our own weakness, as well as our own vileness, that we may highly prize his dear Son: "For the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." However, after I had experienced some years of this discipline, the good providence of God removed me about fifty miles off, and, during my stay in that place, He was pleased to send these words home to my heart with light, comfort, and power: "Cast out the bondwoman with her son, for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free." And first he shewed me the two covenants, the covenant of works and the covenant of grace, and that all under the first he dealt with as servants, but all under the second he dealt with as sons. These things surprised me much. Thought I, what a blind, ignorant creature have I been all my days; I have read the scriptures, and heard men preach from them, but I never saw these things before. Then I understood the meaning of this text, "Destruction and misery are in all their ways, and the way of peace have they not known," &c. But he further instructed, and led my soul to behold God the Father and his dear Son by the eye of faith, as clearly as ever I saw the natural sun with my bodily eyes, and to my sensations it appeared as if God the Father addressed me in the following manner: "Poor soul, I have been chastening and teaching thee out of my law, and thou hast been fearing and apprehending my wrath, thinking I intended to deal with thee after thy sins, and so to destroy thee; I will now show thee my kind intention by all these things; that I gave my dear Son to die, the just for the unjust, that poor sinners like you might be brought nigh; that though thou art a

sinner, this is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." These things filled my soul with peace and comfort; I felt something like the church; "when the Lord turned our captivity we were like them that dream;" "old things were passed away, and all things became new." I seemed to have new eyes and a new understanding; I looked back on all the way the Lord had led me, and felt sweet gratitude in my heart, believing it was a right way. It seemed as straight as a line, and my will, which heretofore stood opposed to God's salvation, was now bowed in submission to the sovereign will of God. Oh, what dreadful heart risings had I felt heretofore against God's election! I have looked at my carnal relations, and felt strong natural affections for them; then I have considered God's election, and compared these things together in my feelings, and have thought, Surely I can never be reconciled to this? But, blessed be God, it was not so now, for my will, which before was crooked, he made to lie straight with his, and now in my heart and affections, I cordially received and embraced this blessed doctrine, and have sucked sweetness out of it sometimes in such a text as this, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Again, "I am sought of them that asked not after me; I am found of them that sought me not." "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works towards the children of men."

But this day of prosperity was succeeded by a day of adversity, temptation, and sorrow; for being sent home to Deptford, I went as usual among the congregation of the dead (fool-like for want of understanding). So saith the wise man: "Get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." But for this I had sore travail and exercise of soul; in this sense we must "buy the truth, but sell it not." However, God in tender mercy brought me out of the congregation of the dead with a high hand, and I have never had one desire to return back again, nor do I believe I ever shall. But the way and manner was as follows: I came under the ministry I had formerly sat under, but it distressed and wounded my soul beyond measure, and what to do I knew not, but the Lord inclined me to go to Ebenezer Chapel, New Town. This I did as secretly as possible, knowing what opprobrious names the people assembling there were called by, and the fear of man greatly ensnared me. But God was pleased to own and bless the ministry of Mr. Burgess to my poor distressed soul. This encouraged me amidst the opposition I met with, for Satan lay hard at me in this way, "Do you suppose that only these few people are right and all the rest are wrong? Is it likely such numbers should be deceived, and only a few bigoted people know the right way?" Here he confused, baffled, and bewildered my poor soul till I hardly knew where I was, what I was about, or what I believed. These things, together with the opposition I met with from professors, whose congregation and company I had left, brought me into the experience of some of old. "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick; then the

waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul." "Ah!" said Satan, "where is now thy God? You see the deliverance you thought you had is now nothing but darkness and confusion; you can make no judgment of anything; you can find no access to God, and how do you know that there is any God at all?" Thus my soul fell into Satan's sieve; but these trials were a means in God's hand of bringing me out from the congregation of the dead, and quickly snapt all those ties I had heretofore felt to them, and moreover these exercises made me highly prize the ministry of Mr. Burgess. Many a sweet morsel did my poor soul find when God led him to describe my feelings, cast up the way, and take out the stumblingblocks. Oh what a blessing is a clear Gospel ministry attended with the power of God! "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that publish peace, that say to Zion, thy God reigneth!" But another temptation I fell into, which was this: Satan set before me the humanity of Christ Jesus. "Now," says he, "if you pray to Christ as God, you commit blasphemy." Here my soul fell into sore trouble and amazement; fain would I have cast my care upon him, but alas! instead of this I felt many doubts respecting his eternal power and Godhead. This seemed to sap at the very foundation; thought I, if I fail here I am undone for ever; and this trial my soul laboured under for a long while, but at last the good Lord, in tender mercy, delivered me as follows: I was one morning bemoaning my sad condition in secret before God, when he mercifully dropped these words with power into my heart, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." I felt faith spring up in my heart immediately, and believed his care and kindness toward me, and then away went my care and trouble on him, and my soul rejoiced in him, and that without reserve; and I worshipped him, even God, in man's nature, without any distraction, confusion, or disorder, and many sweet moments of meditation was my soul favored with on his Person, and on his work. He took our nature that we might partake of his Spirit. "He became poor that we, through his poverty, might be made rich." "He suffered, being tempted, that he might, as a merciful and faithful High Priest, be able to succour us in temptations." "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," that he might deliver us from eternal death, and make us, who were enemies, nigh to God by his precious blood; in short, "He rose from the dead," "led captivity captive," "entered into heaven itself," sent down the Holy Spirit, first upon his apostles, and since that upon us poor Gentiles, who have believed on him through their word, that so our faith, hope, and affections might follow him even to the right hand of God. Thus "the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, if one died for all, then were all dead, and that he died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but to him that died for them and rose again." Satan has striven to dispute me out of this sweet deliverance, and unbelief has taken his part; for you know unbelief is a riend to him, though a sore enemy to us, and will be to the end of

the chapter. But through the tender mercy of God I have never sunk so low under that temptation as before. Blessed be God for evermore for an experience of the truth, and so he promises, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." All the books, however sound, nor all the hearing, could ever settle or establish our souls in one fundamental truth. God has reserved this honor to himself; hence we read, "Behold God exalteth by his power; who teacheth like him?" None. As we have borne the image of the earthly Adam, so we must bear the image of the heavenly. He was meek and lowly in heart, and we must learn of him if we find rest to our souls. But knowledge puffeth up, which is evident in the author of your book; he seems wise above what is written, for in page 89, speaking of the humanity of Christ, he says, "The Holy Ghost justified it at his resurrection." But he that was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, and offered himself without spot to God, and, though he tasted death for every man, yet he saw no corruption—"I say, this Blessed Person needed no justification either in body or soul; had there been the least imperfection in either soul or body, it would have marred his work, and then woe be to us! But, blessed be his name, "by one offering he hath perfected for ever all them that are sanctified;" whereof the Holy Ghost is a witness to us, and this witness is repeated in our souls every time we find access to him and his Father by him. God give us to press after these things, even a knowledge of him, "and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." It is true the apostle says, "He was justified in the Spirit," which appears to me to lie in this: The Holy Ghost with which he was anointed above his fellows bore a continual witness with his spirit both to his Sonship, and to the purity and innocency of his character; and when this ever-blessed Spirit comes into our hearts we believe the record God hath given of him. Thus, "Wisdom is justified of her children." The kingdom of God standeth not in word but in power; after this power may our souls press, "looking to Jesus the author and the finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despised the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of God."

My wife and family, through mercy, are tolerably well, but myself often poorly. Our kind love to all who partake of that call which comes from above.

Peace be with thine house, not forgetting your spouse, and the best of all gifts, which is love. I remain, your affectionate friend,

Deptford, November 24th, 1820.

THOS. BOORNE.

THE highway of holiness is infested with robbers. Though the celestial road is enclosed from the common, and made a distinct way of itself, yet it lies through an enemy's country, and the Canaanite is still in the land. Satan will study to annoy those whom he cannot devour.—*Toplady*.

## A TESTIMONY TO THE POWER OF VITAL GODLINESS.\*

Dear Sir,—With great pleasure I commence my promised information to you respecting a subject which never fails to refresh my heart, when the Lord in any measure leads my mind back to trace up his gracious dealings with my then perishing soul; when he was graciously pleased to rend the heavens and come down, and the mountains of sin and wrath, of guilt and condemnation, of unbelief and Satan, all fled and flowed down at his presence. On the brink of eternal destruction, in my own apprehension, with a poor weak body bowed down with the weight of a broken spirit, I thought my mortal career would soon close, and shut the door of hope eternally upon me. Daily tempted to suicide, and feeling I had no power to stand against the temptation, my very life was wretched to me, and death more terrible in this dreadful condition. What amazed me most was how I was preserved; and I often stood astonished that I found the temptation sensibly depressed on the back of my ejaculations to the Lord to keep me; which I proved frequently in answer to these words, put up and repeated for twenty times or more, successively, at my very wits' end, through the power of the temptation, "Dear Lord, do keep me!" But here I proved that the Lord regardeth the prayer of the destitute, and does not despise their prayer; And finding I was thus preserved, it encouraged me at times to hope in the Lord; but this was very transitory. I felt daily to be drawing towards the brink of despair. I thought I was of the race of Cain, as the Lord had rejected my offerings, and that I should soon be driven from amongst men, because I had restrained prayer in the form for above twelve months, through these words darting suddenly into me while in the act of praying, "The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord;" and I dared not go again. In these circumstances I entered my bedroom, when, in a moment of time, I appeared to be arrested for eternity. A heavy burden of my guilt, and the sensible vindictive wrath of the Almighty closed upon my conscience. In this extremity I stood, expecting to be cut off, when a strong compulsory power prompted me to cry for mercy. I sank on my knees from real necessity, when I verily thought the floor yielded, and I felt myself sinking to rise no more. Then I groaned out these words to the Lord, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." "God be merciful to me, a sinner." These words came to my heart in a moment of time; and the blessed Spirit who brought them made also intercession for my soul with "groans that could not be uttered;" and thus the kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force. I felt sensibly as though there were two opposite powers struggling for the prey within me; but bless his dear name, the Lord cast the strong man out, and spoiled him of his armor, and sweet peace flowed into my heart and conscience.

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\* The above truly spiritual, and experimental letter was written by the first wife of Mr. Grace, of Brighton.



At this period it was that I heard you at Mayfield, on December 3rd, 1818, from these words, "I will bless thee." (Exod. xx. 24.) Before you commenced your discourse, you made some observations to this effect. You said these were not the words you had intended to speak from, but those you had had for that purpose in meditation were all taken from you, and nothing offered to you but the above text. You also remarked that they were the first words you heard Mr. Huntington from after you were brought into the liberty of the Gospel. You said you had yourself spoken from the same words previously to this more than once, and that they had been made a special blessing to one or more of the hearers present. You also hoped and desired they might be blessed that night to some poor sinner present; and concluded by remarking, "But that remains to be proved." Your prayer before your sermon was greatly blessed to me. I was astonished to hear you repeat the substance of my prayers, for many months the language of my heart; and I felt much of the goodness of God enlarged upon my soul therein. I thought you prayed for me alone, and most particularly for my preservation and perseverance, and that God would lead me and establish me into more enlarged views and feelings of himself, as the God of my salvation. I remember I sat down, and, looking on you, I mentally said, "Thou art one after my own heart; with thee I could live and die." In opening your discourse as an introduction, you commented on the office of Christ and his ministerial mission, and repeated Isa. lxi. 1-9: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, &c.;" which was so exactly suited to the experience of my soul, and what he had proved to my own heart, that I sat and adored his name, and gratitude and praise were the incense-offering of my soul.

In prosecuting your discourse, you showed what constituted the characters whom the Lord had promised to bless here. You here opened up the preparative work of the law upon a sinner's conscience. I sat greatly amazed as you told me all my sorrows, fears, and sinkings, even from a child to my deliverance; and when you spoke of what it was to be blessed according to the promise, and proved it to be a deliverance from sin and death, bondage and misery; and how this was done; its fruits and effects, what it led from, and led to; and spoke of its purifying efficacy; I could travel step by step with you experimentally. You even used the very language of my heart, in my soul's travail for mercy. I could truly say I was come to feed upon the fatted calf and to drink abundantly of the old wine of the kingdom. My soul was full of the goodness of the Lord as it could possibly be. At this time I had not opened my mouth to any person of what I had been brought through to know for myself. This was my first hearing after my deliverance and my first appearance amongst his people by a happy and blessed choice. I had now found some of the excellent of the earth; and the union of soul I felt to you I cannot describe. I made an attempt to come and speak to you, but I had not sufficient courage. It appeared to me so discriminating that you should tell me of all my feelings from my youth up to the blessed period I then enjoyed, and not to know

anything of me; and I was certain you could not have heard of my path, as I had not told any one of it. I was sure the same that taught you, taught me, and that we were bound up in the bundle of life together. All that I knew experimentally you strengthened and confirmed in me, and so bound up my confidence, that I verily thought I never should be moved.

I had three miles to walk alone in a dark December night, very lonely and dirty, with a poor, weak body, shaken to pieces by previous conflicts, and not having tasted any food for nearly twelve hours; yet such was the gracious communication of the dear Lord by the way, that I felt no weakness nor fears; no hunger nor cold. I prayed as I went that the Lord would cast my lot in providence amongst his people while I dwelt below, and that I might be brought to sit at your feet, if it were his will. I heard you three times, and every time with great soul satisfaction, from these words, "A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up." (Eccles. iii. 3.) And at another time from these words, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." You were perfectly made manifest at this time in my heart's conscience, as a minister of Christ, in comforting, confirming, and establishing my soul. You spoke there once a month; until in January Mr. Abbott came there on trial. In February you left; and I also the March following.

It is now necessary I should relate another point of my experience, to show you in what circumstances your ministry was profitable to me.

After I had stood some time in liberty, and enjoyed a great deal, it was much impressed on my mind that my way to the kingdom would prove a very trying and thorny path; but still I trusted in the faithfulness of my covenant God, and felt assured he would bring me through all for my own good and his glory. Many of the promises were very sweet and encouraging to my soul to this purpose; such as these, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day thy strength shall be." "All things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose." I could then prove my calling, and testify to him with a good conscience that he knew that I loved him; for the language of my heart was, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." On the back of this I was led into a great feeling sense of the dangers, snares, and temptations that lay in my path, which would lead me away from the simplicity of the truth, if the Lord did not prevent; but nothing seemed so prejudicial and formidable as my own wicked and deceitful heart; and such a deep sense had I of the depths of its deception, that I felt an exceeding godly jealousy of it, fearing that I might be deceived by it after all, and be settled in a false confidence. This led me to cry to the Lord, and with great earnest desires, that he would search me and try me, &c., choosing to suffer anything he saw needful, rather than rest in anything short of himself; and I had a strong desire to be brought to the light, that my deeds might be made manifest they were wrought in God,

Time passed on, during which I was constrained to leave my natural friends and family for conscience sake. I must either give up my profession or them. My heart was fixed in its choice, as it had been severed from all inordinate objects and affections. The Lord brought me to trust his gracious promise, to lean on him, to pray, and wait, and watch his opening providence for this purpose, believing he would make a way; and, bless his dear name, so he did; he gave me a sure persuasion to arise and depart; and that he would go before me and prepare the way. Therefore I arose and came forth, not knowing whither I went, for I had nothing visible to look to or hang upon, but I rested feelingly on his word of promise; and he did make a way accordingly, in his providence, casting my lot amongst his people, and again at your feet for nearly twelve months after my deliverance. This was nine months after my deliverance; and here again you cleared up my pathway, and proved to me that the Lord had called me forth as he did Abraham of old, to forget my own people and my father's house; to leave my all, temporally, and come and trust under the shadow of his wings, and rest in the God of my salvation. Whenever you speak of Abraham coming forth, and the faith he had in exercise, I can go step by step with what you say; and, glory be to his great name, like Israel's God of old, I have proved him as faithful too. But there was, at this time of my being brought to hear you, a method of hearing which I had never proved before; and it greatly puzzled me for many weeks together to make a judgment of the path I was in; nor did the Lord clear it up to me, till after I had stood the trial of it; and though at times I felt many fears as to the result, yet ultimately it greatly confirmed the safety of my state, and that he had brought me by a way that no hypocrite, deluded or deceived, ever passes through. I expected to hear you as I formerly had done, with much comfort and consolation; but when I got under the word, I found your ministry searched me to the very core, and entered my soul as a two-edged sword, dissecting my heart and laying it open to my investigation, dividing between flesh and spirit; and drew the line so closely as to how far a hypocrite and deceived character may go, and yet be nothing, that I sat and trembled on my seat lest I should be found wanting. But when you turned the subject, and showed the difference of those who were led by the Spirit of God, you picked me up, and built me up as firm as a rock. I felt so rooted and confirmed in this ministry, though so trying, that I was confident I had passed from death unto life, and should never more come into condemnation. And though through the week I had many fears that you would prove my soul wanting, yet how I longed for the returning time of hearing, that I might come to the light, that my state might be made manifest as wrought of God, or otherwise to know the worst; for I dreaded to be set down in a false hope and a vain confidence. And here I prayed earnestly that if the Lord had not begun his work on my heart, that he would now begin; and if he had renewed me he would bring me to walk in a plain path, and clear the way before and

behind me; and, bless his name, so he did; though your ministry was very trying to me; yet I felt my spiritual regard greatly increased towards you, and never felt a greater spiritual affection for you than at that period. After hearing, I used to wish and think I must go and speak to you, but still had not sufficient confidence; but when the Lord had thus tried my state and judgment, and accomplished his purpose therein, he brought to my mind the many petitions I had formerly put up that he would search me and try me, &c., and showed me that this was but the return of my prayers; that he had accomplished his promise to me by you when he says, "I will search Jerusalem with candles, and make my ministers as a flame of fire." And I can truly say he gave me eyes to discern my teachers. They have not been hid in a corner to me since; and the soul profit of this ministry by you has brought me to desire to sit under a faithful, heart-searching, practical ministry ever since; nor do I profit without it, and therefore cannot be satisfied short of it. Through rich mercy the dear Lord has made my heart honest, and makes me willing to hold my conscience to the light of his truth continually.

MARY.

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### LETTER FROM T. W. TO NATHANIEL MARINER.

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Dearly Beloved,—According to your request in your letter to friend W., I send you these few lines. Now, I know not what to write so as to have that testimony in my conscience that on the one hand it is not the risings of pride, and on the other that it is not the effect of daring presumption. As to fretfulness, I have plenty of that, and where is the soul that has not, which is made daily to feel the infinite distance there is by nature between a holy God and a poor sinful soul like yours or mine, and also made sensibly to feel that if one good thought would save us from eternal ruin, we must sink for ever for want of it? I can only say this, Nathaniel, that the older I grow, the greater fool I am in respect of finding out the wonderful dealings of the Lord with his redeemed children, only as I am taught directly and altogether by the Spirit of truth; and, so far as I am taught in truth, and not from damnable pride and self, I know that there can be no getting into the bosom of a Divine Redeemer, but we shall find the way through deep waters. But I find very few indeed who know anything of this way, and sure I am that this is the way of holiness, and no other; for, wherever there is a door of hope opened in this dark valley of dry bones, O, how sweet, and how indescribable is that overflowing fountain of God's eternal love sweetly unfolding itself in the life and death of his beloved Son! But these visits are very rare, and when they are experienced they never can be described in a letter or by words. I never can feel, neither do I believe that there can be any union to, or communion with, the head or members, without daily experiencing that we are awfully and eternally undone, and now and then, more or less, to feel in reality, that we are eternally saved in a dear Redeemer. My path at present, my dear brother, is simply this, as

far as I can word it—I am daily ashamed of my hardness, stupidity<sup>9</sup> and barrenness of soul, and at the same time feeling that lightness and levity of spirit, which sometimes almost causes desperation; but God breaks in now and then when I least expect him, and so astonishes my poor sinking soul, that with the Psalmist, my soul with trembling seems to say, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.” This has been made useful and a prop to my soul when I am led by the blessed Spirit to look back on my past backslidings of heart and life, and how much hypocrisy and deception has been felt, and yet the Lord has never suffered me to let go his truth, but it was just the same in the midst of all, and I believe it would have remained so to all eternity, had I been damned; for it really seems that what the Spirit witnesses to in the soul can never be finally erased by sin, the world, or hell, but remains in it a well of water, springing up into eternal life.

Send me a few lines when you are able, and keep back nothing; and, so far as I know myself, I am thine without dissimulation.

L. B., 1829.

T. W.

A MAN is not the same at night that he was in the morning; something is expired, and something is added; every day there is a change in his age, a change in his substance, a change in his accidents. But God hath his whole being in one and the same point, or moment of eternity. He receives nothing as an addition to what he was before; he loseth nothing of what he was before; he is always the same excellency and perfection, in the same infiniteness as ever. His years do not fail; (Heb. i. 12;) his years do not come and go as others do; there is not this day, to-morrow, or yesterday with him.—*Charnock*.

WHAT profit was there in circumcision, and advantage hath the Jew? Many advantages, indeed, were connected with it. But what was the chief advantage? Regeneration? Remission of sins? The Holy Spirit? Life everlasting? No, no; not any one of these: but chiefly to them were committed the oracles of God. The Gentiles have now these oracles without faith, without circumcision, without baptism. This, indeed, makes faith, regeneration, spiritual and eternal salvation possible; and this, indeed, is a great blessing. So, then, the matter of circumcision, as to its advantages, is settled by high authority. It gave the oracles of God in keeping to the Jewish nation. This was its highest approach to spiritual blessings. But circumcision became a type. Of what? The circumcision of the heart. The manna became a type. The sabbath became a type. The smitten rock became a type. Jordan became a type. And why should not circumcision become a type? We believing Gentiles are now the circumcision, because (not in the flesh, but) in the spirit we worship God, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh, neither in cutting, nor washing, nor cleansing the flesh. This once was outward circumcision in the flesh; but neither baptism nor any other ordinance came in room of it. Such talk is a scandal to the age. The circumcision of the heart by the Holy Spirit came in room of the circumcision of the flesh by the knife of a Jewish father, or a mother, a master or a mistress. Circumcision is now that of the heart, and not of the law in the flesh, but in the Spirit, whose praise (because the operation is invisible), is not of man, but of God.—*A. Campbell's "Christian Baptism."*



## Obituary.

**A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCE AND DEATH OF PHEBE SAINT, LATE OF SOMERSHAM, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, WHO DIED FEB. 20, 1857, AGED 39.**

DURING her childhood and youth, Mrs. S. remained in total ignorance of her state as a lost and ruined sinner, and was very unwilling to listen to anyone who spoke to her about her soul. But she had a sister who manifested great anxiety and concern for her spiritual welfare. This sister would talk to her on the subject, when she would answer that she had no time to think about religion; but that when she was married and settled in life she should then have nothing else to do, and she would then think about it. When she was married, however, she found the convenient season as far off as ever, and had no more heart or inclination to seek the Lord than before. Thus she went on for some years, when all at once she remembered what she had said to her sister, that when she was married she would attend to better things, and she had not done so; and this brought condemnation to her soul. This appears to have been the first arrow of conviction that entered into her conscience, and she began to think now she would go to some place of worship.

The Wesleyan Methodists were the first people she met with, and she attended with them for two years, but found nothing in their preaching to give her troubled mind ease or rest. Her wretchedness increased, until she became truly miserable, and knew not what to do. The things of the world afforded her no pleasure as formerly; and no comfort could she obtain for her soul. It was during this period she went with her husband to Godmanchester fair; but she felt so miserable that she told him she would never go again. Nobody, she thought, was like her, she felt so continually plagued and harassed with herself. The sins she had committed, even when a child, were laid upon her as a heavy burden, and she was sorely tempted to think God cruel and unjust. "O that I had no soul!" was now her feeling and her cry. "O that I were a beast, or anything, so that I had no soul!"

Another year passed away, and Godmanchester fair came round again; but this time she felt she could not go, and her husband left her at home alone. Up to this time she had not dared to attempt to pray, these words being so continually on her mind, "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." But on this very night the Spirit of grace and supplication was poured out upon her, and she could not refrain from begging the Lord to have mercy upon her. Now she felt and acknowledged God to be a holy and just God; and that if she were sent to hell, God would be just in her damnation, and she would say so even if she was in hell.

From this time she was led to look to the Lord for mercy and forgiveness, that he would show her which was the right way, for she felt convinced that the preaching she heard among the Methodists was wrong. Shortly afterwards she was led in the providence



of God to go to the little chapel at Woodhurst, with her brother-in-law, and there she heard the Gospel, in its fulness and pureness, for the first time. While she was in the place, and eagerly listening to the word of salvation, these words came forcibly to her mind, "This is the way, walk ye in it." From that moment her mind was made up, for she felt assured, and inwardly exclaimed, "This is the way, and these are the people of God." She now manifested a great desire to hear the Gospel, as one who did indeed hunger and thirst after righteousness. Although Godmanchester was many miles distant, she began to attend there; and nothing, if she could prevent it, was allowed to interfere with what she now esteemed to be her greatest privilege. The Lord was evidently teaching her, though it was by slow degrees, here a little and there a little, opening her understanding, leading her into the truth, and causing her to see and feel more and more her own helplessness, and the preciousness and suitability of Christ to a poor and perishing sinner. But she still groaned under the burden of her sins, and was greatly harassed and perplexed. A gleam of hope and comfort would at times revive her; but for the most part she was bowed down.

One evening, after she had been hearing the Gospel, with longing desires that she might realise its blessings, these words dropped upon her mind, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." This promise came to her with such sweetness and power that she could not but believe it would be fulfilled in her case. She was greatly supported by this word, and never entirely lost the comfort of it, but clung to it even in those seasons of darkness when her soul seemed on the very borders of despair. For fourteen years was her soul in these deep waters; at times fearing she never should find peace, and at times enabled to believe that the Lord would, in his own time, reveal himself to her soul. Time after time, as she went to hear the Gospel preached, she would think and say to herself, "Perhaps this will be the favored hour; perhaps the Lord will reveal himself to me, and give me the blessing this time."

About twelve months before her death, her health began to decline, and soon afterwards symptoms of consumption appeared. Those friends who were acquainted with her, and who knew the distress her soul had so long been laboring under, felt great sympathy for her in this time of deep affliction. Her illness increased so that she was unable to come to Godmanchester on a Lord's Day. As Woodhurst was much nearer, Mrs. S. hoped to be able to get there when there was preaching, and longed for the day to arrive. Every time there was preaching, she hoped might be the time of love to her. She looked forward particularly to last Christmas Day, when there was to be preaching there twice, as usual, thinking the Lord would perhaps appear for her, and give the blessing then. But the Lord's ways are not our ways. He blesses whom, and when he will, and by what means; oftener I believe in the private chamber than in the public assembly of the people. And so it was with our dear friend. By about the middle of December, her health had so far given way that she was obliged to resign her place down stairs, and

submit to be laid wholly aside. As her illness increased, so did the anxiety and distress of her soul. She knew she was fast sinking, and felt she had no solid ground to rest her hope upon. But as the hymn expresses it:

“Wait for his seasonable aid,  
And tho’ it tarry, wait;  
The promise may be long delayed,  
But cannot come too late.”

And again:

“Just in the last distressing hour  
The Lord displays delivering power.”

So it was in this instance. The day of her espousals had come. She took her hymn-book, and opened it upon the hymn,

“Lord, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.”

This was the very language of her own feelings; faith was given her, and she was melted down at the Saviour’s feet. All her bonds were loosed, and she felt herself to be a pardoned sinner. Her mouth was opened for the first time in blessing and praising the Lord for what he had done for her. From this time she had no wish to live here; but her desire was rather to depart and to be with Christ.

The following particulars, which record the experience of her last days, were furnished by her nurse, a God-fearing woman, and by a dear friend who lived near, and who constantly visited her. Mrs. Saint said that after her soul was set at liberty, she felt so happy that she could not ask the Lord for anything. She said, “I want to praise him. I hope the time is near when I shall go to him. I feel he is close to me. I long to go. I feel he has broken every natural tie. I never felt like this before. The dear Lord is just as if he was talking to me. O what a rock is Christ to build upon!” The hymn,

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, &c.,”

was very sweet to her. Also the scripture, “All things are yours, and ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.” At one time she said, “How good the Lord is! He gives me all I need, and himself besides. I have lost all my burdens, and the Lord has pardoned all my sins, I feel sure.”

This happy season of sweet and blessed enjoyment lasted four days. When her comforts began to decline, she said, “I fear the Lord is leaving me; but I have some sweet words, ‘I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.’ ‘He rests in his love.’ I know he will come again. I can rest upon his own word.” After this she sank in her feelings, and often said, “O, I want my Jesus to come, then all would be right. I know he will come, and I hope it will not be long.”

On the 1st of January she said, “O what a beautiful night I have had! I have not slept much, but I have had sweet communion with my dear Lord. How sweet those words have been:

“Though painful at present, ’twill cease before long;  
And then, O how pleasant, the conqueror’s song.”

At times she was much tried again with the thought of death; but though thus harassed, she was not left long exposed to the assaults of the adversary. These words were sweetly applied to her:

“Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, thy Father calls thee home.”

“I know now,” said she, “that

‘Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.’

It appears as if all my weakness is gone when Jesus visits my soul. I can now look back and see all the way the Lord has led me. I can see there is no *small* mercy; all that come from God are *big* mercies.”

At another time she said, “I cannot lose the sweet feeling I had when the Lord first pardoned my sins. I never before dared say my sins were pardoned. O what a mercy to feel that I have an interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ! All things are mine, and I am Christ’s and Christ is God’s.”

On the 10th of February, ten days before her death, I visited our dear friend, and found her in a truly blessed frame of soul. What most of all struck me was the heavenly expression of her countenance. I never witnessed a more peaceful death-bed scene. I felt as though I were myself breathing another atmosphere, while I beheld her as in the land of Beulah, so beautifully described by John Bunyan. The Lord had assured her that all her sins were pardoned through atoning blood; the Spirit bare witness to this, and all she was then waiting for was to depart, and be with Christ for evermore. To me it was indeed a solemn and blessed season; there was such a reality in all she said. She could not, however, speak much, as her cough and difficulty of breathing prevented her from saying all she wished.

After this, Mrs. Saint was again greatly tossed about in her feelings. One day in particular she was sorely harassed and tried, feeling great darkness of soul. She wrestled with the Lord the whole of this day, until 5 o’clock in the afternoon, sometimes saying she was sure she should not die yet, that she could not die without the Lord, and pleading that he had said that he would come again. Then she would say, “Surely I am not deceived after all!” It was about 5 o’clock when the Lord again appeared for her with sensible comfort and enjoyment in her soul. She broke out in the words of the Psalmist, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name,” and continued blessing and praising the Lord until her strength appeared to be quite gone. She then said, “O, dear Lord, don’t leave me any more. O that I might go now.” She said in the night several times, “He has seen me again, according to his word. He said he would; he does rest in his love. O what a faithful, unchanging, God.” About this time she said to a friend who called to see her that she was reading in Solomon’s Song, although she had not the Bible before her at the time, but explaining herself she said what she meant was this: She was looking for her Beloved in Solomon’s Song; she was reading in her heart.

At another time, when the friend who constantly visited her entered the room, he found her apparently asleep, and on asking the nurse in an under tone if she were still comfortable in her mind, or if she were harassed with doubts and fears, to his surprise he was instantly answered by Mrs. Saint herself, who had evidently caught the last words. She exclaimed, "No, friend, not a doubt."

About three quarters of an hour before she died, she said she was on the borders of Canaan's land, and that she was going to heaven through the blood of the Lamb. Her nurse now thought she would speak no more, but after a little while, during which she remained perfectly tranquil, she was heard to whisper, "He is with me through the valley," and in two or three minutes afterwards her happy spirit took its flight.

Godmanchester.

W. B.

I BELIEVE that my continual conflicts bring much life to the people. Death works in me, but life in them; and my subjects have nothing of sameness in them, but great variety of matter comes out of the furnace.—*Huntington*.

WHAT a deplorable condition has our sin put us into, that there must be all this ado to save us! Oh, how hardly is sin got out of the soul when once it is in! Blood takes away the guilt; inherent grace keeps down the filth; but the grave is the place at the mouth of which sin, as to the being of sin, and the saved must have a final parting. Not that the grace of itself is of a sin purging quality, but God will follow Satan home to his own door; for the grave is the door or gate of hell, and will there, where the devil thought to have swallowed us up, even there, by the power of God's mercy, make us (at our coming thence) shine like the sun, and look like angels.—*Bunyan*.

THE Turks speak of a paradise in another life, the Jews of going to their father Abraham, the old heathens boasted of walking in Elysian fields after death; but it was only dreams of things of which they had no certainty; they died and did not know whither they were going. So if we have not the foretaste of the power of the world to come here, if we have not the kingdom of heaven within us, and the earnest of our everlasting inheritance, we are also in the dark and in uncertainty, and are in no better state than those who never heard Christ named; for at last, all the real hope we have must be, because we have lived soberly or righteously, or been obedient, &c.; and our boast of trusting in Jesus and his blood and merits, will prove to have been only in words.—*Cennick*.

As the church was in Christ, and personated by Christ before the world, so grace was given to the church in Christ before all worlds; and all the ordinances of Jehovah concerning the church in the time state of her being, were, in effect, formed before "according (as the apostle states it) to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Eph. iii. 11.) Our redemption in Christ, with all the other events included in that high administration of grace manifested to the church by the Holy Three in One since creation, and the fall in Adam, were, to all intents and purposes, done in the divine mind before. Nothing can be new to him whose eternity of being constitutes one eternal now. All his ordinations are like the Almighty Author himself. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—*Hawker*.

## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—May I ask the following question? When a minister of the gospel has drawn the features of a quickened soul, and shown by scripture and experience the work of the Spirit in stripping and clothing, wounding and healing a vessel of mercy, might he not, in something like the following language, address his congregation: “Do you know anything of this experience? Have you ever been made to cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner?” “Lord, save, I perish,” or the like? “If not, so living and so dying, where God is you will never come.” Is it not hateful to hear a hard, heady preacher telling his hearers that he is only to preach to the elect, without showing what the feelings of a regenerate soul are? Is he not to warn the sinner as well as comfort the saint? He can do neither, only as in the hands of the Spirit. He is not to offer but preach the gospel to every creature, and leave it in the hands of him who will use it for his own glory.

AN INQUIRER.

## ANSWER.

THERE can be no doubt that every true servant of God, every one who is divinely commissioned and enabled to preach the Gospel, will, with Paul, “by manifestation of the truth, commend himself to every man’s conscience in the sight of God,” (2Cor. iv. 2,) that is, to that of sinner as well as saint. This he does mainly by showing from Scripture and experience man’s thoroughly lost and ruined condition by nature and practice, by original and actual transgression, describing how the Holy Spirit works in and upon an elect sinner’s heart in convincing him of sin and of the demands of a holy and righteous law; and how, in due time, he manifests mercy to his soul through the Saviour’s blood and obedience. The more experimentally and feelingly that a minister can do this, and the more that unction, dew, savor, weight, and power clothe the words of his lips, the more will he commend himself to the conscience of both saint and sinner. The saint will, with the blessing of God, receive, under such a ministry, instruction, encouragement, and consolation; and the sinner, even if not quickened into spiritual life, will often be convinced that such and such only is the way he must walk in if his soul is to be saved. By this discriminating, separating, and heart-searching ministry, a close line, a line impassable to the flesh, will be drawn between the living and the dead; and this being a ministry which exalts Christ, and especially glorifies the Holy Ghost, it will be, more or less, owned of God, and his blessing will visibly rest upon it. It is perfectly true that a servant of God preaches only to the elect; for they alone have ears to hear. But how is their election made known? By the Gospel “coming unto them not in word only” (as under letter preachers) but “also in power and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance,” as it does from the true ambassadors of Christ. (1 Thess. i. 4, 5.) Nothing is so discriminating as this power; nothing so separates the living from the

clothed so many English families in the deepest mourning. Who that has read or heard of the fearful cruelties and horrible crimes which have been committed by those incarnate fiends will scruple to give his full assent to Mr. Gadsby's striking words that man is "in Satan's image born;" for what but the very image of Satan in lies, treachery, and revenge, in cruelty and murder, is stamped upon all these wretches, thereby plainly showing that it is only the outbreak of human nature. In fact, these vile creatures have been worse than Satan in having not only murdered with the most fiendish cruelty defenceless women and children, but manifested a hideous display of crime which only human beings can perpetrate.

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SOME receive the rain of God, and the droppings of his clouds because they continually sit under the means of his grace. But, alas! they receive it as stones receive showers, or as dunghills receive the rain; they either abide as hard stones still, or else return nothing to heaven for his mercy, but as the dunghills do, a company of stinking fumes. These are they that drink in the rain that comes often upon them, and who, instead of bringing forth herbs meet for the dresser, bring forth briars and thorns; (Heb. vi. 7, 8;) and these are they who are nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned.—*Bunyan*.

WE can no more live by grace already received, than a man can live upon his food the day after he hath eaten it. Therefore we must have the mouth of our souls never divided from the fountain, even God himself; for we live our life, our spiritual life, under the flower of free grace only. And that the Spirit of God would have us see what we are, even without strength, that God's mercy might appear the more abundant, and the Gospel be glorified in his power; that so a poor Christian may be necessitated to believe in and on Jesus Christ, forced into this religious sanctuary, made to cling on the horns of the altar, and fly to this city of refuge, as his Zoar of safety.—*Dorney*.

COMPARATIVELY considered, it may be said that all the church hath or can have in time or eternity; all that her everlasting circumstances required before all worlds, of eternal life treasured up in Christ for her; all that she can possibly stand in need of during the whole of the present state; and all that she will need to all eternity when there are no worlds; every portion is in Christ, and not a portion out of Christ. For such is not only the infinite fulness of Christ, but the infinite suitability of Christ, that in all spirituals, temporals, and eternal, he is the church's treasury, "the fulness that filleth all in all;" so that no case, no state, no circumstance, no want, can be known or conceived, for which the unsearchable riches of Christ are not provided.—*Hawker*.

IF God can consistently with his acknowledged attributes, and his declarations, save guilty, obnoxious creatures, without their bringing such a complete righteousness as the law demands; it will necessarily follow, that God, when his hand is in, may save sinners without any righteousness at all, since the same flexibility which (as the Arminians suppose) induces God to dispense with part of his law; may go a step farther, and induce him to set aside the whole. Moreover, if our persons may be justified, without a legal (*i. e.*, a perfect) righteousness; it will follow on the same principle, that our sins may be pardoned without an atonement; and then, farewell to the whole scheme of Christianity at once.—*Teplady*.



## REVIEW.

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*Tropologia.—A Key to open Scripture Metaphors. By Benjamin Keach. Printed at Bonmahon Industrial School .W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 1, Long Lane, London.*

It is, at first sight, perhaps, somewhat remarkable how little use God has made of argument, that is, direct logical argument, in the Scriptures of truth. To say that he never employs positive, direct argument, would be incorrect, as Paul, in his epistles to the Romans and to the Hebrews, has brought forward argument after argument to prove the grand truths which he there so clearly and powerfully lays down. It is true that his arguments are so clothed with divine life and power, and so imbued with the rich stream of vital experience which flow from his heart and pen, that their strict, logical reasoning is not immediately seen, and by most readers is almost wholly unobserved; but if grace and experience give flesh and form, solid argument gives bone and sinew to his weighty periods.

But as a general rule, God does not argue in the Scriptures. To do so, would be unbecoming the exalted majesty and dignity of so great and glorious a Sovereign. He did not argue light into being, nor was the sun fixed in the sky by any reasoning process as to its nature or necessity. He spoke but the word, "Let there be light," and light burst forth at his Almighty fiat. He willed there should be a sun to rule the day, and that glorious orb stood at once in the firmament of heaven. So in the Scriptures, which are a pure revelation of his mind and will, and more especially of his grace, mercy, and truth in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, God does not argue or prove, but speaks. Being a divine revelation, a spiritual unfolding of salvation by the atoning blood and meritorious obedience of the Son of God in flesh, the Gospel, though not against reason, is above it. It is altogether divine and supernatural, and as such is above the province and out of the scope and reach of logical argument. The Gospel of the grace of God is not a thing to be proved, but a truth to be believed; it is not submitted to our reasoning powers as a subject for critical examination, but is a message from God addressed to our conscience, feelings, and affections. For this reason, among others, men, fond of argument and proving everything by strict logical deduction, generally make very poor preachers. They argue and argue, and prove and prove this and that doctrine, or this and that point, delightfully to their own satisfaction, but for the most part to empty seats and yawning hearers; and while a preacher like Whitefield will, with a striking figure, or a warm appeal to the conscience, make a thrill run through thousands, a Cambridge senior wrangler will have scarce anybody but himself to appreciate his sound convincing argument that certainly there is a God, and that there is a strong probability that the Scriptures were written by divine inspiration.

When the Lord condescends to reason with man, it is on another footing, and with a different language. "Come now, and let us rea-

son together," are his own tender words. But in so speaking, he does not present any logical argument to our mental faculties, but at once addresses the conscience, and the conscience loaded with sin and guilt: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And this just meets our case; for it is not by any reasoning process that we come to know that our sins are as scarlet; nor is it by any exercise of our mental powers upon the truth of God that we come to know that, washed in the blood of the Lamb, they are as white as snow. When Christ reveals himself to our soul, then only do we see him and know him; and when he hides himself, we cannot behold him, however sound our judgment, correct our creed, or clear our experience.

And yet, though it is not by reasoning or argument, that we are either convinced of sin, or blessed with peace, yet our enlightened understanding, as the Lord the Spirit shines upon the word, and through the word into our heart, sees admirable beauty and glory in the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and in all the grand leading truths of the Gospel. If salvation through the incarnation, sufferings, bloodshedding, and death of his own co-equal and co-eternal Son be, as the Scriptures declare, the greatest depth and height of the wisdom of God, (Rom. xi. 33, Eph. iii. 9-11, Col. i. 26, 27,) we must, if we have "the mind of Christ," and are taught of God, see and admire the wisdom thus displayed. But this we see by "the eyes of our understanding being enlightened," (Eph. i. 18,) to which divinely illuminated understanding the mystery of the cross becomes "the wisdom of God." (1 Cor. i. 24.) We are not fools and dolts; we do not believe wild visionary dreams and fancies; we do not credit tales, legends, and lying miracles; nor are we led blindfolded by priests or monks, or juggled and deluded by that strange mixture of superstition, servile fear, formality, and enthusiasm by which Satan has climbed into the high places of the earth, and by a false religion, with a million diversities to suit his many-hued worshippers, has barred out Christ and his Gospel. The truth of God, which shines, as with a ray of divine light, in the Scriptures, has been brought with a divine power into our conscience, or, to speak more scripturally, "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." It is in grace as in nature. Why does a man believe there is a sun? Because he sees it up, up there above, shining gloriously in the mid-day sky. He wants no logical argument, no reasoning process to convince him of the existence of the sun, when he sees the light and feels the heat of his glorious beams. And how does he know there is a glorious Christ at the right hand of the Father, a blessed Sun of righteousness in the spiritual firmament? Because he has beheld him by the eye of faith as revealed to his soul by the power of God; because he has seen light, and felt warmed, cheered, and blessed by his soul-dissolving beams.

But as the Lord necessarily makes use of human language in the Scriptures, and all human language is of necessity based on the very constitution of the mind of man, it almost inevitably follows that the Lord, in speaking to us as men, addresses himself to the different faculties of our mind. Without professing to lay down a strict and accurate analysis of the human mind, we may say at least thus much, that men can trace in themselves four apparently distinct faculties—reasoning, imagination, conscience, and affections. We can all, in some measure, reason, fancy, feel, and love. To these four different faculties of our mind is all language addressed; and so it is in the language of God to man, as he speaks in the Scripture. To speak generally, argument is for reason, figures for imagination, admonitions for conscience, and a precious Christ and his glorious gospel for the affections.

Now, perhaps, we can see a little of the way before us, and how far the foregoing thoughts are connected with the subject of our Review.

A thick book lies upon our table printed at the Bonmahon Industrial School, and on its broad back the binder has stamped these words, "A KEY TO OPEN SCRIPTURE METAPHORS. BENJAMIN KEACH." This Mr. Keach has taken the Bible into his hands, and looked at and examined every figure, comparison, and metaphor that occurs in the sacred page; and in this thick, but not cumbersome volume, this worthy man, this laborious divine, has sought to explain the spiritual meaning of all the figures, that are so largely made use of in the sacred scriptures. But perhaps before we say anything more about good Mr. Keach and his big book, it may not be unacceptable if we drop a few remarks on the subject of figures generally.

We just now said that figures are addressed to the imagination, as distinct from the reasoning faculty; but only so that the words of truth may reach our conscience and affections. Let us see this by an example or two. God says to his people, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." He here uses a figure comparing our sins to scarlet. Now by what faculty of our spiritual mind do we realise the striking comparison of our sins to scarlet? The idea of scarlet comes before us as of blood-red dye. We have seen blood; we have seen scarlet; and at once our sins are represented to our view as of a blood-red hue, as deserving death, of which blood is a standing emblem. But it does not rest here. It comes, through this representation, to our conscience, which feels and owns the sentence true; and then the promise comes: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; that is, all their bloody stain shall be washed away, and the soul made as white as the purest snow that stands untrodden by the foot of man upon the mountain top. The conscience being thus purged from guilt, the affections flow out to a sin-pardoning God.

Again, when Jesus says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," we do not apprehend the meaning of his words by any process of reasoning; but we picture to ourselves a vine such as we have often

seen against the walls of a house. Our imagination gives a substance to this figure, as representing the union of Christ and his members. We do not want to see a vine actually with our bodily eyes, when we read John xv. The vine has been engraved previously on our mind, through the medium of our eye; and the impression having been once made there, our imagination at once, as if instinctively, recalls the picture thus already made, and gives it a present reality and force. But it does not rest here. As applied by the Spirit, it passes on to the conscience, and, through the conscience, reaches the affections, which, embracing the truth thus revealed, give it a firm dwelling-place in the heart.

This is all that we mean when we speak of figures being addressed to the imagination. We do not mean thereby a wild, visionary, roving, unhallowed fancy, such as poets and artists indulge in, or anything resembling what that great master of language has described, where he speaks of,

“The poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling  
Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.”

We mean no such carnal fancy or poetical imagination as that; but we are speaking of that sanctified faculty of the mind which, under the influences and teaching of the Holy Spirit, receives the vivid, living impression made upon the heart and conscience by Scriptural figures.

If you doubt or deny our explanation, will you tell us *how you* are made to feel the power and truth of such a figure as, “I am the good Shepherd.” You say, “I know nothing about your imagination and all that; I receive it by faith.” Of course you do, or you do not receive it at all. But it is faith acting through what is vividly and powerfully impressed on your imagination. Put it in this light. You feel sin, or you feel pardon and peace. How do you feel the guilt and burden of sin? And how do you feel the sweetness and blessedness of peace through the blood of Jesus? “By faith,” you answer. Yes, but by faith acting through the conscience; for it is in the conscience that guilt is felt; and it is in the conscience that peace is enjoyed. So with the affections. You love Jesus and his truth. How came you to love him? By faith; because “to you that believe he is precious.” But where do you love him? In your heart of hearts, your warm, living, heavenly affections. Here, then, is faith working by love, and purifying the heart; that is, as it here means, the conscience. Now, if faith work by the spiritual understanding in receiving and acknowledging the truth; if it work by the conscience in feeling guilt and pardon; if it work by the affections when it makes Christ precious, may it not work by the imagination, that is, a pure, holy, and sanctified faculty, for which we lack the appropriate word, but which is engaged in receiving the truth, through a scriptural figure. How much the “Pilgrim’s Progress” has been owned and blessed! And what is it all addressed to but our imagination? How do we realise the Slough of Despond, and the Wicket-gate, and Giant Despair, and the dark river with the pilgrims passing through, and the glorious city opening its gates to receive them, but by our imagination acting upon these striking

figures, and thus giving them a substance and a power to our hearts? If, then, a man say, "Imagination has nothing to do with religion," we answer, "My good friend, you are confusing yourself with words without understanding their meaning. Put your 'Pilgrim's Progress' on the fire-back, and the 'Holy War,' and the 'History of Little Faith,' 'Quarles's Emblems,' and many other precious books of a similar stamp; for if you discard the faculty of picturing objects as these spiritual writers have represented them, you need not keep these works as useless lumber on your shelves."

We have entered into this perhaps somewhat dry and uninteresting explanation, because it may seem, at first sight, rather startling to say that there was such a thing as imagination in a Christian heart. But as the Lord has given us imagination, as well as reasoning, conscience, affections, &c., in the work of grace and the teaching of the Spirit, he illuminates, sanctifies, and employs this faculty, to apprehend his mode of instruction by type and figure.

Whether our explanation be correct or not, this one thing is certain, that there is something in figures eminently adapted to convey instruction, and to present truth with peculiar power and force to the mind. For one person who can comprehend an argument, there are hundreds who can understand an illustration; and a figure will be stamped on the memory for life, when a proof will be forgotten in ten minutes after it has been clearly laid down. We need not wonder, therefore, that the Lord the Spirit has so filled the Holy Scriptures with figure and illustration; and that the Blessed Lord himself, who spake as never man spake, so opened his mouth in parables, which are, in fact, but extended figures.

"I have used similitudes," says the Lord, "by the ministry of the prophets;" (Hosea xii. 10;) and we need hardly say how striking and appropriate these similitudes are. Look, for instance, at the Song of Solomon. Bridegroom and bride seem to vie with each other in running through all the range of natural objects conspicuous for beauty and loveliness, to celebrate each other's beauty, and to mingle their mutual loves. Gold, silver, ivory, jewels, beryls, and sapphires as articles of cost and beauty; spikenard, calamus, cinnamon, frankincense, myrrh, and aloes as the chief spices; the rose, the lily, the pomegranate, as the sweetest and purest of scents; the palm, the cedar, the vine, the fig, the apple tree as the choicest of trees; the horse, the roe, the young hart, or fawn, as the most beautiful of animals; the dove, and especially the turtle dove, as the most fond and affectionate of birds; honey, wine, milk, as the sweetest of food; purple and scarlet as the most resplendent of colors—how the Holy Ghost glances, as it were, through all creation, from the sun walking in his brightness to the dove cooing in the shade, to set forth the beauty and glory, the love and loveliness of Christ and the Church. Whence this rich and bounteous profusion, his almost lavish prodigality of figure, as if the Holy Spirit, in writing this book by the pen of Solomon, strewed, as it were, beauty in every verse from his finger tips, unless figure and emblem were



the choicest and most suitable means of conveying a sense of Christ's beauty and blessedness, as seen by the eye of faith in union with his bride? Strip the Song of Solomon of its figures and comparisons, and you make it a mere dead and dry disquisition on the love of Christ and his Church, as much like the exquisite and beautiful Song of Songs as a dead hedge or a gate-post resembles a palm or a cedar. And not only would the Song of Solomon bleed at every pore were its figures stripped away, but the Bible generally, the blessed Bible, on which the Holy Ghost, by figure and comparison, has shed his richest unction, his sweetest and softest dew, would be almost as dead and dry as an Act of Parliament. Where would be Isaiah's glowing imagery, the beautiful figures and comparisons through which the Lord has comforted thousands of sorrowful hearts? Where Jeremiah's terrible denunciations and withering rebukes? Where Ezekiel's emblematic representations—his barber's razor, his meat by weight and water by measure, his digging through the wall, his pot with the seething bones and filthy scum? In a word, not only where would all the life and power of the Bible, but where would the Bible itself be, were the figures gone? In fact, the Bible would not be the Bible were the figures removed or tamed down to dry declarations.

God knew best how to write his own book; and he has filled it with comparisons. Look at the figures which he uses to mark out and distinguish his own chosen people. They are his sheep, his wheat, his jewels, his vessels of mercy and honor, his trees of righteousness, his virgin bride, his house and dwelling-place, his kings and priests, the lot of his inheritance, the members of his body, flesh, and bones; the crown of his head, and the spouse of his heart. The wicked in the same manner are stamped and branded by emblem and figure. They are designated as goats, chaff, tares, vessels of wrath, reprobate silver, dross, swine, wolves, a stench in God's nostrils, a generation of vipers, hatching cockatrice' eggs, and weaving the spider's web; trees twice dead, clouds without water, wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

Take the figures on both sides as descriptive of the righteous and the wicked, of which we have given but a faint specimen, and then ask yourself if it be in the power of human language or human thought, except by emblem and figure, to give such force and weight to describe the friends and foes of God. Certainly not. It is God's own language, therefore the fittest, weightiest, truest, best.

When figures are scattered in such rich profusion in the sacred pages, and where a man undertakes to explain all of them in a spiritual and experimental manner, we may well conclude that it is no common or easy undertaking, and that to have the mind of the Spirit in all his exposition, needs no ordinary spiritual man. A great depth of vital experience and a clear insight into the meaning of the Holy Ghost must be given to a man from above who undertakes to lay open figure after figure, and metaphor after metaphor; and



not only so, but a great and unusual sobriety of judgment, and a conscience made and kept very tender in the fear of God, to preserve him from running wild amidst Scripture imagery. How many light and trifling men have disgusted the saints of God by desecrating the holy figures of the Scripture by their carnal explanations and bold presumptuous intrusion into sacred mysteries, the power of which they had never known or felt; and even good men have sometimes made themselves ridiculous by attempting to open a figure, and have done it so awkwardly and confusedly as not only to destroy the meaning of the figure itself, but to make one part of their explanation contradict the other, or, what is worse, some grand Bible truth.

This great undertaking good Mr. Keach has attempted, and doubtless has done it as well as any one could have done it in his day, and better than anyone could do it in our day.

We first saw the book at a minister's house, we shall not tell how many years ago; and we hardly like to say what struck our mind at once as we glanced over the pages: "Why, here is what schoolboys call a crib," that is, an English translation of their Latin Virgil or Horace which they use on the sly, instead of working out the meaning slowly word by word by the dictionary.

Keach will give a dishonest minister almost as many sermons as there are Bible figures—all drawn out into regular heads, and the various meanings and applications laid down with much soundness and clearness. This is no objection to the book itself, but it is a great objection to the thieves that plunder it, and steal wholesale from it their texts, ideas, and sermons. When you hear a very dry methodical, doctrinal sermon, which evidently does not come from the man's heart, and is not his own by life and feeling, you probably would not greatly err if you traced it back to Dr. Gill's Commentary or Benjamin Keach's Key to open Scripture Metaphors.

This is of course the abuse, not the use of Gill and Keach, for which neither they nor Mr. Doudney, who has republished their works, are fairly responsible.

As far as any one man has grace and gifts, understanding and ability to explain the figures, Keach probably has done it as well as could be expected, but we fairly confess that we would sooner have one figure opened up by the Holy Spirit to our heart, and one soft whisper of the Lord himself to our soul than without it all the explanations which worthy Mr. Keach has given.

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NEITHER trouble your heads though you have not commentaries and expositions; pray and read, and read and pray; for a little from God is better than a great deal from men; for what is from men is uncertain, and is often lost and tumbled over and over by men; but what is from God is fixed as a nail in a sure place. There is nothing that so abides with us as what we receive from God; and the reason why Christians at this day are at such a loss as to some things is, because they are content with what comes from men's mouths, without searching and kneeling before God, to know of him the truth of things.—*Bunyan*.

## P O E T R Y.

*THE SAINTS' GRIEFS BETTER THAN THE WORLD'S JOYS.\**

WHY fret, ye saints ? Why feel forlorn  
Or yield to sore dismay,  
When evil doers lift their horn,  
And prosper in their way ?

Though in the morning they may be  
Most strangely green and gay,  
The evening comes when you shall see  
Their verdure fade away.

Tho' thorns and briars spread *your* way,  
While *theirs* is strewed with flowers ;  
And yours a dark and cloudy day,  
While theirs are golden hours ;

The glittering flash which makes their day,  
Shall die in endless night ;  
When your black clouds are chased away  
By everlasting light.

The thick impenetrable veil  
Which for awhile may hide  
The kind designs of Jesus' love  
Will soon be drawn aside.

He smites to heal, to cure he wounds ;  
And hides but to reveal  
With clearer light, that love abounds,  
While you his chastening feel.

Then rest, ye saints, upon the Lord,  
And patiently still wait,  
Because 'tis written in his word  
You're blest in every state.

What in the tearful vale below  
You cannot understand,  
Shall be unfolded when you go  
Up to Immanuel's land.

A. STURTON.

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It is not in the power of all the men on earth to make one man come to God by Christ, because it is not in their power to make men see their state by nature. And what should a man come to God for that can live in the world without him? Reason says so, experience says so, and the scriptures bear witness that so it is of a truth. It is a sight of what I am that must unroost me, that must shake my soul, and make me leave my present rest. No man comes to God by Christ but he who knows himself, and what sin hath done to him; which are the first to be known.—*Bunyan*.

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\* The above lines were written by the late Mrs. Sturton, who died a little time ago, at a very advanced age.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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DECEMBER, 1857.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?

I feel my mind much impressed to write concerning my own interest in the things of God; and, therefore, as far as I can trace a few years back, I have gathered a little of the dealings of God with my soul. Many convictions of sin I have had even from a child, and felt the necessity of a reformation in my life and conduct, and many resolutions I made; but as soon as my convictions wore off my resolutions were like the early cloud and the morning dew which pass away. When I arrived at the 20th year of my age, my mind was much impressed with these words: "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thess. i. 7, 8.) My mind was so perplexed with this subject, that I thought this was my case, and that God would display his vengeance on me in particular; that I had merited his displeasure more than any other man. I had been instructed better in my childhood by my parents, but as soon as I had got the reins of government in my own hands, as going where I liked, and spending my time and money as I chose, great were the lengths of iniquity I ran into; but was never satisfied, nor had my heart's content. I wanted more money than I could procure, although I then had good employment and wages; yet I was so ungrateful and wicked that I have sworn at and cursed that God who, in his distinguishing mercy, had preserved me.

From the sin of drunkenness to that of Sabbath breaking, I added drunkenness to thirst; rebelling against God because I could not have my fill of sin. I was at times reproved for my conduct, but that only made me more obstinate. Still I had convictions, and my conscience often reproved me in the words of wisdom, (Eccl. xi. 9, 10,) "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The thought of being brought to judgment seemed still to harden my heart against God, thinking it hard that man was to be damned for enjoying himself on the Sabbath, after working hard all the week; for of all my sins, Sabbath-breaking lay the heaviest to my charge; for I knew God had said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." This spoiled my pleasures, which I could fain have delighted in;

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and something must be done to ease my conscience. Accordingly I attended a place of worship once on a Sunday, for I thought that might be sufficient, and that I might visit the ale-house in the evening; but no; for this I must be brought to judgment; and I knew that everlasting destruction would be the punishment of all those who know not God. I still attended the place of worship; and as I had in my childhood often heard mention made of the fear of God, I thought it consisted in attending on the means of grace, in reforming from vice, in leaving bad company, and in fearing to take the name of God in vain. This seemed a better performance than I ever before conceived of. Accordingly I attended three times on a Lord's Day upon the means of grace; and soon my old companions began to mock and jeer me. I now took to reading the Bible, especially the law of Moses, wishing to know the requirements of God therein, vainly thinking I could perform them. I also attempted to pray, but seemed to have such a sense of the purity of God, when on my knees, that I could not utter a sentence nor a word. Sometimes, under the ministry of the word, I was led to view the spirituality of the law, as the Saviour explains it, saying, "Whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her, committeth adultery with her in his heart; and he that is angry with his brother without a cause is a murderer." Here my supposed goodness vanished; for adulterers God will judge, and murder deserves the punishment of hell. Besides all this, when I was in a place of worship, I often detected my eyes noticing the apparel of various persons present; and this the law of God condemned; so that with all my chapel-going I was still a Sabbath-breaker; and as I felt myself under the wrath of God, and knowing no way of escape, I thought endless perdition would be my lot; and the thought of eternity, never, never to have an end, made it appear truly awful.

When speaking of these things to my new companions, they exhorted me to look to Jesus Christ for salvation, as I could not do anything of myself; to believe in Christ, and come and be baptized, I suppose. At this time the name of Jesus was a strange name upon my lips. I knew him not. Many invitations did they hold out to me from the word of God; but the very invitations they were holding out I felt the greatest hatred to, such as these: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." It appeared to me that in coming to Christ there is a preparatory work, which I knew nothing about; and on hearing a sermon from, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness mighty to save," (Isa. lxi. 1,) the way of salvation was set forth, and the greatest encouragement held out to Jerusalem sinners; Saul, Manasseh, and others. This encouraged me a little, since they obtained mercy; but another obstacle was now in my way, viz., those persons were elect. I might not be elected, and if I were not, these blessings were not for me. I

also thought this passage against me, "The election hath obtained it," therefore they are brought to the light, "and the rest are blinded." I thought, surely I must be a reprobate, as I am both blind, deaf, and dumb. My prayer in secret was, "O Lord, I beseech thee, open my blind eyes, unstop my deaf ears, lead me in thy paths, teach me thy statutes." I had heard of the Triune Jehovah, (which is to me a great mystery still,) but how to comprehend these things seemed impossible; yet the belief of it was essential to salvation. I had heard of God the Father's love, and of his Son Jesus Christ dying for sin, but of the person and work of the Holy Ghost, I had heard nothing; only I had observed that the Church of England, in its Prayer-book, mentioned all the three Persons, and that these three are one.

It was now my lot to be removed to another part of the country, where I wrote a letter to a friend. (This was Whit-Sunday, 1811.) My friend answered my letter; and these were his concluding words, "O may the Holy Spirit lead thee; and as it is his office to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to the soul, may he lead thee into the truth as it is in Jesus." This part of his letter engaged my attention for nearly five weeks, after which I went and heard his minister from John xvi. 14: "He shall glorify me, for he shall take of mine, and show it unto you." This was the first time I ever heard the work of the Spirit set forth. It seemed cheering to my spirit, although I had no knowledge of interest in it. Eternity was still open to my view, and I could see those were the elect to whom the Spirit made known the things of Christ; but I was under the dreadful apprehensions of eternal misery. And of this text; "You shall see them come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves shut out." And this: "I have called, but ye refused, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." Now I could use the following lines, which I had often read when a child:

"Where shall I go? What shall I do?  
Who will relieve my troubles, who?  
If Jesus do not heal my wound,  
My place in hell will soon be found."

But when my mind was thus overwhelmed in distress, these words of Jesus sounded in my ears, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." I was struck with astonishment, and said, "One so vile as I?" The words again, full of power, reached my heart, saying, "This man receiveth sinners." "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Sweetly then came these lines of Hart:

"He is able, he is willing, doubt no more.  
All the fitness he requireth is to feel your need of him.  
This he gives you, 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.  
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call."

With what delight could I now behold the love of God to me, sinful me. How could I see the tragic scene on Mount Calvary, and reflect on my sins, which had been the cause of that torture being

inflicted on the holy Son of God, and see the utter impossibility of knowing anything of this nature, without the work of the Holy Spirit revealing these things to the soul. For man had never conveyed such things to me. But one thing still gave me some grief, viz., I could not believe but that these blessings were too great for me who am so vile; yet I could use the words of one of old, and say, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." The Scriptures, which before appeared sealed, were now opened, and I beheld the electing love of God from all eternity, and my interest in it. The invitations of Christ were now full of love and power. When he said, "Come unto me," my heart's reply was, "Teach me thy way, lead me in the way everlasting." I could use the words of David, and say, "My meditations of him were sweet; yea, better than thousands of gold and silver." I found that all the promises are yea and amen in him; and, as the apostle says, "He that establisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." (2 Cor. i. 21, 22.) And through the redemption of Christ, I had access to God the Father as one of his family, was blessed with Abraham, and partook of the joys in part which he was in possession of. The world now was nothing to me; and I was persuaded that tribulation or distress, persecution or famine, nakedness or peril, or sword, &c., could never separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Jesus had given himself for me, and what could he give more? He became my Saviour from the curse of the law, and my Redeemer from the lowest pit of hell; and it appeared to me that if I had not been snatched away that very moment, endless misery must have been my doom; therefore I must say, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Christ became my physician; he healed my wounded spirit; yea, he shed his love abroad in my heart, and pardoned my sins. I was once blind, but now I saw; once deaf, but now I heard. I was come, and my delights were in the ways of God. I loved the things I once hated, and the company I once despised I clave unto. And the apostle declares that "by this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." And it is said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Christ's love was manifested in his laying down his life for us, and we ought to love one another. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him;" and our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, that dwelleth in us. It was the work of the Spirit to convince me of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.

St. Mary's Cray, Kent, July 1st, 1821.

J. B.

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THOUGH man be changeable, yet God stands to his purpose and promise; appearing righteous in his works, either in conquering a sinner by his justice, or overcoming and removing of his sin, through grace by faith; and so saving the sinner; ordering the very sin of the elect to exalt his mercy; though sin is not in its own nature, but by divine wisdom the cause of glorifying God's grace. And so most justly he punisheth the sinful world for their own sins, and the sins of the elect in their Mediator.—*Dorney.*



## GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

I ALWAYS feel a great unwillingness to obtrude myself on public notice more than absolute necessity may require, and have therefore considerable hesitation in bringing the following letters before the readers of the "Gospel Standard;" but, as most of my friends who have read them have felt much interest in their perusal, and have rejoiced with me in the glad tidings communicated, I have been induced to comply with their expressed wishes to make them more widely known; and I hope, in doing so, I desire to seek the glory of God. Apart from all personal considerations, it may rejoice our hearts to see that the Lord has a people in other countries as well as our own. Of course, where self is in question, it is extremely difficult to judge righteous judgment; but, as I had not the least hand in the matter, and well know that the truths which I endeavor to set forth are only acceptable to the poor and needy children of God, I may well hope that the translation into Dutch of my sermons and their great circulation in Holland, afford some evidence that the Lord has a people there who love and fear his name. A few words, however, of explanation may be necessary to give a clearer understanding of the circumstances under which the first of the following letters was written.

I received some time ago a very kind and friendly letter from a minister in London, mentioning that he had, in the providence of God, a short time before, visited Holland, and that at Rotterdam he had met with a Dutch gentleman who asked him if he knew me, and could furnish him with my address. On his answering in the affirmative, the gentleman showed him several volumes of my sermons which had been translated into Dutch, and which, he said, were much read and valued by the children of God in Holland. In my answer to his letter, as he had mentioned he was likely soon again to visit Rotterdam, I begged him to mention to his Dutch friend that I should be happy to receive a letter from him. The first letter, which I have translated from the Dutch as faithfully as the two languages, so different in idiom, admit, it will be seen was sent to me in consequence of this reply.

The second, which was written in English, was sent to me by one of the publishers of my sermons in the same country, and has no connection whatever with the first letter.

I cannot but say that I felt both humbled and softened in my soul at the receipt of these glad tidings, and was enabled to bless and praise the Lord's gracious name for his kind condescension in making any use of one so unworthy to take even his name into his polluted lips. Though my prayers and supplications have been up to the Lord that he would bless me to the souls of his saints, yet I never sought even here, still less in a foreign land, to spread anything that fell from my lips or pen, knowing well how much the pride of the flesh and self-exaltation mingle with such matters, and being perfectly conscious that it is with the Lord alone to bless whom and what he will bless. My feeling has ever been this—if any

thing spoken or written in the Lord's name be worth living, he will make it live; if worth spreading, he will make it spread; if not, let it all die and come to nought.

I felt also as an additional reason for bringing forward the first letter that it would be read with interest as unfolding a little of the present religious condition of Holland, and though a dark cloud of unbelief and infidelity broods over that land, yet there evidently are bright gleams that break through.

Stamford, Nov. 18th, 1857.

J. C. PHILPOT.

Respected Sir,—It is now about three years since the glad news became generally spread among the people of God, that your sermons had been translated into Dutch, purchased by many persons, and read and re-read by not a few with an insatiable pleasure; and this in consequence of the hunger, which, by God's grace, is still felt by many in Holland; a hunger not after natural bread, and a thirst not after the water of the river Maas that flows by Rotterdam. Many a soul amongst that people, which, in self, is ever poor and wretched, has been revived and refreshed by the precious grain strewed by your hands; and the indispensable growth of that grain, which alone proceeds from God the Holy Ghost, is, to the praise of free grace, both here and elsewhere not been withheld.

To me also was the privilege given to purchase one of your sermons, to read aloud to my wife and friends; and, in truth, as a blessing attended it, this sermon to use an expression of an excellent but departed friend, "created a taste for more." \* In consequence I kept buying and reading one sermon after another, until I have now in my possession all your sermons, (about fifty-four in number,) which have been translated into Dutch,† besides your answer to the question, "What is it that saves a Soul?"

But just in proportion as I found and received more and more food for my soul from your sermons, (and I must confess that in these things I live, and in them is the life of my spirit,) there arose a strong involuntary desire in my heart to learn to know more about you. And every now and then among the people was the question asked, "Who is this J. C. Philpot, a man so taught by the Holy Spirit? Where and when did he live? Is he still in this wilderness, or has he already entered into the heavenly Canaan?" These and several other questions about you were not seldom asked of me, and exchanged amongst us. But my inquiries continued fruitless; my questions remained unanswered; no one knew these particulars about you more than myself; and so my hope vanished like smoke to become ever better acquainted with you.

But wonderful even in this case have been the ways of God, as I have frequently found before by experience. When we give up all heart, when our counsel is all come to an end, that is often the Lord's time to appear. Just see it in this case. Some weeks ago, the Lord

\* The Dutch is very expressive, "Het smaakte naar meer," literally, "It smacked after more."

† I understand that another volume has been published.

sent me a person, whom you knew, Mr. —, from London. He happened to come to the counting-house of Messrs. —, where I am chief manager. When I learnt that he was a preacher in London, I at once asked him if he were acquainted with you. "Yes," was his answer, "I know Mr. P. very well; and he is yet alive; but he does not live in London." Upon this I related to him how your sermons had been translated into Dutch, and also what a great desire there was to buy and read them. I also told him how closely I felt knit to you in spirit; and I begged him, if possible, to favor me with your address and residence. "That I certainly will do," was his answer. And now all that he promised is fulfilled; for through the free goodness of the Lord, and his providential disposing, I have now your address and place of abode in your own handwriting, for which I return you my friendly thanks.

And now let me address myself more particularly to you.

Forgive, respected Sir, the liberty taken by a stranger, unknown to you even by sight, and separated from you by the sea, but one who feels, in and through the Spirit, that you, in a spiritual sense, are one of the same family. Forgive, and count it not amiss that I take the liberty of writing to you these few lines; and, in my opinion, I think I have a ready inducement so to do, since you, in your letter to Mr. —, which I have read, use these striking words: "*There were formerly in Holland many distinguished Christians; but I understand that vital godliness, for the most part, has sunk there to a very low ebb.*"

As you will remark, I have underlined your words, and feel willing to communicate to you something (for *all* is impossible) of our present state. But do you see with me in this point? And in the first place, may I ask do you mean preachers and people, as well as the professors in the universities? Alas! your supposition is too true, and is not a mere fancy.\* It is so. "The peculiar people," are not now so numerous as they were formerly; and the doctrine of the Bible, and that of our fathers, which was founded upon the word of God, and compared with which they held life and goods cheap, is, sad to say, by their cowardly descendants, not only dragged in the mud, but trodden under foot. A pestilential teaching has thoroughly penetrated through all the higher and lower schools in Holland, so that even the precious word of God is banished from the greater part of the schools; and through the venom so strewed, thousands are poisoned; and alas! through that circumstance, my beloved country, where God has wrought so many wonders, has thereby declared that it has no longer need of the God of its fathers. If Satan have thus mounted the throne, and if he rule as supreme amongst us, (through the Lord's permission,) and if God do not preserve us, we are all undone. If you would wish to read some account of the erroneous and lying spirit which is openly proclaimed in Holland, as from the house-tops, I will, with your permission, buy you a work of Mr. Is. Da Costa, entitled, "What is Taught and Delivered, by the Theological Faculty at Leyden. A Voice of Woe and Lamentation." By this you will perfectly

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\* Literally, "grasped out of the air."

understand the present religious condition of Holland, and will indeed see that there are not now so many Christians as formerly. But, through mercy, there are still a few men who blow the Gospel trumpet. There are still those who will not keep silence, but lift up their voice loudly in defence of the truth against these lies. There are still on Zion's walls watchmen who pray earnestly for the peace of Jerusalem.

You speak, in the second place, of the spiritual condition of Holland, and say that "vital godliness is here at a low ebb." If I do not mistake, I understand you to mean by the expression, "vital godliness," the inward spiritual life of the children of God. And alas! on this point generally one must speak with the mourning prophet, "O that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep over the condition of Zion here." "Ah! how is the gold become dim!" Much more is heard spoken about points of disunion and disagreement than on points of agreement and union. These things should not so be. One says I am of Paul, another I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ. And I ask sometimes with Paul, "Is Christ divided?" Alas! this is the greatest of all our condemnation that because the tongues are so confounded, the children of God do not understand each other now as once they did. But the Lord, the faithful Three-in-One covenant God, will himself again once more arise to heal what is now so lamentably broken, and to gather together what is now so widely scattered. When? In his own time. "Watchman, what of the night? The morning is come and yet it is night."\* Come, Lord, heal the breaches of thy people. O, Lord Jesus, come quickly, redeem Israel from all her distresses. But God be thanked, for Jesus Christ's sake, his only and eternal Son, through the Holy Ghost, there are here, as in the days of the man of God, thousands who have not bowed their knee to Baal. There are both preachers and people who contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

And—but what more shall I add? Already I have perhaps put your patience too much to the proof, for this letter is already much longer than I intended when I began to write. Yet a few words more. Though we and our fathers have grievously sinned and *our* sin and guilt, together with the guilt of the land and the church, press us sore, yet, through the light which God the Holy Ghost, for Christ's sake, sheds abroad, we are at various moments deeply humbled, confess our guilt, and fall down into the dust; we mourn sore like doves, with this cry gushing out of the depth of the soul, "Pity, us, O Lord, pity, and show mercy. To us belong shame and confusion of face, but righteousness belongeth unto thee. We have sinned; do to us that which is good in thine eyes; only deliver us in our time, O Lord." Surely the Lord does not deal with us after our sins, nor reward us according to our iniquities. He is the Lord, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth even to this day. Peace alone through the blood of the cross.

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\* This is the translation of Isaiah xxi. 12 in the Dutch version of the Scriptures.

Will you be so good, dear Sir, if the Lord will, and give you time and inclination, as to send me a reply to my letter as early as possible. And may the Lord give you an understanding illuminated with divine light that you may write such things as shall be suited to our necessities, and for the building up of our mourning Zion here upon her most holy faith. Tell me if a spiritual union has been formed betwixt you and me; and do you feel disposed now and then, if the Lord will, to allow me the liberty of corresponding with you?

I have procured, according to your request, some of your works which have been translated into Dutch, which I send to you through your friend.

Send me word if they all are translated correctly and genuinely, and how you like the prefaces in Dutch which have been prefixed to some of your sermons; also if you are acquainted with the translators, and knew that so many had been translated.

And now I have taken the liberty which you gave me in your letter to Mr. — to write to you in Dutch, as I find that you are acquainted with that language, and I can express myself more readily in my mother tongue. If possible, write to me back in the same language, but if not, write to me in English.

Yours in the Lord,

Rotterdam, Sep. 30th, 1857.

G. T.

Dear Sir,—Having long ago intended to write to you, I take the liberty to do so now.

I have become acquainted with your name by reading one of your sermons on Psa. xliii. 3: "Send forth thy light and thy truth."

This sermon I have translated into Dutch; and because I found so much excellent and precious truth in it, I have published it at a very low price, as I thought that in our country just such sermons were wanted. Not that we have not even here in Holland faithful watchmen. O yes! thanks be to God, who continues to supply us with some,—I say some in comparison to the many who ought to be shepherds of the flock of Christ; and, it is sad to say, they are wolves, trying to disperse the flock; and they do not practise the word of the prophet Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Since then I have also published a few more of your sermons, and I must tell you, Sir, that the people of God find food convenient for them therein. They say, "O give, give; supply us with the sermons of J. C. Philpot."

And now those sermons are among the most celebrated and extensively read in our country.

I should feel infinitely obliged to you, Sir, if I might have all your sermons and other writings. And my request is that you will go on publishing sermons. May the Lord, who gives so great a blessing on these sermons, continue to make them serviceable to the extension of his kingdom; and that his poor people may long be fed with them, is my sincere wish.

The Lord, who has got his children everywhere, and makes the one a means of comfort to another, move your heart to send me a

reply; for, besides myself, there are a great many friends who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, who would feel honored to receive an answer to these lines.

Trusting to your kindness for sending me an answer very soon,  
I remain, with many prayers for you, Dear Sir,

Your humble Servant and Brother in Christ Jesus,

Heeg, Province of Friesland, Oct. 16th, 1857.

H. B.

## A PRECIOUS FAITH IS A TRIED FAITH.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—I received yours on the 18th of January, and was sorry to hear you were so bad in your head. I hope, if the Lord will, it will soon be better; and may the Holy Ghost work in you all that you may grow in grace and in knowledge of the Father as your Father, of Jesus as your Saviour and Redeemer, and of the Holy Ghost as your Guide and Sanctifier, witnessing with your spirits that you are the chosen of God the Father's love, the purchase of God the Son's blood, and God the Holy Ghost's conquest. O, my dear brother, how rich the blessing, how great the mercy to be conquered by grace! to have subduing grace, reigning grace; so that as sin has reigned in us unto death, so might grace reign in us unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord; for I do feel and believe that if we are Christians, it was because we could not help it. Mark! I do not mean to say God saves against the will; O no; but he makes us willing in the day of his power, or none would be saved in God's way; for every one is turned to his own way, none to God's way; and I live to prove every day that nature and grace are two opposites, and never will be otherwise in this time state.

Dear brother, I am almost like a sparrow alone upon the house-top; but, bless the Lord, I am not alone. "Woe be to him that is alone when he falleth." And the apostle saith some have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof; from such turn away. But I have no trouble; if I hold forth the power, (that, as Paul saith, it is by the exceeding greatness of God's power that any of us believe,) they soon turn away from me. Others say they want no work within; it's all in Christ the Head. I believe all such faith to be a dead faith, only an historical faith; for I prove a living faith is, and must, and will be, a tried faith. "O! you have no business to have any doubts or fears now you believe." So they soar far above my head; they seem all in heaven, or all sure of heaven at all times, when I find myself the subject of doubts and fears; so I have fightings without and fears within; and I do not see the need of faith but for unbelief; and a precious faith is a tried faith. One that is forced to look to the Lord for food and clothing, both for soul and body, will find his soul a sink of sin and unbelief at times, until faith relies, the Spirit testifies, unbelief is subdued, the soul comforted, Christ glorified, and the poor sinner satisfied. Christ is glorified by giving out of his fulness, and the poor and needy are satisfied by



receiving out of this, fulness, which is only suitable for empty sinners.

Dear brother, I feel it would be a solemn mockery to ask God for what I have in abundance already. Jesus has promised to be a present help in all times of need; so there is a need felt, yea, and deeply felt too often. Christ has in himself a fulness of grace, so that he has a grace to bestow suitable to our several needs; for it pleased the Lord that in him a fulness should dwell, so that his poor and needy ones might come boldly to a throne of grace, to obtain mercy, and find grace to help them in all times of need.

You said in yours, dear brother, that obeying is better than sacrifice. In this I agree with you; and hearkening better than the fat of rams. And when I am clothed, and in my right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus, having a feeling sense of God's goodness, mercy, and love towards me, through the dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, O then I feel ashamed that I should so doubt his word and promises any more; and well am I brought to know and feel that the rebellious dwell in a dry land. But if any friend of the Lord, or a brother of mine in the path of tribulation, could tell me how I am to stop that evil current within, I would gladly hear them, or any of those that can boast of living above all doubts and fears; for I can assure you, I fall very short of so high a standing. Christ said, "Ye are they that have continued with me in my temptations, and I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed me, and you shall eat and drink with me at my table." Now, my dear brother, I do not feel that I disobey the Lord by meeting with those poor, tempted, and tried ones, who appear to be the only family he has been pleased to spread his table for; only these poor and needy ones, who have continued with him partaking of the same kind of trials and troubles as his were from the cradle to the cross. I believe this is what is meant by the temptations in that text, and that text cuts off nine-tenths of those that attempt to sit around his table in our day. O, how I do desire to love him! And his poor and needy, and tried and tempted ones, I esteem as the excellent of the earth.

I hope you will feel that I read yours in a good spirit, and wrote this in the same, as an answer to yours, to show you that I have no wish to disobey the Lord, but desire to love him more, and serve him better.

Yours in the best of bonds,

W. P.

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WHEN the dying love of Christ comes into the heart, and there opposes and counteracts the workings of obdurate hardness, infidelity, and black despair, what strange emotions, what pleasing sensations, what self-abasement, what unutterable love and gratitude doth this draw forth to the sinner's best Friend! O that you may enjoy much of this better part which crucifies us to this world, and this world to us; and then we shall take a part of our inheritance with us to sweeten the bitter cups that may fall to our lot in this waste and dreary wilderness, where there are so many briers and thorns, which often tease and torment this body of flesh and blood.—*Huntington.*

## A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER IN THE INDIAN ARMY.

The following letter will, we believe, be read with interest, and, we hope, it may stir up a spirit of prayer for the brethren who are in the midst of all these horrid scenes in India. Poonah, whence the letter is dated, is in the Bombay Presidency, and therefore removed from the scene of conflict now going on in the north-western provinces; but the Bombay native army is in a very disordered condition, and nothing but the severest measures have prevented the Sepoy regiments there from breaking out into open mutiny. Baker, whose letter was inserted in our October No., has been hitherto providentially spared, though the regiment to which he belongs has been in nine engagements, and has done great service in putting down the rebellion. In one action, the whole regiment must have been cut to pieces if the enemy had not taken their aim too high. The grape shot just passed over their heads, and they rushed on and captured the guns. There are nine who have been united together in church fellowship, but are now scattered in the different presidencies. These particulars have been communicated to us by the friend who has kindly favored us with the following letter.—ED.

My dear Brother in the everlasting Covenant of Truth,—May grace and peace be multiplied unto you from God our Father through our Lord Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal. This is a mystery to the world, how we are in Christ and Christ in us; to see the greatest sinners stopped in their wild career, and a new life led by them. And though he, poor sinner, will be sure to set to work to establish his own righteousness, by pinning some fig-leaves together, little thinking that God sees through them all, yet when the Lord is pleased to reveal himself more fully to him, he sees that all his works are filthy rags. Nothing but the righteousness of Jesus will then do for him.

My dear brother, this is not the work of a day; but, in his own time, he that began the good work will never leave nor forsake it; for he is bound to bring you home. His word is, "It is finished." Then why those doubts and fears? Why those groans? Because of the evil of our wicked hearts. Who can know it? None but those poor sinners who are brought to see their lost state by the light of the holy and blessed Spirit. They only can tell of the deceitful heart of man. But when they are brought to see they are lost, by the same light are they in due time brought to see their safety, and that they are founded on a Rock. This, my brother, is the evidence of the life within our poor souls; yet how much a mere profession is taken and painted up for life by thousands who are dead in sin and iniquity. Yet for all this we should not look for anything else, for we are sure that these are the last times, and that our blessed Redeemer will soon come to claim his own reward, for which he suffered so much, and take to himself his Eve, his darling, for whom he died and for whom he now stands at the right hand of power to plead, while she sojourns in this time state.

O, dear brother, I have no doubt but you will be surprised to hear of our little church being scattered all over this country. I am like the sparrow on the house-top; another poor brother at Sattara; two more at Mhow; three at Aurungabad. But what shall we say to these things but that the Lord's will be done in all things? But depend upon it that flesh and blood will stand for what it calls its right; and O the dreadful state that we are in! To the natural man it looks horrid; but we know that

"Not a single shot can hit,  
Till the Lord of Love sees fit."

Yet it is a most shocking thing. We do not know one hour from another that all the natives will not rise against us. There are nearly twenty to one, as there are not more than two or three regiments of British. It would surprise you were you to hear the tenth of all the affairs, and the dreadful way in which they have treated the poor women and children. But what shall we say to it all? You know it is not for us to say; but flesh will be flesh; and only in his own time will the Lord bring it down.

So, my dear brother, I hope that your brother is alive and well. His troop is at Kurrachee; and there is nothing going on there of any moment. They are taking away the arms of one Sepoy regiment. They have blown several men from the mouth of the guns, which I have no doubt your brother will send and tell you of. But where it will all end I cannot say at present; but I hope that I shall write to you in the course of next month, when I hope that the Master will give a little bit that may prove savory to your soul; but you know that it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of the Lord that showeth mercy.

I have sent your letter to brother Badcock, so he will send it on to the other brethren. As for poor brother Baker, he has left the Bombay Presidency. He has been all through the hottest of the fight in Bengal, and up to the early part of this month he speaks of all the brethren enjoying good health, and none of them have lost their lives at present; and I hope that the Lord will keep them from all danger.

This is all I can say at present; but I hope that the Lord may keep you in the knowledge of himself. This is the prayer of your unworthy brother. Pray for us.

Poonah, September 28, 1857.

S. SHELLY.

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WHAT shall we think of those called Christians who never visit Pagan shores but with a view to plunder the inhabitants? What must the old Indian inhabitants of Mexico and Peru think of the religion of the Spaniards? What must the inhabitants of Hindostan think of the Christianity of the English? Must not the conduct of the Company's servants in the East Indies fix in the breasts of the unhappy natives an indelible disgust against the name of Christ, as the patron of ruffians? I fear it, and I think upon solid and scriptural grounds that the time is coming when a just God will revenge the tyranny of that infamous Company, and plead the cause of the unhappy Pagans with the whole British nation; and who shall be able to stand when an avenging God shall stir up himself as a man of war against us?—*Macgowan.*

## THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MRS. HOOPER.

Dear Brother in Christ,—You have my sincere thanks for your favor; I read it with peculiar pleasure, and the smell of it I found to be as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.

I could have wished you had not confined yourself to a sheet of paper, and, instead of a mere sketch of your travels, you had given me a map of your journey. Your path I well know from first to last; and I believe the Lord has given us one heart and one way. I can freely communicate to you what God has done for my soul; I would wish you to come and see me. I can assure you that my house and my heart are open to receive you.

I know you to be a man of understanding, and what God has showed to me you are willing to draw from me; but there are many things I should not wish to commit to paper, which, at the same time, I could freely communicate to you. However, in compliance with your request, I will give you a few of the outlines of what God has taught me by his Law and Gospel, with a view that you may be led to admire the grace of God manifested to such a rebel.

I will begin where the Lord, through Mr. Jenkins's ministry, first began with me. When I first heard Mr. J., I was in possession of as much false faith, false hope, and false joy, as I think it is possible for a mortal to attain to by the letter of the Gospel; and I said that Mr. J. could not touch the work on my soul. I heard him occasionally for some time, and wondered much at his condemning spirit; but when the message came to me, as Nathan's did to David, "Thou art the man!" then, and not till then, did it shake my Babel building, though I knew that if he were right, my religion was naught. This, however, I could not admit; for I was quite secure in my nest. However, after hearing him some time, my false faith began to give way, and I saw it was nothing but presumption. Next, my hope was removed as a tree, and my joy was withered, though before I was mounted up to the third heavens, and I was left without help and without hope. This made dreadful work within. The Law entered, and the commandment came with its condemning power. I found that the carnal mind was enmity against God, and I do believe no rebel ever found more of it against God than myself. Intolerable hardness of heart did I feel! Fain would I have fled from under the hand of God! but O I could not! Faith I had in the justice of God; but that was all. I knew that he was immutable, and that not one jot or tittle of his word should fail. I knew he was sovereign in the dispensations of his favors, and that He would have mercy on whom he would have mercy, and that I had procured my own damnation. Prayer, which used to be my delightful exercise, I could not be found in; and these words used to cut me to the heart, "The sacrifices of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord." If I attempted to go to God, ten thousand worldly concerns would crowd into my mind at the time. I at times forgot what I came to God for, and I thought that by attempting it I in-

creased my own condemnation, while Satan set in with some dreadful temptations, too horrid to name.

My troubles I kept much to myself the first twelve months, as I thought my case was singular; but when I came under the ministry of the word, I found my case described, and would sometimes feel hope dawn when I could see anything of the footsteps of the flock in my experience. But Mr. J. would always cut me off in the matter of faith, in this manner. After he had been led to describe my very feelings, he never left the subject till he had asserted that in such a soul there was true faith; though convinced of that, during the three years I sat under his ministry, I heard only one sermon but what condemned me; and that was about a year and a half after I first heard him. Under that sermon I had a glimpse of the person of Christ, which drew out all my heart and affections after him. I rejoiced in this, and nursed this frame, as it was attended with some joy, till I lost it, and down I went again into the depths; and deeper did I go than I had gone before! Thus did it continue till the time of my deliverance.

During this year and a half, I was expecting every day to be quite deprived of my rationality; and for aught I could see, the mad-house was to be the place of my residence in this world, and eternal damnation my portion in the next!

O my dear brother, you know what these depths are, because you have been there. Surely I may say, "It is of the Lord's mercy I was not consumed." However, I was at last brought to see that it all depended on one act of God's sovereign will whether to save or damn me; but whether that act would be put forth in a way of wrath or mercy I knew not. Here was the death of legal hopes; but when my strength was all gone, then did the Lord appear for me, brought about my deliverance, and set me in safety from the enemy that had long puffed at me. This was in February, 1797, under a sermon preached by Mr. J. from these words: "I have chastened thee sore, but have not given thee over unto death." Then was the banner of everlasting love displayed, a day much to be remembered. The Lord gave me faith to lay hold on the hem of his garment, which I found was sufficient to answer all the demands of law and justice. I then indeed drank so as to forget my poverty and to remember my misery no more; and for fifteen months was I led in a sweet path, enjoying as much of heaven as mortality could bear up under. The banqueting house afforded sweet refreshment; the path of tribulation, which leads to the kingdom, was kept out of sight; and I hoped never to have been brought from the visions of the mount; but to have been taken from this mount to my eternal inheritance. But since then I have been brought to experience something of what Paul experienced when he said "he was pressed above measure, so that he despaired even of life;" and I have gone mourning because of the oppression of the enemy.

Though I believe that vindictive wrath and unatoned guilt I shall never experience more, yet I know my old man will procure me a large share of fatherly chastisement; but though he has pro-

promised to visit my transgressions with rods and my iniquity with stripes, yet at the same time he has promised he will not utterly take away his loving kindness nor suffer his faithfulness to fail."

Thus far, my dear brother, have I complied with your request, and shall expect to hear from you again, and likewise to see you.

May the best blessings rest upon you, and may you never be left to hide your talent in a napkin. I believe the Lord intends to make you useful in your day and generation. I shall always be glad to see the productions of your pen; and I would advise you to stir up the gift that God has given you for the good of others. May we bear each other on our minds at the throne of grace.

That the Lord may send you help from the sanctuary, and strengthen you, is the prayer of, Your sister in the Lord,

Old House, July 15th, 1798.

MARY HOOPER.

NEVER did man yet catch harm by the enjoyment and fulness of the grace of God. There is no fear of excess, or of surfeiting here. Grace makes no man proud, no man wanton, no man haughty, no man careless or negligent as to his duty that is incumbent upon him, either from God or man. No. Grace keeps a man low in his own eyes, humble, self-denying, penitent, watchful, savory in good things, charitable; and makes him kindly affectionate to the brethren, pitiful and courteous to all men.—*Bunyan*.

As for me, I labor under the scourge of many tongues; I shall be everything that is bad while alive, and everything that is good when dead. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I can but finish my course with joy, and the ministry that I have received, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." I know in whom I have believed, whom I love, and whom I serve with a pure conscience. My reward is before me, and my work is with my God. He alone called and commissioned me; he sent me and blessed me, and he will keep, save, own, and acknowledge me, and receive me to himself when the building of mercy is completed, and the top-stone brought forth with the double shout of "Grace, grace, unto it!"—*Huntington*.

WE do not wonder to see a man of strong constitution, that eats his bread heartily and sleeps soundly, live; but for a crazy body, full of pains and infirmities, to be so patched and shored up by the physician's art that he stands to old age, this begets some wonder in the beholders. It may be thou art a poor trembling soul, thy faith is weak, and thy assaults from Satan strong; thy corruptions stirring and active, and thy mortifying strength little; so that, in thy opinion, they rather gain ground on thy grace than give ground for it. Ever and anon thou art ready to think thou shalt be cast a wreck on the devil's shore; and yet to this day thy grace lives, though full of leaks. Now, is it not worth the stepping aside to see this strange sight? A broken ship, with masts and hull rent and torn, thus towed along by Almighty power through an angry sea and armadoes of sins and devils, safely into his harbor? To see a poor taper or rush candle in the face of the boisterous wind, and not blown out? In a word, to see a weak stripling of grace held up in God's arms till he defeats the devil? This God is doing in upholding thee; thou art one of those babes out of whose mouth God is perfecting his praise, by ordaining such strength for thee, that thou, a babe in grace, shalt yet foil a giant in wrath and power.—*Gurnall*.



## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—You would much oblige a few inquiring friends by an exposition of 2 Cor. ii. 16: "To the one we are a savor of death unto death, and to the other a savor of life unto life." Does it mean that the Gospel has two powers, one of supplying spiritual life, the other of condemning those who are spiritually dead? Can the same Gospel possess a life-giving principle and a death-dealing power? An answer will greatly oblige,

Yours in the truth,  
B. T.

## ANSWER.

It does not at all follow because the same thing produces two different effects that it necessarily possesses two distinct principles. The same sun which warms the earth in spring, and makes the grass to grow and the corn to sprout, hatches also maggots in a dunghill; and the same summer rays which give health and strength to the pale invalid, draw up fever and ague from the stagnant marsh. But this does not prove the existence of two distinct principles of warmth in the sun itself. To use a more scriptural figure, the pillar of the cloud which gave light by night to the camp of Israel was a cloud and darkness to the camp of the Egyptians. (Ex. xiv. 20.) But the pillar of the cloud was one and the same. So, because the servants of God are unto him "a sweet savor of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish," being "to the one the savor of death unto death, and to the other the savor of life unto life," it proves neither that they preach two gospels, nor that the gospel which they preach possesses two distinct principles.

The expression of being "a sweet savor unto God," is a figure taken from the burnt sacrifices of the Old Testament. Thus we read that when Noah burnt offerings on the altar, after the flood, "The Lord smelled a sweet savor;" in other words, that the sacrifice was pleasing and acceptable in his sight. So we read, "I will accept you with your sweet savor when I bring you out from the people." (Ezek. xx. 41.) And the apostle tells the Philippian believers that the things which were sent from them to him were "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." In this sense, the Gospel, and those who preach it under the teaching and unction of the Holy Ghost, are a sweet savor unto God, for he is glorified both by them and their message. It is easy to see how, in the case of those to whom the Gospel is "the savor of life unto life," that it is a sweet savor, or acceptable to God. The difficulty is how it is a sweet savor also "in them that perish." But, as in the first case, the mercy of God is glorified, so, in the other, is his tremendous justice. And let us never forget that one attribute of God is as precious to him as another; and that his glory is, and ever must be so supremely dear to his adorable Majesty, as to be with him beyond every other object or consideration.

Two things, however, must be taken into consideration before we can rightly understand the apostle's meaning in this place.

1. What the Gospel itself is as a sweet savor unto God.
2. What the ministers of the Gospel are as a sweet savor unto him.

1. First *as to the Gospel itself*, as the ministration of life and righteousness, and God's own testimony to the work, love, and grace of his dear Son, how is the Gospel a sweet savor unto God in Christ, both in them that are saved, and in them that perish?" To those, then, who are saved, the Gospel is "the savor of life unto life." They live in it and by it a present life of faith, and are saved through it unto a future life of bliss and glory. The Gospel that thus becomes "the power of God unto their salvation," is to him in Christ a sweet and acceptable savor. But when men disbelieve, hate, and oppose the Gospel, as there is no other way of life or of salvation, they seal their own death and damnation thereby. There is no other sacrifice for sin, and no other way of eternal life; and therefore by hating and opposing the Gospel, which testifies of both, they seal their own present death in sin, and bring down upon their own heads certain destruction. But this does not, in the sight of God, in the least degree mar the beauty and glory of the Gospel itself; nor does it cause it to give an ill savor in his holy nostrils. It still is what it is, the richest display of his wisdom and grace; it still testifies to him of Jesus his beloved Son; and that name being ever "as the ointment poured forth," yields a fragrant and acceptable savor to his adorable Majesty.

2. But besides what the Gospel is in itself, we must remember that God is not a passive or indifferent spectator of the labors of his *faithful servants*, for it is they of whom the apostle is chiefly speaking in the text quoted by our correspondent. Whether men believe or disbelieve, he still "causeth his servants to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by them in every place" where they preach his truth; and so far as they preach the Gospel under the unction of his grace, both they and the doctrine they preach are unto him a sweet savor of Christ, both in them that are saved and in them that perish. They ministerially exalt his dear Son; they have a single eye to his glory; they preach the words which he puts by his Spirit into their hearts and lips; they are his ambassadors, his servants, and his stewards. Their faithfulness, uprightness, and honesty, their labors and sufferings for his name's sake and the gospel's, are well pleasing in his sight, and send forth up to heaven's gate the fragrance of him whom they preach. As regards those amongst whom they labor, it is with them as with the gospel they preach. To those who are saved, they are "a savor of life unto life," that is, of spiritual unto eternal life, because their testimony, being accompanied with life and power, works life in their hearts, which life, being spiritual is also eternal, and therefore is of life present unto life future; of life by faith on earth to life of light and bliss in heaven. But to "those that perish," they are "the savor of death unto death," because their testimony of Christ,

and their experimental ministry, manifest and seal the present spiritual death of those who disbelieve the one and are ignorant of the other; and this spiritual death being the forerunner of the second death, which is the blackness of darkness for ever, they are the savor to them of death present unto death future.

The servants of God are in Scripture called "ambassadors for Christ." (2 Cor. v. 20.) As then a king who sends an ambassador to declare peace to one nation and war to another, is equally pleased with his faithful discharge of both messages, so the faithfulness of a servant of God, whether his message carry life to the saved or death to the lost, is equally acceptable to God, whether he bring consolation to the righteous or condemnation to the wicked.

Dear Sir,—I have often wondered how a gracious person can live in the army, and, along with wicked soldiers, enter into severe engagements with the enemy. Is he not a murderer according to Gal. v. 21? Does he not deliberately act contrary to the Saviour's instructions as recorded in Matt. v. 44? Is it right or scriptural for a gracious person to take up arms at all against his fellow creatures? A gracious soldier, in time of war and in engagements with the enemy, must be in a very deplorable situation. An answer will oblige

Yours,

J. H.

#### ANSWER.

Beyond all question, war, viewed in itself, is inconsistent with the gospel of peace and righteousness, and there is necessarily in the very profession of a soldier that which must shock every truly Christian heart. So far we are fully agreed with our correspondent; but he seems to have confused two things, which we cannot but consider very different. It surely is one thing, being a Christian, to *go into* the army, and another, being a Christian, to *continue* in the army. We can hardly think that any man possessed of a tender conscience and the life of God in his soul would deliberately enlist as a private soldier, or purchase a commission as an officer. But take the first case, with which we seem more immediately concerned, that of a soldier in the ranks. A wild, reckless youth, in a moment of excitement, perhaps half drunk, or driven to it by poverty and destitution, enlists into a marching regiment. After he has been some time in the ranks, the Lord is pleased to quicken his soul into spiritual life; and to doubt this is ever the case is to doubt the sovereignty of grace, and to deny positive facts. Besides the burden of a guilty conscience, our poor unhappy youth has now to endure all the misery and wretchedness, the filth and wickedness, and probably the persecution of a barrack life, which has been called by those who know it, "A hell upon earth." But what is the poor man to do? He is like a mouse in a trap; he is in, but how is he to get out? There are but two ways out; one he must not take, and the other he most probably cannot. These two ways are desertion or discharge. Surely J. H. would not recommend the former—at best a most terrible and perilous experiment, and subjecting a man to the disgrace and pun-

ishment of a felon. This way, then, being thoroughly blocked out, can he avail himself of the second? His discharge will cost him at least £40; and if he be a thoroughly good soldier, the probability is that the colonel will not part with him at any price. It is calculated that every soldier landed in India is worth to Government £100, and has probably cost twice that sum. How will the commanding officer let that man purchase his discharge for £40? But suppose the colonel were willing to let him go, can he always or often raise the sum required for his discharge? Then what alternative has he but to stay in his regiment?

Now, suppose the regiment is ordered off to India, and suppose it is sent on to Delhi or Lucknow, and suppose, as is most probable, it has to go into action against the sepoys, what is our Christian soldier to do? Is he to refuse to march in the ranks, or not fire his Enfield rifle when the word is given to fire, or lie down on the ground when his fellow soldiers are rushing on to the charge? It is fearful to think that he has to shed blood, but he has no alternative; and apart from his general duty as a soldier, if his comrade is about to be cut down by a sepoy, is he not to protect him, though in doing so he take the life of the enemy?

But examine the matter upon scriptural grounds. Have we no instances of godly soldiers in the New Testament? What was the centurion, (Matt. viii.,) of whom the Lord himself testified that "he had not found so great faith, no, not in Israel," but a soldier, or rather what we should call a captain, in the Roman army, then occupying Judæa, as our troops are stationed in India? And that this centurion was a saved man is evident from what the Lord added: "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." He had come from the west to sit first at the Redeemer's feet, and will sit down hereafter to the marriage supper of the Lamb. And who was the first Gentile to whose house salvation came after the Lord had risen from the dead but Cornelius, "a centurion of the band called the Italian band?"—just as we might say, however odd it may sound to the ear, "A Captain in the Scotch Greys," or "A Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards." On this Roman captain, whom J. H. would almost call "a murderer," and if so he could not have "eternal life abiding in him," (1 John iii. 15,) the Holy Ghost fell, and he was baptized in the name of the Lord, being the first Gentile Baptist. It appears also that he was not alone in the Italian band, for "a devout soldier waited on him continually," being what we should now call "the orderly" of this gracious, God-fearing captain. Now, suppose that this godly captain had lived for about thirty years after his baptism, which might easily have been the case, it would have found him in the very heat of that tremendous war which ended in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman army under Titus; and suppose he was at the siege of that city, as Baker might have been at the siege of Delhi; now, if there had been what is called a "sortie," that is, a rush from the city of the besieged Jews, and our godly captain had

been at the head of his troop, must he have fought or fled? And if the devout soldier who waited on him, his "orderly," had been at his side, and seen a Jewish desperado aiming a blow at his captain's head, might he save his life, even though he had to kill the Jewish soldier? And would, in this case, this devout soldier have been "a murderer," and so been cut off from eternal life?\*

Nor do we want modern instances. Colonel Gardner, a man favored with one of the most remarkable experiences on record, continued in the army after his call by grace, and, in fact, died with his sword in his hand, for he was cut down at the battle of Preston Pans by the scythe of a Highlander, when fighting bravely in defence of his king, his country, and, we may add, his religion; for Pope and Pretender had conspired to rob England both of liberty and religion.

Was Colonel Gardener "a murderer," and is he now in hell? If so, he was awfully deceived; for, if we remember right, he had a most blessed visit from his dear Lord a night or two before the battle, and a sweet assurance from his own lips that he should shortly be with him.

Though we have thus written, let it not be supposed that we are vindicating war, or justifying a godly man for going into the army. We are merely taking up the question, whether it be possible for a man to be in such a position, and yet be a partaker of grace.

At the present moment, the question assumes to us a greater degree of interest, as, from the letter which we inserted in the October No., from a soldier in India, and another to be found in our present pages, we have every reason to believe there are a few who fear God in our Indian army.

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\* That there were many Christian soldiers at a later period in the Roman army is evident from an anecdote mentioned by Neander and other Church historians. "During the war with the Marcommani and Quadi, A.D. 174, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius with his army, was thrown into a situation of great peril. The burning sun shone full in the faces of his soldiers, who were suffering under the torture of intolerable thirst; and under these unfavorable circumstances threatened with an attack of the enemy. In this extremity the twelfth legion, composed entirely of Christians, fell upon their knees. Their prayer was followed by a shower of rain, which allayed the thirst of the Roman soldiers, and by a storm, which frightened the barbarians. The Roman army obtained the victory, and the emperor, in commemoration of the event gave those Christian soldiers the name of the "Thundering Legion."—*Neander*.

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God's converting call is such as produces obedience to it; i.e., it is triumphantly efficacious, and rendered successful, not by the will and towardness of the person called, but by the power and grace of him that calleth.—*Toplady*.

O MY soul! it is but a little while, and there will be an eternal end of all thy sorrows, fears, trials, and disappointments; yet a little while and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry; that heavenly Bridegroom who has, by his Spirit, betrothed thee to himself, will, ere long invite thee into his eternal kingdom, where thou wilt forget the storm and tempests, clouds and darkness, in thy passage through this wilderness world; and all shall be joy and peace, love and praise.—*Berridge*.

## REVIEW.

*An Account of the Last Sickness and Death of James Bourne, in his Last Years Minister of the Gospel at Maney, Sutton Coldfield.—London: Kirby and Son, 190, Oxford Street; Winnall, (late Wood,) High Street, Birmingham.*

RELIGION in our day is not very unlike the description which the sacred historian has given of the crowded meeting at Ephesus: "Some therefore cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." (Acts xix. 32.)

Ask most persons who are usually considered by themselves and others as exceedingly religious this simple question, "What is religion?" some will cry one thing, and some another, for the whole assembly of them is confused; and the more part know not wherefore they are come together, except that "there is no small stir about that way."

Twenty-four thousand people went down on the Fast Day to the Crystal Palace, professedly and on purpose to humble themselves before God in that Temple of Art on account of our Indian troubles. Now, we do not say a word against a day being set apart by authority for public confession, humiliation, and prayer. God accepted the repentance of Ahab and the fasting of Nineveh; and a day set apart by Government for the purpose of humiliation is so far a public recognition that we have not, as a nation, yet cast off the Lord as our Ruler; and it also gives an opportunity to the praying people of God to meet together and seek his face, as Joel exhorts, (Joel iii. 17,) and as Daniel did. (Dan. ix. 3.) But viewing the whole matter with a spiritual eye, independent of, and distinct from, that public occasion, may we not fairly ask, How many of that vast multitude knew, in the things of God, their right hands from their left? Let not our meaning be misunderstood. We view that vast assemblage as a kind of huge mirror in which we may see reflected the present state of religious profession in the great metropolis. The Crystal Palace, that unrivalled triumph of science and art, the pride of London, the prized resort of every class of society for recreation and amusement, that light and airy, yet noble and commanding structure, which standing on a lofty height gleams beauty for miles around—that this, of all places, should be turned into a dissenting chapel, that a Baptist pulpit should be erected in its very heart and centre, that the gay and giddy crowd, with all the lovers of music and mediæval courts, should be driven from their feast-day that the lovers of preaching and religious oratory might have it all to themselves for a fast-day! none can deny that this is a significant fact, let them seek to explain it how they may. Many will view in it the triumph of religion over the prejudices which have so long assailed it; others will see in it almost a Pentecostal effusion of the Holy Spirit for the conversion of innumerable sinners and the edification of innumerable saints; and others, who cannot take



so sanguine a view, or raise up their faith so high, will hail it as a pledge that the Lord is now doing, or is about to do amongst us a mighty work, such as he wrought by Whitefield a hundred years ago. Our faith may be very weak in this matter, and we may be sadly bigoted, narrow-minded, and prejudiced; but we cannot help, if we advert to the subject at all, freely expressing what we see and feel. We hope that we have not now for the first time to learn what is true religion and the power of vital godliness; nor have we here to confess to God and man that we have hitherto understood nothing of what the Bible teaches, and the Holy Ghost makes known in the hearts of the saints of God. Weighed then in the balances of the sanctuary, though we would ever desire to hold them, if with a faithful yet with trembling hand, we feel that Crystal Palace religion is light indeed. There may be those who would compare such preaching as was heard that day with that of Whitefield.\* Do such persons know anything of the religion which Whitefield possessed and preached? Are they at all acquainted with his experience, life, and labors? Whitefield preached the new birth with tears of heavenly life, liberty, and love streaming down his cheeks; did not open his lips before the Lord had put him into a vital possession of a deep and blessed experience, which, in his public ministry, gushed as a living spring from his heart and mouth; was weighted down with a heavy load of inward and outward trial; lived a life of faith and prayer, of union and communion with the Lord Jesus Christ; and was sometimes so blessed in his soul as to dwell on the very confines of heaven. Whitefield was persecuted and pelted by the rude mob; was hated and abhorred by the higher classes of society; was generally disliked and suspected by the lukewarm professors of his day; and was loved and esteemed by none but the afflicted people of God. Whitefield's eloquence was one of feeling, not of words,—of heart and soul, not of mere lips and tongue; and if he had great natural gifts, such as a most exquisite voice and a most expressive counte-

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\* We had the curiosity to buy and read the sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon at the Crystal Palace. It was indeed a most trying occasion for any preacher to stand up before such a multitude, and all, without doubt, anticipating, from the season and the man, a feat of unrivalled pulpit oratory. We of course cannot tell how it sounded when heard, and as aided by voice and gesture; but as read, it seems to us more like a speech, half political and half moral, and neither of them possessing a high order either of thought or expression, rather than an appeal to the consciences of perishing sinners met to bewail their own sins, and those of the Church and of the land. We could find in it neither Law nor Gospel; and were struck with astonishment when we read what is called "The Invocation," by which the Service was opened; for it is a certain fact that in this opening prayer, God is addressed as "the Supreme Being," but his dear Son, the only Mediator between God and men, is not so much as named. It may be pleaded that it was an accidental omission, and that the prayer afterwards does name the name of Jesus. But to omit Jesus in any approach to the Majesty on High; to open a service of humiliation and prayer, in which that all-prevailing name was not so much as breathed; and that the representative of 24,000 mourning sinners never even mentioned that name which is above every name, that name which is as the ointment poured forth—how can we think the blessing of God could rest upon a Service, the very opening of which dishonored him, because it dishonored his beloved Son? Would Whitefield have opened the service so?

nance, they were all subordinate to the grace of God and the gifts of the Holy Spirit, and were wielded by him almost as if he were unconscious that he possessed them. Besides which, there is another striking feature which seems much overlooked by those who are rejoicing in the return of the days of Whitefield. His preaching was but a part, and indeed but a small part of that gracious revival with which the Lord favored and blessed his church in this country during the latter half of the last century, and was but one shower of the copious effusion of the Holy Spirit in that day. His gallant ship might have been the first to heave anchor, and leaving the dull and stagnant harbor, been the foremost to breast the winds and waves of the open sea; but Toplady, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, and above all the immortal Coalheaver followed hard in his wake. So that it was not the pulpit eloquence of one man, or a mere gathering together of people to one place, all which, like Jonah's gourd, may perish in a night; but the Spirit of God in the hearts and lips of many choice and eminent saints and servants, men of faith and prayer, sound in the truth, and specially taught of God; men, whose name and memory still live in the affections of his people; and who, in life and death, in preaching and practice, in walk, conduct, and conversation, gave every evidence that they were sent, furnished, and commissioned by the Holy Ghost to hold forth the word of life. And as the ministers, such were the hearers; at least, that portion of them who were called and blessed under their ministry; for "like people like priest" will ever hold for good and evil. They were not a Crystal Palace assemblage, but such saints of God as Tanner, Serle, and Mason, in the days of Whitefield and Romaine; and such tried and experienced men as Keyt, Rusk, and Dore, in those of Huntington. What God may be now secretly doing, or what he may mean to do by all that is now going on we cannot say, for his way is in the sea, his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known; and good may arise from men being led to read the Bible and think about religion. But we feel ourselves placed just in this position—willing to hope, and ready to accept any true marks of the work of God, but not willing "to put darkness for light and light for darkness; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter;" nor desirous to say, A confederacy, to all who say, A confederacy. We do not speak with the least unkind or prejudiced feeling against any man or any people; but what we feel in the still, calm depths of our own mind, as desirous to view the whole subject with spiritual eyes, and to handle it with cautious and trembling hands. But we must say for ourselves that the more our own soul is led into the sacred power and holy unction of the life of God, the less do we see of the stamp of the Holy Ghost upon the matter. We have read many of the sermons that have been published, and though, as is to be expected in every man, they are very unequal in ability, we cannot but admire many striking things that may be found in them, and freely acknowledge the vein of faithfulness and honesty that runs generally through them; but however we may admire them as human compositions, and even as such they are often coarse and defective, both in

thought and expression, yet we look in vain for the life and power, the unction and savor of the Holy Spirit in them. There is that in them which is eminently adapted to touch the springs of natural feeling, and to gratify those who admire originality and strength of expression, and a line of vigorous and sometimes humorous thought that strikes hard and indiscriminately, but who are utter strangers to the operations of divine grace. But what impression do they leave upon the soul that is feeling after, and looking up for the power of God to melt and soften, comfort and bless? Should we make them our bosom companions on a bed of sickness and death, or in moments of deep trial and affliction? The secret and sacred power that communicates pardon and peace, the oil of joy, the unction from the Holy One, the rain that drops, and the dew that distils the gracious touch from the Lord's own hand, the word of life from his own lips, is what the child of God is looking for under the ministry; and if he cannot obtain this, or any measure of it, in hearing or reading a sermon, be the preacher who he may, he loses that for the loss of which nothing else can make up. Can we find this in the New Park Street sermons? We have not found it. We ask our gracious readers who know for themselves what this divine power is, if they have felt or found it? If not, let us not be led by others. We must hear for ourselves, as well as be saved for ourselves. The grievous point in the whole matter is to see so many persons, and among them old and experimental professors, deceiving themselves in these deeply important matters, and mistaking the mere workings of natural feeling, and the excitement of pulpit eloquence for a religion that will take their souls to heaven. It is a vital, saving religion that we desire to possess and contend for; for if we have not *that*, we had better be in the world altogether. And we must say that the more we breathe toward the pure, vital breath of God; the more that we stretch eyes, ears, heart, and hands to see, hear, feel, and handle the Word of life; the more that we desire to live under the power and influence of divine blessings; and the more that we seek to realise union and communion with the Lord Jesus, the less we turn to, and the more we turn from, Crystal Palace religion. We call it by this name, because we view it just now as a standing type of the religious profession of the day in general, and of London profession in particular; and we so name it not with a view to wound or injure preacher or people, or distress any tender, feeling child of God, who, in the simplicity of his heart, went down that day with a desire to serve the Lord, but as generally expressive of our views and feelings upon a subject that engrosses so much attention both in the Church and in the world.

But this is not the only channel in which profession runs. In the days of our fathers it was a river deep and strong, yet hemmed in by high banks from the world at large; but now it is a land-flood that is spread far and wide, and alike shallow and stagnant.

We know not how others may feel, but we can say for ourselves, there are few things more sickening to us than this wide-spread profession of religion, without the vital power; and the nearer it ap-

proaches the truth, the worse it is, because more deceptive, as well as more obtrusive and presumptuous. Profanity is bad. It is grievous to see the sin that runs down our streets like water. The scenes which meet the eye, especially in London, are grievous; but they carry with them their own condemnation, and do not intrude into the sacred precincts of truth and godliness. But a loud, noisy profession, with just enough truth in the letter to salve over the convictions of the natural conscience, but not enough of life or power either to save or sanctify, to deliver from the dominion of sin or separate from the world, like the salt that has lost its savor, is good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.

How refreshing to the spirit that is wearied with all this light and empty profession, to turn to something real, solid, and divine; to a religion on which the Lord sets his own seal as his own gift and work! Such a religion as this now lies before us, in the little work the title of which we have given above; and we have to express our regret that, after repeated attempts in London to procure another copy, our efforts are completely unsuccessful. But we will do what we can by our extracts to show what a blessed testimony Mr. Bourne has left to the reality and power of a divine work upon the soul.

If then it be said of or to us, "You poor, narrow-minded, bigoted creature! Can nothing satisfy you? Must you ever be calling in question this and that person's religion, and throw your pen, for want of a sharper and a heavier weapon, against so great a work as is now going on?" Well, we must answer, if you will call us all this, we shall try and bear it. None will rejoice more than we to find that it is a real work of God. But whilst waiting for this, we can show you something that is his work beyond all doubt and question; and you may compare the one with the other. It is true we cannot give you eyes, but we can and do hold up before you what our heart and conscience tell us is true religion; and we can assure you that it differs as much from the general religion of the day as grace differs from nature, spirit from flesh, and the power of God from the wisdom of man. "Where, where," you ask, "is this wonderful religion of yours?" Why, if you cannot find it in any measure in your own heart, you certainly will not find it any where else; but we hope it is to be found, even in our dark and gloomy day, in the hearts of many, for the Lord has still a people whom he has formed for himself, and who even now show forth his praise. But in this little work before us such a religion is to be found—a religion on which the Lord set his own special stamp up to the very close.

How beautiful it is, how edifying to see, as in Mr. Bourne's case, a life of faith crowned by a blessed death, to hear from the bed of languishing and pain, not the murmurs of unbelief, not the cries of guilt and despair, but the words of faith, hope, and love; the voice of thanksgiving and praise. When nature sinks under a load of pain and suffering, when the things of time and sense drop away like the leaf from the autumn bough, when death draws near and eternity opens to view, when heart and flesh alike fail, then to have

the Lord near, whispering consolation and peace, and find him the strength of his heart and his portion for ever, surely this direct and immediate testimony from heaven stamps a man's religion as truly divine. Such was the religion of Mr. Bourne.

O how much of what is called religion bears no such divine stamp upon it, no divine stamp on the beginning, and no divine stamp on the end! But let men take up what religion they please, and be as religious as they may, the Lord will own no work but his own, and smile upon no soul which he has not regenerated by his grace.

We have been much impressed with the little work before us. There is a life, a reality, a power in this account of Mr. Bourne's last sickness and death which came home with solemn weight to our conscience. Such a deathbed is rarely witnessed. No raptures, no ecstasies, no excitement, no rant or noise; all calm, still, quiet; yet oh! how deep, weighty, and solemn! What life, feeling, and power!

We are not at all acquainted with Mr. Bourne's history beyond what we gather from this simple record. In the title page, he is said to have been, in his latter years, minister of the Gospel at Maney, near Sutton Coldfield; and he was much advanced in years, as he died in the eighty-second year of his age. He had also evidently passed through much affliction and trouble, for he said on his dying bed,

"Not one good word has failed; all those sweet promises I have had in my deep troubles, they all come now to comfort me."

Mr. Bourne, it would appear, though advanced in years, was in the enjoyment of a fair share of health and strength, being able to preach up to his last illness. This came on very gradually about the end of March, 1854, with a slight cold, and at first no apprehensions were entertained by his friends of a fatal result; but it soon turned to a severe attack of jaundice, which so reduced him that he afterwards sank from debility.

"The following sentences," (we here use the words of the little Memoir,) "written by himself, show the feelings of his mind during the former part of his illness, in which he was, for the most part, in a low and tried state, earnestly waiting for the Lord under darkness:"

"My cold leaves me very weak, and makes me feel my end is fast approaching. Last night I fell down very low, and could not find the Lord. I thought I was given up as one too bad to be saved. I could not pray with any feeling, and could not call it praying at all. I could justify God. I knew he was righteous in his dispensations to me; but I was a grievous sinner. I acknowledged and confessed, but all was nothing, hardness, darkness. I greatly lamented secretly that my religion in my old age was come to this; but I felt I had no power to alter it. I feared I was walking in something that would prove the root of the matter was wanting. I was ashamed to own this. I could not lie down in my bed; I had no rest. I dressed in the morning, but seemed very poorly in body, and worse in soul; but it being the day appointed to prepare for Wednesday, while looking for something for the people, these words were put before me, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Here I found relief. His love, I felt, was all I wanted; and when I read what you wrote, 'Edom, and Moab, and Ammon had no such hope, why should Israel hope? Christ was there, (and where he is there must be a good hope,) and in him they had a secret principle of life which should *never fail*,' the last two words



made me again to believe the Lord's love was everlasting. Like the tree whose substance is in it when it casts its leaves, so I found it; the returning mercy of the Lord in my heart is a substance when all outward things fail."

"On Lord's day, May, 14, he preached for the last time, speaking in the morning for about twenty minutes, upon the words, 'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness;' (Psl. xl. 1;) and described six sorts of mercy which had followed him all his days: preventing mercy, protecting mercy, redeeming mercy, pardoning mercy, renewing mercy, and crowning tender mercy. In the evening he was only able to speak for about ten minutes, and was supported from the pulpit into his house by two of his hearers."

But the Lord was very gracious to him; and before he once more visited his soul with the returning light of his gracious countenance, in answer to his entreaties for mercy, gave him some whispers of his love in these words, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death until they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom;" and these, "It was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." (Matt. xvi. 28; Luke ii. 26.)

But the time was now come for the Lord more fully to manifest himself, and bear his own sealing testimony to the truth and reality of his own gracious work upon his heart.

On Thursday, May 18th, his fears and darkness were quite removed, with a powerful sense of the Lord's presence and everlasting love. He said, "I have much awe upon my spirit and encouragement. I have not served the Lord for nought. He is my strong refuge in the storm. 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' It is a heavenly support. Oh, the love, and mercy, and faithfulness of my God! How sweetly he sustains me! Mrs. C., may you find the same sweet support when you come to the same place. O the mercies of my God! It breaks my heart all to pieces. O Lord, make me thankful for all thy tender care of me, but above all for thy mercy. I know all those six sorts of mercy spoken of. The Lord is my friend."

The following extract will be read with interest, as giving a slight sketch of his early experience:

To one of his daughters he dictated a short account of the beginning of the work of God upon his heart, as follows:

"I want to tell you of my beginning while I am able. I was in deep soul-trouble two years. I went on a journey into Wales. In the place where I slept for the night, I was awake towards morning with a something, saying, 'You had better get up.' O the love, mercy, pardon, and forgiveness that flowed into my heart! and this lasted two years. Soon afterwards, when rather losing sight of it, this came with such sweetness and power, 'What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and *seek diligently* till she find it?' *Seek diligently*, that was the word. Lord, I said, give me that diligence; and he did restore to me the light of his countenance fourfold. I was told it could not be right, because I had no bondage. I did not know bondage then, but by and by I lost my love and found trembling, darkness, and sore conflict; and had to fight the fight of faith. Then the same persons told me I was not rightly delivered, or I should not have that. I was called an apostate and denied their pew; but here lies the apostate with his heart as full of love as it can hold. But their words then had some weight, and nearly sank me into despair, so that I thought all was lost for ever, until these words were repeated many times with great power, and brought me up again, 'Thou shalt return in the power of the Spirit.'"

The above was spoken with great difficulty, and in broken sentences.



One thing in the above extract much struck our mind; his being called an apostate, and denied a seat in their pew, because his deliverance did not exactly tally with what his former friends considered to be God's only mode of delivering a soul. How much of this miserable, and we may say, unchristian spirit, has ever prevailed, and, we fear, still prevails, amongst persons who take a high standing in divine matters. Few, perhaps, go to such an extreme length as to call a man an apostate, and deny him a seat in their pew because they doubt the reality of the work of God upon his soul; but many a child of God has had to suffer from cruel suspicions which the event has proved were founded neither on truth nor righteousness. How often in such cases does the Lord make good his own gracious promise, "Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." (Isa. lxvi. 5.) Even the painful exercises that these suspicions produce in a tender conscience often blessedly work for good; for, through God's grace, they mightily stir up a cry in the soul for clearer and clearer, more full and powerful manifestations of the Lord's love, with many an appeal to the great Searcher of hearts, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wickedness in me; and lead me in the way everlasting."

Another thing has much struck our mind in reading this simple memorial of the dying saint. The earnest and affectionate way in which, from his own experience, he contended for the substance and power of a heart-felt religion as a divine reality. There is something very affecting and yet very sweet in the following extract:

May 23rd.—On seeing his two sons-in-law he could not at first speak for weeping; but one being about to withdraw, he called him back, saying, "Come, don't go away; I want to tell you both. These are not tears of sorrow, but of joy. It is a broken heart. The Lord breaks my heart all to pieces with his goodness and mercy. It is no fable, but a reality; a substance. 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.' Why? Because 'I have redeemed thee, thou art mine.' O those words, 'This is as the waters of Noah unto me.' As I have sworn they shall no more go over the earth, so *have I sworn* I will not be wroth with thee; no nor rebuke thee. No wrath, no rebuke; and for the Lord to *swear*! How astonishing! But it is no fable; it is a truth, a reality, a substance. Not one word has failed me." The beginning of the Lord's prayer being referred to, he answered, "Yes, He will let me call him my Father, my God, and the Rock of my Salvation. He won't deny this, which Thomas said, 'My Lord and my God.'" One said "How often you have feared this time!" He answered, "Yes, I never expected it would be thus. No wrath, no rebuke, and for the Lord to swear! but the reason is 'I have redeemed thee.' *Redeemed, redeemed thee!* With what? *With the precious blood of Christ. O that precious blood!*" One said, "You find an abundant entrance." He replied, "More than abundant; it breaks my heart." One reminded him how he used to speak of that word, "Wait on the Lord, and he shall strengthen thy heart." He answered, "Yes, *he shall* strengthen. There is the Lord's will in that. I could have no power now to seek for it. I am so weak, I cannot pray, but only just now and then lift up my heart to him, and he is so very gracious and helps me. Not one good word has failed; all has come to pass. Ah, W—, I never thought it would come to this in the end. *Never.*"

We have only space for the closing scene, the solemnity and sweetness of which is such as is rarely witnessed:

In the night his cough became exceedingly bad, and he said much that was indistinctly uttered; but very plainly articulated many times, "He's nigh, he's nigh." About twelve o'clock he sank apparently unconscious, breathing very hard, until about two o'clock in the morning (June 10th), when he distinctly said, "Let me drink, let me drink." When water was offered to him he put it away with his hand, and, after a great effort, said "No, no; I want to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem." "Come, come!—Let me dwell on high." "Come, come now," "Make haste," "Come, come"—many times repeated, which were the last words he could distinctly utter.

He continued breathing with difficulty, every now and then clasping his hands and lifting them up as if in meditation or prayer, and often pressing them on his head as if he felt something there, until half-past seven o'clock in the evening of Sunday, the 11th of June, when his nurse, who, with his eldest daughter, was sitting by him, suddenly exclaimed, "Look, how he smiles!" and while they both looked, being much struck with the peculiar expression of welcome in his countenance, he ceased to breathe, gently expiring without any struggle in the eighty-second year of his age.

When we proposed to ourselves to bring this blessed memorial before our readers, we were not aware of the difficulty of procuring a copy; and perhaps had we known that circumstance would scarcely have deemed it right to tantalise them by giving them a sip and a taste of such blessed food without their being able to procure for themselves the remainder of such truly savory provision.

If we are not mistaken, we owe to Mr. Gilpin the preservation of these fragments of a departed believer; and as the work seems now to be out of print, we should feel glad if the notice we have here taken of it should induce him to present the church of God with a second edition. It is in such testimonies that the life and power of godliness are chiefly seen; and few things come more home to the heart and conscience of those that fear God than to see a dying bed so illuminated with the opening glories of heaven. We have reason to believe that the memoirs of Richard Dore and Mrs. Judd have been much blessed to our readers; and though the memoir before us is not of the same varied character, yet we almost think in power and savor it fully equals, if not excels, them both. Its unpretending simplicity is the least of its many recommendations; its faithfulness and genuineness speak for themselves; and though no words can convey what is actually felt in a dying room, by witnessing the speaking eye and the expressive countenance of a saint, departing under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, yet so far as words can do it we seem transported to the very spot, where, when heart and flesh fail, the Lord in an especial manner manifests himself as the strength of the dying believer's heart and his portion for ever.

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THINK it not strange concerning the fiery trial. They that have no changes fear not God; they that have no chastisements are bastards, and not sons; and those that escape the furnace are not the chosen of God. Convictions plough up the fallow ground; faith, working by love, receives the good seed; reproofs break the clods, and afflictions harrow the seed in, and give it deepness of earth; while transient visits from the Lord, and self-abhorrence under them, give the word, and work a good rooting; and righteousness, peace, praise, and thanksgiving are the fruits that occasionally spring up afterwards, and are more precious to God than all the blood of beasts, or the treasures of Egypt.—*Huntington.*

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**THE**

**GOSPEL STANDARD.**

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**VOL. XXIV., 1858.**

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**LONDON:**  
**JOHN GADSBY, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET.**  
**1858.**

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# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JANUARY, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XL. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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EVER since the subject of our annual Address has presented itself to our thoughts, a word of the Lord has been on our mind, which we feel should be our guiding rule, not only in what now lies before us, but be ever present with us from the beginning to the end of the year, if we are to be of any real service or spiritual profit to the Church of God in the position which we occupy as the Editor of the "Gospel Standard." The word is this: "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." (1 Tim. iv. 16.)

They are the words of Paul the aged, Paul at the end of his race and in sight of his crown, to Timothy, his own son in the faith; and they are words of solemn warning and admonition, which should ever be before the eyes and in the heart of every servant of Christ; for though written by the pen of Paul, they are, as part of the inspired testimony, the express language of the Holy Ghost to all whom he has made overseers to feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood. If the Lord, then, in his providence and grace, has placed us in a position whence we may speak in his holy name to any of his redeemed and regenerated family; if he has given us any singleness of eye to his own glory, or any desire that what we send forth from our own pen, or that of others, may be made a blessing to his people; and if he has bestowed upon any who seek his face and believe in his dear Son any willingness to receive with affection what, in all faithfulness and love, is in our pages set before them, we are bound by every gracious tie to listen to the admonition that we have quoted, and which seems so peculiarly adapted to our case and situation.

I. The first part of the admonition comes home with solemn weight and power to our own conscience, "Take heed to *thyself*." As all evil begins, so all good commences in a man's own bosom. Sad then must be the lamenting cry for any minister, or any editor of a religious periodical, to be compelled to take up, as his own bitter and painful experience, "They made me a keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." To take care of other men's souls, and take no care of one's own; to warn, to admonish, to reprove the flock of Christ, and listen to no warning, admonition, or reproof that belongs to one's self; to teach others, day by day, and

week by week, and seek no heavenly instruction from the Lord for ourselves; to contend for a living faith, without any inward experimental acting of it on its Author and Finisher, or any earnest breathing to the God of all grace to bestow a larger measure of it, and draw it forth into more living and continual exercise; for a good hope through grace, and not to realise it; for love to the Lord and his saints, and neither to feel, nor to be desirous to feel it; to set before the people the joys of heaven and the smiles of God, with the terrors of hell and the frowns of the Almighty, yet neither seek the one or dread the other—surely, surely, there are no men, much less ministers, so deceiving or deceived as to act thus! Yes; but there are, and more in number than any of us probably dream of; nay, such shall we, and you, ye ministers who read these lines, and all be, who fill any public office in the Church of God, but for special grace. Familiarity with sacred things has a natural tendency to harden the conscience where grace does not soften and make it tender. Men may preach and pray till both become a mere mechanical habit, and they may talk about Christ and his sufferings till they feel as little touched by them as a tragic actor on the stage of the sorrows which he personates. Well, then, may the Holy Spirit sound this note of warning, as with trumpet voice, in the ears of the servants of Christ. “Take heed *unto yourselves*.” It was Paul’s public warning to the elders of the church at Ephesus. (Acts xx. 28.) It was Paul’s private warning to his friend and disciple, his beloved son, Timothy. And do not all who write or speak in the name of the Lord need the warning? Are they not all men—men of like passions with their hearers, and usually more tried and tempted than they? Have they not, besides the snares common to all the children of God, snares peculiar to themselves—snares connected with the ministry itself? How many a star has fallen from the bright firmament of the church! How many burning and shining lights, as they were once considered, have smouldered out, or been suddenly extinguished! How many have cooled in their youthful zeal; left their first love; fallen into sin; embraced error; and made themselves and their profession to stink in the nostrils of men. If the way to heaven be strait and narrow; if surrounded with snares and pits on every side; if the heart of man be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; if Satan be ever on the watch to deceive and allure; if all our strength be weakness, all our knowledge ignorance, all our light darkness, and such they are without grace in its continued supply, who can walk in this path except as guided by the Spirit, and upheld by the power of God? The mercy is, that those whom the Lord loves, he loves unto the end; that those whom the Father has given him, he keeps in his name; and that He who is in the midst of the candlesticks holds the stars in his right hand, that none may pluck them thence, hide their lustre, or extinguish their beams.

But apart from this special and divine keeping, as the Lord does not work mechanically, but makes use of the word of his grace, of his own promises, precepts, and admonitions, as gracious means to keep the feet of his saints, we shall do well to give earnest heed to the

things which we have heard from his lips, lest at any time we should let them slip. And sure we are that no Christian man or minister will, in his right mind, think himself placed in a position where such an admonition can be safely neglected; or, that whilst he is in the flesh, he is beyond the necessity or reach of such warnings. There are few Christians, and we may well add, few Christian ministers, who have not ever found self their greatest enemy. The pride, unbelief, hardness, and impenitence of a man's own heart; the deceitfulness, hypocrisy, and wickedness of his own fallen nature; the lusts and passions; filth and folly of his own carnal mind will not only ever be his greatest burden, but will ever prove his most dreaded foe. Enemies we may have, enemies we shall have from without, for all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution, and we may at times keenly feel their bitter speeches and cruel words and actions. But no enemy can injure us like ourselves. In five minutes a man may do himself more real harm than all his enemies united could do to injure him in fifty years. And if this be true of a private Christian, how much more will it hold good in the case of one who occupies a public situation in the church of God? "Take heed then to thyself." To thyself thou canst be the most insidious enemy and the greatest foe. "Take heed to thyself," minister of the Gospel, writer, reader, editor; that thy loins may be girt, thy lamp burning, and thou engaged in the Master's work, with the Master's presence, the Master's smile, and the Master's blessing.

We would then, in the opening of the present year, view this admonition as placed before our own eyes as a lamp unto our feet, and a light to our path, and as such we would open the words a little more closely and fully, as bearing more immediately upon our own conscience.

1. First, we seem specially admonished thereby to take heed that we ourselves should *experience the power*, and live under the influence of the truths for which we contend. It is impossible for us otherwise to fulfil our office as the glory of God and the good of the Church both require. We have many communications to read, many inquiries to answer, many nice and difficult points to weigh, the good of many to consider, the petulance, quibblings, and enmity of many to endure; many books to peruse, many Reviews to write, friends whom we must not flatter, foes whom we must not fear; and, above all, to be ever looking up for wisdom to guide, and power to strengthen; feeling, as we do, that we have neither one nor the other in our own hands, or at our own command. We have instrumentally, unworthy as we are of the position and inadequate as we are to the task, some to instruct, others to comfort, others to encourage, others to feed of the saints of the Most High; and when we say "*we*," it is meant thereby to include whatever appears in our pages, whether written by our own pen or that of others. Without then, the continual power and influence of the Blessed Spirit upon our heart, how soon the hands hang down, how soon the knees totter, how soon do eyes and ears and heart all become weary in well-doing.

2. We are also admonished thereby to take heed to *our own spirit*. Here we are liable chiefly to fail. We are not much afraid of being entangled in the slough of Arminianism—at least, as far as regards any open adherence to, or expressed sanction of, its God-dishonouring views and sentiments. The truth as it is in Jesus is, we hope, too dear to us to sacrifice it to any broad and palpable error, come from what quarter it may, and last of all from a point that proclaims, with shameless forehead, creature strength and righteousness. But to maintain truth in a spirit of tenderness, affection, and love; not to be betrayed into a contentious, wrangling temper, nor be provoked by any obstinate opposition to call down fire from heaven on all who do not or will not see as we see, and believe as we believe; here we have much need to watch our own spirit, lest it betray us into words and expressions unbecoming the meekness of Christ and the spirit of the Gospel. To be bold and faithful, on the one hand, in defence of truth and godliness, yet without wrath and bitterness, and to maintain, on the other, “the love of the Spirit,” the affection and tenderness which ever become a sinner in this vale of tears, and a follower of the meek and lowly Lamb, and yet not to be entangled in that wretched universal charity, that false and canting spirit which, either in pretence or self-deception, thinks well, hopes well, and speaks well of everything and everybody who can prate about Jesus Christ and the Gospel, this safe, this Christian path, we would desire to tread. The servant of the Lord is to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; (Jude 3;) but he is not to strive, but be gentle to all men, apt to teach, patient in meekness, instructing those that oppose themselves; (2 Tim. ii. 24, 25;) and he is to put away all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking. (Eph. iv. 31.)

3. We are also warned and admonished, in taking heed to ourselves, to watch against *any carnal influence* that, under the guise of religion, may work with craft and subtlety on our own mind, and impose itself upon us for the work and witness, the power and teaching of the Holy Spirit. We are expressly bidden in the word of truth, “not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits whether they are of God.” Spirit has its filthiness as well as the flesh; (2 Cor. vii. 1;) and if not so gross and sensual, is much more subtle and deceptive. In all its forms, whether in our own bosom or that of others, in a profession or out of it, in the pulpit, the pew, the closet, or the study, self in its inmost spirit is still a deceitful and subtle, restless, proud, and impatient creature, masking in a thousand ways, all the while, its real character, and concealing by countless devices its destructive designs. We have but to look on the professing church to find the highest pride under the lowest humility, the greatest ignorance under the vainest self-conceit, the basest treachery under the warmest profession, the vilest sensuality under the most heavenly piety, and the foulest filth under the cleanliest cloak. But if self be such, and those who know its features will be the best judges of its likeness, well may we take heed to ourselves lest, as the serpent be-  
 lled through his subtlety we should be deceived by the twining



movements and glozing speeches of this serpent, and, professing to exalt Christ, be secretly exalting ourselves.

4. To be kept from *all evil* and to be preserved from *all error* may form also a part of that solemn admonition, "Take heed to thyself." We know too much of what we are as a fallen sinner to think for a moment that we can keep ourselves from either. Sin is sweet to the flesh; error suits well the reasoning mind. Who can mortify the one, who can shut out the other, without special help from the sanctuary? But if we take no heed to our steps, or receive without fear or care doctrines that are preached and taught from pulpits and books without number, we may soon fall into as much sin as may make us limp all our days, and embrace as much error as shall make us a wandering star and a rainless cloud to the church of God.

"Take heed then to thyself;" but in so doing may a sense of the Lord's own blessed keeping ever be deeply engraved on thy heart and conscience. "He keepeth the feet of his saints;" "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment. Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." "Keep me as the apple of thine eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings." "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Only in the strength of these promises and in the experience of their fulfilment, would we say to ourselves, would we say to those who have ears to hear, "Take heed to *thyself*."

II. But we are bidden also to "take heed to *the doctrine*." And surely this is a most needful admonition, not only to us, but to all who profess, whether by tongue or pen, to teach the church of Christ. Few, comparatively speaking, seem so realise sufficiently the solemn position of standing forward to teach the Church of Christ. Almost any body who has a little fluency of tongue thinks himself able to preach, and almost everybody in a profession who can hold a pen, deems himself capable of writing upon the weighty matters of salvation. But in so doing they profess to be the mouth of God. Well, then, may every one who fears God and trembles at his word take heed what words his mouth utters; for God can only speak his own truth, and it is a fearful position to stand up as his mouth-piece, and then to speak lies in his great and holy name. How careful then should we, and those who, like us, fill any public office in the church of Christ, be that what we speak by mouth and what we teach by pen is according to the oracles of God.

By the word "doctrine" we understand all that holy truth, whether viewed as one consistent harmonious whole, or as branching out into various parts, which the Blessed Spirit has revealed in the word of truth, and which he makes experimentally known in the hearts of the people of God. The word "doctrine" has in the New Testament a larger, broader, and nobler meaning than that comparatively limited signification which is generally attached to the term. Doctrine is often now spoken of as something distinct from experience and precept, whereas it comprehends both. The word "doctrine," translated literally, means, "teaching;" and therefore includes every branch of

divine truth which the Holy Spirit teaches, whether outwardly in the inspired Scriptures, or inwardly by his sacred unction and power. As used with reference to the ministry of the word, it means, as well as includes, all that "teaching" wherewith a servant of God according to the ability bestowed upon him, instructs, feeds, comforts, and admonishes the Church of Christ. In this sense our pages should be full of "doctrine," that is of heavenly truth, according to the teaching of the Holy Spirit in the word and in the heart.

What need then is there that we, as Editor of these pages, should take heed to the *doctrine*! in other words carefully watch and examine whether what we write ourselves, or insert as written by others, be in strict accordance with the truth of God as revealed in the Scriptures, and as experienced, under the power and teaching of the Holy Spirit, in the heart of his saints.

1. If we are enabled then to take heed to the doctrine as there directed, the first quality looked for will be *purity*. How, "clear as crystal," did holy John see the pure river of water of life proceed out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. (Rev. xxii. 1.) Such should be; though alas! from human infirmity, never can fully be; the truth as preached by God's ministering servants.

Three times in one short Epistle does the apostle Paul urge on his son Titus "sound doctrine," (i. 9, ii. 1, 8,) that is healthy, untainted with error, free from all the sickly corruptions and pestilential disease of human wisdom or human ignorance. "In doctrine," again he urges, that is, in thy teaching, in what thou settest before the people, "showing uncorruptness, gravity," (not jokes and ridiculous anecdotes, to make fools laugh and saints sigh,) "sincerity," (not craft and hypocrisy, flattering the rich and keeping back the truth for fear of giving offence,) "sound speech," wise and weighty, "that cannot be condemned," as commending itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God from its intrinsic authority and power. Whether the writing and preaching of the day resemble this divine model, let those judge whose ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meat. But it should ever be our earnest desire, and watchful care, to preach and write only what bears this divine stamp upon it.

2. In taking heed to the doctrine we should see that it be *impregnated with the life of God*, anointed with his unction, watered with his dew, and accompanied by his power.

What is all our preaching and writing worth if it fall upon the ears and hearts of the saints of God with no weight or influence; if it never melt or soften, comfort or bless his tried and exercised people? There is a power in the word of his grace, when God is with his servants, to kill and to make alive, to wound and to heal; there is then in their hands a two-edged sword, which pierces even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; there is a balm, too, which brings pardon and peace to a troubled, distressed mind; and there is an influence that reaches the inmost thoughts, lays bare the hidden depths of conscience, and speaks with a voice that unmisstakeably assures the soul it is the very voice of God himself. It is true that he who has the keys of David, who opens and no man

shuts, and shuts and no man opens, keeps in his own hands this power, for it is his own heavenly voice by which he himself speaks to his own sheep. But he does from time to time thus speak from heaven by his own sent servants; and when they thus preach, it is Jesus himself who gives them mouth and wisdom; (Luke xxi. 13.) yea, the Spirit of their Father which speaketh in them. (Matt. x. 20.) And his sheep know his voice and follow it, but they will not hear the voice of strangers.

Now, are we to take no heed to our "doctrine" whether it be accompanied or not with this heavenly power? Is it quite enough to preach or write consistently with the mere letter of truth, and there leave it, with a sort of reckless, Antinomian carelessness, "I can only preach the truth; God must apply it?" True; but are there no blessings to be called down upon your preaching by prayer and supplication? Is there no inward experience in your own soul of the power of God, no sense of his absence or presence, of his opening or shutting up? How can you preach or write to the comfort and edification of the saints of God, if you are an utter stranger to the things in which is all their life and all their religion? And if you do not know vitally and experimentally the things you preach and write, why do you preach or write at all? If you call experience "cant," and the life of God in the soul "frames and feelings," beware lest God say unto you, "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth; seeing thou hatest instruction and castest my words behind thee." (Psa. l. 16, 17.)

3. That the doctrine shall be such as *shall save the soul*. This is what the Apostle seems chiefly to insist upon in his admonition, "Take heed to thyself, and to the doctrine," for he adds immediately, "continue in them; for in doing this, thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

When the people of God come to hear a servant of Christ, or read a book that professes to show the way to heaven, they want to be well assured that what they hear or read shall be such saving, vital truth, that they can rest their souls upon it for time and eternity. A man's own soul is a tremendous stake to put into the balance; and he who holds the scales should be equally well satisfied that they are such as Christ holds in his own hands for heaven or hell. "What this man preaches, what this book teaches, can I rely on it as able to save my soul? Is it the real truth of God? Have I any evidence that it is so from salvation having reached my heart through the truth I now read and hear? Can I, as before a heart-searching God, with heaven and hell both before my eyes, hang all the weight of my soul for eternity upon what I hear from this pulpit, or what I read in this book?" Well may a dying sinner thus narrowly and anxiously weigh and consider this point; well may he interrogate again and again his own conscience in this matter, for if he has no internal evidence, from what he has felt in his own soul of its saving power, that this man preaches or writes what can and does save, let him at once leave the man, let him without delay throw aside the book. A guide who does not know the way, a chart that does not

mark the rocks, a pilot who cannot steer the ship—to follow or be in company with such is to seek death and destruction.

But men by thousands are contented with reading and hearing book after book, and minister after minister, without ever having or seeking to have any secret testimony in their own consciences that there is salvation in the things which the man preaches or the book declares. And why, but because they hug the deception and love the deceiver?

But our limits admonish us that we must now draw to a close. We are writing an Address, not preaching a sermon, though, perhaps, our almost sermonising strain may to some appear not very unlike it. Yet a few words more. “*Continue* in them,” says the apostle. In what? in the things that thou hast known and felt; in the truths of the gospel, as revealed in the scripture and in thine own conscience. The truth of God in its life and power, the truth of God as saving and sanctifying the soul, cannot be taken up and laid down like a trade or a business. Nor is a man to be all for his soul this week and all for the world next; making the children of God his friends and companions on the Sunday, and his partners, his carnal relatives, or his fellow workmen, his chosen associates on the Monday. If truth is worth knowing at all, it is worth knowing for life; if worth having, is worth having for ever, for salvation reaches down to death, in death, and after death. “He that endureth unto the end, he, (and he only,) shall be saved.”

As conducting the Gospel Standard, we have no new views to offer, no new patterns for the coming Spring, no novelties of the season to please and attract a crowd of customers. We have only one Gospel, for there is but “one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all.”

The Gospel is our Standard; we have, and we want to have no other; and by this standard we hope ever to abide. Each revolving year only confirms us more strongly, and roots us more deeply in that precious truth which now for many years it has been the object of our pages to set forth. All that we want is to experience more of its power, live more under its influence, and adorn it more by our life.

Friends and readers, do you see eye to eye, and feel heart to heart with us in these important matters? However the truths we love may be despised by the profane and professing world, may they be more and more dear to us! Many read our pages whom we have never seen, whom we may never know; but if we are taught by the same Spirit, a bond of union knits us together, and in doing so unites us to one common Lord.

We have no promises to make for the year upon which we are now entered; but we desire to be ever looking up to Him from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift, that he would give us grace and wisdom, if he still spare life and grant health, equal to our task, and make his strength perfect in our weakness.

Brethren, pray for us.

Your affectionate friend and servant,  
THE EDITOR.

## A MEMORIAL OF THE LORD'S MERCY.

I was born in London on the 13th September, 1826. My mother's name was M—, and her father was a minister of some repute amongst the Baptists of his day. He lived at P—, and the chapel is still standing at which he officiated. My father was of P—, and his father was possessed of considerable means, amassed there during the long wars with France, &c. Both my father and mother are still living, and though living in my affections as kind parents, in speaking upon them respecting soul matters, I cannot say that I can look upon them as partakers of the grace of God. This does not arise from anything in their outward walk; for here, I may say, they are blameless—to speak after the manner of men; but from the fact that love to God alone evidences his love to us, and “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” I am one of a family consisting of eleven, of whom two only, myself and a brother, are, I fear, called by grace. This is a painful statement, but strict truth compels me thus to speak; but further; though as yet they be strangers to God, who can tell but that even yet God may show that he has purposes of mercy towards them, by imparting spiritual life and light to their souls? Still may I ever, when looking at these things, be enabled to say, from my heart, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” and feel indeed thankful for grace reigning towards me, whereby, I trust, I am made a member of that family, whose elder brother is Christ, and whose home is heaven.

I did not remain long in London, for my mother's health proving delicate, I was sent off to D—, a town in S—, and where all our family presently settled. My father was now, owing to unfortunate speculations in business, employed as traveller to a very substantial tea-house in London, where his salary was good; but of my more early days, I can say nothing interesting; in fact, except what memory supplies me with, I know but little, and when with that I retrace my early life, I can only say that all my days were spent in vanity and sin. When young I lost my eldest brother, who had just completed his studies in London, at the University College Hospital. I was looked upon also as one who should follow the medical profession; but circumstances ordered it otherwise. At school I was pursued with many thoughts upon a hereafter, and made many resolves to live a better life; and whilst reading in our school hours the Bible, my mind was oftentimes cast down when thinking upon the Judgment Day. What of all things most distressed my mind, and caused me anxiety when in the playground, was the sealing of God's servants, spoken of in Rev. vii. 3. Here, thought I, was sealed my chance, and that was gone, for I was not amongst that nation that God would save. It was but a childish thought, though making much impression on me at the time. Many many times have I stolen away from my brothers and sisters, and in my bedroom prayed to God to give me more time for repentance, ere he called me away; for self and sin I knew not, nor did I for many years afterwards.



About this time it pleased God to break in with light and mercy upon our benighted circle, in the person of one of my brothers. He was away from home at the time; but I remember the letters he sent home made much impression upon my mother; and she often dwelt upon their general beauty and truthfulness. But I never read them, for my mother little knew that I ever thought on these things. He soon after returned home, and his life proved his letters to have been written in all godly sincerity, and that he indeed possessed that grace which teaches those who have been touched by it, to "put off the old man and his deeds," and to "live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present evil world." I lived with him for a time, he having commenced business in the town; and my mind was still engaged with thoughts of repentance on account of a judgment to come. Yet still it was only the workings of nature, and so it availed nothing. I seemed possessed with two very opposite feelings; for though I felt urged to repeated efforts of repentance, and endeavored to amend my nature and condition; yet, on the other hand, I felt religion was a heavenly gift; and I hoped that in some happy moment I might possess it. Alas! how superficial is our knowledge of sin and grace until taught of God; and how mighty is the world, the flesh, and the devil, to break down all that is not of his grace.

I now left home, and lived with a surgeon in S—shire, for a short time; but his health proving bad, other arrangements had to be made, and I was not required. I once again returned home, but only for a few weeks; for soon another situation offered itself in L—shire, whither I repaired, little dreaming how ultimately I should be associated in my life with that county; and how, in the matter of my eternal destiny, owing to that covenant which is "ordered in all things and sure," it might be hereafter said, "This man was born there." But however, in 1845, I arrived at B—, and entered the house of a Mr. P—, as dispensing assistant. For nearly three years did I toil night and day in this my new life; but, I have to confess, that it was only as "unto man;" it was all done with "eye service," lacking any higher motive, destitute of faith; and an apostle has said, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." And so I was led to do that which was an evil in many ways. I prescribed, for instance, much more medicine than otherwise I should have done, in order to augment our practice and returns; thus in fact deceiving and robbing the patient.

I at this time prayed almost regularly, as also I did for matters concerning me in my calling; such as wisdom to direct my head and hands, and for the people to have confidence towards me. But still they were not the prayers of Gospel faith; and so, if answered, could only have been as were Hagar's of old, who, if not a vessel of mercy, as it respects spiritual things, was made such in time of need, in regard to temporal things.

I went on in this way for nearly three years ere any life was implanted in my soul, kept back by restraining grace from many temptations in my calling, and from much hurtful company from a re-



served disposition, and the calls of my daily life; and though enjoying the good-will and respect of my master all the time I was with him, I did much towards him which I cannot now approve of; I mean in the way of disputing and arguing, of which I was much too fond.

But to return to the workings of my soul. I was still possessed with my peculiar views of religion, and used to suppose thus: That if I left this town unconverted, I might never hope to be; for I now sat under a very zealous preacher, one more so than I had ever heard before; and I was, moreover, in a house where religion was much attended to. My desires now seemed answered, when, in my ignorance of self, I had hoped for more opportunities of repentance ere I was called away; and this desire and fear was so strong upon me that, though so often solicited by my friends to come away, (they thinking that the hard work would injure my health,) and though the situation was anything but lucrative, and held out to me no hopes of any future livelihood, yet, with all their incentives to leave, I nevertheless remained, stimulated by a vague hope of being converted some day, and fearing that this was now my day, which if lost, was gone for ever. I cannot but think that God was thus bringing about his designs towards me, in inclining my mind secretly to stay here. It is not the only time that he has done so even towards me; and has overruled an earthly feeling to a heavenly end.

I attended, at this time, at church, and that for three years, without God doing anything for me in my soul. But about this time matters concerning me were to be altered; a way was at hand, when, with the church of God, I might say, "For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand of him that was stronger than he." It was in December, 1847, that the realities of another world were first brought more strongly to my mind. I was lying ill with inflammation in the lungs, and my recovery despaired of, though, for myself, I had no such fears; neither, as yet, was my soul harassed with any true fears as to its state. Still, however, from this time the salvation of my soul became the all-engrossing subject of my mind; and as sometimes little circumstances usher in great events, so, in the present case, I began almost I may say unconsciously, to ask questions on religion.

It arose in my mind thus: As I was ill in bed, I suddenly felt anxious to see Mr. W—, the incumbent of the church where I attended. What motive prompted me, I can hardly say; but as far as I can analyse the workings of my mind at that time, it arose more from idle curiosity than aught else; for certainly, ill as I was, and though death to the minds of many was not far off, yet was I without any fears as to any immediate danger of my soul's damnation; but I can remember well that the conversation on his first call was chiefly on my part respecting the fears that had so long hovered over, and, at times, oppressed my soul; but there was an absence of all earnest inquiry of the way of salvation. Mr. W. talked with me some time respecting God's sovereignty and his way of salvation; and chiefly

to this end, I think, that he might break off my previous views of my own unhappy destiny. In fact, from the beginning he formed too favorable an estimate of my case, and would rather if I did and would think upon the subject of God's electing love, to look upon it as speaking good and not evil to me; for he seemed to take all these prior feelings as evidences of grace working in me; and from them tried to prevent me from writing bitter things against myself. And to this end I ascribe it that he left me to read as I lay in bed a portion of Eph. ii., as I was able in body to do so. But this mistaken judgment on his part led me on presently to make a wrong estimate of myself; and so I, who before only thought on election as a bar to my entrance into heaven, now too slightly built my hope of being converted because of it. But though as yet I knew not sin, and had felt nothing of its exceeding sinfulness as I did soon after, I felt a sweet power many times when in prayer, to which before I was an entire stranger. It was an indescribable feeling, bearing my soul upwards to a Being, who I before was unconscious of as being so really everywhere present. It was repeated to me many many times during my recovery, and deadened me, for a time, to all thoughts but that of heaven, and of a Being whose presence seemed so sweet, so near, and yet so far off. But I gradually recovered in body; and though after these choice moments I was possessed with an idea that I was converted, and was thought so to be by my then pastor, (though I never disclosed these happy frames to him,) and though I publicly returned thanks to God for his mercy to my body, yet I, as it were, felt nothing substantial to look or rest upon; and had any one examined the ground of my hopes, they would have seen but little evidence of spiritual life in me. I was sincere, that is true; but then ignorance blinded me, or I should not have acted as I did.

I went on thus till the beginning of February, 1848, when I left for home; and as yet there appeared so little evidence of grace in my soul, the blessed moments I enjoyed seem to have been given for various reasons. But here I would walk softly, for I feel that I am treading upon ground but little broken up to my mind, and which, in this world, probably never will be; but I have thought that perhaps they were intended as tokens for good when I might need some such tokens; and I have thought again that they were to prove to me the blessedness of God's presence above all this world can give, and so to prove a stimulus to prayer and watchfulness in all seasons of my life. "Draw nigh to God," says James, "and he will draw nigh to you." And I had now felt that such nearness was indeed heaven upon earth.

Such was I when leaving for home, one who had felt much, professed much, but knowing little, and possessing nothing solid. I took with me James's "Anxious Inquirer," but little dreaming how soon I myself was to be one so anxiously concerned about salvation, and what sore troubles awaited me. But before I leave B— station, I will mention one other point indelibly impressed upon my soul, though I do so with some backwardness. But I was riding out to see a pa-

tient, on the R— Road, about two weeks before I left for home, when I was arrested on a sudden in my soul, as I was pondering over things lately come to pass towards me, with this text, and that with such savor and sweetness as I never felt before, or even since; it was this: "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" I may say truly, "that whether I was in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell." It seemed, nevertheless, as though spoken in tender love, yet in reproof; and even then it seemed to foretell some great rebellion in my heart; but yet withal mercy was to reign in the end. The sense of it did not last many minutes in its power and sweetness; and never yet have I liked to tell any one of it. I can never look back upon it without feeling humbled; and even now, the lane where I was riding seems sacred to my mind, and I can seem to fix upon a point in the skies where I entered, in my soul, into a heaven of grace and light. It is now more than eight years ago, and I can even yet say but little concerning it.

But to proceed. I left B— for D— in February; and I entered the railway carriage. Though I had tasted so lately of the powers of the world to come, and the good word of God, I left the carriage in quite another state of mind. I had been looking forward to a season of rest and contentment when at home, and of evincing, by my life, a change of character, in the self-righteous pride and ignorance of my heart; but I was to testify of the truth of religion more thoroughly, though more sadly and painfully to myself. But what, asks one, came upon you whilst travelling? Did some message of the law strike down at one blow all your self-righteous notions of self? Or did some text, proclaiming the deceit and sin of the heart, testify against you? No, I cannot say so. No text came upon me; but a horrible darkness overwhelmed and possessed my whole soul. It was a night of heavy gloom and terror to me. I cannot say how I was. There was such confusion and such distraction; and yet even then I did not cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" but felt lost as to what was enveloping me, so peculiar and so unlooked-for was the feeling that possessed me. My mind seemed held with agitation, suspense, and a gloomy, uncertain foreboding of troubles to come.

*(To be continued.)*

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GOD is slow to anger and great in power; so his power moderates his anger. He is not so impotent as to be at the command of his passions, as men are; he can restrain his anger under just provocations to exercise it. His power over himself is the cause of his slowness to wrath; as Numbers xiv. 17: "Let the power of my Lord be great," saith Moses, when he pleads for the Israelites' pardon. Men that are great in the world are quick in passions, and are not so ready to forgive an injury, or bear with an offender, as one of a meaner rank. It is a want of power over a man's self that makes him do unbecoming things upon a provocation. A prince that can bridle his passions is a king over himself as well as over his subjects. God is slow to anger, because great in power. He has no less power over himself than over his creatures. He can sustain great injuries without an immediate and quick revenge; he hath a power of patience as well as a power of justice.—*Charnock.*

## I WAS BROUGHT LOW AND HE HELPED ME.

My dear Friend and Brother in Christ,—The sweet singer of Israel called on the saints of God in the following language: “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul;” and the language of my soul at the present moment is the same. What a mercy to have something to declare of his loving kindness, and to be enabled with one of old to say by living faith, “He brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.” I have been favored this week to hear those dear men of God, Mr. P— and Mr. M—; and though compelled to go a long distance to do so, yet, when a loving Father smiles, how short even a long distance seems; for not only did he smile on my soul during the journey, and sweetly bless me in hearing his truth from those his dear servants, causing the dew of heaven to rest on my soul, but in his goodness and mercy he has been pleased to ravish and overpower my heart with his love for many days since; and I desire here to raise an Ebenezer to his praise. I will, therefore, if the Lord enable me, speak a little of his dealings with my soul in convincing me of sin (now nine years since), and leading me to cry for mercy, pardon, and salvation, through the blood of the Lamb.

My father being a strict churchman, I was, in consequence, compelled to follow in his steps, and dared not attend a dissenting chapel; and, forming a part of the choir, I was in the midst of much sin, immorality, and vice, which my nature loved. Though at times conscience-stricken, and feeling it was wrong, yet I could not leave it; but the Lord saw fit to remove me from my father's home, to my present abode, and to call me away from all these things. For some time after leaving my home, I attended an Independent chapel, and associated much with the enemies of sovereign grace, being myself exceedingly bitter against those blessed truths which are now the meat and drink of my poor soul; but here I was not long to remain, for one Sabbath morning on my return from chapel, a solemn feeling came over my mind, and it was this, “That there was such a thing as *going* to heaven, and a path to be travelled in.” I went to the same chapel the following Sunday morning, but it was the last time, feeling in my conscience, I must “come out from among them and be separate;” and I felt I was all wrong. I then procured some works of truth, amongst which were Mr. P's “Heir of Heaven Walking in Darkness, and Heir of Hell Walking in Light;” which work, I trust, was the means, in the Lord's hands, of bringing me down at his sacred feet as a lost, ruined, and hell-deserving wretch, feeling that without the mercy of God, I must perish for ever, and crying with the publican, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” But I seemed to cry in vain, and felt I was altogether deceived, and should be lost to all eternity. To strengthen the feeling, the enemy suggested to my mind that I had not, as was the case with the Lord's people, experienced a deep law work, and felt, as it were, the horrors of the damned in my soul;

yet, at the same time, I felt from the bottom of my heart I was the vilest sinner in or out of hell, and I was trying to get deliverance; I was left to tempt the Lord my God in a way I refrain from naming, or attempting to describe, for the very thought has, many times since, made me tremble. But what an unspeakable mercy! the Lord did not leave me to my just deserts, and consign my soul to eternal darkness. What a long suffering God is our God! But this was the means of sinking me lower still, and of giving me a deeper view of my awful state as a sinner; for I cried again unto the Lord that he would pardon my many sins, for I felt that nothing short of a manifestation of his mercy would satisfy my guilty helpless soul. Creatures tried to comfort me, but in vain; nothing short of Christ would do for me; and I was not long without having a gleam of hope raised in my soul from the application of these words, "Deliver him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom." But it did not bring a full deliverance; and I went on hoping and fearing for some days. When I was one day engaged in my daily calling; and standing on a spot I shall ever remember, the words, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," were applied with power to my mind. It broke my heart in pieces, and tears of love flowed down my cheeks; and I felt it was too much for such a wretch, and for a short time it filled my soul with joy and peace; but Satan was determined to harass my mind, for he soon suggested to me that it was all delusion, and that what I had so lately felt was from familiarity with the portion. But a gracious God did not suffer me to remain long under this fiery temptation, for a few days afterwards, and whilst standing on the same hallowed spot, the still small voice of God whispered into my soul these words, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land which is very far off." O what a heavenly visit was this. It brought me low at his sacred feet, and again filled my soul with joy and peace and a sorrow that needeth not to be repented of. Yet I seemed at a loss to know whether it was real or not, being in total ignorance of the passage, or of its existence in the word of God, until shown it by a dear and esteemed sister in the Lord, who was the only person I felt able to speak to on the things of God. Now was my deliverance complete. My sins were all gone; they were not to be found, being all drowned in that blessed sea of Everlasting Love; for days and weeks I enjoyed heaven in my soul; nor could all the malice of hell disturb that peace of God which, indeed, passeth understanding; and I was enabled to challenge that arch adversary, and tell him he was a liar, now that the Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing in his wings.

"Why was I made to hear his voice,  
And enter while there's room?"

"Why me, Lord? why such mercy towards such a wretch?" Such was the language of my soul, whilst basking in the sunbeams of his forgiving love. What but Almighty love could have shown mercy towards such a monster of iniquity? O the height, the depth, the length, and breadth! And to know the love of God. This is the mercy, to

know something of that love "which passeth knowledge, and all understanding." That love which bore with my sins before grace took possession of my heart, and while under the condemning power of sin, still bears with me; that love which has kept me to the present moment, and which has engaged to land my soul in glory! and, blessed be God, that while writing this letter my whole heart and soul is filled, yea, overpowered and vanquished with that precious love.

"O, what is honour, wealth, or power,  
To such a gift as this?"  
"I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,  
And faint beneath the bliss."  
On such love, my soul, still ponder;  
Love so great, so rich, so free.  
Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,  
Why, O Lord, such love to me?  
Hallelujah! Grace shall reign eternally."

What a mercy, what a divine and solemn reality, to feast and dwell on redeeming love, and to prove the faithfulness of a covenant God. My soul has, in times past, been favored to enjoy something of his love, but never in such a measure as in the past week; and it is indeed "Sovereign Grace o'er sin abounding," for I do love to prove it is all of grace, free, sovereign, and unmerited. O the condescension of our God in raising up such rebels, and making us kings and priests, and redeeming us to himself by his most precious blood!

What can be compared to a precious Christ? He is indeed "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." But being at times the subject of so much that is contrary to my God, I feel as though I should one day fall by the hand of the enemy. But he has promised to keep the feet of his saints, and I am a living witness to his faithfulness; for, blessed be his holy name, here I am to the present moment, a monument of his love and power. Oh, had I ten thousand tongues, they must be all engaged to praise his holy name, the language of my soul being with the Psalmist, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." But when the Lord is pleased to withdraw, (blessed be his name, he only withdraws,) and leaves me to the depravity of my wicked heart, like a ship in a rough storm, tossed about on the waves which roll forth from that vast abyss of woe, what misery and wretchedness it brings into my poor soul. Yet, the mercy his here, that "underneath are the everlasting arms;" and low as my soul sinks, or far as it wanders from him, those arms of mercy go lower and further still; yes, that blessed hope remains both sure and steadfast as an anchor to the soul, and as firm as the rock on which it is built. O, my dear brother, these are eternal and solemn realities, peculiar to God's elect. What a mercy to know something of them in our own souls, and, like Naphtali, to be satisfied with favor, and to be full with the goodness of the Lord. O what a blessed fulness is treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ. But dear Hart says:

"Their pardon some receive at first,  
And then compelled to fight  
They feel their latter stages worse,  
And travel much by night."



In these words, I often feel my own experience lies; but though “travelling much by night,” yet, what a mercy it is not all night; for, though at times compelled to fight and wrestle with principalities and powers in high places, yet the Lord is stronger than the strong, and is at times pleased in mercy to subdue all things unto himself; yea, though Satan goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he *may* devour, what a mercy it is not whom he *will*. He cannot devour the Lord’s people, for he that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. O what a gracious God is the God of Jacob! Truly my soul can with a holy boldness exclaim, “This God is my God for ever and ever, and will be my guide even unto death,” and at last receive me unto himself. O the preciousness of Jesus’s love! I cannot praise him as I would; but while enabled to cast a look within the vail, and see him, our exalted Head, at the right hand of God, for ever interceding for us, and filled with that love which nailed him to the cross, how it humbles the poor broken-hearted sinner into nothingness before him; and how everything sinks, in comparison, as a precious Jesus exalts himself in our affections. But a few fleeting hours, days, months, or years, and our souls will be favored to enjoy that precious never-dying love, in all its fulness and glory; and then shall we sing that song which we are all our lifetime learning, “Not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth’s sake.

That the Lord may bless and spare you for many years to come to be a blessing to the church and people, is the prayer of,

Your unworthy though favored Brother in Christ,

August, 1857.

JACOB.

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### A LETTER BY MR. JENKINS, OF LEWES.

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My dear Friend,—Your letter has now been some time in my hands. I do not forget you, but much travelling about, and sometimes indisposition, have been the cause of my not answering it sooner.

There are many grievous complaints in it, but all may be summed up in this—the commandment is come, and sin is revived. So it was, and so it is, and so it will be. The law came that sin might abound; and by the law is the knowledge of sin; I had not known sin, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet; then sin, taking occasion by the commandment, which is good, works in us all manner of concupiscence. Before the law comes, sin is dead, and we are alive; but when the commandment comes, attended with a divine power, sin then is revived, and we die. It is Almighty power that cuts up the false hope of the sinner, drives out the strong man armed from his castle, which is the human heart, and binds the transgressor in his two furrows. It is my desire, says God, that Ephraim should be chastised, and chastised he shall be, as his congregation has heard. Ephraim has been an heifer long unaccustomed to the yoke. But it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. This will tame him. After he has struggled a while, he will sit down and be quiet, because he hath borne it upon him, and he will put his mouth in the

dust, if so be there may be hope. The yoke of our transgressions is bound by God's hands; yea, they shall be wreathed and come up on our necks, and he maketh our strength to fail. This sadly galls the old man; he is not pleased with this; he is an old one, a subtle, and a crafty one, and Satan, being his friend and ally, assists him; and it is from this port that the devil throws out all his fiery darts. From hence came all evil thoughts, rebellious thoughts, hard thoughts of God, rebellion, enmity, and blasphemous suggestions, and it is God that maketh man to know what is his thought. It is divine power that stirs up the nest; and it is light that discovers the brood. That which is reprov'd is made manifest by the light; for whatsoever makes manifest is light; and this is the true light that now shineth in your heart, and the hidden things of darkness are discovered there. Humble yourself before this mighty hand of God, and he will exalt you in due time. Be patient; endure this yoke, and bear the indignation of the Lord. Your back has called for all this, and much more. Nothing strange has befallen you; it is the path that all who will be saved shall walk in, more or less. If they are without chastisement, then they are bastards and not sons. Your speaking to the people what God has made you feel, agreeable to his word, is not declaring the vision of your own heart, but is speaking out of the abundance of the heart, as Christ says they shall. The vision of one's heart is what one learns from the letter of the word, when God has shown him nothing.

Ever yours,

Lewes, Dec. 28th, 1795.

J. JENKINS.

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### A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER IN INDIA.

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My dear Brother in the Smitten Rock, Christ, who is Lord of All, —By his blessed aid I will once more attempt to send you a few lines in answer to your soul-comforting letter, which came to hand two months since. It should have been answered before; but owing to my position, I could not write; but I trust our love does not altogether exist in letters.

Well, my brother, how is it with your poor soul in this perilous day of gross evil, and enmity at God's sovereignty? Surely it is and shall be well with the righteous. God has declared by the mouth of his prophet that they shall eat the fruit of their doings. But how can we understand this truth when we know by experience that all we can do apart from Christ is sin, and the fruits of sin are death? Yet, my brother, it rejoiceth the poor, sin-bitten soul to have this precious grace of faith to believe in Jesus, and to know that he is justified in all things through the blood of the Lamb, because the imputed righteousness of Christ is upon those who believe in his name. Thus they are accepted in their Beloved, and the fruits of Christ's obedience is that which covers all the nakedness of poor Zion. Thus it shall be well with the righteous. It was well with Peter when in his sinking moment, because the omnipotent arm of God was underneath him; because he was a son, a mouthpiece for God's glory, to declare his truth, and boldly preach Christ Lord:

of all. It was well with Jonah in the storm, though cast into the mighty deep. It was well with the few despised ones when they were met together, and Jesus stood in their midst and said, "Peace be unto you." My brother, fear not; for the love of our God is immutable; having loved his own he will love them to the end. This is the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and for our comfort God has given us this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us. Thus, my brother, the new wine is put into new bottles, and both are preserved when persecuted.

It gladdened my heart, on reading your last, to hear you were again raised up to health of body, and that you have felt your poor drooping soul pardoned through the blood of the ever blessed Jesus, and your interest renewed in that immutable covenant of grace, which can never fail. Surely the God of Jacob is with you and with your dear pastor, Mr. T—. Please give my love in Jesus to him. You ask me how I am. I would tell you in the words of the poet:

"Do you ask of me, my brethren,  
How I am, and how I've been?  
I feel I'm vile, although forgiven,  
Full of fears and prone to sin.  
Yet I would adore that Saviour  
Who delivered me from hell.  
O the bliss, the heaven-born favor!  
Jesus hath done all things well."

But, my dear brother, since I wrote to you, which was in June last, my soul has been in many deeps; but I bless and for ever adore the Lord, out of them he delivered me. I am still the spared monument of God's grace and mercy. You will, I have no doubt, have heard of the state of this country. I have been most mercifully brought through, unhurt, out of seven general engagements. What I have had to suffer I cannot describe to you; but God was with me, and knew neither my heart nor soul was in it. Since those seven battles I have been taken ill with fever, and passing blood; so that I was unable to go on with the army that has since been engaged at Lucknow, in the kingdom of Oude.

My dear brother, your deep affection toward me I do desire to appreciate. Well did the blessed Lord know his sheep would hear his voice and follow him, and a stranger they will not follow. You appear to have rejoiced in the few lines I have been enabled to send you. Oh! the rich honour of God to condescend to help such poor worms of the earth to speak forth his praise one to another. I hope you will soon be able to send me a few more lines, accompanied with a few more of those precious sermons. They do so gladden my poor soul with the good old wine of the kingdom, well ripened; for, dear brother, these truly are perilous days, and the Lord whom we seek shall come; but who shall abide his coming? Blessed are those who are found worthy to enter into the joy of the Lord.

Blessed be the Lord for the pardoning blood of Jesus. What manner of people ought we to be in all things, for the love of God has come into our hearts, and has brought us to the light of his

glorious gospel; for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth; and with God there is no respect of persons. May the Lord more and more bless this his Gospel to our poor souls, and that it may let our light so shine before men that they may be constrained to say "we have been with Jesus." I now must come to a close, as I feel quite shut up. But, blessed be the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, his mercies are immutable, so that, though our house is not as it should be, yet the covenant is ordered in all things and sure; and this is comfort to us who are called by grace to live by faith on the promises of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and are accepted in him. My heart's desire is to say, Remember me, at the foot of the cross; and may grace and mercy and truth be with you, and all the Lord's dear family with you that love in sincerity and truth, to water your drooping souls as the rain on the tender grass. Now unto him who is able to keep us from falling be eternal glory and praise. Amen.

Believe me to be, Yours for the truth's sake,  
78th Highlanders, Cawnpore, Bengal, ARTHUR BAKER.  
India. September 24th, 1857.

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### THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

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My sincere Friend,—O what a path is that which a living child of God has to wade through on his way to Zion, the city of God; how many hard lessons he has to learn; what crosses and perplexing things disturb his mind; how often the cares of time and sense seem to swallow up everything of a spiritual nature, and his heart is carried away with the things of the world before he is aware of it, till his own soul feels as barren as a desert. Where should we go to and what should we not indulge in, if left to our own selves? Some need more ballast than others to keep them steady, and perhaps the very thing we want removed is that which is appointed by the wisdom of God to keep our vessel steady. Like Paul, we want the thorn in the flesh taken away, but it is given that we should not be exalted above measure. Pride, that cursed rank weed, will twist and entangle itself in all we try or attempt to do. We cannot write to a Christian friend upon spiritual matters, but the enemy will attempt to puff us up with pride; but what a mercy to feel it, and also to mourn before the Lord on the account thereof. I am quite sure we have nothing to make us proud, in self, except our poverty and wretchedness, without a shelter, in debt, exposed to the wrath of God; and were it not for the Shepherd of Israel we must have sunk in hell. May the blessed and Holy Spirit enable us to glory in Jesus the sinner's only Friend, and that we may have grace given us to tread that monster self under our feet. O what a plague to a poor child of God! It can mimic, act craft and hypocrisy. O how I have stood astonished that ever God should love such a monster of sin. But how few we find that like to hear the heart of man described according to the word; but what a mercy that we are kept from being ashamed of the gospel of Christ. I remember the time when the Lord

was pleased to manifest himself to my soul when overwhelmed with grief, feeling myself such a sinner before God, and I thought I should go to hell. When the Lord was pleased to turn my captivity, in the simplicity of my heart I told the Lord that I would do anything for his honor and glory; but, alas, since he has called me to proclaim his truth, how many times have I groaned to the Lord to send by whom he would, but not by me, for I have many times fainted through the things which I have met with from sinner and from saint. But I can say with Paul, that I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me, for I feel to be such a poor weak worm, and I want the "Fear not" spoken so often to my soul. Sometimes I have to stand up before the people without a text, and in my feelings think I shall break down every moment, and glad when it is over to get away, feeling so ashamed of my preaching. Yet often at these seasons the word has been blessed, and I have proved again and again that it is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. O how sensible do I feel that unless the Holy Spirit bless the words from my lips, my preaching is vain and also the hearing; but if one or two of the Lord's family come forward to tell how the word has been blessed to their souls, how apt we are to forget that we are earthen vessels, pipes through which the blessing is conveyed. But I must leave off. May the Lord keep us faithful unto death, with a tender conscience, and the fear of God in lively exercise.

T. S. S.

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## THE WORK AND WAGES OF A LABORER.

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My dear Friend,—After my long silence, I avail myself of this opportunity of writing a line once more, although I seem to have nothing but poverty, leanness, death, hardness, and bondage, to send you; and doubtless you are furnished enough with those things yourself. Yet the Lord may bring something out of my heart and soul which may suit you. We have many times mourned together, have walked together, talked together, fasted together, fed together, and mingled our poor prayers together; and I hope we shall rejoice together for ever and ever; for we have a faithful, covenant-keeping God and Father, to do and deal with.

Many changes have taken place since I left your house in May last; but the Lord has been very kind, gracious, and merciful to my soul. I do not remember having one barren time in the pulpit since I left A—; indeed, my soul was never so much favored in speaking, since, I hope, the Lord opened my mouth to tell forth his truth. Nay, the life, power, freedom, flow, and liberty that I have felt within my soul, with the sweet springs of love, joy, and peace flowing within my heart, like so many streams from a fountain, have begotten within my very soul such a love to the dear Saviour, his people, truth, and work, that I have been made willing to labor. I often think about my affliction in January and February. I had made up my mind never to labor so much again

if the Lord raised me up; but you see last week I spoke on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and reached L— on Saturday, and here yesterday, and have three more evenings following this week. So much preaching draws one's inside out. What a blessed week my soul had last week in the pulpit; and, I hope, many poor souls, hither and thither, were fed, comforted, encouraged, and blest. I often think there is a barren season before me. The warm weather has tried me; but, through God's great goodness, I am nicely in health, and desire to thank the Three-One God for all his mercy to worthless and unworthy me, whom the Lord hath taken care of for many years. And although my enemies have done all they could do to root me out of the land of the living, the Lord, I trust, has been rooting my soul deeper into the truths of the everlasting Gospel of the blessed Redeemer. No man can enter into the path I have had to travel in and through for many years gone by; yet the Lord sustained me, and kept my feet from slipping; and here I am, a poor, hell-deserving sinner, hanging, hoping, trusting, looking, and, at times, longing to be with Jesus, to see him as he is, and be like him; but at other times my soul cleaveth unto the dust.

Yours affectionately,

Bedworth, August 11th, 1857.

T. G.

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ART thou humble under the assistance and strength God hath given thee? Pride stops the conduit. If the heart begins to swell, it is time for God to hold his hand and turn the tap, for all that is poured on such a soul runs over into self-applauding, and so is as water spilt in regard of any good it doth the creature, or any glory it brings to God. A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.—*Gurnall*.

THE power of divine grace in a man may be exemplified in a great variety of situations. A man may be rich or poor, learned or illiterate, of a lively natural spirit, or of a more slow and phlegmatical constitution. He may have a comparatively smooth, or a remarkably thorny path in life; he may be a minister or layman; these circumstantialia will give some tincture and difference in appearance to the work; but the work itself is the same; and we must, as far as possible, drop the consideration of them all, or make proper allowances for each, in order to form a right judgment of the life of faith. The outward expression of grace may be heightened and set off to advantage by many things which are merely natural, such as evenness of temper, good sense, a knowledge of the world, and the like; and it may be darkened by things which are not properly sinful, but unavoidable, such as lowness of spirits, weak abilities, and pressure of temptations, which may have effects that they who have not had experience in the same things cannot properly account for. A double quantity of real grace, if I may so speak, that has a double quantity of hindrances to conflict with, will not be easily observed, unless these hindrances are likewise known and attended to; and a smaller measure of grace may appear great when its exercise meets with no remarkable obstructions. For these reasons we can never be competent judges of each other, because we cannot be competently acquainted with the whole complete case. But our great and merciful High Priest knows the whole; he considers our frame, "remembers that we are but dust," makes gracious allowances, pities, bears, accepts, and approves, with unerring judgment.—*Newton*.



## Obituary.

MRS. E. B. K. FLOYD.

As we have been earnestly requested to insert the following memorial without alteration or mutilation, we have consented to do so. Though this so far relieves us from the responsibility of approving of every expression, it does not preclude the declaration of our feeling that we should much prefer the omission of what is said about the Church of England Burial Service. We fully admit, as, indeed, all must, the great beauty and solemnity of that service; but after all, it is but a form, and its miserable prostitution, as read over all indiscriminately, whether they died in Christ or died in their sins, must shock every Christian heart, and has not only grieved hundreds of conscientious clergymen, but has driven many to secede altogether from a system which sanctions, if not compels, such a sacrifice of conscience.

My dear Sir,—Can you not find a place in your valuable periodical for the following precious memorial? for precious I deem it, and I doubt not that it will be so esteemed by all those members of the church of our adorable Redeemer, into whose hands it may fall.

Mrs. E. B. K. Floyd was a native of, and a 90 years' resident in, Deptford, Kent. And, remarkable to relate; she was born, and lived all those years in the same house; and, moreover, she was born, and, after her marriage, always slept, and at last died, in the same room; at the "good old age" (Gen. xv. 15) of nearly 91; in the possession of *every* faculty, perfect; even her eye-sight *without glasses*. Nor is this all. Her life, by the singular providence of God over her, was preserved during the awful visitation of the cholera, the destroying ravages of which were so great that 60 persons died of it within a short time, in her own street alone. But her narrative will tell its own heavenly tale. She used to travel all the distance from Deptford to London, above seven miles, generally walking, till latterly, as often as her age and infirmities permitted, to worship God in his public courts, first in Fetter Lane, afterwards at Islington Green, and lastly, at St. Mary Somerset, Upper Thames Street; even up to the age of 82 or 83; a period of more than 25 years. Her death was quite unexpected, at the last, and after a few days' indisposition; and it was as a child falling asleep and full of peace. She lately expressed a great desire to see me, once more, before she died. To satisfy that desire, and to gratify myself, (for I loved her in Christ dearly,) I went down from town to see her, about three weeks before she died. All was holy cheerfulness, perfect peace, and anxious, but submissive, waiting for her summons to "depart and be with Christ." Just before I left her, after speaking a little from Heb. vi., (especially the last eight verses,) and prayer, she put into my hands the following brief, but blessed testimony. And I have no doubt that one motive of her great anxiety to see me, once more, before she departed, was, that she might commit the rich crumb to my hands,

with her last blessing; for her last it eventually proved to be. It is a great and I believe will be a lasting grief to me that the unexpectedness of her death, the very lateness of the intelligence of it, and my own peculiar state of health, with many other insuperable difficulties, prevented my burying her, as I certainly (God willing) should have done, with the Church of England burial service. Could I have gone down to Deptford, I should certainly have preceded the sainted corpse, in all the olden Church of England *form*, from her house to her grave; and should have read over it there, with all happiness and thankfulness, that beautiful service so appropriate to the committal of the body of a departed *saint* to its original earth.

“Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear sister here departed, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.”

And again:

“Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give thee thanks that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our sister out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

The beautiful hymn, at the end of the narrative, is not our departed sister's own composition, but copied by her as being exactly suited to her happy case, and greatly enjoyed by her, in her prospects of death. I have, or had, by me, many of the dear gone-before one's letters, but I fear they have been lost.

I am, my dear Sir,

Always yours in the truth “as it is in Jesus” our Lord,  
London, November. H. COLE.

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**TRUTH AND PEACE.—A NARRATIVE OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND SPIRITUAL PROSPECTS WAITING FOR DEATH, OF A MOTHER IN ISRAEL; WRITTEN BY HERSELF.**

Being encouraged by the words of David, in Psa. lxvi. 16, “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul,” I have endeavored to set down some of the most gracious dealings of the Lord with my poor soul. I pray the Lord to bless the reading of it to all my dear family, that they may, “Seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near.” They will feel the comfort of it in their last moments, when all creature comforts fail. They will be able to say by faith, The Lord Jesus Christ is my salvation, and my everlasting inheritance and portion. This is the prayer of their affectionate mother,

E. B. K. FLOYD.

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After walking the downward road that leadeth to destruction, according to the course of this world, according to the prince of

the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, forty years, my blessed Lord was pleased to send these words with power to my mind, one morning, in my sleeping-room, to raise me from the sleep of death: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. (Isa. lv. 6.) It struck me with astonishment, as I never remembered to have had a word of Scripture come to my mind before; and while I pondered it over in my mind, it suddenly came to me that I had never sought the Lord in his appointed means. O my ignorance! I knew nothing of the appointed means of grace; I knew nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, nor the plan of salvation any more than a Hottentot, though brought up in the Church of England. About a fortnight after, these words came with power, so that I really thought I heard the words spoken to me: "Look unto me, and be saved." These second words coming, began to make a shaking among the dry bones. I began to feel quite unhappy; what to do I did not know, and I was ashamed to speak to anybody about what I felt. Many other words came to me, which made me feel I was a great sinner; but where to fly for refuge I knew not. At last I was constrained to open my mind to an old lady who lived with me at that time, and she persuaded me to go and hear Mr. Burgess preach, as she was a member of his chapel; and I went on Monday evening. The first time I went to chapel, the text was, "And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." (Ezek. xx. 34.) It appeared as if it was sent for me; it was so impressed on my mind. I did not know much of the sermon. It was the first time I had heard a gospel sermon.

From that time my heart was drawn there, and I left the Church of England; but as often as I could I went and heard Mr. Burgess. Sometimes I got a little encouragement; at other times quite distressed, fearing there was no mercy for such a sinner as I felt myself to be. Then the Lord was pleased to send some sweet words to encourage me to press on; such as these: "I never said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain;" and, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God." I could not get to hear preaching very often, and when I did I was ashamed that any one should see me. Then these words would follow me, "He that is ashamed of me, of him will I be ashamed; and this, "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." One time, being in deep distress of soul, and harassed by many enemies, from without and within, as I was going to chapel, one Wednesday evening, I was begging of the Lord, in my poor way, to show me if I was in the right way; and he was pleased to speak these words to my heart, "Thine eyes shall see thy teachers." When I came there at that time I was looking to man, not knowing that power belongeth to God. I thought to see Mr. Burgess, but it was a stranger that came, which was a damp to my spirits; but when he took his text it was this: "Because the Lord heard I was hated, he hath given me this son also." When he began to open the text, he so described the trials, oppositions, and difficulties that a heaven-born soul meets with, that if he had known all my concerns he

could not have described the state I was in more clearly than he did at that time. Under the sermon I felt I had that blessed Son in me, which is Christ, the hope of glory. I can say it was the first time I felt the Word preached with any power and comfort, and I had a hope it would continue; but, alas! how soon it was all gone! I then understood what Mr. Hart says:

“ True religion's more than notion;  
Something must be known and felt.”

And a blessed sensation it is. I heard afterwards that the minister's name was Locke; and I really believe the Lord sent him that evening with tidings of comfort to my soul. After this I sank very low again; when Mr. Burgess preached from Luke xix. 5, and it was much blessed to my soul, as I felt interested in a great part of the sermon. Likewise I was very much exercised about the new birth, like Nicodemus: “ How can these things be?” An old gentleman I used to converse with tried all in his power to make me understand it, but I could not; and I can say, to the glory of my blessed Lord, that what teaching I have had is from himself, and not from man. In this exercise of mind I went to chapel, when Mr. Barret preached, who ministered in turn with Mr. Burgess, from these words: “ Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” (2 Cor. v. 17.) He treated so much on the new birth, and the Lord was pleased to give me so much understanding to receive it, that I felt clearly what it was, and that I was born again.

And so the Lord was pleased to lead me on for five years, before he manifested himself to my soul; not but that I had many sweet foretastes of his love to my soul. And about a fortnight before he gave me to feel the pardon of my sins, and to see my interest clear in my dear Redeemer, my soul, if I may so express myself, was like a spiritual dialogue, with texts of Scripture, such as these: “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;” Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief; continually passing through my mind, that I can say I lived quite above the world.

On April 23rd, 1812, as I was in my sleeping-room, these words came with such power to my heart as I had never felt before: “ Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you.” O the joy and the comfort that followed those words cannot be described! And these texts of Scripture followed: “ Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul;” “ My beloved is mine, and I am his;” “ He brought me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love;” and many more; so that I felt I was a pardoned sinner. I felt my interest clear in my dear Redeemer; washed in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness, I could feel his anger was turned away, and I was comforted. I could feel the kingdom of heaven was come into my soul. “ O taste and see that the Lord is good.”

“ O, my Jesus, thou art mine,  
With all thy grace and power;  
I am now and shall be thine,  
When time shall be no more.”

Not long after this, the enemy beset me with this: "How do you know your sins are pardoned? The Lord did not say, 'Daughter, go in peace; thy sins are forgiven.'" Then I began to think I was deceived altogether, and I begged and entreated the Lord to make it clear to me, and not let me be deceived, and rest in a false hope short of the salvation of my immortal soul. The Lord was pleased to send these words, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." I knew there was nothing in my flesh that would satisfy my soul, and I could rest in nothing short of the Spirit witnessing with my spirit that I was born of God; and I felt the power of it, and went on very happy, in the light of the Lord's countenance for some time; till the enemy beset me again as before,—that I did not know I was a pardoned sinner,—that I knew those words were now applied to me; so down I sank lower than ever; but my ever-blessed and condescending Lord did not let me be many weeks in this desponding state; for one day, as I was reading my Bible, I came to these words in Isaiah xliii. 25: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Well, said I, now I know my Lord has pardoned my sins, and when they are sought for they cannot be found, and I cannot come into condemnation. The Lord was pleased to bless me with the light of his countenance, and the manifestation of his love, for nearly three years. And when he was pleased to withdraw his *sensible* presence, and bring me down from the Mount, I did not know what to make of it after such sweet indulgences; for if such sweetness in the streams, what must the fountain be! Then, as Mr. Hart says:

"I to my own sad place return,  
My wretched state to feel,  
I tire, I faint; I mope, and mourn,  
And am but barren still."

After this, I sank into great darkness. I did not know at that time I was to be weaned from the breast of consolation, and to go in and out, to find pasture. But I can say, glory be to the name of my dear Lord! he has led me in a right way, and has promised never to leave me nor forsake me; and I know his promise can never fail, let me be in whatever frame I may. One time I was meditating on the ever-blessed and adorable Trinity; and I felt it so clear as I could never express it, that the Three adorable Persons in the Trinity were from eternity all concerned in the salvation of my soul. Had it not been so I could never have been saved; and I was preserved in Christ Jesus, and, in his own time, called out of nature's darkness into his most marvellous light to glorify his blessed name to all eternity.

Nothing very particular occurred till our dear pastor's (Mr. Burgess's) last illness. I shall pass on till then. When he was so ill he could not venture out of an evening he gave us exhortations on Thursday mornings; and if I mistake not he spoke eight times from these words: "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh

away; and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." (John xv. 2.) And most sweet seasons I enjoyed in hearing him. He was then fast declining, and all his friends could see and know that as his outward man decayed, his inward man was renewed day by day. That day when the Lord was pleased to take him from this world of sorrow, to be for ever with himself in glory, these words were on my mind the whole day: "Although I feed thee with the bread of adversity, and with the water of affliction, yet thy teachers shall no more be hid in a corner, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers." I could not make it out, knowing our teacher was so soon to be taken from us. I said, Lord, how can this be? Not being in expectation of any one, when he was no more. I knew the blessed Spirit is the best teacher. Not long afterwards, a separation took place in the chapel. The under shepherd was gone, and the sheep were scattered. We have never since assembled together at Mr. Burgess's house for prayer, singing, and reading. Sometimes we have had good experimental ministers to preach to us there, and we have felt a great deal of comfort at times; and I can set my seal to the truth of the Lord blessing us with his presence at our meeting in his name. But still I was at a loss to understand that text of scripture being so impressed upon my mind, as we were still without a teacher, and have been so for five years and a half.

About this time the Lord was pleased to bring Mr. Cole forth to preach in Fetter Lane, Fleet Street. I went to hear his first sermon. It was from these words: "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ; this is the true God, and eternal life." (John v. 20.) He spake at that time from the first clause: "And we know that the Son of God is come." He said no one could speak that language but those that had Christ formed in their heart the hope of glory. It brought to my mind the very time that I did receive Christ into my heart, and I felt the power of it. And many things he mentioned in that sermon which seemed to revive the good work in my soul that had been hid for many years; and I went home quite revived, and blessing the Lord for bringing him forth to speak in his name. The next time he preached from this: "And hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true." When he began to open the "understanding" I was astonished; for I felt I was in possession of it, nearly all. It brought to my mind the very time I felt my soul sealed to the day of redemption, under a sermon of Mr. Burgess's: "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arms." (Song of Solomon viii. 6.) I felt I was justified, and sanctified; and that in his own time I should be glorified. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" The next time he spake from these words: "And we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ," (our Covenant Head from eternity.) I felt the manifestation of it in my soul, as he went on, that I was one of that blessed number that were in Christ from eternity, and could never be lost. So, my soul



was sweetly fed from Sabbath to Sabbath. It was quite a new life to me after so much deadness for so many [fourteen] years, except now and then a little revival. It appeared, indeed, as if one of the days of the Son of Man was come.

(*To be continued.*)

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## INQUIRIES.

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Dear Sir,—Seeing that you are so kind to answer many questions, I take the liberty of asking you whom Christ meant in Matt. xi. 11, where he says, “The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John.”

London.

A POOR WORM.

### ANSWER.

To understand the meaning of the text, Matt. xi. 11, to which our correspondent refers, we must take a comprehensive view of what the Lord Jesus meant here to set forth, which was his own grace and glory; and that according as he himself is viewed as the sum and substance of all truth, and as the grand Centre to which all the lines of prophecy converge and from which all the lines of preaching radiate, is any man great or little. All preachers and prophets rise or sink in worth and value as they testify more or less of him. Why was John the Baptist so great that “among those that are born of women there was not a greater than he?” (Luke vii. 28.) Because no other prophet testified and prophesied of Christ so clearly as he. Elijah was greater in miracles and in the glory of his end; and as regards the consolation derived to the church in all ages from his prophecies, Isaiah was greater than John. But as being the immediate forerunner of Christ; as pointing to the Lamb of God in the days of his flesh, he was greater than any prophet because his testimony was clearer. So when Christ had come in the flesh and set up his kingdom of grace on earth, which he did by the ministry of his apostles, the least preacher of that gospel in that day was greater than John for the same reason that John was greater than any Old Testament prophets in proportion to the clearness of his testimony.

It will thus be seen that the greatness of the prophet or the preacher does not arise from or depend upon the greatness of the man himself—for in the sight of God no creature can be great—but his greatness depends upon the message which he carries, and the tidings which he bears.

The expression, “the least in the kingdom of God” does not therefore mean the least believer in Christ, but the least of the apostles whom he made use of to preach his gospel and set up his kingdom of grace upon earth, which is often called “the kingdom of heaven.”

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Dear Sir,—Will you kindly oblige me by explaining the meaning of 1 Tim. iv. 10, “Who is the Saviour of all men,” for as *all* men will not be saved, I must confess, to my mind it appears a little difficult.

Yours very sincerely,

A CONSTANT READER.

### ANSWER.

This is one of those texts which are continually brought forward by Arminians in defence of their views, and may be taken as a type of the class of Scripture quotations which they adduce to overthrow the truth of the Gospel. The same key which opens this lock will also fit most of the same kind. We shall, therefore, first address ourselves

to a general view of such passages, (as we often receive similar Inquiries,) before we open up the meaning, as it seems to us, of the words quoted by our correspondent:

1. Now, we must lay it down as a broad, undeniable principle, that no single, isolated texts, must be interpreted so as to overthrow grand fundamental truths. All truth, especially God's truth, must be consistent with itself, harmonious throughout its whole structure, from the lowest basis to the topmost pinnacle. If, then, any one text seem to contradict what the apostle calls "the proportion of faith," (Rom. xii. 6,) that is, the general harmony of truth which is revealed to faith, this contradiction cannot be real, but apparent; for if it could be sustained as a valid contradiction, it might be used, as Arminians use it, as a lever to overthrow the whole truth of God from the very foundation.

2. But, secondly, this text, with others of a similar character, may be explained as representing the *wide* character of the Gospel as compared with the narrow, restricted genius and spirit of the Jewish dispensation. According to that covenant, no one had any right or title to the mercy and favour of God, who was not either a lineal descendant of Abraham, or admitted as a proselyte to Jewish privileges. One grand feature in Paul's ministry, both in preaching and writing, was to beat down that narrow contracted view which a Jew almost necessarily had, that the Gospel was to be as restricted as the covenant made with Israel. When, therefore, he speaks of Christ dying for all men, and being the Saviour of all men, and God willing all men to be saved, he does not mean it so in the sense taken by the advocates of universal redemption, (for how can God will a thing that he does not accomplish?) but that it is God's expressed will that all sorts of men, Jew and Gentile, Greek, barbarian, bond and free, might be saved, and that the narrow limits whereby God only willed the salvation of Israel after the flesh, were now broken through and the middle wall of partition was thrown down, so that all men of all ranks and classes, of all nations and countries, might now have a manifested interest in the great work of salvation.

It is this declaration of the will of God that salvation no longer belongs to the Jew, which opens the way whereby the Gospel may be preached in every place and to every creature. This does not prove that Christ died for all, or that salvation is to be offered to all, or that the will of God is to save every human being, for it is impossible that the will of God can be wider and more extensive than electing love, for that is only the expression of his will; and one perfection of God can be no more larger than the other than one attribute can clash with the other. But as it is not manifestly known who God's elect are, while in the unregenerate mass, a way is opened for the Gospel to be preached in the hearing of all, leaving it to the blessed Spirit to apply the word to those whom God has in his own eternal mind predestinated unto eternal life.

3. Besides this, it is necessary to make the promises and declarations of Scripture as large and wide as they possibly can be without infringing upon, or contradicting, grand foundation truths. At present, in spite of what we may call the largeness of Scripture invitations and promises, doubt and despondency make great head in many of the saints of God; but were the promises as strictly limited in their expression as they really are in their application, unbelief and Satan would take the greatest advantage thereby to distress and harass those who are coming to Jesus Christ for salvation.

4. Such texts seem left in the sacred word as tests of the believing and obedient, and as stumbling blocks to the unbelieving and disobedient. Ungodly men cavil at them, stumble over them, and plunge them to their own destruction; whereas the believing and obedient submit their minds

to the teaching of God, and leave what they cannot altogether understand, feeling convinced that God in his own time and way will clear up all difficulties. Thus, whilst he confounds all the pride of man, and banishes all rebels into the blackness of darkness for ever, he will make manifest his own wisdom and his own glory to those whom he has chosen in Christ, to be partakers of his crown.

5. But the text, quoted by our correspondent, admits a different, and we believe, an easier solution. The words, "Saviour of all men," it will be observed, are spoken of God the Father, not of Christ; and, therefore, seem rather to mean that he is the *preserver* of all men in a *temporal* sense, which he is by giving them food and raiment, (Deut. x. 18; Acts xiv. 17; xx. 28,) watching over them, and keeping them in a thousand different ways in the same way as he feeds the raven (Ps. cxlvii. 9) and holds up the sparrow. (Matt. x. 29.) In this sense God is the "Saviour," or preserver "of all men," but in a more especial sense "of those that believe," for he will take more peculiar and constant care of their bodies, seeing he has loved and redeemed their souls through the blood of his dear Son.

We do not, therefore, consider that the word "Saviour of all men," as spoken of God here generally, has any reference to the salvation of the soul, but simply means the preservation of the body. It is evident that God does not save all men in a spiritual sense, but all are indebted to him for their preservation from day to day and hour to hour as long as they live upon earth.

My dear Master will make several slow advances, momentary and transient visits to thee previous to the day of espousals. He will appear on the mountains, and many obstacles will lower their towering heads. Then he will show himself through the lattice, which will make some slits and crevices through the old veil that is upon thy heart; but it will not destroy the face of that covering, nor wholly swallow up death in victory. Then he will stand behind the wall, and the old strongholds will begin to shake; prejudice, enmity, hardness, infidelity, and despondency, will scarcely hold together. But O! when once he puts his hand in by the hock, and reads the soul of thine heart, then unbelief flies back, faith goes in, and love, sorrow, and evangelical repentance will flow out, for thy bowels will be moved for him more than ever Joseph's were over Benjamin, or the real mother over the son that Solomon ordered to be cut in two.—*Huntington.*

FAITH in Christ implies not only a hearty belief of the Saviour's doctrines, but a whole dependence on the Saviour's person, as our Prophet, Priest, and King. It requires a careful use of the means of grace, but forbids all trusting in the means. I must read the word of God with care, yet not rely upon my own ability, to make me wise unto salvation, but wholly trust in Jesus, as my Prophet, to open my dark understanding, and direct me by his Spirit into all saving truth. I must watch against sin, and pray against it too; yet not rely upon my own strength to conquer it, but wholly trust in Jesus, as my King, to subdue my will, my tempers, and my affections, by his Spirit; to write his holy law upon my heart, and influence my conduct to his glory. I must be zealous of good works; performing them as if my pardon and a crown of glory could be purchased by them; yet wholly trust in Jesus, as my Priest, to wash my guilty conscience in his purple fountain, and clothe my naked soul in his glorious righteousness, thereby receiving all my pardon and my title to eternal life.—*Berridge.*

## POETRY.

*A RAY OF LIGHT IN MIDNIGHT DARKNESS.**(By the late Mrs. Sturton, sen.)*

THE sun had gone down and had left me in darkness,  
 As cheerless and gloomy as midnight, to prove  
 My spirit, still panting and longing and looking,  
 To see my dear Jesus, and feast on his love.

I feared former comforts might prove a delusion;  
 Not born of the Spirit, and carnal their end;  
 Yet ventured once more, midst distress and confusion,  
 To seek my Beloved, and hope him my friend.

I cried, Speak, O speak, to my languishing spirit;  
 Prolong not a silence so deathlike to me!  
 Apply to my heart thy all prevalent merit,  
 And help me, dear Jesus, to triumph in thee.

I'm helpless, and vile, nor a moment would venture  
 To seek or expect any other retreat;  
 My heart is with Thee; all my hopes in Thee centre,  
 And if I must perish I'll die at Thy feet.

To prove Himself gracious no longer He waited,  
 But strengthened my faith on His promise to rest;  
 Said He, "Tho' I try thee, my love's not abated;  
 I'm Jesus the faithful and thou shalt be blest.

"To show that my counsel's above all mutation,  
 Behold I have deign'd to confirm it by oath,  
 That those who have fled to my wounds for salvation  
 Might strong consolation experience by both."

Here, Lord, let me live in the prospect of sorrow,  
 Recline on the bosom of Covenant Love;  
 Committing to Thee all the cares of to-morrow,  
 Rejoicing in hope of the glory above.

Should death be at hand, then I'll fear not undressing,  
 But cheerfully throw off my garments of clay;  
 To yield up my breath is a Covenant blessing,  
 Since Jesus to glory, through death, led the way.

A. S.

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FAITH is the giving up of our souls to God in an act of reliance on him for himself, and those things we desire of him, according to his will. Assurance is rather the flower or seal of faith than faith properly. Christians are often much mistaken about faith, in taking it for a sure confidence and belief that God will help and deliver, &c. But faith chiefly consists in a recumbency and reliance on God, a leaning, a rolling upon him to help us, or for whatsoever mercy we desire of him; and not that he will help or deliver out of such a particular trouble, or to bestow upon us such or such a thing we want, or remove such an evil we fear; that being rather the product, effect, and privilege of faith. Many complain they have not faith, when they have no assurance of God's performance, though they are all the while in the exercise of believing; and that faith is the faith that justifies; and that true faith is such as realiseth things present, remote, and future. It is not the nearness of a thing that makes it real; but faith seeth a thing to be real though afar off; when we are apt to judge many times of the reality of things, because they are near. Also true faith dwells in a pure conscience; it makes its nest there; it purifies the heart.—*Derney.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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FEBRUARY, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## PROVING THE WORK.

"But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing of himself alone and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden."—Gal. vi. 4, 5.

THE work mentioned in my text is not the works of the law. No, no, no; for the Scripture says, "By the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified." But the work here mentioned is faith. Hence we find the apostle says, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith. Prove your own selves," &c.; and here it says, "Let every man prove his own work." Thus it is plain that this in my text is the work of faith.

"But, then," say you, "how shall we know that we have faith?" Why, if you have these six things in you which faith always attends:

1. Faith purifies the heart; (Acts x. 43;) "Whosoever believeth in him shall receive the remission of his sins."
2. It is prevalent with God in prayer; (1 John v. 14, 15;) "And this is the confidence we have in him."
3. It overcomes the world; (1 John v. 5;) "Now this is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith."
4. Faith attends the Spirit's witness; (1 John v. 10;) "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."
5. "Peace in the conscience; (Rom. xv. 23;) "Peace in believing through the power of the Holy Ghost."
6. It attends the preaching of the word; (1 Thess. i. 5;) "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but in power;" and elsewhere it says, "The word preached did not profit, not being mixed with faith."

The next thing is to *prove this work*; to prove the work of God. 1. The Bible says, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Well, say I, "I am the person; for I hunger and thirst after righteousness. Then this proves it." 2. "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." Now if I am rebuked and chastened, this proves it; and thus I prove my own work by the word of God.

The next thing is this *rejoicing*. It is common for people in a natural state, when on a death bed, to send for the minister, and he reads over a few prayers to them; and if conscience begins to lash them, then he administers the sacrament to them, and thus patches up a false peace, and the sick person rejoices in the testimony of another. But what is all this? Supposing, on the one hand, every one of you were to tell me I was a child of God, and my conscience cursed me, and told me I was not, what signifies your testimony?

"Why, no," say you. And, on ~~the~~ other hand, suppose every one of you cursed me, and told me I was not, what should I care for that if the Spirit bore witness that I ~~am~~ a child of God? I care not what you say. And thus I rejoice in myself alone, and not in another.

I will now show you in a three-fold sense how every man shall bear his own burden. You may say you think it is wrong, for Paul says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." "O," say you, "that's the moral law;" but I answer, "No;" for the moral law never commands me to bear another's burden." But Isaiah says, "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree;" and we are to take pattern by him, so if a brother is in distress of soul, by my telling him of my having been in the same state, and praying to God to deliver him as he did me, I make his trouble my own; and this is well-pleasing; for it is the law of love. It was nothing but the self-moving love of Christ that occasioned him to bear our sins. But this burden in my text is different, as I shall show you in a threefold sense. 1. It is a *daily cross*: "Let him deny himself, take up his cross," &c. 2. The depravity of our nature: "We that are in this tabernacle do groan;" (1 Cor. v. 4;) 3. *Bodily afflictions and trials*. Thus I have endeavored to show the meaning of the text, and I add no more.—*Huntington*.

### A LETTER FROM THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

Beloved in the Lord,—Two full months have elapsed since I parted with my dear Christian friends in the island, but though absent in body, yet have I a daily remembrance of each one of you with whom I enjoyed fellowship in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. This is indeed the only means in my present state by which I can in the least requite the great kindness of my beloved Ely friends; and whenever the Lord condescends to favor me, a poor and needy sinner, with nearness and access unto the throne of grace, the dear souls at Eakenheath, Littleport, and Downham are never forgotten; as I feel a strong persuasion that the Lord himself hath taught each of us to love one another; and you well know there is a bond of union running from heart to heart, among real saints, that cannot be broken. "Charity never faileth." Many waters cannot quench it; neither can the floods drown it. No floods of temptation or persecution; no, nor can the hateful streams of indwelling sin overflow so as to extinguish the sacred fire of divine love kindled in our souls by the ever-blessed Spirit of all grace. It is true we have our winter seasons, many cold, chilly frames; together with many cloudy night seasons; yet, notwithstanding all these, the celestial fire of Everlasting Love, when once kindled in our hearts, never can be put out or totally quenched. This was sweetly typified by the fire upon the altar of burnt offering, which was not to be put out. "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out." (Lev. vi. 13.)

We may, and too often do, get damped in our affections, and now and then sink into a lukewarm frame of spirit; but the Lord our God having circumsised our hearts to love him, that we may live, we are



sure to be revived again, for "whatever the Lord doeth, it is done for ever," and this he hath graciously promised: "They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine;" and the cause of this revival lies in the promise also, "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." (Hosea xiv. 5.) This may be seen in the two disconsolate disciples in their journey to Emmaus, (Luke xxiv.); their Lord was crucified and laid in the tomb, and their hopes were buried with him. "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel;" but now they were sad and perplexed indeed. This mysterious transaction had well nigh quenched the fire in them; but when their hope was at the giving up of the ghost, then their risen Lord drew near, though they did not know him; and this is often the case with us; we conclude he is gone, and we shall enjoy his blessed presence no more. But this is our infirmity, for, "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite (or tender) spirit." (Ps. xxxiv. 18.) Yea, "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth." (Ps. cxlv. 18.) Thus it fared with Cleopas and his companion in their solitary walk; they little thought of meeting with such a blessed Visitor when they set off for Emmaus; but he knew well their sorrowful state of mind, and when he had by a few questions drawn out the griefs of their hearts, he then poured in the precious effects of his dying love, sweetly opened their eyes to behold a glimpse of his ever blessed self, and then vanished out of their sight. But this was not all; for he set their heart on fire afresh, and though it was towards night, up they rose and away back to Jerusalem, to tell their companions the pleasing story that they had seen the Lord, and had found sweet communion with their risen Saviour.

Now these things are left upon record for our encouragement and consolation, and we know that the Lord Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; yea, we have experienced his gracious visitations by which our hope and faith have been kept alive to this day. Under the preaching of the gospel; in our retired moments, when pouring out our hearts before him, and showing him our troubles; when tried with temptations, when exercised in the furnace of affliction, and when sorrowing under outward tribulation; how often hath the Lord in mercy appeared. "A refuge and strength, and a very present help in trouble." And as Mr. Hart sweetly sings, so have we experienced, that

"He pities all our griefs,  
When sinking makes us woe.  
He dries our tears, relieves our fears,  
And bids us trust in him."

These things, my dear friends, we have certainly found in the house of our pilgrimage, and by this experience we learn to value and esteem every means of grace we may be favored with. We highly prize the preaching of the pure gospel upon every opportunity; we feel thankful when we can assemble with those that fear God in so-

cial worship; and we are truly happy, when in secret or in prayer with one another, the Lord condescends to bless us with his most glorious presence. Sometimes in reading the Scriptures, and in our meditations on divine truth, we find that "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart," and prove the truth of Jeremiah's words, "Thy word was found and I did eat it; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." For oftentimes, when oppressed with various troubles, both within and without, the Holy Spirit is pleased to speak to our hearts by the application of some sweet promise exactly suited to our case. We then feel comforted and encouraged; we thank God with our whole hearts, and take fresh courage to persevere in our Christian warfare; and having, in the use of every means granted to us, obtained help of God, we continue to this day the monuments of the Lord's tender care, of his never-failing compassion, his immutable truth in every promise, and his faithfulness and power in the performance of every good word he hath spoken unto us. And when we consider in our hearts what poor, unworthy, unprofitable, sinful worms we are, we may well wonder and adore that ever the Almighty should take the least notice of us, or ever lend his ear to our imperfect petitions. But this he hath done, for "though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." David had sweet experience of this in his own soul, and calls upon us to attend to it: "Ye that fear the Lord, praise him! All ye, the seed of Jacob glorify him; and fear him all ye the seed of Israel. For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, neither hath he hid his face from him, but when he cried unto him he heard." (Ps. xxii.)

These considerations, one would think, are sufficient to draw out our hearts in continual praise to the God of all our mercies; but, alas! how apt we are to forget his former loving kindnesses towards us, for the very next cross or trial that comes, down we sink into desponding fear, while unbelief and carnal reason help forward our calamity, by objecting that the Lord will be gracious no more, and that we shall no more see his delivering hand stretched forth in our behalf. But when faith again begins to speak she acts the part of Manoa's wife, and insists upon it that "If the Lord was pleased to kill us, he would never have received a burnt offering or a meat offering at our hands, neither would he have shewed us all these things," nor the many deliverances we have had in times past. But we have learned by experience that neither faith nor the exercises of it are in our own power. Therefore we must in every trial "look unto Jesus, who is both the author and finisher of our faith, for without him we can do nothing." Blessed Paul knew this well, hence his earnest exhortation to his beloved Timothy: "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" and this shows us the necessity of a continual coming to the Fountain of Grace for fresh supplies to help us in every time of need; and had we not a succession of troubles we should not so deeply feel our need of him. Ah, my dear friends, there is an overflowing fulness of blessings treasured up in our Covenant Head, and we never could have known his infi-

nite value, nor his all-sufficiency, had we been suffered to escape the daily cross. Isaiah saith, in chap. xxvi., "Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, for thou also has wrought all our works in us;" but in a following verse we may discern that trouble is found before peace is enjoyed, "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee, they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." Thus we may see the portion of God's children in their pilgrimage state is made up of tribulation and peace, as the Lord hath promised to all his disciples, and both these together are sure evidences of our sonship, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," and brings into the bond of everlasting covenant.

In my thus running on I do not write for the sake of information, as my Lakenheath brethren are well acquainted with the subject, but my motive and desire is to stir up your pure minds to a more dilligent following on in the ways of the Lord, knowing by experience that the path to the kingdom lies through much tribulation; and that we are apt to faint and grow weary on account of the roughness of the way. When I consider my growing infirmities, and the number of my days, it may not be in my power to send you another scrap with "paper and ink," therefore I hope you will accept this as a small token of my unfeigned love, always remembering your work of faith and labor of love to me-ward.

On Monday, the 4th of this month, I visited the dying bed of a beloved brother in the Lord, who fell asleep on Wednesday, the 6th day. I found him waiting for his Lord's coming, and had some sweet converse with him. When speaking to him of the Lord's goodness in visiting him, he lifted up both his hands, and said, "O for more of his blessed visits; my soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. O, when will he be pleased to say, Loose him, and let him go?" To another observation of mine he replied, "O, he is the desire of all nations, and the desire of my soul;" and afterwards he said, "His name is indeed as ointment poured forth." When I bade him farewell, and left his chamber, those words dropped upon me, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." This good man's name was John Ball; he was a dear lover of Mr. Chamberlain, who also had a great regard for him. I must intreat you, the first opportunity to present my most cordial love to all my dear brethren at Downham and Littleport. I long to hear of their welfare, if they should be inclined to favor me with a line. I hope they have not suffered loss by the late heavy rains that have been prevalent here. Please to remember me to all the holy brethren as they may come in your way. I shall be happy to receive a few lines from you when you can find opportunity to write to such an one as I am. Yours,  
most affectionately,  
JOHN KEYT.

76, High-street, Shadwell, London.

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THE Lord deliver me out of one cross, and fit me for another; for crosses I do expect, and the graces of God's Spirit must have matter for their exercise, while I am in this world.—*Dorney.*

## THE EXPERIENCE OF AN AGED TRAVELLER.

Dear Sir,—It was my lot to be born of parents professing Particular Baptist principles, and I was therefore brought up among Dissenters. Being left fatherless at the age of seven, I was taken under the care of my grandfather who was of the same profession, but who died when I was twelve years of age. My mother married again. Her second husband was a drunkard, and I was thus left unrestrained in the world, in the broad road to ruin; but, O the goodness of a covenant-keeping God! I do not to this hour recollect taking the name of God in vain, or swearing, or doing any thing immoral, but my conscience would condemn me for it. Thus I went on until the 19th year of my age. In 1796 I left S—and went to H—, where I became acquainted with a person who appeared a very moral man. I had not been there more than a few months before it pleased the Lord to visit me with a frightful vision of the world in a blazing fire. Oh, the terror of my poor sinful affrighted soul, without a hope. Such was the terror I felt that when I awoke all around me was as wet as though I had been in a river. It had a powerful effect on me. I cannot recollect being guilty of swearing after this dream. My acquaintance soon after this offered me a book, as I was fond of reading; he said it was very entertaining, but I was rather doubtful of its being any good. At length he told me it was “Paine’s Age of Reason.” I did not accept his offer, though he importuned me much to do so, for he called it a “masterpiece of reason.” To which I replied, “John, if it be of such value to you as you say it is, keep it in your own hands. I have heard of it, but never saw it; nor do I intend even touching it, except it be to put it in the fire.” This ended our intimacy. I returned to S— within a year, and here the Lord met me with very heavy convictions of sin. I soon found that the soul trouble was such, that like as Moses’ serpent swallowed up those of the magicians, so it swallowed up worldly trouble of every sort. Yet at this time my eyes were not opened to see where I was, or what I was. But I can truly say, I was at my wits’ end. My most intimate acquaintance was an old man who boasted of having been a member forty years, and nobody was able to say anything to his charge. At that time I looked upon him as an angel of light. . . . I regularly attended the old chapel, and often stopped to see the ordinance of the Lord’s supper administered. At one time, coming away along with several members, one of them turned to me, and said, “It won’t be long before we have you down amongst us, I hope.” To which I replied, “The word says, ‘Without faith it is impossible to please God,’ and ‘Whatsoever is not of faith is sin;’ now I want you to tell me what true faith is, and whether I am in possession of it or not.” But to my surprise I did not receive any answer whatever. As for the preaching, I never obtained the least good under it. None of my feelings were pointed out, none of my doubts, fears, or hopes spoken of, not a word was said respecting false and true faith, the work of the Holy

Spirit, the power of, unbelief, the suggestions of, Satan, the old man of sin and the new man of grace, or the marks and evidences of the work of God upon the heart, &c. I used to come from chapel as I went, without light, often with hardness of heart, seldom able to utter a word to God in prayer, and many times when on my knees have felt such unbelief as was awful to feel. I could see every blessing my soul wanted in Jesus, but could not reach one. "You should believe," said they. This, they said, would relieve me; but I found, to my sorrow, I could as soon make a world as believe to the removing of my guilt by the atoning blood of the Lamb of God. The doctrines of the gospel I did not want any man to teach me, as I saw them clearly set forth in the word of God. At this time I was sorely tried by the enemy with the fear of having committed the unpardonable sin, and underwent much distress of soul night and day on this account. I went to the minister to tell him my trouble, but never having experienced the darkness I was under he could not understand me. He told me I ought not to believe this, or give way to that. I left him, as he was an utter stranger to my distress, and it pleased the Lord that Bunyan's "Good News to the Vilest of Men," should fall into my hands; therein I saw I had not committed the unpardonable sin. In a little while Satan attacked me about election; "You are left out of God's elect, and they that are not included in it cannot be saved." This I believed with all my heart, for I never could read the Scriptures without seeing the doctrine of election. Another time he suddenly came upon me to set me reasoning about the being of God. O how soon I was carried away with this suggestion, into such awful darkness, deep despondency and distress that I cannot describe. Then he brought Jacob and Esau's case before me: "Can he be a just God to love one and hate the other before they were born?" At another time he led me to the giving of the law at Mount Sinai in the wilderness, to Israel, who at that time were not able to fulfil the law, and yet were damned for breaking it. Could that be just? His mercy brought me through all these temptations, and never suffered me to say, "He is unjust." Blessed be his name. I believe the people had a great desire to have me as a member with them, but I could not see that amongst them that I wanted to find, viz., the dealings of the Lord with them. I was invited one Lord's day to take tea with one of them. I soon found it was to inform me there was to be a collection for the support of the Academy. I soon gave them my views of it, viz., "That as long as the Lord had a gospel to be preached he was as able to prepare his ministers as ever, and as long as he wanted them, he would, quite independent of Academies, prepare his own servants for his own work."

About this time I was under great darkness, fear and doubt, begging and wrestling with the Lord for the pardon of my sins. I was answered with these words, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." O what a change took place in my soul! What love, what blessing and praising God! darkness fled away, and all was light, joy, and rejoicing. Another time, while in bed, I experienced a great change.



I had passed a night without sleep, blessing and praising God, for giving me a hope of his mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ. As I could not sleep I thought I would get up at 4 o'clock and make a fire in the shop and go to work. When this was done such awful darkness fell upon my soul with such weight and terror that I could not support myself standing, and so down on the floor I fell. O the horror I experienced; it was as if the enemy was let loose within me, and would destroy me. O the awful thoughts and terrors of my soul at that time, and I all alone. I tried to call upon the Lord and to bring forth some word of Scripture, but could not; at last Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" occurred to my mind, with these words, "And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations;" and his power was gone; but so heavy was this conflict it took away my strength. I did not get over it that day.

About the beginning of November, 1800, I was taken with the fever, which lasted three months, and very much reduced me, but the Lord raised me up again. In June, 1801, I went to live at M—, Derbyshire. Here I lived in a neighborhood of religious people, General Baptists, but alas! during my stay here I never heard one sentence from man or woman that gave me reason scripturally to believe that they had any light of life, or experience of the gospel. One of the deacons, who lived opposite, at times had a little talk with me. He was an old man, who had the form of godliness but not the power. Close to our shop lived a Deist, who had been formerly a General Baptist. This man had Paine's "Age of Reason," and offered it to me over and over again; but I refused to have it, though he urged me day after day. His master the devil had furnished him with most seducing arguments. It was, he said, sound reason, and there could be no harm in looking at it. I told him our reason had received damage, at the fall, and therefore it was of no use his asking me any more.

About the year 1803 I was appointed to a job that connected me with the world, for which I suffered daily. I had left M— and returned to S—. There was a charter granted to our trade by Charles II.; but the trade had neglected it, and now wished to come under its protection. They appointed me as their secretary.

I was fearful in my mind we should be brought to ruin, unless something could be done as a preventative; so after a deal of pro. and con. in my mind, I took the situation. After wading through thick and thin for seven years, we accomplished what we started for, but the trade deserted their own cause. I was in a great measure ruined in my circumstances, and the word of the Lord was fulfilled me, viz. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." O, what a time I had! Years of darkness and desertion, with scarcely a ray of light, and almost without hope. At the best it was hope against hope. I was shut up, and I used to feel shut out.

I was foolish enough to say, if I had the world, I would freely part with it, if free-will could be proved to be the truth; for then I should take my chance with the rest.



In 1818, when I was 40 years of age, I procured one of Hart's Hymn Books. I began with his preface and experience, and went through it; but while reading the first hymn, my dear Saviour and a poor, lost, helpless, hell-deserving sinner met together. I could not read for weeping. My heart overflowed with sorrow and joy, and I was enabled many times to say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who pardoneth all thine iniquities, and healeth all thy diseases." I had a visit with these words: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" the blessedness of which lasted for weeks. Guilt and fear were removed out of my mind, and my soul was filled with peace and joy. I was once favored under a sermon in our chapel from these words: "With joy unspeakable and full of glory." O how precious is the love of the Saviour to his lost sheep, when found and owned by him. It puts to silence all law and all accusers. But I can assure you that I have been in such darkness and doubt respecting my state, that I have been tempted to fear the power of the Almighty was scarcely sufficient to overcome my unbelief. When I have thought of the promise of the Lord to his Son that he would give the Spirit of prayer to his children, feeling so destitute of it in my heart, I have felt, times without number, as a beast before him, without a word to say; which has sometimes shattered my hope to pieces. Yet I have many times looked at the faith of Job and Habakkuk, how it enabled them to triumph over all their enemies, both inward and outward.

It is said, "The days of darkness shall be many," and as it is the word of the Lord, it must be so. "The hope of the hypocrite shall perish." In the first prayer that I recollect, I begged the Lord that he would keep me from hypocrisy, and make and keep me upright.

Years ago, I have often said to a person you know, I feared I had not the true faith bestowed upon me. I so seldom experience any life, love, joy, peace, godly sorrow, meekness, or patience; but darkness, doubts, unbelief, and fearful misgivings of soul, which has often made me fear my enemies within would prove my ruin; but O the long suffering and patient endurance of a covenant-keeping God! Were he not so, I should long ago have been cut down as a cumberer of the ground for my awful backslidings. But I can say, with Mr. Hart:

" 'Tis not for good deeds, good temper, nor frames;  
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's.  
No goodness, no fitness expects he from us;  
This I can well witness, for none could be worse."

Thus I have given you a brief account of the dealings of the Lord with me.

I hope the Lord will keep me wholly depending on him for all that is good, "for in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." nor can there be in this polluted world; and therefore the Father of all our mercies hath made his dear Son to be wisdom and righteousness, &c., for us. Your sincere Friend,

T. B. ...

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DARR, FORMERLY OF DEVIZES.

My near and dear friend;—Something has just said in my mind, write no more. Would it be better to give it up—to have no more to do with it? Is it of no use making manifest so much weakness; tiring out friendship. How many excuses have I had lately from the long delay;—perhaps I have given the great enemy room to raise surmises in your mind;—yea, it may be that he has thrown in the dart of jealousy, and has led you to apprehend that the union and communion that we have felt is dissolving. They say delays are dangerous. I must again reassure you no change has taken place. While once a spiritual union that is formed above is manifested with me on earth, it cannot be cut off. It is written, with the lowly there is wisdom. How suitable is the situation, position, name, and condition of a worm unto us! Situation—dwelling among the dust;—our original foundation is in the dust; need, never can we rightly get above the dunghill or the dust in ourselves. Position.—Sin original and actual, and internal, has placed us as far from God as it could place us; but ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich—in his infinity, immortality, invisibility, essential and eternal glory—yet for our sakes he became poor (and in his own testimony says, “I am a worm and no man,”) that we, through his poverty, might be made rich—rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. Name.—Worm Jacob. This seems to come into our inmost soul. The younger by manifested birth—second birth—the elder, the first birth of nature, is to serve; and though these two are separate in their birth, and fixed so in the Divine purpose and declaration, and the elder is in direct opposition to the younger, and would slay him if he could, yet sometimes, in the midst of his anger, enmity, and rebellion, he is made to submit to serve; his wrath is restrained, and he falls either upon his brother's neck or at his feet, and every thought is brought into captivity and obedience. But Jacob the wrestler? Jacob proved strongest and prevailed over the angel of the covenant when he had but one leg to stand on; by the strength of the Lord Jesus he had power with God and prevailed: yea, he wept, and made supplication unto him, and there he spake with us. Condition—its poor death and the grave. In earth and on earth entirely helpless. In self and of self, without hands or feet, or arms, or legs, or thighs, to raise itself above the earth, naked in its first birth; exposed by sin to Gods just wrath, but has no knowledge of it; but when the time of the second birth is come, its shame and nakedness appears, and now it would either get inside of fig leaves, or patch up a garment of its own, either to cover over the deformity of sin, or heal up the breach opened between offended justice, and an heart, and soul, and mind, and conscience, and body defiled sinner, and when the great creditor brings in bills to the amount of ten thousand talents, the guilty sinner cries, have patience with me and I will pay thee all. This discovers something of the blindness of the worm.

What a poor blind worm, to think to hide itself from the eye of Divine Omniscience and Infinite Purity; how blind to think that Infinite Holiness can receive anything at the hands of a fallen creature, so as to put it to his account for acceptance with him; or to pay off debts so deep, so long made, and so foul, so death-like, sin-like, and devil-like, when every effort to cover, only precedes a deeper discovery of the nakedness, every effort to pay only makes the debt the heavier.

But, worms revere him, the Lord Jesus, worms stand in awe of him; worms long to creep to his wounded feet; worms sigh to be heard on high; worms groan to be found in him and to be clothed upon with his righteousness, which is from heaven; worms see such blessed suitability in him, that they must be one with and in him or die for ever; worms love the dew—poor things!—love to creep out of their holes in the night. But shall I tire you about the worm? perhaps, you may say, I want some account of the present. Well, I must tell you, old Adam is not mended or bettered in the old stock or seed. After I began writing this to you, or just preceding, I found a desperate dart shot into him. We may see the fruits of sin in Cain, who was of the wicked one and slew his brother, because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous; but have we ever felt the murderous thought within us that would have done the deed on the body of one nearer than a brother. O, desperate wickedness! Sometimes the devil has interest in view in his kingdom, in his fiery designs; but I found this awful, hateful, dreadful dart against interest here, so that he will change his ground and his colors, and against every near and dear connexion on earth, hurling his darts.

Again; the day before yesterday when I began scribbling this, (for this is the third time I have been coming to you by scribbling,) hearing of others departing, rebellion heaved up against the blessed cross, and, under feelings of denial, my old nature wanted to do the same as the ungodly, and the thought passed through my mind suddenly, go into the public house, and do as others do, and have some little enjoyment; don't go on at this poor, self-denying rate. Well, in my mind I looked at this, but was not suffered to parley much with the Devil and his agent; but I found the standard lifted up, not from any particular word dropping from the gracious lips and loving heart of the all-sufficient Jesus, Jehovah,—but if I judge right, from the inner man, that loves and delights in the law of God. Being fixed in this conclusion, and relying on the all-sufficient grace of the Lord, I said, No, devil, let ~~whatsoever will be my lot~~—however poor, and dejected in this world, I would rather die, than yield to thee. Though I had not, at this time so much Christmas cheer as old Adam wanted, it was a home-thrust at Satan, and off he went. He that through grace denieth himself, and taketh up his cross daily, shall find the blessedness of it. But what can I say? I can say that my daily wanderings, backslidings, vile affections, foul rebellion, black departures, carnal thoughts, sinful imaginations, and forsakings, are sometimes, the

cause of much grief to me. I am a daily mourner, a daily repenter, a poor beggar, a disgraceful, forlorn, unbelieving wretch. O, my dear friend, it seems to me you will say that I do know something of this; but I fear there never was one so wicked, so base, so hated by man, so frowned on by the world, so disregarded! But, my friend, you and I, I believe, are of near kin. Our relationship is of both the first and second Adam. And though we are obliged to have so much communion with our own heart, which sinks us, yet sometimes our communion is with things above, and we are blessed with moments that we would not exchange for all the world.

Well, the sweet times and seasons of grace be with you? Mother and Mary, I cannot wish you better than to feel that Bethlehem's Babe is born in you; that there is manifested room for him in your hearts; that you have him there, the Hope of Glory, Death's Overcomer, Sin's Finisher and Pardoner, the soul's imputed and imparted Justifier. That you have him revealed in you as your sanctification, wisdom, and eternal redemption; yea, as your All-in-all. Then you will have a merry new year; your mourning will be turned into dancing, your sorrow to joy, the prison door thrown open, the captive soul set at liberty to give goodly words.

I have received a letter from poor S—P—. It seems that he had precious faith given him before the departure of his wife, and that there is no room left for him to sorrow without hope. Sometimes I think upon the word as it is brought to remembrance, since I have lost my children.

Yesterday morning, after feeling like a pelican in the wilderness, amongst many here, these words dropped: "They made me keeper in the vineyard, but my own vineyard have I not kept." Here I dwell, in this deathly Meshech,—In these black tents of Kedar—and it seems it must be so.

And now, dear brother, let me hear whether the harp is on the willows, or whether it be taken down, and every string of it timed and tuned by the Sacred Dove, to make melody unto the Lord; that a little of that sweet song is your employ, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to your soul; then, if that is the case, there will be music in heaven, in your dwelling, and in your soul. Give my warm affection to mother Mary, and as many more among the people as dread a fair show in the flesh. Adieu.

Yours in love,

Devizes, Dec. 31, 1849.

S. D.

WHEREFORE let it not trouble us that our adversaries are offended and cry out that there cometh no good by the preaching of the gospel. They are infidels; they are blind and obstinate, and therefore it is impossible that they should see any fruit of the gospel. But contrariwise, we, which believe, do see the inestimable profits and fruits thereof; although outwardly, for a time, we be oppressed with infinite evils, despised, spoiled, accused, condemned as the outcasts and filthy dung of the whole world, and put to death and inwardly afflicted with the feeling of our sin, and vexed with devils.—*Luther.*

## A FRAGMENT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE MR. HUSBAND, RESPECTING HIS BAPTISM. FROM AN EAR-WITNESS.

On Sunday, October 6th, 1833, I went to Mr. Tiptaft's chapel, and heard Mr. Husband preach from Isa. xlii. 16. He explained the different sentences in the verse, and then related to us a little of his experience, and what trouble he had about his baptism. This was after he left the Church of England. He said he gave notice to the Baptist minister that it was his wish to be baptized, and the time was given out when it was to take place; but the week previous to it he was tempted very much to give it up, the tempter bringing to his mind his flying in the face of his dearest friends. He said he was very much troubled in his mind, the devil persuading him that infant baptism was right; and at the same time he was looking at the passages in the New Testament treating of baptism after conversion. After great trouble of mind and prayer to God for right instruction, on the Friday before the Sunday on which it took place, he went to the Baptist minister of the village and told him he could not go through the ceremony; he was so much troubled in mind that no one could tell except they were in the same circumstances. What dwelt upon his mind was the command in the Old Testament, that the males were to be circumcised on the eighth day, which made him think infant baptism was right. The minister told him he was not surprised at his being troubled and cast down, for he was looking to the law instead of looking to Jesus, who was the end of the law for righteousness to them that believe. Being convinced of the same, after a few more perplexing thoughts, he was relieved by the following text of Scripture: "Wherefore, seeing we are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. xii. 1, 2.) This cleared away his doubts, and brought light into his mind, and also these words were brought home to his soul, "Go, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them," &c.

T. H.

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## A WORD OF SYMPATHY.

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My dear Friend,—I hope you and your wife are better; but if not better in health, I hope your souls are supported by an Almighty arm. If the Lord is with you to bless you, and bring your mind and will to his will, you will not find fault with the way which he is taking with you in afflicting you and yours; but if you should be left to the evil workings of fallen nature and a tempting devil, so that your heart should fret against the Lord for afflicting you, yet he hath much long-suffering for you, as it is said of him that "he is

merciful, gracious, slow to anger, plenteous in goodness; and in truth." Hear his pitying voice: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires;" that is, abundantly bless; show mercy unto, comfort and support, instruct and liberate us; confound our foes and scatter our fears, bring out of trouble and make his way straight before us, reconcile to his dispensations, although ever so trying, bring boldly to his throne, give liberty in prayer; send gracious answers in return; and make a blessed discovery of himself as over all, God blessed for evermore; so that in righteousness thou shalt be established; thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear, and from terror, for it shall not come near thee.

My dear friend, such is good teaching; in it we learn our own weakness and wickedness; and God's power and lovingkindness; and the need of the God-Man to pity and save us. The world sinks in our esteem, and a high value is put upon the Person and finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Jesus is the chiefest good;  
He hath bought us with his blood;  
Let us value nought but him;  
Nothing else deserves esteem;"

He will bring us to glory at last. It has come into my mind that such a poor, sinful, far-off creature as I am should not write to my friend after such a manner. Well, I confess that my heart is often hard, and eyesight bad; my soul often full of troubles, prayerless and rebellious. My case is worse than I can tell; but God is the same; his truth the same; and it is said, "He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us, he will subdue our iniquities, and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." And what more can my brother, his wife, or any of those whose hope is in the Lord want? May he abundantly bless us, if his heavenly will, that we may bless and praise him, for praise is comely to the upright.

Yours truly,

Fairford, Sept. 18, 1857.

C. C.

## CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.

I, a poor weak worm, have been cast down for this last week with deep sorrow of heart. It seemed as though the Lord had cast me off for ever, and that he would never come again and speak a word of comfort to my poor cast-down soul. O the longings I felt for the Lord to come and say, "Peace be within thine house." But it seemed as though the Lord would not hear my cry. O, it seemed as there was no life in me Godwards. But still there was something I could not give up; and one night, when going to bed, these words came to my mind, "Even as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." But that did not seem to cheer my poor heart; all was so dark. I thought that I was one of those that only had a moment to live while they were dead.



Few can tell the pangs of soul I felt then; and the thought came into my mind, if I was the Lord's, he would hear me. But it seemed as though I could not be one, or I should never have these feelings. But I felt that I wanted to love him; and then I thought, if I love him, why am I thus?

These are dark paths to be in! And then the enemy told me that it would have been better for me if I had never said a word to any one. O, I felt as if I could not live in such a dark state of mind; for O, to lose sight of him my soul desired to love! I continued in this state of mind for nearly a fortnight. On the Sunday morning I went to chapel; and as I was going, I thought as though a voice had said, This is the last time you will ever come. But as I was going up the street, these words occurred to me: "I have set thee upon my heart, and thou shalt hope when fear cometh." I felt a little hope spring up, but in a short time it seemed gone, and my heart grew sad, as it drew near chapel time. I felt as though the load increased, when this hymn was sung:

"How did my heart rejoice to hear;"

and when the Psalm was read, I thought, sink I must. But when the text was given out, I felt a hope again spring up. I could fall in with some of the things Mr. G. described; but after, it seemed all to go again, and I began to think there was nothing for me; and I came home with a sad heart. After dinner I sat down heavy laden. O, I thought, did I know where I may find him, whom my soul desires to love! But, O if I am deceived, where, then, must I go for help? for I cannot live like this! And as I was thinking, these words came: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Bless his dear name, I felt like one let out of prison. I can say he is good. And O the joy I felt that he has said he will never leave me! I felt as though I wanted more hearts to praise him for his love.

"O love divine, how sweet thou art!"

I can say I have found

"My willing heart  
All taken up by thee."

Bless his dear name, he does live over the storm of our poor weak minds, and sinners can say, and none but they, How precious is the Saviour! O may I be kept very near his dear feet, with a tender conscience; and may he still go on to be gracious to my poor soul, that I may feel his love shed abroad in my heart by his power. This is the prayer of a poor worm, one that loves the truth.

S.

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To search the records of sacred scripture, and see how it fitted with the saints in all ages; what Job, David, and Paul, yea, our blessed Lord himself, endured, and passed through in this world. Should that be an argument against your interest in God, which is the common portion of all believers here? We are now chastened, that hereafter we may not be condemned.—*Berridge.*

## PILGRIMS' WAY AND PILGRIMS' FARE.

Dear Sir,—Having experienced your kind sympathy in the hour of darkness, it has encouraged me to address you again, for I can now say that the Lord hath not forsaken me, neither hath my God forgotten me; for though he has for some time past been leading me in a very trying and mysterious path, and though at times “hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” yet this is a stay to my soul, that my Father’s hand deals out the cup; and though I cannot say that my enjoyments are so great as when I first felt his pardoning blood—when I first bathed in that fountain that was opened for sin and uncleanness, yet I have known what it is to feel that he has taken all my sins, and cast them behind his back. But though my joys are not so great, the dear Lord doth still condescend to visit me.

A few days since, as my husband was reading Isa. xliii., and the last clause of the twenty-fourth verse, “Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities,” I felt I had indeed done so; but O the forbearance and condescension of God! After bringing this charge, he said, “I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgression.” Inwardly I said, “Lord, canst thou indeed love me? I who have so often wearied thee?” My dear husband seeing me in tears, inquired the cause. I said, “O, I could lay myself at Christ’s feet, that he might trample upon me.” He replied, “He will never do that;” and I believed so too. From my heart I said, “Lord, do with me what thou wilt, only do not let me sin against thee.” This often causes me sorrow, that I should sin against so much love and mercy. I often have to cry, “Lord, save me from myself.” What a conflict is the Christian life; at least, I feel it to be so.

The other day, while wrestling with the Lord, I told him he knew how weak I was; how that temporal and spiritual trouble combined had shaken my frail frame. As I was pleading with him, these words came with great sweetness, “He remembereth that we are dust.” “Ah, Lord,” I said, “I have been telling thee that thou knowest how weak I am, but, Lord, thy words imply not only that thou knowest it, but thou takest it into consideration.” It was as though the Lord had said, “I know thy frame that it is weak, therefore I will not lay upon thee more than thou art able to bear.”

“Thus comforted and thus sustained,  
With dark events I strove;  
And found them, as I walked by faith,  
All messengers of love.”

Aug., 1857.

A PILGRIM.

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THE gospel of grace may be rejected, but the grace of the gospel cannot. God’s written message in the Scriptures, and his verbal message by his ministers, may or may not be listened to; whence it is recorded, “All the day long have I stretched forth my hand to a disobedient and gainsaying people.” But when God himself comes, and takes the heart into his own hands; when he speaks from heaven to the soul, and makes the gospel of grace a channel to convey the grace of the gospel, the business is effectually done.—*Toplady.*

## Obituary.

**TRUTH AND PEACE.—A NARRATIVE OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND SPIRITUAL PROSPECTS WAITING FOR DEATH, OF A MOTHER IN ISRAEL; WRITTEN BY HERSELF.**

(Concluded from page 33.)

Being rather poorly, I was deprived of hearing twice, I believe; and that was a great trial to me, for after I had heard Mr. Cole once I could not stay away; for I can say I never felt tired in walking home, [a distance of seven or eight miles,] but sweetly refreshed. The next time, I heard him preach from these words, "Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews." (John iv. 22.) When he began to speak of the *gospel idolaters*, I could look back to the time when I was one, and as proud a Pharisee as any one that went inside the walls of the church. In particular, when I had received the sacrament my pride was so great I could say, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." But when the Lord was pleased to let me feel what a wretched sinner I was, that was my greatest distress; for I really thought I had ate and drunk my own condemnation. But to return. I felt under that sermon that the Lord had made me one of the true worshippers, that worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.

The next time he preached from these words: "Now ye are clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you." (John xv. 3.) He spake so sweetly, in so many particulars, of the clearness and spotlessness of our dear Redeemer, and that it was impossible for an impure word to drop from his lips; and he opened so plainly the pollution of our sinful nature, that still when I feel it I am astonished to think that the Lord should ever have mercy on such a one as I feel myself to be. He was so sweetly led in these three sermons, on these words, that I never shall be able to express what I felt and enjoyed under them. Those three sermons, and all the rest that I heard had such an abiding sense that they were my food from day to day. In the last sermon he appealed to conscience: "Can you say, 'This is my comfort in my affliction, 'Thy word hath quickened me?'" I could answer, "Yes." He brought so many words to my mind that the dear Redeemer had spoken to my heart, that I felt I was clean through the words that he had spoken to my heart from time to time.

Now I began to have some thoughts about those words that were so powerfully spoken to my heart the day that Mr. Burgess was taken to glory; for we have had no teacher since his death; and I can say I never had my way so cast up before. I do believe (if I had a memory to retain what I heard from Mr. Cole in, I think, nine sermons) he brought forth my whole experience from the day the Lord was pleased to make me feel that I was a sinner to the present time, which is about twenty-two years. Dare I not say, therefore, that promise is made good and manifest in Mr. Cole being raised up

as my teacher, and not mine only, but I hope that of many hundreds, if it is the Lord's will and pleasure. For many years I have had him on my mind much, and begged the Lord to bring him forth to speak in his name; to be a brazen wall and an iron pillar in his temple. At that time I did not know what I prayed for; but our blessed Lord says, "What you know not now, you shall know hereafter;" and, blessed be his name, I do know now, to the comfort of my soul.

The night after I heard Mr. Cale's last sermon, on these words, "Now ye are clean, through the word that I have spoken unto you." I was taken very ill, but the comfort I enjoyed in my soul made me think very light of bodily affliction. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I was so sweetly fed with the hidden manna, that I wanted no other food. On Thursday evening I was on my knees blessing and praising my dear Lord and Saviour for his great mercies to me, so unworthy, when he was pleased to break in upon my soul again with those sweet words, "Now ye are clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you." My soul was melted in such a sweet manner! I felt more than words can express. I could do nothing but bless and praise and adore my loving God, for I had found Him whom my soul loved. I went to bed with my Beloved in my arms, and a most sweet night's rest I had. In the morning he was still with me. My beloved Lord brought me that morning where I had been praying to be brought for many years; that is, to say from my heart, "Lord, thy will be done." I felt so much of my dear Lord's presence that I longed to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. I was in hopes every time I shut my eyes to open them in glory. But our Lord says, "Your time is always ready, but mine is not yet." I continued very ill till the Wednesday week after that sweet manifestation, when my complaint got so much worse that I was obliged to have medical advice. Not that I had any desire on my own account, for I longed to get rid of this body of sin, and to be for ever with my dear Lord and Saviour, who had done such good things for me; for

"If such sweetness in the stream,

What must the fountain be?"

but on account of my family. I was brought so low that it was with much difficulty I could move in my bed, and took very little else but medicine. Then my dear Lord was pleased to feed my soul from day to day with his blessed word. In the morning I could look up and say, "Dear Lord, thou didst in old times feed thy children from day to day, and I am looking to thee for my daily portion." And he always answered me with some sweet portion of Scripture to feed upon; such as, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, shall man live. And sweet living it is. I can say I never felt an uneasy moment in all my affliction. When my medical gentleman told me he thought I was a little better, it struck a damp on my spirits, as I did not want to hear it. I wanted to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

On Saturday I was so very low, that I thought I felt death approaching; when these words came:

"When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;  
He comes to set thy spirit free,  
And as thy days thy strength shall be."

And then these words, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

On one Sunday morning, as I thought I was very near entering my everlasting rest, I was meditating on the sweet manifestations my Lord was pleased to favor me with, I saw, as with my bodily eyes, near the top of the foot-post of the bedstead, something moving before my eyes, the color of a rainbow. It moved gradually to the middle, over the foot of the bed, and then appeared the color of the sun, quite round, and in the form of the glory that is represented round our blessed Saviour's head. It had such an effect upon my spirit that I shrank from it, as it were, and said, "O, Lord, is it not enough that I have had so many sweet manifestations of thy love to my soul; but I must have an open vision? Dear Lord, I feel it will be too much for my weak frame; I shall faint under it." For I really thought to see it open and separate, and that I should behold my crucified Redeemer; for it appeared to me as if there was something most brilliant to be seen from behind; but it gradually withdrew from my sight. Then these words came to me, "But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall." And then this, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." I answered, "Lord, thou hast healed my soul; I don't want my body healed." But from that time I thought I should be raised up again; and, bless his dear name, he has done so, I trust for his glory and for my good. But to think of the condescension of my gracious God, to condescend to listen to his unworthy creature to withdraw the scene at my request, until I had strength to bear it. One Sunday morning, as Mr. Parker was preaching from a text in the Song of Solomon, the Lord was pleased to give me such a faith's view of my crucified Saviour, as if I had seen him with my bodily eyes, with the blood in great drops forcing through the skin; his head resting on his right shoulder, and his eyes fixed upon me; as much as to say it was my sin that had been the cause of my dear Saviour's sufferings. It had such an effect upon me that I was enveloped in tears, and lost to all that was around me for some time. This was about three months after I was recovered from my illness. The Lord said to my soul, "I will make all his bed in his sickness." And, blessed be his name, he has made mine. I can say it was a bed of mercies, and in very faithfulness he hath afflicted me. For if ever a poor sinner was indulged with the foretaste of eternal glory, I was. And I have been so full at times, that I have said, "Lord, it is almost more than my weak frame can bear."

I felt (God was so much on my mind), and what the Lord had done for my soul under his ministry, I felt as if it was impossible I could

leave this world without telling him; and he was pleased to come to see me, which I took very kind, as we were quite strangers. The Lord was pleased to give me strength to speak my mind freely to him; which was a very great comfort to me, and I hope an encouragement to him. If I had never heard Mr. Cole preach, I should never have put pen to paper. But as the Lord has been pleased to give me such a sweet revival in my soul, and blessed the word with such power to my heart, and brought all things to my mind that he hath done for my soul, I feel it my duty to make it known to his minister and to his own children. The Lord has been pleased to raise me again, and I trust it is for his own glory. I think the first text of Scripture that came to my mind in my affliction was this: "He brought me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love." (Sol. Song ii. 4.) The next was, "Arise, shine! for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." (Isa. lx. 1.) The next was, "This is my comfort in my affliction; thy word hath quickened me;" (Ps. cxix. 50;) followed by, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." (Deut. xxxiii. 27.) Then these two, "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. lxxxiv. 10.) After them, "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." (Ps. lxxxix. 15.) The next was, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God." (Psa. xlix. 4.) The next was, "For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." (Rom. viii. 2.) The next was, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke xii. 32.) The next was, "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." (Isa. xl. 31.) Then these, "My Beloved is mine and I am his;" "Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for thy countenance is comely;" (Sol. Song ii. 14;) "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." (1 John iii. 2.) The next was, "Be still, and know that I am God;" (Ps. xlv. 10;) and this, "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." (Mal. iii. 17.) Then this, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." (Zech. xiii. 1.) And then, "Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;" (Isa. xxvi. 4); and this, "And call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Ps. l. 15.) Then this, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, shall man live." (Matt. iv. 4.) And then this, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." (Isa. xxvi. 3.) And this, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." (Exod. xxxiii. 14.) And this, "The Lord pre-



serveth the simple; I was brought low, and he helped me." (Is. cxvi. 6.)

When the Lord was pleased to withdraw his sensible presence, I could not but mourn, after nearly four weeks of such sweet indulgence as I had enjoyed. Then my dear Lord was pleased to speak these words to me: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you again." (John xiv. 8.) And, bless his dear name, he has given me many sweet visits, though of short duration. These words were much impressed on my mind in my affliction:

"I'll tell to all poor sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to my Redeemer's blood,  
And say, Behold the way to God!"

This was written in 1829 at first, after a great and blessed affliction, and again, [probably for revision and additional collections,] in 1852, and again in 1855.

David says, "My meditation of him shall be sweet." I do hope, in a small degree, that I can say I know a little of it. For my mind has lately been led very much to look into eternity past. It appeared to me as if by faith I could see the three adorable Persons in the Trinity, contriving the plan of salvation of sinners, by the covenant of grace, to save some of Adam's lost race; and I could behold our gracious God and Father coming forward and saying, "Save them from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom for them." And also I could see our dearly beloved Saviour, the only begotten Son of God, come forth and say, "I lay down my life for my sheep, and they shall never perish. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again; this commandment have I received of my Father." "All that my Father hath given me, shall come unto me, and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." And I could also see the adorable Spirit ordained to manifest to the elect, or chosen people of God, those blessed truths, by taking of the things of Christ, and making them known unto them.

Then again, I have been led to look into eternity to come; when our dear Redeemer shall come in the latter days upon the earth, and every eye shall see him; when he shall say to his dear Father, "Behold I and the children which God hath given me." (Having all the elect, or God's chosen people, to deliver up to him, and not one of them missing.) "All for whom I gave myself, and suffered, bled, and died to save, are saved with an everlasting salvation." And I have faith to believe my unworthy name will be in the list, and that when my departure comes I shall be permitted to enter into that assembly of just men made perfect, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; and that I shall be clothed with the garment of salvation, for he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit; for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin

and death," being chosen in the purposes of God before the world was made. "Therefore if anyone be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature: Old things are passed away; all things are become new."

### ALL IS WELL.

What, what is this steals o'er my frame!  
 Is it death? Is it death?  
 Which soon shall quench the vital flame?  
 Is it death? Is it death?  
 If this be death, I soon shall be,  
 From all my sins and sorrow free,  
 I shall my Lord and Saviour see.  
 All is well! All is well!  
 Cease, cease, my friends, to weep for me.  
 All is well! All is well!  
 My sins are pardoned; I am free.  
 All is well! All is well!  
 There's not a cloud doth now arise,  
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes;  
 I soon shall mount the upper skies.  
 All is well! All is well!  
 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints, in glory.  
 All is well! All is well!  
 I soon shall sing the pleasing story,  
 All is well! All is well!  
 Bright angels are from glory come;  
 They're round my bed, and in my room.  
 They wait to waft my spirit home.  
 All is well! All is well!  
 Hark, hark, the Lord and Saviour calls me.  
 All is well! All is well!  
 I soon shall see his face in glory.  
 All is well! All is well!  
 Farewell, my friends! Adieu! Adieu!  
 I can no longer stay with you.  
 My glittering crown appears in view.  
 All is well! All is well!

E. B. K. FLOYD.

WHEN troubles are real, fear, slavish fear, magnifies them, and points them out in the most disheartening and discouraging colors imaginable. This makes the cross terrible, when fear gets leave to paint it in the blackest color; whereas, when faith looks upon the cross, it extenuates and says, they are but light afflictions; they are but for a moment.—*Ralph Erskine.*

SUPPOSE it to be as thou sayest, thou hast pleaded the promise and waited on the means, and yet findest no strength from all these receipts, either in thy grace or comfort. Now take heed of charging God foolishly, as if God were not what he promised; this were to give that to Satan which he is all this while gaping for. It is more becoming the childish disposition of a child, when he hath not presently what he writes for to his father, to say, my father is wiser than I; his wisdom will prompt him what and when to send to me, and his fatherly affections to me, his child, will neither suffer him to deny anything that is good, nor slip the time that is seasonable. Christian, thy heavenly Father hath gracious ends that hold his hand at present, or else thou hadst ere this heard from him.—*Stewart.*

## REVIEW.

*Meditations and Discourses on the Glory of Christ. By John Owen, D.D. London: published by the Religious Tract Society.*

IN that most sublime and touching prayer which the Lord Jesus Christ, as the great High Priest over the house of God, offered up to his heavenly Father before he shed his precious blood on the cross, there is one petition, or rather an expression of his holy will, which is full of unspeakable blessedness. "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." (John xvii. 24) The change from petitioning as a Priest to willing as a King is very remarkable, and casts a gracious light on the nature of Christ's mediatorial intercession at the right hand of God. On the footing of his covenant engagements, atoning sacrifice, and finished work, as well as from the perfect equality of his divine nature with that of the Father and of the Holy Ghost, he utters the expression of that sovereign will which was and is identically the same with the eternal will and fixed decrees of his heavenly Father. And O, how full and comprehensive, how gracious and condescending is the will of Christ as thus expressed! How it embraces in its firm and sovereign grasp all the members of his mystical body, all the sheep of his pasture and the flock of his hand, all that the Father gave him to be eternally his own! Yes; all the countless millions who before the foundation of the world were given him as his joy and crown, as his eternal inheritance, as the delight of his heart, and the promised reward of his incarnation, sufferings, and death, were included in this expression of his holy and unchanging will. Whatever be their state and condition here below, whatever sins and sorrows they may have to sigh and groan under, whatever opposition they may encounter from earth or hell, this will of Christ holds them up so that they cannot fall out of his hand, or be deprived of their glorious inheritance.

If we then have any divine testimony that we belong to that favored number who were given to Jesus by his heavenly Father, and thus have an interest in this blessed will of our great High Priest, it may well become us to fix our thoughts upon the subject which is brought before us in that little work which was the last that issued from Dr. Owen's pen, and which we may say embodies his dying experience. This we learn from the following interesting extract:

Dr. John Owen finished his course at Ealing. It was there that he employed himself in writing his last work, "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." He died August 21, 1683, aged sixty-seven, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, London. On the day of his death, his friend Mr. Payne said to him, "Doctor, I have just been putting your book on the Glory of Christ to the press;" to which he answered, "I am glad to hear that that performance is put to the press; but O, brother Payne, the long looked-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done yet, or was capable of doing in this world!"

As this little work was once made very sweet to us on a bed of sickness, we have always regarded it with peculiar affection, and for that reason, perhaps, prefer it to any other of Owen's productions. We know there are those amongst the family of God who do not feel much towards the writings of Dr. Owen. They consider them heavy and dry, and can scarcely read them with patience or attention, not to say, life and feeling. We cannot say that such is either our feeling or experience. It is true that the style of Dr. Owen is somewhat heavy, as he scarcely ever uses any figurative expressions to relieve his language; and as he sounds the

depths of every subject which he handles, a measure of patient attention is required to follow him step by step in his elaborate, methodical exposition of those profound subjects which chiefly exercise his pen. As he was a man of deep thought, and penetrated into every part of his subject, his interpretation of divine matters needs a close and patient attention to follow, and this but few readers are willing or able to give. He is, therefore, considered dull and dry, and his long, elaborate distinctions and explanations are deemed obscure and unintelligible. To persons who never care to think or reflect, all is dry that needs the exercise of a little thought. Were their minds engaged and their hearts touched with the solemn truths that Owen handles, they would often find the dry land a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

But we have usually found, when we have been in a spiritual frame of mind, a solemn weight and power in his writings which has touched our heart and reached our conscience. On such grand and exalted subjects as the Person of Christ, his atoning blood and righteousness, the freeness, fulness, and sufficiency of his superabounding grace, he writes as a master in Israel; and such experimental topics as temptation, the subtlety and power of indwelling sin, the hidings of God's face, and the restoration of peace, with its accompanying effects of spiritual mindedness and the other attendant fruits of vital godliness, he handles with great depth and feeling as one thoroughly and intimately acquainted with them by long and vital experience. He possesses a peculiar way of communicating the soundest and most scriptural instruction on these points, at least in our judgment, without becoming dead and dry, so that whilst we learn we feel, whilst we assent we believe, and whilst scripture after scripture falls with convincing evidence from his pen, truth after truth drops with power and savor into the heart. We only wish we were more often in that spiritual frame of mind when we could read him more, and could feel every day of our life as we have sometimes felt as his wise and weighty words have dropped into our soul.

It cannot be denied that the ministry of the day is generally very light and superficial, not merely in opening up and unfolding the teachings of the Blessed Spirit in vital experience, but in setting forth with clearness, weight, and power the glorious truths revealed by the same Holy Spirit in the pages of the Gospel. Without wishing unnecessarily to condemn or depreciate any laborers in the vineyard, and it is a matter for much thankfulness that there are still men of grace and gifts who are made a blessing to the churches, we cannot be altogether blind to the real character of much that in our day passes for preaching of the Gospel; and in nothing does it seem more deficient than in fullness, weight, and solidity. Truth is preached, but more the surface of truth than "the deep that coucheth beneath." Surely, there is something more in the word of truth than a few doctrines stated again and again in just the same words. Joseph's portion was "the precious things of heaven, precious fruits brought forth by the sun, precious things put forth by the moon, chief things of the ancient mountains, precious things of the lasting hills, precious things of the earth, and the fulness thereof," and last and best, "the good will of him that dwelt in the bush." This was the goodly portion of him that was separated from his brethren." (Deut. xxxiii. 13—16.) If so rich and various be the portion of the peculiar, the separate people, of whom Joseph was but the type, one would think that the dispensers of the portion, the stewards of the house, should bring forth some of these precious fruits for their spiritual food and nourishment. Taking a broad view of the ministry of the day, without fixing our eyes on any particular minister or ministers, so as to relieve our thoughts and words from all

personalities, may we not, in all Christian faithfulness and affection, ask, Are there many such "faithful and wise stewards whom the Lord has made rulers over his household to give them their portion of meat in due season?" But besides being a steward of the house, the minister is, or ought to be, the shepherd to feed, the guide to lead, the instructor to teach, the monitor to warn, the counsellor to advise, the reprover, where needful, to rebuke. May we not look around and say, Where shall we find all, or anything like all, this? Take one office of a minister—to *teach* the people committed to his charge. What little solid instruction is usually gained from the pulpit, so as to build up the soul on its most holy faith. We are not speaking of the doctrinal preaching of the day, which is no doubt all very correct, so far as it goes; but of that weighty, solid opening up of the truth of God, which instructs as well as edifies the soul; which gives it matter for subsequent prayer and meditation; which sends it home full of solemn thoughts and feelings, and spreads abroad a holy savor upon the heart. How often does the gracious hearer come on the Lord's Day to his earthly courts with a real longing desire for spiritual food. He may not, perhaps, be under a very heavy trial that needs a special blessing, or under a temptation that makes him so to reel and stagger that he is crying out for a very clear and marked deliverance, but he has that general sense of his poverty and need which makes him long for some spiritual food. He comes with a tender, prayerful spirit, for he has been on his knees in his bedroom, and has been favored with some earnest breathings for a blessing on the word to be preached, and has read his Bible that morning with a feeling which has softened and melted his heart. Glad to be released from the toils and anxieties of the week, he sallies forth to the place of worship, and feels a sweet and solemn pleasure as he meets his dear brethren once more in the house of prayer. The first hymn rather suits his feelings, and he hopes it is the beginning of a good day with his soul. He lifts up his heart for the minister as he stands up and opens the word of God. But O, how carelessly and hurriedly, blundering over the simplest words, and getting through that beautiful psalm, or that sweet and solemn chapter, just as a schoolboy recites his lesson, does he read that divine book. And then the prayer—the same, word for word, over and over again, as dry and as unfeeling, as careless and as irreverent, as if there were no dread Majesty of heaven to be feared or adored, no sins to be confessed, no mercy to be sought, no Jesus to be loved, no grace to be supplied. Surely, surely he who supplicates for so many fellow saints, yet fellow sinners, should have something more to bring before the throne of grace than a few threadbare, worn-out petitions which all the hearers know by heart. And then the sermon, all confused and indistinct; no straight lines in doctrine or experience, but the old thing over and over again; from which neither instruction nor encouragement, neither reproof nor comfort, can be gathered, and in which there is nothing clear but the preacher's intense self-satisfaction, who sits down as if he had preached with all the gifts of a Gadsby, and all the unction of a Warburton. What must be the feelings of a hearer who really needs, and feels he needs food for his soul, under this sad, sad exhibition! We may seem severe, but not against any good and gracious man, however small his gifts, who, with a single eye to the glory of God, speaks in his great name. There will be in that man, if he has not much variety of subject or of expression, a life and a power, a feeling and a savor which will refresh the soul, if it do not much instruct the mind, or enter very deeply into the heart. It is against the *imitators* who, without grace or gifts, think themselves qualified for any pulpit or any people, that we speak. Whether truly, let others judge. It is a very solemn thing to stand up in the name of



the Lord, to be his mouth to the people; and when we consider what a work it is to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood, well may any man, whatever be his grace or gifts, say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" When a man gets into a pulpit, he says thereby, "I stand here to instruct you, to feed your souls with the truth of God, to lead you step by step to the heavenly Canaan, and to be made a blessing to you, as you severally need it." But if he can do none of these things; if really gracious, spiritual hearers return home again and again uninstructed, unblessed, he may call himself a servant of God, but the King of Kings does not seem very clearly to stamp his broad seal on the assertion.

We have digressed thus far to contrast with such a ministry as this that of a man like Dr. Owen. When the wearied and dissatisfied hearer goes home after his sad and gloomy Sabbath, let him take down Owen on Psalm cxxx., or "On the Glory of Christ," and quietly read the first half-dozen pages. We are much mistaken if he will not see the difference between the clear, weighty, solid instruction he finds in them, and the light, chaffy, confused jumble under which he was so vainly trying to get some food for his soul. His enlightened understanding now goes hand in hand with a believing heart, and when he lays the book down, takes the Bible, and bends his knee before the Lord, he feels the weight and savor of the things he has been reading fresh on his spirit. Most true it is, that we can hardly look for a man like Owen once in a century; and therefore it seems unfair to compare ministers of our day, or indeed of any day, with a man of his grace and gifts. We allow the objection; but we have brought Owen forward not as a standard that ministers should reach, but as an example of what spiritual instruction is as unfolded by a servant of God.

The Mediatorial glory of Christ is a most deep and blessed subject, but one which requires to be handled with a reverent pen and a believing heart. In fact, no man is fit to write or speak on this solemn subject who has not had some divine manifestation of this glory to his soul. It was the view of this glory which, in the days of his flesh, drew to his feet his disciples and followers, as John beautifully speaks: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." (John i. 14.) The glory thus seen was "the glory of the only-begotten of the Father," that is, of the divine nature of Christ as the Son of God. As such, he is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, (Heb. i. 3,) so that in knowing him we know the Father, and in seeing him we see the Father. This made Jesus say to Philip, in that touching language of mingled reproof and wonder, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?" (John xiv. 9.) How great, how elevated above all utterance or all conception of men or angels, must the glory of Christ be as the Son of the Father in truth and love! "No man hath seen God at any time," for "he dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto;" but "the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." And thus in the person of Christ the glory of God is revealed and made known to the sons of men. But to whom? Not surely to the unbelieving mass, to whom he is as a root out of a dry ground, in whose eyes he hath "no form nor comeliness," and who, when they saw him in the days of his flesh, beheld "no beauty in him that they should desire him." The meanness and lawli-ness of his birth and life, and the very veil of human nature itself, which he assumed, hid his glory from the eyes of the carnal and unregenerate,



who saw his holiness only to hate it, and owned his power only to rebel against it. But there were those then, as there are these now, "who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God;" and to these "he manifested forth his glory," and not only so, but in giving them his grace, gave them a part of it and in it; (John xvii. 22,) which made them believe in his name, and follow him whithersoever he went. (John i. 12—14; ii. 11.) Glorious, then, he is as God; for all the perfections of Deity are his. All the might, majesty, and power, all the holiness and purity, all the omniscience and omnipresence, all the mercy and compassion, all the truth and faithfulness, all the justice and righteousness, all the love and goodness, and we may add, all the anger, wrath, and indignation of God against transgressors,—in a word, all that the Father is the Son is likewise, for he is one with him in nature, essence, dignity, and glory. But as God is essentially and eternally invisible, he has seen fit, in the depths of his infinite wisdom, to make himself seen and known by sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, that he who commanded the light to shine out of darkness might shine into believing hearts to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Thus not only is the Lord Jesus Christ glorious in his essential Deity as the Son of God, but glorious also in his holy, spotless humanity which he assumed in the womb of the Virgin Mary. For this, though the flesh and blood of the children, was "that holy thing which was begotten of the Holy Ghost," (Heb. ii. 14; Luke i. 35,) and was taken into union with his eternal Deity, that he might be "Immanuel, God with us." The purity, holiness, and innocence, the spotless beauty and complete perfection of this human nature, make it in itself exceedingly glorious; but its great glory is the union that it possesses and enjoys with the divine nature of the Son of God. The pure humanity of Jesus veils his Deity, and yet the Deity shines through it, filling it with unutterable brightness, and irradiating it with inconceivable glory. There is no confusion or blending of the two natures, for humanity cannot become Deity, nor can Deity become humanity; each nature remains distinct; and each nature has its own peculiar glory. But there is a glory also in the union of both natures in the Person of the God-man. That such wisdom should have been displayed, such grace manifested, such love revealed, and that the union of the two natures in the Person of the Son of God should not only have, so to speak, formerly originated, but should still unceasingly uphold, and eternally maintain salvation with all its present fruits of grace, and all its future fruits of glory, makes the union of the two natures unspeakably glorious. And when we consider further that through this union of humanity with Deity, the church is brought into the most intimate nearness and closest relationship with the Father and the Holy Ghost, what a glory is seen to illuminate the Person of the God-man who as God is one with God, and as man is one with man, and thus unites man to God, and God to man; thus bringing about the fulfilment of those wonderful words, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." (John xvii. 21.) And again, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." Thus there is the glory of Christ as God, the glory of Christ as man, and the glory of Christ as God-man. And this threefold glory of Christ corresponds in a measure with what he was before he came into the world, with what he was whilst in the world, and with what he now is as having gone to the Father, according to his own words. (John xvi. 28.) Before he came into the world his chief glory was that belonging to him as the Son of God; whilst in the world his chief glory was in being the Son of man; and now that he is gone

back to heaven his chief glory is that of his being God and man in one glorious Person.

This latter glory of Christ, which is, in especial sense, his mediatorial glory, is seen by faith here, and will be seen in the open vision of bliss hereafter. The three disciples on the Mount of transfiguration, Stephen at the time of his martyrdom, Paul when caught up into the third heaven, John in Patmos, had all special and supernatural manifestations of the glory of Christ; that is, surpassing what is generally given to believers. But the usual way in which we now see his glory is by the Holy Spirit, "glorifying him by receiving of what is his, and showing it to the soul." (John xvi. 14.) This divine and blessed Teacher testifies of him; (John xv. 26;) takes away the veil of ignorance and unbelief which hides him from view; (2 Cor. iii. 16, 17;) shines with a holy and sacred light on the Scriptures that speak of him; and raising up faith to believe in his name sets him before the eyes of the enlightened understanding, (Gal. iii. 1; Eph. i. 17, 18,) so that he is looked unto and upon; (Isa. xlv. 22; Zech. xii. 10;) and though not seen with the bodily eye, is loved, believed, and rejoiced in with joy unspeakable and full of glory. (1 Peter i. 8.) Thus seen by the eye of faith, all that he is and has, all that he says and does is made precious and glorious. His miracles of mercy, whilst here below; his words so full of grace, wisdom, and truth; his going about doing good; his sweet example of patience, meekness, and submission; his sufferings and sorrows in the garden and on the cross; his spotless holiness and purity, yet tender compassion to poor lost sinners; his atoning blood and justifying obedience; his dying love, so strong and firm, yet so tried by earth, heaven, and hell; his lowly, yet honorable burial; his glorious resurrection, as the first begotten of the dead, by which he was declared to be the Son of God with power; his ascension to the right hand of the Father, where he reigns and rules, all power being given unto him in heaven and earth, (Matt. xxviii. 18,) and yet intercedes for his people as the great High Priest over the house of God. (Rom. viii. 34; Heb. x. 21.) What beauty and glory shine forth in all these divine realities, when faith can view them in union with the work and Person of Immanuel! A view of his glory and a foretaste of the bliss and blessedness it communicates has a transforming effect upon the soul. We are naturally proud, covetous, and worldly, often led aside by, and grievously entangled in various lusts and passions, prone to evil, averse to good, easily elated by prosperity, soon dejected by adversity, peevish under trials, rebellious under heavy strokes, unthankful for daily mercies of food and raiment, and in other ways ever manifesting our base original. To be brought from under the power of these abounding evils, and be made "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," we need to be transformed by the renewing of our mind," (Rom. xii. 2,) and conformed to the image of Christ. (Rom. viii. 29.) Now this can only be by beholding his glory by faith, as the Apostle speaks, "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. iii. 18.) It is this believing view of the glory of Christ which supports under heavy trials, producing meekness and resignation to the will of God. We are, therefore, bidden to "consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest we be wearied and faint in our minds;" and to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." (Heb. xii. 1-3.) Sickneses too sometimes befall us when we need special support; the sands of our time are fast running out, and there is no turning the glass; our "days are passing away as the swift ships, as the eagle that hasteth to the prey;" and death and eternity are fast hastening on. When the body sinks under a load

of pain and disease, and all sources of happiness and enjoyment from health and strength are cut off; when flesh and heart fail, and the eye-strings are breaking in death, what can support the soul or bear it safe through Jordan's swelling flood, but those discoveries of the glory of Christ that shall make it sick of earth, sin, and self, and willing to lay the poor body in the grave, that it may be for ever ravished with his glory and his love? Thus we see how the glory of Christ is not only in heaven the unspeakable delight of the saints, whose glorified souls and bodies will then bear "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" but here on earth, in their days of tribulation and sorrow, this same glory, as revealed to their hearts, supports and upholds their steps, draws them out of the world, delivers them from the power of sin, gives them union and communion with Christ, conforms them to his image, comforts them in death, and lands them in glory. We thus see Christ, like the Sun, not only illuminating all heaven with his glory, the delight of the Father, the joy of the spirits of just men made perfect, and the adoration of all the angelic host, but irradiating also the path of the just on earth, casting his blessed beams on all their troubles and sorrows, and lighting up the way wherein they follow their Lord from the suffering cross to the triumphant crown.

Dr. Owen may be said to have given the church of God the completest view of this divine subject that can be found in the pages of any writer. Our limits, however, will allow us but room for the following extracts. The first regards his glory in suffering:

The glory of Christ is proposed to us in what he suffered in the discharge of the office which he had undertaken. There belonged indeed to his office, victory, success, and triumph, with great glory. (Isa. lxi. 1-5.) But there were sufferings also required of him antecedent thereto. "Ought not Christ to suffer, and to enter into his glory?"

But such were these sufferings of Christ, as that in our thoughts about them, our minds quickly recoil with a sense of their insufficiency to conceive aright of them. Never any one launched into this ocean with his meditations, but he quickly found himself unable to fathom the depths of it; nor shall I here undertake an inquiry into them. I shall only point at this spring of glory, and leave it under a veil.

We might here look on him as under the weight of the wrath of God and the curse of the law; taking on himself, and on his whole soul, the utmost of evil that God had ever threatened to sin or sinners. We might look on him in his agony and bloody sweat, in his strong cries and supplications, when he was sorrowful unto the death, and began to be amazed, in apprehension of the things that were coming upon him, at that dreadful trial which he was entering into. We might look upon him conflicting with all the powers of darkness, the rage and madness of men; suffering in his soul, his body, his name, his reputation, his goods, his life; some of these sufferings being immediate from God above, others from devils and wicked men, acting according to the determinate counsel of God. We might look on him praying, weeping, crying out, bleeding, dying, in all things making himself an offering for sin. "So was he taken from prison and judgment, and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living, for the transgression (saith God) of my people was he smitten." (Isa. liii. 8.) But these things I shall not insist on in particular, but leave them under such a veil as may give us a prospect into them, so far as to fill our souls with holy admiration.

How glorious is the Lord Christ on this account in the eyes of believers! When Adam had sinned, and thereby eternally, according to the sanction of the law, ruined himself and all his posterity, he stood ashamed, afraid, trembling as one ready to perish for ever under the displeasure of God. Death was that which he had deserved, and immediate death was that which he looked for. In this state, the Lord Christ in the promise comes unto him, and says, Poor creature! How woful is thy condition! How deformed is thy

appearances! What is become of the beauty, of the glory, of that image of God wherein thou wast created? How hast thou taken on thee the monstrous shape and image of Satan? And yet thy present misery, thy entrance into dust and darkness, is no way to be compared with what is to ensue; eternal distresses lie at the door. But yet look up once more, and behold me, that thou mayest have some glimpse of what is in the designs of infinite wisdom, love and grace; come forth from thy vain shelter, thy hiding-place; I will put myself into thy condition; I will undergo and bear that burden of guilt and punishment which would sink thee eternally into the bottom of hell. I will pay that which I never took; and be made temporally a curse for thee, that thou mayest attain unto eternal blessedness. To the same purpose he speaks unto convinced sinners, in the invitation he gives them to come unto him.

Our next extract refers to his glory as exalted after suffering:

Our constant exercise and meditation on this glory of Christ, will fill us with joy on his account, which is an effectual motive to the duty itself. We are for the most part selfish, and look no farther than our own concerns. So that we may be pardoned and saved by him, we care not how much it is with himself, but only presume it is well enough. We find not any concern of our own therein. But this frame is directly opposite to the genius of divine faith and love. For their principal actings consist in preferring Christ above ourselves; and our concerns in him above all our own. Let this then stir us up to the contemplation of this glory. Who is thus exalted ever all? Who is thus encompassed with glory, majesty, and power? Who is it that sits down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, all his enemies being made his footstool? Is it not he who in this world was poor, despised, persecuted, and slain, all for our sakes? Is it not the same Jesus who loved us, and gave himself for us, and washed us in his own blood? So the apostle told the Jews, that the same Jesus, whom they slew and hanged on a tree, God had exalted with his right hand to be a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and the forgiveness of sins. (Acts v. 30, 31.) If we have any value of his love, if we have any concern in what he hath done and suffered for the church, we cannot but rejoice in his present state and glory.

Let the world rage whilst it pleases; let it set itself with all its power and craft, against every thing of Christ that is in it; which, whatever is by some otherwise pretended, proceeds from a hatred to his person; let men make themselves drunk with the blood of his saints; we have this to oppose to all their attempts, namely, what he says of himself: "Fear not, I am the first and the last, he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death." (Rev. i. 17, 18.)

Blessed Jesus! we can add nothing to thee, nothing to thy glory; but it is a joy of heart unto us, that thou art what thou art; that thou art so gloriously exalted at the right hand of God; and we do long more fully and clearly to behold that glory, according to thy prayer and promise.

The Doctor is justly severe upon those graceless professors who speak evil of what they know not; and with this extract we shall conclude:

But I cannot here avoid another short digression. There are those by whom all these things are derided as distempered fancies and imaginations. Yea, such things have been spoken and written of them as contain a virtual renunciation of the gospel, the powers of the world to come, and the whole work of the Holy Ghost as the Comforter of the church. And hereby all real intercourse between the person of Christ, and the souls of them that do believe, is utterly overthrown; reducing all religion to an outward show and a pageantry, fitter for a stage than that temple of God which is in the minds of men. According to the sentiments of these profane scoffers, there is no such thing as the "shedding abroad of the love of God in our hearts by the Holy Ghost;" nor as the "witnessing of the Spirit of God with our spirits, that we are the children of God," from which these spiritual joys and refreshments are inseparable, as their necessary effects; no such thing as "rejoicing upon believing, with joy unspeakable and full of glory;" no such thing as "Christ's

showing and manifesting himself unto us, supping with us, and giving us of his love;" that the divine promise of a "feast of fat things, and wine well refined" in gospel mercies, are empty and insignificant words; that all those ravishing joys and exultations of spirit that multitudes of faithful martyrs of old and in the latter ages have enjoyed by a view of the glory of God in Christ, and a sense of his love, whereto they gave testimony to their last moments in the midst of their torments, were but fancies and imaginations. But it is the height of impudence in these profane scoffers that they proclaim their own ignorance of those things which are the real powers of our religion.

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## POETRY.

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### *AN INHERITANCE UNDEFILED.*

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

1 Pet. i. 3-5.

DEAR friends in Christ, be this our strife  
Who most shall him adore and bless  
Through whom a hope of endless life,  
Our souls are favored to possess.

Which like an anchor to the soul,  
Takes hold of what's within the veil,  
And rests secure, while billows roll;  
And nature's strength and courage fail.

Without it what a dreary waste  
Were earth with all her wealth or fame.  
No fruit she yields to suit the taste  
Of those who love the Saviour's name.

'Tis sweet by faith and hope to rise  
Beyond these shades, where Christ is seen  
Through mortal veils with darken'd eyes,  
While clouds unnumber'd intervene.

And O, the joy that cheers the breast,  
When favored with a sweet survey  
Of heaven; we in the thought of rest,  
Forget the briars of the way.

That heavenly land is undefiled;  
Its lasting beauties cannot fade.  
By sin's defiling power be spoiled,  
Nor be by endless years decayed.

It can't be forfeited nor lost,  
By all the ills we fear or see;  
No more than purchased at our cost;  
Glory to God, 'tis safe as free.

And may such vile polluted worms,  
Who carry in an evil heart  
The seeds of sin's most frightful forms,  
In that inheritance have part?

In their salvation Christ shall see  
The fruit of every pain and groan;  
For ne'er had nature's purity  
So made redeeming glory known:



Reserved is this inheritance  
 In heaven, till God's appointed hour.  
 Nor is our entrance left to chance;  
 He keeps his saints by mighty power.  
 My fellow pilgrims, why then fear,  
 Or tremble in affliction's hour?  
 Why shrink with mighty aid so near?  
 Lions may roar, but can't devour.  
 Thus kept alive, faith, hope, and love  
 Shall in their Author still delight;  
 Till faith and hope in heaven above  
 Resign their place to sense and sight.  
 Kept by God's power through death's dark vale,  
 Tho' nature's frailty heaves a sigh,  
 And flesh, and heart, and life may fail,  
 Our hidden life can never die.  
 Our sleeping dust his power will keep;  
 'Tis his, he paid the ransom price.  
 And those who in our Jesus sleep,  
 Shall through a risen Saviour rise.

A. STURTON.

A MODERN schismatic, now living, thought he both showed his wit and graveled his opponents, in saying that, according to the doctrine of our church, "The souls of men can no more vanquish the saving grace of God than their bodies can resist a stroke of lightning." I would ask the objector, whether he ever knew of any lightning like that which flashed from the Mediator's eye, when he turned and looked upon Peter? And something similar is experienced by every converted person.—*Top-lady*.

WHEN the poor sinner is sensible of his lost state, and feels the plague of his own heart, he is the object whom Christ came to save, and the patient that he came to cure. Such a soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness; fixing his longing eyes upon Jesus; mourning, sighing, and praying to him, with sincere and honest confessions; pleading the promises; loathing himself in his own sight; acknowledging his guilt before God; pleading the blood and righteousness of Christ; covered with shame and confusion; driven on by a sense of want, and encouraged by the kind invitations in the word of God; such a soul, I say, is as formidable and powerful at a throne of grace as an army with banners. However abashed, however backward or reluctant, however accursed by Satan, law, or conscience; however discouraged by unbelief, carnal reason, or misgivings of heart, still we should press through all this crowd; and if we do but touch the hem of his garment, we shall be made perfectly whole. Never give up, nor let any business whatsoever hurry thee away from this blessed privilege, this unutterable blessing of calling upon God in prayer; and I hope by his assistance to mingle my petitions with thine; for when once the door of mercy is completely open, when the throne is accessible, when the intercourse is clear between God and us, we have a heaven upon earth, and that my soul knoweth right well. Every enemy that I have encountered has been subdued in this way; every care and burden that I ever felt I have got rid of at this blessed work; all the guilt that ever I contracted has been removed in this way; and out of every trouble and temptation have I been delivered by prayer to God. As soon as ever my pocket gets low, or if the Philistines be upon me, my only method is to shut myself up in my study for five or six hours together, and to give myself unto prayer.

—*Huntington*.



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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MARCH, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. SHORTER, ON SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 24TH, 1846.

“And ye are Christ’s; and Christ is God’s.”—1 Cor. iii. 23.

THIS is a very great thing to say, friends, “And ye are Christ’s,” and a very wonderful thing too. A man must learn it before he can say this; for I believe that no preaching, reading, or conversation will settle the matter in a man’s mind of itself; it must be God, alone that can persuade him that he is “Christ’s.” The Lord saith, “I will persuade Japheth;” and just so far as he is persuaded by the Lord, will he be persuaded, and no further. I believe that a man would sooner be shut up in darkness, and be miserable all the days of his life, than be deceived upon this subject, and set himself down for a child of God when he is not. He esteems it a most important point. Berridge says,

“The fountain open stands,  
Yet on its brink I dwell;  
O, put me in with thine own hands,  
And that will make me well.”

And why, Berridge, are you afraid to get in? Oh! because there is a fear at the bottom that it is not open for me; so he says, “Lord, put me in.” But sometimes you may be certain about others that they are the children of God, when you cannot be sure about yourself. They love the same things that you love, and they hate the same things that you hate; they have been comforted with the same texts of Scripture that you have been comforted with, and tempted with the same temptations that you have been tempted with. Although you know that *they* are Christ’s, yet you cannot say that *you* are. And what is the reason of all this? Why, there is a certain thing called faith, which cometh from above; and just so far as thou hast faith, thou shalt believe; it is a secret working and persuasion in a man’s heart by the Lord. But it is well sometimes to have confidence in our brethren, to esteem them more highly than ourselves. There are times in your life when you can be sure about yourself, your brethren, and your minister; at other times you may be sure about nothing. Some can say, “I know there is no other hope but Jesus,” and that they can be saved in no other way; that they hope they are right, and can get no further than hope; but there are others that can go further than this, and are as sure of being Christ’s as that he is in heaven.

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But it appears that the apostle was favored in some things, to know that he himself was Christ's, and that the Corinthians were Christ's. He begins with their calling. He saith, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are." Yes, these poor, weak, and foolish things hath God chosen, and why? Because it should not stand in the wisdom of this world, but in the power of God. It appears that the preaching of the apostle was so effectual that it reached the hearts of this people, and made such an effectual change in their hearts and lives, that the apostle could say, "Ye are Christ's." His preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power. Demonstration is something very clear and decisive, something that cannot be denied. So it was with this people. God called them by the apostle's preaching; and what was there about them more than any other Christians to make Jesus fall in love with them? Nothing; they were previous to being called as bad as they could be; for the apostle says, "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you." I dare say there are not any of you that would stand up before the congregation this morning, and say how much better you were than your neighbours when the Lord called you. I dare say there are not many sins in that catalogue but that you would plead guilty to. I used to go from one thing to another to try to fill my belly; but the Lord made me to feel an aching void, a gnawing worm at the very root. I used then to wonder how others could be such fools as to be pleased with such vanities. But the Lord calls his people out of the world. It is a truth I have preached for many years, that when the Lord calls a man by his grace, he calls him to two things, mourning and rejoicing; to mourning, to think that his sins have pierced the Lord of life and glory; and to rejoicing, to see how great a salvation he has wrought.

"Well," say you, "I should like to know whether he has called me." Well then, I ask you who made you sure about the being of Christ? and who made you sure that you could not be saved without him, and that there is no other way, and that you would venture all on him? You say, God; and any man or woman that can from their heart say this, I should not hesitate to say, "Ye are Christ's." Were it not for the sovereign mercy of God, where would you have been this day? You know that, had the Lord cut you off, and sent you to the bottomless pit, he would have been just. Why is it you are not among the profane? and, if not among them, why is it you are not among the professors of the day, building your hopes upon

your own work? Because you are Christ's; you are not your own; ye are Christ's sheep. It is a great thing to be one of Christ's sheep; and he acts the part of a kind and tender shepherd; he binds up the wounded, heals the sick, strengthens the weak; and he says, "My sheep hear my voice." He feedeth his flock like a shepherd; and when thou feelest that thou art Christ's, then thou canst enter into that text, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Ye are Christ's husbandry, plants of God's right hand planting. 'Tis a great thing to be this, to be rooted out of everything but Christ, as it is said in the 61st chapter of Isaiah, "That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." And when the Lord favors a poor sinner, he roots him out of himself, to plant him into himself. Paul says of this people, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase."

Ye are Christ's building; yes, he is a builder too, and a good builder he is; he is the foundation too; he saith, "On this foundation will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Watts says,

"What though the gates of hell oppose,  
Yet will this building rise;  
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,  
And marvellous in our eyes."

The apostle says, "The whole building groweth together in the Lord." And so careful is the Lord over this building, that he keeps a watch over it, to see that no one hurts it; for if any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy. Any one that would attempt to hurt God's saints, him will God punish. The Lord employs under-builders, but they are only instruments; and what can instruments do of themselves? Sometimes, poor things, they come to a stand-still, and they are sometimes afraid that the work is not going on; and the devil tries with all his might to overthrow it, but it is sure and safe enough. He buildeth the temple of the Lord, and he shall have the glory; he built all things but sin. A poor soul may go on venturing all on Christ, and leaning upon him; but when the Lord is pleased to withdraw his hand, he finds in his own feelings that he sinks in the sand, and the poor soul says, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Ye are Christ's branches too. He saith, "I am the vine; ye are the branches; my Father is the husbandman." All the world receive their natural life from him, but his children receive their spiritual life from him. As the branches cannot live without the vine, so cannot his children live without him; he lives in them, and they in him. And just as the branch cannot bring forth fruit without the vine, so his children cannot bring forth fruit without him; for they know and prove that saying, "Without me ye can do nothing," not even so much as to think a good thought. This is a thing that is not known by reading, but by experience, and felt too. And art thou brought to feel this, that without him thou canst do nothing? Then you are Christ's. And have you ever in your life, beloved, had your mind

things are against me;" but this is my sin and unbelief, for God has said, "All things shall work together for good to those that love him."

My brother, you asked me about the state of my mind when I am in the field of battle. All I can say is, when I am commanded to go forward, I go; so, though exposed to great danger in human eyes, yet in my heart I know God sees and knows all things, and in my spirit I commit myself and all to his kind, sovereign guidance, believing, as the poet says,

"Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit!"

When my poor suffering Commanders have fallen all around me, I have felt a spirit within me to look up to God, and a precious "Fear not" would rise up in my poor heart. From time to time thus has my head been covered in the field of battle. Thanks to God for it more than I can give; for out of ten engagements I am mercifully spared; and am well, bless the Lord for it. General Havelock is dead; he died a natural death. God knows how his interest stood in the Lamb's book of life. He was a man that made a profession of Christ, and held to the truth of baptism. (Matt. iii.) My brother, you gladden my heart to see your simple love to the God of all life and peace. It is truly unspeakable, the mercy of God to us, poor rebellious worms of corruption, that we are not consumed. Ah, my brother, this is because the doorposts of our hearts are sprinkled with the blood of Christ; thus we are covered, and not dealt with after our sins; yes, "the blood is the life thereof." But how am I to express my thoughts towards you? Your kindness I cannot value too highly; and if it is becoming to ask, I should like to know your position in life; and I would be most happy to send you a few pounds if you need it. Do not be backward; let all the sheep share alike.

But I conclude for the present. The Lord be all things to you all. My love to all who may inquire after us poor sinners. Remember me to all the family; and do write me as soon as possible; and, if you can, do send me a few more of those precious sermons. But I do not wish to be troublesome to you.

"O to grace, how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be."

Believe me to be

Yours truly, but not worthy, brother in Jesus, the only friend  
of poor and needy sinners,

A. BAKER, 78th Highlanders.

Alumbagh, Lucknow, Oude.

BEFORE Abraham and Lot grew rich they dwelt together; now their wealth separated them; their society was a greater good than their riches. Many a one is a loser by his wealth. Who would account those things good which make us worse? It had been the duty of young Lot to offer rather than to choose, to yield rather than contend. Who would not think Abraham the nephew, and Lot the uncle?—Hall.

## A MEMORIAL OF THE LORD'S MERCY.

*(Concluded from page 17.)*

Such was I when I entered the home of my more quiet days; and, though met with all the kindness of home, yet could I not drive away my gloomy feelings, nor force myself even to appear happy at meeting my friends. Most gladly would I have rid myself of these terrors of soul, could I have done so; but after a few more days in a like state, my mind became differently affected. I now became overburdened by a sense of the guilt of sin, and was unable to hide the exercises of my soul any longer. It was one mournful tale from me that my soul was lost, as I then thought, for ever—a blessed truth for a soul to be taught, ultimately considered, but until mercy is felt, one most truly wretched. But my sorrow of soul continued, in spite of all attempts to relieve it. Neither social kindnesses nor conversations with any who professed to know the Lord, made the least impression upon me; lost I felt, eternally lost. What human kindness can outweigh the sense of that loss? and what power short of a divine can give rest to such a soul? The medical man who was called in prescribed opiates, to procure sleep at night, of which, night after night, I had none, ascribing it to bodily causes; but I told him it arose from a mind torn with anguish; that all the cause was the guilt of sin. He endeavored to laugh and reason me out of this; but it was too deeply implanted within me for man to efface. He sent me his pills, but I never took them. I wanted a heavenly physician to heal my wound. The law damned me, and hell seemed gaping for me; and what man could avert these terrible realities from me? I cannot dwell now upon all the causes which aggravated my sorrows; though I must say a few words more; for as one healed of a bodily disease, by narrating his state when afflicted, gives others similarly affected confidence in his physician, and sings forth his praises, so would I here, that if one troubled as I was then read this, he may, under God's blessing, take hope in his great and abundant mercy. I have thought, then, that it was a kind Providence that led me home when my convictions were most agonizing; but yet, on other grounds, home aggravated my sorrows. The sight of brothers and sisters aggravated my grief; I dreaded my woe being increased by their coming to the same place of torment, for, like Dives, I could only remember that our lives had been spent in sinful security and pleasure; and so seemed to hold out nothing but a scene of aggravated horror when all together in hell. Anyone who has felt this cannot portray such a horrible state of mind to another who has not felt it. Another thing which made me to feel the more cast down was this, that all this terror in my soul followed former seasons of joy. My memory would look back upon this and that spot where I had tasted of the joys of the world to come; and then my present state would, to my apprehensions, seal me over unto a reprobate state. I looked back, also, to my profession, so lately begun, and could see in it nothing but formality and hypocrisy; that it was not in the power of God. Wherefore, I

thought, God is making me a terrible example and spectacle in the world of his hatred to my soul and its actings. That in Matt. xii. 43-45 was a sword indeed to my soul, and seemed to put me beyond all possibility of salvation. To make things worse, I heard at this time the vicar at the church preach from these very words, and from them he dwelt much upon similar cases to my own. The heavens now seemed as brass, and as God did not answer my cries for mercy, I went to the Independent minister; but he seemed ignorant of my case altogether; he said, in fact, that he could not comprehend me. No doubt I did speak strangely, but one who could judge aright might have seen under all a deep anxiety after salvation. I went from one to another till they were tired of me, and I, in fact, of them. Truly I might say of them all, "Miserable comforters are ye all;" and yet, with all this deep concern about my soul, I was distressed with the feeling and fear that I was not sincere, that I was not really anxious, that I was an apostate. But I dwelt in a dark place, and had to bear my burden all myself. The vicar gave some good advice, but did not meet me as I was. All dwelt so much on man's capabilities of repentance, faith, &c., and I felt unable to do either. Christ was "exalted to give repentance, as well as remission of sins." But they wanted me to reverse the order of grace. Christ is "the author" as well as "the finisher of faith;" but they wanted me to do the first work of Christ. I now seemed falling into dark and sullen despair. I used, indeed, when not chained down so close with its iron bands, to pray again for mercy; and night after night did I wander about the hills and lanes outside the town, praying for mercy; but as yet obtained no answer; and so hope deferred made the heart sick. I was now gradually lapsing into a hopeless abandonment of all means of grace. So far had despair hardened my heart that at last I endeavored to feel quiet under this impression, that damned I was, and so I might try at once to efface all thoughts of heaven or hell, and live as I liked, for mercy was not for such as I. But when from the tolling bell, or the conversations of others, my old impressions seemed reviving, I have run off, and, unaccountable as it may seem, have read over Matt. xii. 43-45, and endeavored therefrom, by deepening my despair, to drown convictions, and resign myself to hell for ever. But ere I arrived at this apparently hopeless state, my mind was filled with hard and angry thoughts of God; and even when in my lowest despair, my carnal mind, urged on by the malice of Satan and its own inward depravity, would indulge in much secret blasphemy against God. So far had despair hardened my heart that I endeavored to forget everything but this world; and when the terrible doom awaiting me hereafter flashed across me, I endeavored to drown it in forced mirth or attempting to credit atheism; for to me there seemed remaining nothing, unless I could arrive at complete atheism, "but a certain fearful looking for of judgment."

Having now remained at home for three months, it became necessary for me to return to B—. I left D— more miserable than even when I entered it; in fact it was a marvel, except we view the



secret inclining power of God, however I should have ventured on such a step as this, as I might have been sure that there my former convictions and fears would be rekindled, and that, apparently, without any good as to the issue of them; but so it was. After giving away to my youngest sister my Bible, that the wounds in my soul might not bleed afresh by seeing it in my box, I left; and in the middle of the month of May, when the face of nature was clad in verdant beauty, and all creation seemed smiling around me, I dragged my sad and unwilling soul to B—. When I arrived in B—, I was perplexed how to act in regard to religion; my conscience was again re-opened by the thought of days gone by; the sight of those who knew me as a fair and promising professor in the flesh, and above all of Mr. W— and his church, did indeed rend my very soul, for now I had learnt that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; that God is the author of all true religion; and thinking that he was against me, I might well despair of doing anything, for all such doings would be only as a Judas could act. In fact, had I had the wish to attempt a form of religion, from long continued despair I had lost the power; the sinews of my soul were, as it were, cut. Mr. W— called many times, and encouraged me to hope in God's mercy. He wanted me to begin again as though nothing had happened to me, but I really felt unwilling to look any more into the matter; I would rather for ever have forgotten all matters belonging to God, heaven, or hell. Men boast of free will; I cannot of mine. I shall have ever to thank God that he did not suffer me to follow mine, or I should have carried myself on to the bleak rocks of unbelief, and so for ever to have sunk into the sea of God's wrath. I have rather to thank him for making me "willing in the day of his power." Notion is one thing, but experience is another; and if men knew the power of sin in their members, they would not boast of a power that they really do not possess. I remember one night arguing with Mr. W— for more than an hour, endeavoring to show that I could not be saved, and he taking a contrary view of my state, though, as I could see, without much heart or hope respecting me, seeing that I seemed almost careless of anything better than hell, through despondency and a depraved heart and will. But he made this remark to me, "P—, do you want to be damned?" I made no answer; for so forsaken of God I felt, and of myself so unable to lift the iron chains of despair, that I felt it was not left for me to decide. From this night he gave me over as past his powers to speak to. I continued thus for two months more, when again did anxiety force me to look, if, happily, there was mercy for me; but O what two months they were! I tremble oftentimes when I review them; so desperate was I in my attitude against God. I sinned indeed with a high hand. I began now to find fault with religion, its professors, its ways. I endeavored to harden others against the fear of God, and to be pleased when I saw others scoffing at his ways; I endeavored as far as ever in me lay to force from me all thoughts of his name; and all this in the town and in the house where I had felt so much of the truths of eternity, and had received earnest

both of heaven and hell. I remember one day, the servant in the house said to me, "Why, you are worse than the devil." So I was, truly. She was herself dead in sins; but it was a check to me, nevertheless. No human tongue can tell how stretched I was during those two months. I walked over the earth as a cursed spirit; and it is wonderful how I got through the calls of daily life with so borne-down a mind. This brings me on to the middle of July, when other thoughts again occupied my soul, and my mind at times felt more sensible; for through despair it had got almost scared, and so become insensible to all impressions, whether of sorrow or hope.

The time was now coming when, in reference to myself as with those of old, the Lord was about to say, in his free and omnipotent grace, "They shall know whose word shall stand, mine or theirs," for I was led on again to look into the matter of salvation, to see if there was yet a way of salvation for me. I began to read the lives and experiences of such as had been saved, to see if in them I could see any counterpart to mine, and in them at times I found hope spring up. In the life of John Bunyan, in particular, I saw much that was similar to my own case; and it made me yet hope that peradventure Christ might save me. I began now again, also, to look in the Bible; but it terrified me, look where I might; and, strange to say, the New Testament was worse to me than the Old. Fresh fears compassed my path. I was afraid now I had sinned the unpardonable sin, and so had made myself too desperate for even God to save; and this fear would at times damp all my efforts after inquiry; but nevertheless I was kept on. What gave most hope, when delivered in some measure from this fear, was an insight into the plan of justification, that God justified the ungodly. For about six weeks I was thus between hope and fear; hoping, since men were justified though ungodly; fearing, lest from my being not one of the elect, it was not available to me. I knew not the will of God concerning me; and I felt that my salvation rested alone upon his having designed mercy for me, and that even from all eternity. I was led at last to learn these as secret things, and build hope upon those revealed for the support of seeking sinners, until the time should come of more immediate "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." I was now slowly emerging from my dark and hopeless state. One Saturday, I remember, I took the Bible, and opened at Isa. xlii., xliii., xlv., and read, almost, I must say, unconsciously, the promises to, and the happy lot of God's people; but as I read on, power rested on the word, and I felt myself as if interested and allied with that people and that Saviour. Yes; indeed it was a most happy day for me. I seemed now blessed once again with sensibility of conscience, and I felt deeply wounded in my soul for my backslidings; but as yet I had never felt the guilt of sin quite removed from my conscience. I had, indeed, step by step, here a little and there a little, been brought out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay; despair had given place to hope; the gates of brass and bars of iron seemed to have relaxed their hold; and to me, for whom shortly before there seemed nothing but wretchedness here,

and eternal misery hereafter, a new world seemed dawning. The Sun seemed to dispel the darker shades of night; and its light and warmth began to enlighten and melt my dark and frozen heart. I now bought another Bible; and though there were those verses at which I durst not look, such as Heb. vi., x., and 2 Pet. ii. 20, 21, yet there were other parts giving me much encouragement. That, in John vi. 37 was one that opened widely to the wants of my soul. But at last my soul was more fully and clearly to be delivered from the guilt, power, and damnation of sin. It was under a sermon from Zech. xiii. 1, preached by Mr. W—. I was now enabled to feel that the merits of Christ were mine, and that that fountain was opened for me amongst many others. What a calm Christ made in the minds of his disciples, when of old, by his word, the raging waves were stilled; so was it even here; here, as there, divine power was alike needed and manifested. It was in September when this happy change took place in my soul; and I began to look back at days and scenes passed through. I thought of that verse in Rom. vi. 1, which once so sweetly and powerfully entered my soul, ere I had passed through my darker conflicts and their accompanying sins; and as before it seemed to be prophetic of what I should yet do, now it seemed to confirm the greatness of his mercy towards me. And as the traveller who, returning by day through the way which he went in the darkness of night, shudders as he views the dangers he has passed through, how nigh to the precipice here, or the deep, rushing stream there; how nearly engulfed in the quagmire, or wandering, lost in the forests, thanks and loads his kind benefactor with blessings, who unseen led him through all the dangers of the way; so here with my soul and its wanderings, sadly, yet joyfully, did I look back upon the way in which for so long I had been. And in thus reviewing all the way, I could not but be struck with the feeling that no hand but a divine one could have so prevented me from falling into utter ruin. When I looked at all these things, and then at the state I now was in, deep feelings of grateful wonder would arise in my soul, and I could only resolve it by ascribing it to rich grace, which had done all these great things for me. Everything I had, I had received. Was I called? it was "when dead in trespasses and sins;" and well for me that his calling was "without repentance;" and though others may boast of a power to repent, believe in and obey the gospel, yet for myself I can only subscribe to what the Holy Ghost, by Zechariah, testifies, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." I must cast the whole work of my salvation at the feet of Him who is head over all things unto his church; and in the strength of him I will; for "when I am weak, then am I strong."

To you who know the Lord I will say, Receive this simple yet faithful recital only as a weak testimonial to the long-suffering grace of our Lord, and so do not criticise it apart from that, but receive it sent to those passing through deep waters. To such I would say that though the Lord cause disquiet, yet has he "thoughts of peace and not of evil," and that he is ever surprising sinners in his unlooked-for deeds of mercy.

F. P.

### CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

My dear Christian Friends,—I felt it both pleasing and encouraging to be remembered by you, at a time when you are in all probability bowed down with so many troubles of your own; and I do sincerely thank you for your kindness. How reviving to a poor, weary, care-worn pilgrim is the voice of Jesus in the sympathy of a fellow-traveller, manifesting a desire to bear his brother's burden, though almost bowed down with the weight of his own! Even the desire to do such a thing seems to infuse fresh strength when made known. Surely one peculiar trait in our holy religion, if not a main feature, is Christian sympathy. It is our miseries, sorrows, and necessities that draw forth the sympathy of Jesus. These seem still the things appointed to exercise and draw forth the same principle from the body mystical; and by bringing forth this fruit of love, we prove that we are living epistles of Jesus; for "by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

I trust you are brought experimentally to know, that though no chastening for the present is joyous but grievous, nevertheless, being sanctified by the grace of God, and seasoned with salt, you are now enjoying the peaceable fruits thereof; and also the blessed truth that our Father chastens in love, (though we think in anger,) that we may be partakers of his divine nature. May the blessed Spirit enable us to see things in their true light! and, in the midst of all our calamities, never to lose sight of our mercies. It was a sense of God's mercy and goodness that sustained David, or he had fainted; and so should I have many a time, and so will you, my friends. But though we are called to go through seas of tribulation, and continual chastisement seems essentially necessary to keep down the pride of our hearts, yet is it not an infinite mercy to be "partakers of the divine nature?" To have the life of God put into our souls in any measure while we dwell in this sinful world is an unspeakable mercy indeed. Surely it must be a foretaste, an earnest of joys to come; and what is grace but the embryo, the bud of eternal glory? Yea, my friends, we are, we must be, partaking of the divine nature, the children of God, joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him. And I trust, yea, I know, that yours is a suffering religion, which, according to scripture, is a higher privilege than an active one. There are many who will boast of doing great things for Christ, but very few who suffer with him; all have not that privilege; it is a blessing bestowed upon none but the royal family, a royal grant, a "gift." It is by suffering with him that we are brought near and into union with him; and from this baptism of the Spirit the fruits of the Spirit are brought forth, which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God. The Lord can keep us, my dear friends, from rebelling under the peculiar favor of bearing the cross; but rather let us glory in it, and that we are in any measure favored to suffer for his sake. But I have been thinking, these last few days, what a mercy to have heaven upon any terms whatever! It is true the sorrows of the

Christian are weighty; neither would I, nor can I, when I am oppressed, make light of them; but they are comparatively light compared with an exceeding and an eternal weight of glory. Moses had respect to the recompense of reward, and so had Paul; and the Lord grant that you and I may be able to keep the crown of life in view, and hold fast that which we have received, that no man take our crown. But, my friends, is it not a peculiar favor and privilege indeed for Jesus to take us into covenant union with himself in this time state, and solemnly engage to perform the office of a near kinsman unto us, to yield us all the help, succour, and supplies that we need, and to promise to be with us to the end, and bring us safe home "to live with him?" (Lev. xxv. 35.) And has he not hitherto been faithful to his charge, and to his covenant engagements? Have we not innumerable mercies and blessings—food to eat, raiment to wear, houses to dwell in, and beds to rest upon; a tolerable measure of health and strength, the use of our limbs, and sanity of mind; a social circle of natural and spiritual friends, the word of God, the throne of grace, the means of grace, public and private, a preached gospel, wholesome laws, liberty of conscience, and religious toleration; the protection of our person, property, and religious privileges, with Sabbath-days, and an innumerable quantity of blessings, which Satan would hide from our view, by pointing out the various calamities and clouds which sometimes arise in the horizon, and which he would fain tell us, and sometimes makes us almost believe will overwhelm us in destruction. I feel it to be at times a most desperate struggle between the flesh and the spirit; whether I should look at the things that are seen, or whether I should look at those which are not seen; whether I should look at the dark and dense clouds, or at "the bright light that is in the clouds," which is the almighty power and wisdom, faithfulness and love, of God in Christ Jesus; but "men see not that bright light" till the wind (of the Spirit) passeth and cleanseth away some of the dense vapors. But it is a solemn truth that he has sworn that the waters shall no more go over the earth, and has set his bow in the clouds to silence our fears. O for a believing heart, that we may rest in his love, and have strength in the most dark and cloudy weather to believe to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, lest we faint! I have heard of your sorrows; and, knowing by sorrowful experience something of that terrible disease which has made such havoc in your family, I do sincerely sympathise with you. If ever I saw the great and terrible hand and awful majesty of God, it was under the scourge of that terrible disease. Many times, at the sight of his awful majesty in prostrating my family before my eyes, have I cast myself all my length on my face before him, and trembled at the majesty of his power and his holiness. But those days are past with me; and time will soften down those sorrows and distresses with which you have recently been exercised. But you will not forget them; and most likely in future days you will have to look back upon this season of trouble as an era in your Christian experience, from which you may date a more enlarged knowledge of God.

W. P.



## THE KING'S DAUGHTER IS ALL GLORIOUS WITHIN.

Dear Friends in the Lord,—Having thought of you both this evening, it came into my mind to drop you a few lines; and, while I was thinking what I should write about, Psalm xlv. 13 crossed my mind, "The king's daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold." But how often the poor child of God cries out, "I feel to be within one mass of sin and filth; oh, I cannot be glorious within!" Yet such are, though at all times they cannot believe it. But let us look at what makes them all glorious within. First, the *life of God* in the soul, and the *graces of the Spirit*; and this new life, the hidden man of the heart, cannot be concealed. There must and will be a forsaking of the path he once delighted in; but what a thought, that the Spirit of God should dwell in fallen man, and there maintain his throne in the face of so much opposition, and hostile resistance from the world, the flesh, and the devil, which often makes the child of God cry out, "Can ever the life of God be in my soul!" Again, *faith*. What a precious gift! For by faith we are enabled to believe that, though black as jet in our feelings, yet we are white as snow. By faith, we believe that Christ became a poor man to rescue us from hell and damnation. By faith we believe that as he came off more than conqueror, so we shall, through him. But sometimes the world gets us down, so that we are drawn aside; at another time, the flesh, and sometimes it is a combination—the world, flesh, unbelief, and the devil. And when such is the case, and faith is not strengthened, we begin to sink in our souls, and question if we are all glorious within. But again, *hope*, and this is within; and it is a good hope through grace, for it is the anchor of the soul; and, though often we are tossed in our minds, and do not get that comfort which we desire, still hope supports us up. Who can tell but that the dark cloud will disperse? Again, the *fear of God*; this dwells within us. How often it checks us when wrong. Oh, what a blessed monitor! That man is blessed in the highest sense who has the fear of God, for it is a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death. And the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant. But, again, *love*; this dwells within. And what can be compared to the love of God? For we love him because he first loved us; therefore it is all of free grace; but if we love him that has begotten us to a lively hope, we also love them that are begotten by the same Spirit. And here is an evidence that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren; and love will be sure to make itself manifest in various ways. It is like the rest of the graces of the Spirit when brought into exercise; but we are so poor, we have no hand in this matter. I feel that I must contend for the power of God, put forth in every step I take towards Zion. But I must conclude.

Yours truly,

T. S. S.



## QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

My dear Brother and Fellow-Traveller in the Path of Tribulation, —I send these few lines with kindest love to yourself and partner, wishing grace, mercy, and peace unto you; and my faith towards you is, that you will be kept by the almighty power of God through faith unto salvation. But it seems you are called to bear the burden and heat of the day. May we be so favored as to keep the Covenant Head in view, who has assured us in all our afflictions he was afflicted. This has often been a support to me in my trials; for I assure you mine has been and still is a thorny path; trials and temptations more or less await me daily; but I am persuaded it is all in love to my soul, although these things are not joyous but grievous; but the promise is, they afterwards yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness. And I can say, to the glory of his rich grace, that when I have been tried to the quick, and just at the point of giving all up, the Lord has come down on my soul as the showers on the mown grass, and I have been filled with love; I could then take up the cross, and bear it, as dear Hart says, because there has been a cushion between my shoulders and the cross. I was led to the 91st Psalm, and I could at that time claim it all, for it was just what I wanted. But more of this when I see you, for I cannot describe my feelings; but O, the condescending goodness of God to such a poor, hell-deserving rebel as I am, that he should hear and answer the petitions put up in so much weakness. I am writing this from a secret impulse, and I believe a command from God. When on my knees I felt such a giving way; I was melted into tears, and all at once I was led to remember my dear brethren, and to be with them in all their trials, particularly those I then bore on my mind, and you especially; I then appealed to God, who knows the heart, by saying, "Lord, I love thy family, and thou knowest I do." I then got up and went to my Bible, believing there was something more; and I opened upon these words, (1 John iii. 17,) "But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" What you receive give God the glory for; and may a blessing attend it! I wish you would write and let me know how you get on in the best things. Tell me if you derive comfort from your minister, Mr. P—; I wish I could hear him; we have been hoping he would come here; but the Lord's time is not ours.

I remain, your sincere friend,

MARY GRACE.

My dear Friend,—I promiscuously met with the foregoing letter, written by my dear mother to a friend by the name of J— B—, of Gardener-street, in this county, in 1813. Feeling such a union of spirit, I was quite broken down under a sense of the goodness of God to the writer, and also to me, her son, recollecting how she used to pray with me and for me, and before ever I knew any-

thing of truth, which was not until after her death. She used to say, "I believe the Lord has a favor to John." How true! "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The circumstance mentioned in the letter also brought so fresh to my mind a circumstance relating to myself and our departed friend, John Warburton. Whilst in my business I felt a secret impulse to retire for prayer, which has frequently been interrupted by the devil suggesting something must be done immediately, or presently will be more convenient; besides, you must not neglect your business; if this was the case, I have rarely found an opportunity. Mr. Hart says,—

"So gentle sometimes is the flame,  
That, if we take not heed,  
We may unkindly quench the same,  
We may, my friends, indeed."

But how sweet it is to feel the Holy Spirit prompting us to secret prayer, which indeed was my case at this time. I went into a little closet in one of the rooms, (which I often look at when I go into the house, as it was in this very room where I first addressed the Lord as my God, and this blessed text was brought in sweet power into my soul whilst on my knees, "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father;) I here felt a sweet nearness to the Lord; and, whilst pouring out my heart before the Lord, it was powerfully impressed on my mind that my friend Warburton was in trouble; and I said, "Lord, if the dear man is in trouble, make use of me as an instrument to help him out of it." I had not heard of him for months. I never wrote to ask the question, but waited; and, about three weeks from the time, I received a letter from him to say he was in a deal of trouble; his son, through some cause, had a piece of cassimere returned on his hands, and he had to pay his master for it. His inquiry was, "Can you take it?" When I read the letter, I was overcome, to think the Lord should hear my prayer in such a wonderful manner, as he had many friends more likely to do it than myself. You may suppose it did not require much consideration on my part. I immediately sent a draft for the amount, and had the cassimere, which was never any loss to me. I cannot tell why I have written this; perhaps to encourage some of the dear family of God still to pray and trust in him who has the hearts of all men in his hands, and whose is the gold and silver. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

Yours, affectionately,

Brighton, 14th Jan., 1858.

JOHN GRACE.

If a poor child should come to his father, and say, "Father, I would not offend you; it goes to my very heart whenever I do offend and grieve you. Teach me, therefore, O my father, so as that I may not offend you in what I do." Will not hereupon an indulgent father compassionate such a child? And hath not God much more pity towards his children, who is the fountain of love and tenderness?—*Dorney.*

**I WAS BROUGHT LOW, AND HE HELPED ME.**

My dearest M.,—You have known something of (for none but the Lord knows fully) what I have passed through at times for the last eleven years; the anguish of soul, the guilt, the bondage, the misery, the hell, in my feelings; the awful plunges of infidelity; (and “if the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?”) The vile suggestions of Satan, my own wicked heart, sins of childhood, youth, married life, all at times have been set before me, without a hope in Christ. I have not been able sometimes even to believe there was a Christ, a heaven, or a Bible of divine inspiration; yet able to believe there was a hell, a devil, and a judgment day, feeling sin to be a bitter and a dreadful thing; Satan suggesting that death would soon come upon me, and that in a delusion I should die. Truly can I say, “While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted,” a passage, I hope, once blessed to me, when, through fear, I sat afraid to close the door of the room I was in. Oh, I remember, at one time, how large the letters looked that spelt Eternity, large as they have since looked in the word that spells Mercy; for the time came when I had a little hope that the Lord would show mercy to me; and little lifts by the way (though not little to me) kept me from sinking altogether, and I could cry for mercy, mercy, mercy, when I could utter nothing else before the Lord. O how true it is that none but the Lord can deliver! and, blessings on his dear name, I hope I can now say, “And he doth deliver in his own set time.”

The name of Jesus, which once seemed notion to me, had become of late increasingly dear to me, and I seemed to like to read of him, especially the parts that spoke of his sufferings; and before the Lord I pleaded, “O that I might know him, and the power of his resurrection, and (at times was able to add) the fellowship of his sufferings,” believing it to be the only path to him; and to know him seemed now all my soul’s desire, and I was able at times to cry with sighs, and groans, and tears, “Give me Christ, or else I die;” “Jesus, reveal thyself to me.”

I could say much more; but, to pass on, the Lord in his kind and mysterious providence, brought Mr. — amongst us last Thursday. I got up in the morning quite ill from cold, and was obliged to lie down after dinner. He preached in the afternoon; and I with difficulty got up and put my things on, saying all the time, “Lord, there is nothing too hard for thee;” and, after sitting in the chapel a little time, I experienced the truth of it by freedom from pain. My soul seemed melted when he engaged in prayer; and, in the sermon, a still small voice seemed to bring a precious Christ to me. O the sweet savor of Christ in all three sermons I heard him preach! At —, on Friday evening, it seemed as if he preached only to me; yet I wondered all their faces did not shine as mine, after it was over. O, I hope I am not deceived in the measure of liberty I have found. I do, as the precious word says, “rejoice with trembling.” Last week I could have said, “God hath forgotten to be gracious;” but now I hope I can bless his dear name, his faithfulness, his covenant

mercy, and say, "He hath not forgotten to be gracious, but hath remembered me in my lost and ruined state." Ah! I can say, if the gospel saves me, it must be free. O how I creep about with "raised to a hope in Christ." I am almost afraid to speak of it, lest I should be robbed of it; the word seems so suitable as addressed to the church, "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love till he please." Now, my cry to the Lord is, "Preserve me from living on my present happy feelings, which must, I know, change, perhaps before the next hour; but anchor me upon the Rock that is higher than I." It seems almost too much for me; Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, in the enjoyment of it. Last Lord's Day was the happiest day I ever spent on earthly ground. O that I could praise the Lord for his goodness, and tell out the wonders he has done for me! Satan is still at times suggesting it is all a delusion; but his darts at present seem weakened to me. Do not think I am lifted up; my heart is broken, and I am glad to get alone with God in any corner of the house. I thought when on my knees yesterday, weeping tears of joy, that I knew something of the poor woman's feelings who "washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head." I still feel like the poor man whose eyes were opened to see men as trees walking. Do not mistake me; I cannot speak of great things, though they are great to me; for he hath, I hope, taken a beggar from the dunghill, and raised her to a hope in Christ, which is to me like a resurrection from the dead. My cry now is, "O that I might know more of him!" for his name is to me as ointment poured forth. This time last week three verses of the word seemed a toil to me to read; and last night, even while undressing, I seemed obliged to read three chapters, all seemed so suitable to me. I hope I may say the Lord has favored me with a portion or two of his word with power when Satan has come upon me, especially that portion, "Thy word was found, and I did eat it; and it was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Since writing, I have begged the dear Lord, if what I have written be not honest before him, to let me throw it behind the fire, and quickly to undeceive me; but if it be the teaching of the Holy Ghost upon my soul, to let me rejoice in the mercy I have found. Though I believe well heard by many of the Lord's dear people, I do not hear of any one having a special blessing (if not deceived) as I have. Wonderful! that a dear man of God must come so many miles, an utter stranger to me, to bring a blessing to one so vile, so helpless, so lost! Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name. I feel it as impossible to-day to wake up my miseries, sins, terrors, doubts, and fears, as I did but a few days since to come out of them, or to believe that I ever should.

I am afraid of presumption; but shall I dishonor the Lord by not owning the wondrous things I hope he has done, in raising a hell-deserving sinner to a hope in a precious Christ?

April 29th, 1850.

E. H.

[The above letter was written by the late Mr. Husband, of Hartley Row, Hants, whose death was noticed on the wrapper of the December Number.]

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DARK.

No. 2.

My much-loved and loving Friend,—How good it is when we drop into our secret corner, and find it a meeting-place with our Beloved! If I were now to be blessed by the sweet remembrances of the Divine Comforter—the holy testifier of the Father and the Son—the holy glorifier of Immanuel, God with us—I could communicate to you a little respecting the sacred meeting-places, which once the mercy seat set forth; not, dear friend, but that you know it; therefore it is only to stir up your spiritual or pure mind. It seems to me that the greatest manifested blessings to Zion almost would arise out of the revealed union and communion in, and at, and with the everlasting Redeemer. If that union and communion (I mean in secret) could be preserved and published—not but that the eternal Spirit can bring out, in Zion's solemn assemblies, every secret sigh, groan, moan, pining, cry, prayer, petition, trembling of the breast, heaving up of desire, longing, panting, thirsting, confessing, living, feeling, and believing, hoping, and loving moment that ever the regenerated soul enjoys in secret; but, dear child, some of our most favored, our sweetest, nearest, and most powerful seasons are in secret, and around the hearth-stone. The meeting-place you know is, our blessed Lord Jesus. A body was prepared for all the glory of Divinity, all the perfections of Deity, all the solemn attributes of the Godhead to dwell in, to constitute, to consecrate, to sanctify him as the meeting-place. His body was holy; and therefore the attributes of holiness can meet an unholy sinner in him. His life was holy, harmless, undefiled; therefore the living God could meet his own dead ones in him. His wounds were holy; and therefore a holy, sovereign balm issued for the healing of his own spirit-wounded. His blood was holy; and therefore justice, in all its awful nature, proclaims an eternal satisfaction, clears the guilty, and justifies the ungodly. His agonies were holy; therefore the weight of wrath is taken away for ever; and fury is not in the Most High towards poor sinners that are sensibly weighed down by sin, and cry and groan under its weight. His death was holy. O, what a blessed meeting-place is this with the Father of all mercies, and God of all comfort! What a plea against hell's deep designs! What a spot to meet upon, by a living faith, that hath flowed from God himself. Death was overcome. The sting of death, which was sin, original and actual, was taken away. A victory was obtained over the grave in his resurrection, which was holy. The Holy One could not see corruption. The grave could not hold him, and in his resurrection he gained a victory over every one of his and his people's enemies, external, internal, and infernal. His stay on earth, after he arose, was holy. When he pleased he showed himself, and when he pleased he hid himself; and it is so now. His ascension was holy, and the blessedness of it was, that he ascended to our Father and his Father, to his God and our God. And his intercession is holy; for he took his throne in his own



glory, and dwells for ever in his own essential, eternal, invisible, and immortal weight of glory; and the blessedness of it is, "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more being reconciled by his death, we shall be saved by his life, who is ever living to make intercession for us." But, dear child, I have given you but a glimpse or two. This morning at times I rolled on my bed, and at times could scarcely stammer out a petition; such a weight hung upon me. Sometimes a few words escaped the lips; there seemed but little heart-feeling. After I got down stairs, I must go down on my poor, old, feeble knees, and soon I felt a hallowed, solemn, sacred time in prayer, at my old meeting-place. Now, my dear sister, how soon cold formality gives way before divine power; how soon a careless, lukewarm state is succeeded by every power of the soul being found in the sacred engagement; how soon stupor and languor yield to keenness and ardour. The Spirit requickens the soul, and lifts it up from the dust; makes the soul a living beggar; brings the poor, vile, black, polluted, loathsome sinner under victorious faith, that has a voice that is heard on high; and a vital, experimental knowledge attends it, with a tender conscience, the fear of the Lord, and all the virgin graces that join hand in hand. This, sister, makes it manifest, again, that we are members of his body, his flesh, and his bones. O great, solemn, wondrous, vital union, though its deep mystery eternity alone must develope! Now, child, whether you will, on receiving this, feel any life and power or delight in reading what the poor old scribbler writes, it is not for me to say; but should it be so, perhaps you will say it is the children's crumbs. You will be probably looking for the time to come when Mr. W—— may arrive at Bath. Unless you are fed with the bread of heaven through him in the morning, do not go to him. He is most reserved and retired in his habits until his day's labour is ended; then a little child may get near him, if his Master is near.

Ever yours, in love,

Long-street, Devizes, Aug. 28th, 1849.

STEPHEN DARK.

THE very considering of God to be God supposeth him to be Almighty to pardon as well as to avenge; and this is some relief; but then to consider it is Almighty power in bond and covenant to pardon, this is more. As none can bind God but himself, so none can break the bond himself makes. And are they not his own words, that "he will abundantly pardon?" (Isaiah iv.) He will multiply to pardon; as if he had said, I will drop mercy for your sin, and spend all I have rather than let it be said my good is overcome of your evil.—*Gurnall*.

I AM a medical man, and have in these parts considerable practice, for they seem determined to drain both my skill and my medicines. And, having done our best, daily experience proves that all our disorders return again. The plague of the heart, the risings of corruption, and the workings of unbelief, are among our incurable diseases. Satan's rage at our hope exasperates him to be continually rubbing fresh nitre into these old wounds, which are called our daily cross, being the peculiar lot of all those who follow the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Huntington*.



## Obituary.

### A VERY CONCISE ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF OUR DEAR DEPARTED SISTER, MARY BRIDGER, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS BRIDGER, OF WOOLHOUSE, STEDHAM, SUSSEX; WHO WAS FOR MANY YEARS A HEARER OF MR. VINALL, OF LEWES, SUSSEX.

It appears that she was first awakened to a sense of her sinfulness at the dying bed of her father, in the year 1846. She was not exercised, as many are, with a very deep law-work upon her heart, but brought as a lost, needy sinner to cry for mercy. The Lord, in her case, was pleased to grant speedy deliverance, and great enjoyment in the ways and things of God, very early in her pathway through this transitory world. She was blessed with great discernment of the Scriptures, which were her favorite meditation; and she greatly enjoyed the opportunity of hearing the Lord's ministers preach the truth, whether in church or chapel, and, as long as her strength allowed, would walk three or four miles to do so. Early in this year the disease, which was of a most painful and distressing nature, and ultimately caused her death, began to make rapid inroads upon her constitution, and so to reduce her strength as to confine her to her room in the beginning of September; and at about that time she began sensibly to feel and believe that the Lord was about to remove her from this world of sorrow, grief, and pain. On Friday morning, the 20th, she became much worse, and quite thought she was dying. She said to those around her, "The Lord blesses me with peace, which is a great mercy; but I should like to experience more joy, if it is his will, one bright glance before he takes me to himself, one look of pardoning love; still, peace is the promise, and perhaps it is not right for me to expect more. Jesus is very precious to me. O, who can tell what a glorious change it will be for me!" However, she rallied again, but the next morning (Saturday) her mind was not so comfortable; she was obliged to plead hard with the Lord, reminding him of past promises, and entreating him to appear to her comfort in that trying hour; and to add to her distress, her bodily sufferings were very great. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, she again appeared to be sinking, when, in a moment, she looked up and exclaimed, "O, Jesus is come! my precious Saviour! O, how kind! I thought he would not let me go off in the dark." She then called her friends round her, and took leave of them all most affectionately, commending them most earnestly to the Lord; and then said, "Now, Lord, do take me; I long to be with thee, thou precious Jesus! Dear father, mother, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, all there! and me too! O what joy, glory, splendor! Cut the thread of life, Lord, if it be thy will. I long to be with thee! thou hast been so gracious to me, a poor, worthless, helpless, sinful creature; but one drop of thy precious blood applied to my heart is enough. How it humbles me to think that he should deign to look upon one so unworthy. It is, indeed, no small mercy to be a favorite

of Heaven, and blessed with a knowledge of it. Never suffer me, Lord, to be lifted up with pride for thy great mercy manifested to me, for surely

“Thy garden is the place  
Where pride cannot intrude,  
For should it dare to enter there  
‘T would soon be drown’d in blood.”

To the astonishment of all her friends she again revived, when she said, “I greatly hoped the Lord would have taken me then. It does seem so hard to think of coming back again to all this suffering; but the Lord’s will be done, his time must be the right; ’tis

“Sweet to be passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his.”

I would not have a voice in the matter, only that he will grant me patience to wait, and strength to bear all that it is his will I should suffer.” She continued after that time gradually to get worse, some days and nights with more or less pain; but blessed with many sweet visits from her precious Saviour; and so many expressions did she utter of the enjoyment she felt, that it would fill a volume to relate. One morning, after a night of very great pain and suffering, she said, “What a mercy it is that this is only bodily suffering. My mind does not suffer. The Lord has taken away his wrath from me, and granted me sweet peace. I will bless his holy name; he keeps my mind so sweetly stayed on him. Even in this agony, my heart burns with love to him, and I bless the very hand that smites me. O that he would take me! I desire it not only as a release from my sufferings, but for the love I bear to him.” In speaking of a dear friend, whose ministry had been much blessed to her, and whose visits had been made a great comfort to her, she said, “I should like to see him very much, but I do not think I shall live until the time he comes again; if not, tell him, with my Christian love, that I endured to the end, at least I trust I shall,” and repeated the following verse:

“Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

On the morning of the 26th of November, and during the day, she uttered many sweet and precious things. Her mind was much composed, although her sufferings were most distressing, which she sometimes feared would distract her mind; but her prayers were blessedly answered, for she continued perfectly sensible to the last. On her favorite hymn being read to her, beginning

“O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,”

she said, “The two last lines are very suitable to me:

“From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,  
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they’ll sing.”

About half-an-hour before her death, the pain was so great that she cried out with agony, when she was asked if the enemy of souls was permitted to harass her. She immediately answered, “No,

not a bit." She was then asked, "Is Jesus still precious?" Her countenance brightened up in a moment, and she said, "He is precious." Very shortly after that, she said, "Come, Lord, make haste." The pain then ceased, her head sank back on the pillow, and she truly "fell asleep in Jesus," without a sigh, groan, or struggle, at half-past 5 o'clock in the morning, November, 27th, 1857, aged 41 years.

Petworth.

If once (like Hezekiah) we call in spectators to see our treasure and applaud us for our gifts and comfort, then it is high time for God, if he indeed love us, to send some messengers to carry these away from us, which carry our hearts from him.—*Gurnall*.

THE afflictions of God's children are bounded and limited of the Lord. Israel must come out of Egypt when the time of their bondage is expired. God is at the helm in the time of the storm; and we may sleep quiet, because he awakes. Again, we may here observe, how the Spirit of God would have us counting the time of trouble, not by years, nor by months, but by days. They are called sometimes but an hour, sometimes but a short moment. Art thou under a cross? Reckon it but from day to day, and that will make a long trouble seem short. Time is but days, and days hours, and hours moments; and how small is that when compared with the eternal crown of glory? Make not your time eternity, but be numbering your days and applying your hearts unto wisdom.—*Ralph Erskine*.

If the minister under whom you statedly attend is made very acceptable to you, you will be in the less danger of slighting him. But be careful that you do not slight any other minister of Christ. If, therefore, when you come to hear your own preacher, you find another in the pulpit, do not let your looks tell him that if you had known he had been there you would not have come. I wish indeed you may never think so in your heart; but though we cannot prevent evil thoughts from rising in our minds, we should endeavor to combat and suppress them. Some persons are so curious, or rather so weak, that if their favorite minister is occasionally absent they hardly think it worth their while to hear another. A judicious and faithful minister in this case, instead of being delighted with such a mark of peculiar attachment to himself, will be grieved to think that they have profited no more by his labors; for it is his desire to win souls, not to himself, but to Jesus Christ.—*Newton*.

CHRIST himself, when he foresaw in spirit the great troubles which should follow his preaching, comforted himself after this manner: "I come," saith he, "to send fire upon the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled?" (Luke xii. 49.) In like manner we see, at this day, that great troubles follow the preaching of the gospel, through the persecution and blasphemy of our adversaries, and the ingratitude of the world. This matter so grieveth us, that after the flesh, and after the judgment of reason, we think it better that the gospel had not been published, than that, after the preaching thereof, the public peace should be so troubled. But, according to the spirit, we say boldly with Christ, "I come to send fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it should now be kindled?" Now, after this fire is kindled, there follow forthwith great commotions. For it is not a king or an emperor that is thus provoked, but the god of this world, which is a most mighty spirit, and the Lord of the whole world.—*Luther*.

## REVIEW.

*Communion with God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. By John Owen, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Whyte and Co. London: Longman and Co. 1849.*

As no heart can sufficiently conceive, so no tongue can adequately express, the state of wretchedness and ruin into which sin has cast guilty, miserable man. In separating him from God, it has severed him from the only Source and Fountain of all happiness and all holiness. It has ruined him, body and soul. The one it has filled with sickness and disease; in the other it has defaced and destroyed the image of God in which it was created. It has shattered all his mental faculties; it has broken his judgment, polluted his imagination, and alienated his affections. It has made him love sin, and hate God; it has filled him from top to toe with pride, lust, and cruelty, and has been the fruitful parent of all those crimes and abominations under which earth groans, and the bare recital of some of which, reaching our ears from

“India’s coral strand,”

has filled so many hearts with disgust and horror. These are the more visible fruits of the fall. But nearer home, in our own hearts, in what we are or have been, we find and feel what wreck and ruin sin has made. There can be no greater mark of alienation from God than wilfully and deliberately to seek pleasure and delight in things which his holiness abhors. But who of the family of God has not been guilty here? Every movement and inclination of our natural mind, every desire and lust of our carnal heart, was, in times past, to find pleasure and gratification in something abhorrent to the will and word of the living Jehovah. There are few of us who, in the days of our flesh, have not sought pleasure in some of its varied but deceptive forms. The theatre, the race-course, the dance, the sports of the field, the card-table, the midnight revel, or the stolen waters of sin were resorted to by some of us to afford what the Apostle calls “the pleasures of sin for a season.” Our mad, feverish thirst after excitement; the continued cry of our wicked flesh, “Give, give!” our miserable recklessness or headlong, daring determination to enjoy ourselves, as we called it, cost what it would, plunged us again and again into the sea of sin, where, but for sovereign grace, we should have sunk to rise no more. Or, if the restraints of morality put their check upon gross and sinful pleasures, there still was a seeking after such allowable, as we deemed them, amusements, as change of scene and place, foreign travel, the reading of novels and works of fiction, dress, visiting, building up airy castles of love and romance, studying how to obtain human applause, devising plans of self-advancement and self-gratification, occupying the mind with cherished studies, and delighting ourselves in those pursuits for which we had a natural taste, as music, drawing, poetry, or, it might be, severer studies and scientific researches. We have named these middle-class pursuits as less obvious sins than such gross crimes as drunkenness and vile debauchery in the lower walks of life; but, viewed with a spiritual eye, all are equally stamped with the same fatal brand of death in sin. The moral and the immoral, the refined and the unrefined, the polished few or the rude many, are alike “without God and without hope in the world,” until renewed in the spirit of their mind. We are often met with this question, “What harm is there in this pursuit or in that amusement?” “*Is God there?*” should be the answer. The harm is, that the amusement is delighted in for its own sake; that it occupies the mind, and fills the thoughts, shutting God out; that it renders spiritual things distasteful; that it sets up an idol

in the heart, and is made a substitute for God. Now this we never really know nor feel till divine light illuminates the mind, and divine life quickens the soul. We then begin to see and feel into what a miserable state sin has cast us; how all our life long we have done nothing but what God abhors; that every imagination of the thoughts of our hearts has been evil, and only evil continually; that we have brought ourselves under the stroke of God's justice, under the curse of his righteous law, and now there appears nothing but death and destruction before our eyes.

And yet, with all this misery and wretchedness, through all this remorse for the past and dread for the future, there are raised up desires after God—the fruit and work of his grace in the heart. These are the first breathings after communion with God, the first movement of the soul quickened from above towards its Father and Friend.

But whence comes this movement of the soul upward and heavenward? What is the foundation on which a sinner may venture nigh, yea, as brought near, may realise what holy John speaks of, "And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ?" (1 John i. 3.)

God himself has laid the foundation in the gift of his dear Son. Had Jesus not taken our nature into union with his own divine Person, there never could have been any communion of man with God. This is beautifully unfolded by the Apostle. (Heb. ii.) "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that, through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." "The children whom God had given him" were partakers of flesh and blood. But this flesh and blood had sinned, was become alienated from God, was tyrannised over by the devil, was subject to death, and the judgment that cometh after death, and the fear of death held them in continual bondage. Unless these poor bond-slaves of sin, Satan, and death were redeemed, they could not be reconciled to God, or brought near so as to have any fellowship or communion with him. But the Son of God "took on him the seed of Abraham," that is, he assumed human nature as derived from Abraham; for the Virgin Mary, of whose flesh he took, was lineally descended from Abraham; and thus was "made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." And so, "in all things being made like unto his brethren," (sin only excepted, of which he had no taint or stain,) "he became a merciful and faithful high priest to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." Without this redemption, without this reconciliation, there could be no communion. Communion means fellowship; fellowship implies mutual participation and mutual interest. It is not single, but twofold—a community of nature, or interest, or affection, in which each party gives and takes. Thus the foundation of all communion with God is laid in this blessed truth, that the Son of God has taken our flesh; this gives him communion with man. He is himself God; this gives him communion with God. In the ladder that Jacob saw in vision, the lowest part rested on earth, the highest was lost in heaven. Thus the human nature of Christ touches earth with its sorrows, but his divine rises up to heaven with its glory; and man, poor, wretched man, may, by having communion with Christ in his sufferings, have communion with God in his love. John blessedly opens up this in his first epistle: "That which was from the beginning, which we heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life." (John i. 1.) What had John heard from the beginning? What



had he seen with his eyes? What had he looked upon, and his hands had handled of the Word of life? What but the Son of God in the flesh? His ears had heard the voice; his eyes had seen the form; his hands had handled the feet and hands of the Word of life; and not merely bodily, for that would no more have given him life than it did the Jewish officers who bound his hands, or the Roman soldiers who nailed him to the cross. It was the spiritual manifestation of the Word of Life to his soul, (as he himself declares: "For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us,") which enabled him to say, "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ." (1 John i. 3.) Now, as this divine way is opened up to our hearts, we begin to find access to God through Jesus Christ, as "the way, the truth, and the life." Until he is in some measure revealed and made known to the soul, there is no ground of access to God. Sin, guilt, and condemnation block up the path; the law curses, conscience condemns, Satan accuses, and in self there is neither help nor hope. But as Christ is revealed and made known, and the virtue and efficacy of his blood is seen and felt, faith becomes strengthened to approach the Father through him, until after many a struggle between hope and despair, the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, and this gives fellowship with God.

Dr. Owen, in the work before us, has penetrated into the depths of this divine subject, as few but himself could have done. He has shown, with his usual clearness, the foundation on which all communion with God is based; and he has in a very sweet and experimental manner, unfolded the fruits that spring out of it, in the heart and life of a child of God.

As God exists in a Trinity of Persons and a Unity of Essence, the Doctor has divided his work into three leading branches, and has unfolded in the first, communion with the Father, in the second, communion with the Son, and in the third, communion with the Holy Ghost. As it is, like most of Owen's, a very deep and elaborate treatise, sounding the depths and ascending to the heights of communion with a Three-One God, we can hardly give a sufficient idea of the work from a few detached extracts. Yet the following passages, taken from different parts of the work, will serve to show the spiritual and experimental manner in which he has handled his heavenly subject:

There are three things in general, wherein this personal excellency and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ doth consist.

1. *His fitness to save.* The uniting of the natures of God and man in one person made him fit to be a Saviour to the uttermost. He lays his hand upon God by partaking of his nature; (Zech. xiii. 7;) and he lays his hand upon us by being partaker of our nature; (Heb. ii. 14-16;) and so becomes a *daysman* or umpire between both. By this means he fills up all the distance that was made by sin between God and us, and we who are far off are made nigh in him. Upon this account it was, that he had room enough in his breast to receive, and power enough in his spirit to bear all the wrath that was prepared for us. This ariseth from his union of the two natures of God and man in one person; (John i. 14; Isa. ix. 6; Rom. i. 3-5;) the necessary consequences whereof are: 1. The subsistence of human nature in the person of the Son of God, having no subsistence of its own. (Luke i. 35; 1 Tim. iii. 16.) 2. That communication of attributes in the person whereby the properties of either nature are promiscuously spoken of the person of Christ, whether as God or man. (Acts xx. 28; iii. 28.) 3. The execution of his office of mediation in his single person, in respect of both natures, wherein is to be considered the agent, Christ himself, God and man; he is the principle that gives life and efficacy to the whole work, that which operates, which is both natures dis-



tinently considered; the effectual working itself of each nature. And lastly, the effect produced, which ariseth from all, and relates to them all; so resolving the excellency I speak of into his personal union.

2. *His fulness to save*, from the effects of his union which are free, and consequences of it, which is all the furniture that he received from the Father by the union of the Spirit for the work of our salvation. "He is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him;" (Heb. vii. 25;) having all fulness unto this end communicated unto him; "for it pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell." (Col. i. 19.) And he received not the Spirit by measure; (John iii. 34;) and from this fulness he makes out a suitable supply unto all that are his, grace for grace; (John i. 16;) had it been given him by measure, we had exhausted it.

3. *His excellency to endear*, from his complete suitableness to all the wants of the souls of men. There is no man whatever that hath any want in reference unto the things of God, but Christ will be unto him that which he wants. I speak of those who are given him of the Father. Is he dead? Christ is life. Is he weak? Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God. Hath he the sense of guilt upon him? Christ is complete righteousness, "the Lord our Righteousness." Many poor creatures are sensible of their wants, but know not where their remedy lies. Indeed, whether it be life or light, power or joy, all is wrapped up in him.

There are two things that complete this self-resignation of the soul.

1. *The loving of Christ for his excellency*, grace, and suitableness, preferring him in the judgment and mind above all other beloveds. In Cant. v. 9, 10, the spouse, being earnestly pressed by professors at large to give in her thoughts concerning the excellency of her beloved in comparison of other endearments, answereth expressly that he is the "chiefest of ten thousand, yea, (verse 16,) altogether love;" infinitely beyond comparison with the choicest created good or endearment imaginable. The soul takes a view of all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, and sees it all to be vanity,—that the world passeth away, and the lust thereof. (1 John ii. 16, 17.) These beloveds are no way to be compared unto him. It views also legal righteousness, blamelessness before men, uprightness of conversation, and concludes of all, as Paul doth, "Doubtless I count all these things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." (Phil. iii. 8.) So also doth the church (Hos. xiv. 3, 4) reject all assistances, that God alone may be preferred. And this is the soul's entrance into conjugal communion with Jesus Christ, as to personal grace, the constant preferring him above all pretenders to its affections, counting all loss and dung in comparison of him. Beloved learning, beloved righteousness, beloved duties, all loss compared with Christ.

2. *The accepting of Christ by the will* as its only husband, Lord, and Saviour. This is called receiving of Christ, (John i. 12,) and is not intended only for that solemn act whereby at first entrance we close with him, but also for the constant frame of the soul in abiding with him, and owning him as such. When the soul consents to take Christ on his own terms, to be saved by him in his own way, (Rom. ix. 31, 32; x. 3, 4,) and says, "Lord, once I would have had thee and salvation in my way, that it might have been partly of mine endeavors, and as it were by works of the law; but I am now willing to receive thee, and to be saved in thy way, merely by grace; and though I would have walked according to my own mind, yet now I wholly give up myself to be ruled by thy Spirit, for in thee have I righteousness and strength, (Isa. xlv. 24,) in thee am I justified and do glory;" then doth it carry on communion with Christ as to the grace of his person. This is to receive the Lord Jesus in his comeliness and eminency. This is choice communion with the Son Jesus Christ. Let us receive him in all his excellencies, as he bestows himself upon us.

I shall choose out one particular from among many, for the proof of this thing; and that is, Christ reveals the secrets of his mind unto his saints, and enables them to reveal the secrets of their hearts to him—an evident demonstration of great delight. It is only a bosom friend unto whom we will un-

bosom ourselves. There is no greater evidence of delight in close communion than this, that one will reveal his heart unto him whom he takes into society, and not entertain him with things common and vulgarly known. And therefore have I chosen this instance from amongst a thousand that might be given of this delight of Christ in his saints. He communicates his mind unto his saints and unto them only; his mind, the counsel of his love, the thoughts of his heart, the purposes of his bosom for our eternal good. His mind, the ways of his grace, the workings of his Spirit, the rule of his sceptre, and the obedience of his gospel—all is spiritual revelation of Christ. "He is the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." (John i. 9.) He is the dayspring, the day-star, and the sun. So that it is impossible any light should be but by him; the "secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he shows them his covenant," (Ps. xxv. 14,) as he expresses it at large, John. xv. 14, 15.

Now the things which in this communion Christ reveals to them that he delights in may be referred to these two heads: Himself; His Kingdom.

Christ reveals *himself* to his people. "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself in all my graces, desirableness, and loveliness; he shall know me as I am, and such I will be unto him, a Saviour, a Redeemer, the chiefest of ten thousand. He shall be acquainted with the true worth and value of the pearl of price; let others look upon him as no way desirable, he will manifest himself and his excellences unto them in whom he is delighted, that they shall see him altogether lovely. The saints with open face shall behold his glory, and so be translated to the image of the same glory as by the Spirit of the Lord." He also reveals *his kingdom*. They shall be acquainted with the government of his Spirit in their hearts, and also his administration of authority in his word among his churches. Thus does he manifest his delight in his saints; he communicates his secrets unto them; he gives them to know his Person, his excellences, his grace, his love, his kingdom, his will, the riches of his goodness, and the bowels of his mercy, more and more, when the world shall neither see nor know any such thing.

And he also enables his saints to reveal their souls unto him, so that they may walk together as intimate friends; Christ knows the minds of all. "He knows what is in man, and needs not that any man testify of him." (John ii. 25.) He "searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of all." (Rev. ii. 23.) But all know not how to communicate their mind to Christ. It will not avail a man at all, that Christ knows his mind, for so he does of every one whether he will or no; but that a man can make his heart known unto Christ, this is consolation. Hence, the prayers of the saints are "incense," "odours;" and those of others are "howling," "cutting off a dog's neck, offering of swine's blood," "an abomination unto the Lord."

When such a pen as Dr. Owen's has written on this subject, well may ours be slow to add anything to his wise and weighty words; yet we should be hardly satisfied to bring our Review abruptly to a close without expressing a little of what we see and feel upon this vital point, for in it we are thoroughly convinced lie the very life and power of all saving religion. Nothing distinguishes the divine religion of the saint of God, not only from the dead profanity of the openly ungodly, but from the formal lip-service of the lifeless professor, so much as communion with God.

How clearly do we see this exemplified in the saints of old. Abel sought after fellowship with God when "he brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof," for he looked to the atoning blood of the Lamb of God. God accepted the offering, and "testified of his gifts" by manifesting his divine approbation. Here was fellowship between Abel and God. Enoch "walked with God;" but how can two walk together except they be agreed? And if agreed, they are in fellowship and communion. Abraham was "the friend of God;" "The Lord spake to Moses face to face;" David was "the man after God's

own heart;”—all which testimonies of the Holy Ghost concerning them implied that they were reconciled, brought near, and walked in holy communion with the Lord God Almighty. So all the saints of old, whose sufferings and exploits are recorded in Heb. xi. lived a life of faith and prayer, a life of fellowship and communion with their Father and their friend; and though “they were stoned, sawn asunder, and slain with the sword;” though “they wandered about in sheepskins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented;” though “they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth,” yet they all were sustained in their sufferings and sorrows by the Spirit and grace, the presence and power of the living God, with whom they held sweet communion; and, though tortured, would “accept no deliverance,” by denying their Lord, “that they might obtain a better resurrection,” and see him as he is in glory, by whose grace they were brought into fellowship with him on earth.

This same communion with himself is that which God now calls his saints unto, as we read, “God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord,” (1 Cor. i. 9,) for to have fellowship with his Son is to have fellowship with him. As then he called Abraham out of the land of the Chaldees, so he calls elect souls out of the world, out of darkness, sin, and death, out of formality and self-righteousness, out of a deceptive profession, to have fellowship with himself, to be blessed with manifestations of his love and mercy. To this point all his dealings with their souls tend; to bring them near to himself, all their afflictions, trials, and sorrows are sent; and in giving them tastes of holy fellowship here, he grants them foretastes and prelibations of that eternity of bliss which will be theirs when time shall be no more, in being for ever swallowed up with his presence and love.

Even in the first awakenings of the Spirit, in the first quickenings of his grace, there is that in the living soul which eternally distinguishes it from all others, whatever be their profession, however high or however low, however in doctrine sound or unsound, however in practice consistent or inconsistent. There is, amidst all its trouble, darkness, guilt, confusion, and self-condemnation, a striving after communion with God; though still ignorant of who or what he is, and still unable to approach him with confidence. There is a sense of his greatness and glory; there is a holy fear and godly awe of his great name; there is a trembling at his word; a brokenness, a contrition, a humility, a simplicity, a sincerity, a self-abasement, a distrust of self, a dread of hypocrisy and self-deception, a coming to the light, a labouring to enter the strait gate, a tenderness of conscience, a sense of unbelief, helplessness, and inability, a groaning under the guilt and burden of sin, a quickness to see its workings, and an alarm lest they should break forth—all which we never see in a dead, carnal professor, whether the highest Calvinist or the lowest Arminian. In all these, whatever their creed or name, there is a hardness, a boldness, an ignorance, and a self-confidence which chill and repel a child of God. Their religion has in it no repentance and no faith—therefore no hatred of sin or fear of God. It is a mere outside, superficial form, springing out of a few natural convictions, and attended with such false hopes and self-righteous confidence as a Balaam might have from great gifts, or an Ahithophel from great knowledge, or the Pharisee in the temple from great consistency, but as different from a work of grace as heaven from earth. How different from this is he who is made alive unto God. His religion is one carried on between God and his own conscience, in the depths of his soul, and, for the most part, amid much affliction and temptation. Being pressed down with a sight and sense of the dreadful evil of sin, he at times dares hardly draw near to God, or utter a word before the

great and glorious majesty of heaven. And yet he is sometimes driven and sometimes drawn to pour out his heart before him, and seek his face night and day, besides more set seasons of prayer and supplication. And yet this he cannot do without peculiar trial and temptation. If he stay away from the throne, he is condemned in his own conscience as having no religion, as being a poor, prayerless, careless wretch; if he come, he is at times almost overwhelmed by a sight of the majesty and holiness of God, and his open, dreadful sins against and before the eyes of his infinite purity. If he is cold and dead, he views *that* as a mark of his own hypocrisy; if he is enlarged, and feels holy liberty and blessed confidence spring up in his soul, he can scarcely believe it real, and fears lest it be presumption, and that Satan is now deceiving him as an angel of light; if he has a promise applied, and is sweetly blessed for a time, he calls it afterwards all in question; if favored, under the word, to see his interest clear, he often questions whether it were really of God; and if his mouth is opened to speak to a Christian friend of any sweetness he has enjoyed, or any liberty that he has felt, he is tried to the very quick, before an hour is gone over his head, whether he has not been deceiving a child of God.

But by all these things living souls are instructed. The emptiness of a mere profession, the deceitfulness of their own hearts, the darkness, misery, and death that sin always brings in its train when secretly indulged, the vanity of this poor, passing scene, the total inability of the creature, whether in themselves or others, to give them any real satisfaction, all become more thoroughly inwrought into their soul's experience. And as they get glimpses and glances of the King in his beauty, and see and feel more of his blessedness and suitability to all their wants and woes; as his blood and righteousness, glorious person, and finished work are more sensibly realised, believed in, looked unto, and reposed upon; and as he himself is pleased to commune with them from the mercy-seat through his word, Spirit, presence, and love, they begin to hold close and intimate fellowship with him. Every fresh view of his beauty and blessedness draws their heart more towards him; and though they often slip, stumble, start aside, wander away on the dark mountains, though often as cold as ice and hard as adamant, with no more feeling religion than the stones of the pavement, and viler in their own feelings than the vilest and worst, still ever and anon their stony heart melts, the tear of grief runs down their cheek, their bosom heaves with godly sorrow, prayer and supplication go forth from their lips, sin is confessed and mourned over, pardon is sought with many cries, the blood of sprinkling is begged for, a word, a promise, a smile, a look, a touch, are again and again brought, till body and soul are alike exhausted with the earnestness of expressed desire. O, how much is needed to bring the soul to its only rest and centre. What trials and afflictions; what furnaces, floods, rods, and strokes, as well as smiles, promises, and gracious drawings! What pride and self to be brought out of! What love and blood to be brought unto! What lessons to learn of the dreadful evil of sin! What lessons to learn of the freeness and fulness of salvation! What sinkings in self! What risings in Christ! What guilt and condemnation on account of sin; what self-leaching and self-abasement; what distrust of self; what fears of falling; what prayers and desires to be kept; what clinging to Christ; what looking up and unto his divine majesty, as faith views him at the right hand of the Father; what desires never more to sin against him, but to live, move, and act in the holy fear of God, do we find, more or less daily, in a living soul!

And whence springs all this inward experience but from the fellowship and communion which there is between Christ and the soul? "We

are members," says the Apostle, "of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." As such there is a mutual participation in sorrow and joy. "He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He can, therefore, "be touched with the feelings of our infirmities," can pity and sympathise; and thus, as we may cast upon him our sins and sorrows, when faith enables, so can he supply, out of his own fulness, that grace and strength which can bring us off eventually more than conquerors.

But here, for the present, we pause, having only just touched the threshold of a subject so full of divine blessedness. Such a subject as this, descending to all the depths of sin and sorrow, and rising up to all the heights of grace and glory, embracing fellowship with Christ in his sufferings and fellowship with Christ in his glory, is a theme for Paul after he had been caught up into the third heaven, and for John in Patmos, after he had seen him walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks; nor even could their divinely-taught souls adequately comprehend, nor their divinely-inspired pens worthily describe all that is contained in the solemn mystery of the communion that the Church, as the Bride of the Lamb, is called to enjoy with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the great and glorious Three-in-one God.

## P O E T R Y .

God the Father saith to God the Son, "I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in a day of salvation have I succoured thee. Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."—Isa. xlix. 8; 2 Cor. vi. 2.

BEHOLD, now is th' accepted time; The Lord has sent his Son, Who was from all eternity His first elected one.	Behold, now is th' accepted time; He's risen from the dead; And justified their souls, and shown He is their living Head.
Behold, now is th' accepted time; God's Son has been on earth; And by the Holy Spirit's power Was born of humble birth.	Behold, now is th' accepted time; The victory is gain'd; The Conqueror unto heaven is gone, With blood his robe is stain'd.
Behold, now is th' accepted time; The Son of God and man Both in one person hath appear'd; A great, mysterious plan.	Behold, now is th' accepted time; Before his Father's throne He ever intercession makes, And pleads what he has done.
Behold, now is th' accepted time; This child has grown a man, And spent his life in sorrows here To work salvation's plan.	Behold, now is th' accepted time; The Mediator stands And pleads the wounds which he received In head, side, feet, and hands.
Behold, now is th' accepted time; This man has borne the weight Of all the sins of God's elect; The burden, O how great!	Behold, now is th' accepted time; The Father hears his prayer; For those who come to God through him They his beloved are.
Behold, now is th' accepted time; This man has stood the strife For those he had engaged to save, For them laid down his life.	Behold, now is th' accepted time; Jehovah hears his Son; And Justice, too, with smiling face, Accepts what Christ has done.
Behold, now is th' accepted time; Salvation's work is done; The Hero met the sinner's foe, For them the battle won.	



Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
Exalted high he is;  
A Prince, a Saviour, King supreme,  
To raise each saint to bliss.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
God's well-beloved Son  
The sinner's cause now undertakes,  
And never loses one.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,  
So long ago foretold;  
The Father promised his dear Son  
To succour and uphold.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
The promise is made good;  
The Father heard his only Son,  
As he declared he would.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
The Gospel is proclaim'd;  
The love and power of God made  
known;  
Backsliders are reclaim'd.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
These guilty souls may run  
For refuge from the wrath to come;  
The Refuge is but one.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
Now is the Gospel nigh;  
Through Christ they are accepted  
all  
Who at his footstool lie.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
Salvation is complete;  
Through Jesus, righteousness and  
peace,  
And truth and mercy meet.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
Now Israel's Holy One,  
The mighty God, united is  
To human flesh and bone.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
He hears his people's groans;  
And to his Father he presents  
Their cries, desires, and moans.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
Salvation is brought nigh  
To those who feel their lost estate,  
Who are condemn'd to die.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
These guilty rebels may  
Come to him with their desperate  
case;  
He will turn none away.

Behold, now is th' accepted time  
Of which Isaiah wrote;  
Let us hold fast the truth of God,  
For errors are afloat.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
But not as some men say—  
Dead sinners unto Christ can come,  
Believe, repent, and pray.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
But many here mistake—  
They think the Lord has offer'd  
grace,  
If man will but partake.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
But not as some expect—  
They can accept the heavenly call,  
Or, if they please, reject.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,  
Which many men misplace,  
Who say they first must come to  
Christ  
T' accept his offer'd grace.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,  
Which is misunderstood;  
Some think they can come when  
they please,  
And wash in Jesus' blood.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,  
Which but few understand;  
Some think repentance, faith, and  
grace,  
Are all at their command.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
This time is known to few;  
Some think they shall accepted be  
For something they can do.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,  
But few the meaning know;  
They think the Lord accepts their  
works;  
Indeed it is not so.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
Christ's work accepted was,  
His life, his death, his suffering  
sweat,  
And death upon the cross.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;  
The soul that's bless'd with faith  
In Jesus' work accepted is,  
And saved from second death.

J. B.



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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APRIL, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY DAVID FENNER, AT EBENEZER CHAPEL, HASTINGS, ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, OCT. 5TH, 1856.

I FEEL very weak and ill; but, if the good Lord shall enable me, I may speak a few words from the following text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after death the judgment."—Heb. ix. 27.

The service of God, and especially that of his house, is a very solemn thing. God says he will "gather them that are sorrowful for the *solemn* assembly;" and solemn, indeed, that is, for "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of his saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him." It is a solemn thing for me to stand here, as in his presence, to preach his gospel to you; and it is a solemn thing for you to come to hear it; and I feel the subject which I have taken for my text this morning to be of a particularly solemn nature. O, then, that our souls may be solemnized while we attend to it for a little while!

"It is appointed;" that is, it is appointed by God, and what he appoints cannot be altered, reversed, or changed; he has appointed for us all to die. We who are old "must needs die," and we must needs die soon; but you who are young may, perhaps, be taken before us. At most, none of us can calculate how soon we may be called, for our life is said to be "a tale that is told;" yea, the apostle says it is but "as a vapour," that appeareth, and is gone. Every pulsation brings us so many pulsations nearer when our soul must leave its tenement, and be taken to another state; the consideration of which Moses wished might occupy the minds of the children of Israel, and I would wish the same for you. He says, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"

Not only is it appointed that we must all die, but the *time* and *manner* of it too, are all appointed by God, whether you are wasted by illness, and worn down by disease, upon your bed of sickness at home, or whether by some sudden and appalling accident abroad; all is alike "appointed" by him, nor can anything alter or change the manner he has fixed for your death. The time, too, is fixed by him; the bounds of your habitation are fixed, and he has appointed the day, the hour, aye, the very minute you are to

leave this world; it is all "appointed" by him. There is no chance or fortune in these things, but all are by divine appointment.

But man was not appointed to death by his original constitution. As he came out of the hands of his Maker, he was not created subject to death, but he was created mutable, that is, "liable to change." He sinned, and that change took place, and it is only by that "offence" that "death reigns." Had there been no sin there could be no death; for "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men;" and the "wages of sin is death;" it is therefore "appointed unto men once to die."

This death is spiritual as well as temporal; and where deliverance from the spiritual death is not experienced, eternal death must follow. Hence the necessity of the new birth, which some are bold enough to contend there is no necessity for; whereas our Lord himself says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And, depend upon it, whoever is not a subject of the new birth here, will endure the second death throughout eternity; and there, in all its dreadful meaning, "death will reign." But more of this by and by.

Then, there is the death temporal. This to the children of God is no death at all; it is called a "departure." Paul says, "To depart, and to be with Christ, is *far* better." It is not a destruction or an annihilation of either the body or the soul, but a separation, and that only for a time; but there is no real death in this. The body is said to "sleep" till the resurrection morning, when it shall be joined again to the soul, to be for ever with the Lord; "them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." But die in a penal sense they never shall, for Christ himself says, "If a man keep my saying, he shall *never see death*;" and again, "I am the bread which came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and *not die*." We may call it death, but to the children of God it is not so. The body is said to be "dissolved," and to "sleep," and to be "sowed;" only that it shall spring up again, to life and glory, after undergoing a change, like unto Christ's glorified humanity; "it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

There has been much controversy as to the body with which we shall be raised. Some have written on one side, and said one thing; and others have taken an opposite part, and said another; but, in my humble opinion, neither have done any good, for error has been mixed with both. They have attempted to show and explain what John says cannot be shown and explained. One says we shall be this, and another says we shall be that; but the apostle says, "It *doth not yet appear* what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." And if it doth not yet appear what we shall be, neither doth it appear what *he* will be in his glorified humanity; for as we shall be "like him," could we tell what the one shall be, we could also tell what the other shall be. And yet, though this did not appear to the apostle John, these controversialists pretend it does appear to

them; and so they beat the air with words without knowledge, and do but little service to the propagation of truth.

I come now to the other part of my text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment.*" This judgment is said to be the "*day of judgment.*" Many scriptures call it a *day*. Paul does especially, for he says, "In the *day* when God shall judge the secrets of men," &c. It is called a *day* because of the light which shall shine about the whole matter; for as the day and the night are designated by the light and the darkness, so shall this be a *day* from the light which shall surround it, which light shall lay everything naked and open to view. But not only a day is it called, but it is also called "the *great day of the Lord;*" and a *great day*, indeed, it will be, and that for many reasons. I will notice one or two.

It will be great on account of the greatness of the deeds that will be done. It will be a great thing for myriads of men to be judged, and all their sins brought up in judgment against them; and a great thing to hear the judgment pronounced, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting damnation, prepared for the devil and his angels."

It will be also great on account of the greatness of the Judge, who is no less than the Lord Jesus Christ; for "the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." This Son, who will be the judge at the last day, is not the Son that some worship; he is not merely a Son by *name*, nor yet by office character, but the true, proper, natural, ineffable Son of the Father, in truth and love. Hence all the divine honors which are due to the Father are also due to the Son, "that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father; he that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father." He, therefore, that worships a Son of God by office, character, or by name only, worships not the true, proper, begotten Son of God, and will find at this great day the Deity of the great Judge shine through him, and cut him to pieces.

Not only so, but he is equally the "Son of man," though he is no man's son, and as such will also maintain his dignity at this "great day" of judgment. "When the *Son of man* shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats," &c. Thus, you see, he will sit as Son of God and Son of man, to judge the people with his truth.

It says that "he shall come in his glory," and shall "sit upon the throne of his glory;" which no doubt refers to the righteousness with which he shall judge, for it is said that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." This same throne of judgment in the Revelation is said to be "a great white throne," to denote the purity, righteousness, and truth of the judgment which shall proceed from it; and here he shall sit as the Son of God and as the Son of man. He is now upon his throne of grace; and will it is for those who apply to him there, for when he shall rise up from that throne, and sit down upon the throne of judgment, all who

have not applied to the first, and found mercy, will be brought up to the second, and receive damnation.

The eternal portion of the elect is decided from the book of life; but the judgment of the wicked will be conducted out of the *books* (in the plural.) “The books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.”

The *books of the register of all their sins* will be opened, and the whole catalogue will stand against them, not being washed away with the blood of atonement. They are to be judged according to their works, and here their works are all recorded; hence they will be judged “according to the deeds done in the body.”

The *book of God's remembrance* will be laid open. “The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good;” his omniscience sees our every action, and the motive from which every action springs, and he remembers the whole, and it will be brought out at this “great day,” and judgment pronounced accordingly.

The *book of the law* will also be thrown open, and the deeds of man measured by it; and this law is “exceeding broad,” even to be spiritual in all its demands; and the infinite evil of man shall be shown by the infinite holiness of this law, and so condemnation must follow.

The *book of God's righteousness* will also be laid open; by which it shall be shown that no part of the law and its just demands can be dispensed with; “He shall judge the world with righteousness,” and the law in all its just demands shall be righteously maintained, as the standard, the unflinching standard, by which the deeds of the non-elect shall be measured.

This judgment shall not only be according to the law, but also according to the gospel. Paul says “when he shall *judge* the secrets of men *according to my Gospel*.” And Christ himself said, that the words that he spake then should judge them in the last day. Those who have sat under the sound of the Gospel shall be doubly damned for the wrath of God shall fall upon them as transgressors of the law; and the wrath of the Lamb shall fall upon them as despisers of this Gospel. Of all damnations this is the blackest kind. “He that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much *sorer* punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the spirit of grace?”

Therefore transgressors under the law and transgressors under the Gospel will both receive condemnation at the hands of the Judge unless their sins are washed away by the blood of the atonement. And O what a condemnation that will be! “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” Cursed of God! Solemn thought! Solemn thought! What a dreadful curse that is! “Where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched!” Look too at the company to be kept, “the devil and his angels,” and then to think, it is for ever. What words they are, “ever-

*lasting* punishment! No change, no mitigation, no end! An *eternity* of damnation! An *eternal* curse! O what a latter end this is, how awfully solemn, if any soul before me now shall then have in their anguish and terror to experience this dreadful curse, and in sentiment exclaim,

“In the dungeon of despair I’m lock’d,  
Th’once open door of hope for ever block’d.  
Hopeless, I sink into the dark abyss,  
Banish’d for ever from eternal bliss.  
In boiling waves of vengeance must I lie?  
O, could I curse this dreadful God, and die!  
Infinite years in torment shall I spend,  
And never, never, never at an end?  
Ah! must I live in torturing despair  
As many years as atoms in the air?  
When these are spent, as many thousands more  
As grains of sand that crowd the ebbing shore?  
When these are done, as many left behind  
As leaves of forest shaken by the wind?  
When these are gone, as many to ensue  
As stems of grass on hills and vales that grew?  
When these run out, as many on the march  
As starry lamps that gild the spangled arch?  
When these expire, as many millions more  
As moments in the millions past before?  
When all these doleful years are spent in pain,  
And multiplied by myriads again  
Till numbers drown the thought; could I suppose  
That then my wretched years were at a close,  
This would afford some ease; but ah! I shiver  
To think upon the dreadful sound—*For ever!*  
The burning gulph where I blaspheming lie  
Is time no more, but vast *eternity*.”

May the Lord grant us a right and solemn impression of these things, and of our interest in the atonement made by the Lord Jesus Christ, and which alone delivers from this death.

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The faithful ministers of the gospel are all the servants and ambassadors of Christ; they are called and furnished by his Holy Spirit; they speak in his name; and their success in the discharge of their office, be it more or less, depends entirely upon his blessing; so far, they are all upon a par. But in the measure of their ministerial abilities, and in the peculiar turn of their preaching, there is a great variety. There are “diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and he distributes to every man severally according to his own will.” Some are more happy in alarming the careless, others in administering consolation to the wounded conscience. Some are set more especially for the establishment and confirmation of the gospel-doctrines; others are skilful in solving casuistical points; others are more excellent in enforcing practical godliness; and others again, having been led through depths of temptation and spiritual distress, are best acquainted with the various workings of the heart, and know best how to speak a word in season to weary and exercised souls. Perhaps no true minister of the gospel (for all such are taught of God) is wholly at a loss upon any of these points; but few, if any, are remarkably and equally excellent in managing them all.  
—*Newton*.

**A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE  
LIFE AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF ELIZABETH HOL-  
LOWAY, WHO HAS BEEN FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY-  
SEVEN YEARS, CONFINED TO HER BED FROM AN INJURY  
OF THE SPINE, AND IS STILL LIVING AT DEVIZES, WILTS.**

*( Written by Herself. )*

AFTER much earnest prayer for the Lord's direction, guidance, and blessing, in compliance with the request of many dear Christian friends, and in dependence on divine assistance, I now write some account of God's most gracious dealings with me in providence and in grace, trusting my labor may not be in vain in the Lord; not studying to please men, whose breath is in their nostrils; "for if I should seek to please men, I should not be the servant of Christ," "whose eyes are as a flame of fire."

I was born in the parish of Worton, a village near Devizes, on 14th March, 1807. My father was a tradesman, a butcher, and had, at one time, a tolerable business, and might have lived respectably; but being a man of intemperate habits, he reduced himself and family to great poverty. My mother's name was Self. She was a woman of a patient spirit, and of persevering industry. There were eleven of us in family, most of whom experienced many hardships, and must, I think, have been starved, had it not been for my mother's brothers, who, in seasons of great pecuniary difficulty, often afforded timely assistance.

From my earliest infancy I was subject to violent indispositions. It was when I was about nine years old, and during one of these attacks, when being carried to bed at night by an elder sister, that I first felt convictions for sin, and that if I died in that illness, (as I feared I should,) hell would be my portion. I did not like my sister to leave me in the dark. She said I was to pray. I asked her how I was to do it. She replied, "Think upon God when you say your prayers." I told her I could think upon the devil and hell, but not upon God. Although a lively, busy little creature, often attracting the notice of visitors, I was one day, soon after this illness, very pensive, which my mother seeing, bade me run to play, the children being then in the street, full of spirits and mirth; but I remember, instead of this, getting my little hymn book, and sitting on a stool, close by my mother, repeating the following lines to her:

"My God, I hate to walk or dwell  
Where sinful children are;  
Then let me not be sent to hell,  
Where none but sinners are."

These lines made a great impression upon my childish spirit:

About this time I had a great wish to go to a Dissenting Sunday school, but my father, with an oath, refused to let me go, saying, "I am a true Churchman." But importuning my mother, she sent me off; and my lively, energetic manner, and eagerness to learn and hear, together with my attention to the lessons set me, procured for me the kind interest of my teachers, who told my mother I was the



best child in the school, and begged her to allow me to go for a constancy. I was highly delighted, and learned many hymns, some of which were "On meditating on God," which I felt desirous to do, and had a wish to be good, though I knew not how.

My brother John suggested that he should like me to have a better education, as I was not fit for hard work. I was accordingly sent to a school a little above the then common order; but as it was two miles from home, I was exposed to unfavorable weather in going and returning, morning and night, and had not gone many weeks before a rheumatic attack, caused by sitting in wet shoes, seized me. This illness brought me again very low, but the event passed by without my feeling any concern about soul matters. I at length got better, and became well satisfied with my former companions, heartily joining them in their frolics and gambols; being also, I regret to add, guilty of acts of fraud, and taking my mother's halfpence, without hesitation, to procure sweetmeats, denying it when charged therewith.

After some time had elapsed, I got stronger, and was again sent to school as a weekly boarder, my brother engaging to pay the charge, as I was not able to bear the exposure to weather occasioned by the daily journeys. A few weeks only had transpired when St. Vitus's dance overtook me. My system being naturally weak and enervated, I became too feeble and indisposed to attend to anything. My speech became sadly affected, and my features distorted; and this was attended with involuntary contractions of the limbs. I was unable to walk along the street, and have sometimes been flung yards; upon one occasion I was hurled into a ditch. The medical man advised my parents not to send me to school, but to allow me to range in the open air. When sufficiently recovered to be trusted out of sight of my parents, and possessed of a little more equilibrium, I used to go amongst our neighbors, nursing their infants, and was as happy as if in a palace.

I was, when a child, delighted to go to a place of worship; and there being no church in the village of Worton, I sometimes went to Pottern. I remember going, on one occasion, with a friend, and that, feeling mortified at not being dressed so well as she was, in order to make myself appear to as much advantage as I could, I told her my sister who was in London was going soon to send me such and such articles of dress. But this was false. O the pride and deceit of the heart! Though I do not recollect even the text preached from, yet I recollect the pungency of feeling experienced by me during the service on account of the untruth I told on my way thither.

My natural liveliness of disposition was mixed with a good deal of hot temper; and when denied any little gratification, being often, through having bad health, left unpunished for my faults, I manifested asperity; but when spoken to, soon relented.

My school days were now at an end, and I was a poor, weak, emaciated little creature, with my bones nearly through my skin, and incapable of applying my mind to anything, yet extremely fond

of children; and being a lively, talkative girl, children were generally fond of me. At this time a neighbor, who was very fond of me, and whose servant was ill, obtained my mother's consent to my sleeping with her children, that I might take care of them, and assist her. This I called going to service; but an act of perversity in me, which greatly offended my master, and justly so, led to my leaving. O the amazing patience of a merciful God! Being now about eleven years of age, and much stronger, I left home to live with an aunt; but getting nothing for my service, and wearing out my clothes, of which I was very bare, I went, when about fourteen years of age, to a situation with some friends of my mother's, being an active girl, and willing to work, though very delicate. Having lived some time with my relative, Mrs. P—, whose husband had an extensive business and an increasing family, took me, and became very attached to me, placing great confidence in me, and treating me as one of the family. Her health being delicate, she was often laid aside, and I was called much into the shop, to assist in their business of a baker; in doing which I was thrown into sore temptations—temptations over which, for the sake of the feelings of others, I feel compelled to draw a veil. O God! Thou knowest, and thou alone, what I endured from this cause for more than five years. To thee, and to thee alone, I attribute it, that I did not, on account thereof, have to leave the place in infamy and disgrace. But thou knowest also that, in other respects, I have nothing to boast of, for when, upon one occasion, I was in want of a pair of new boots, and had not the means to purchase them, I, for a short time, took the money from my master's till, without his leave, fully intending to return it when I took my wages. Thou didst in mercy so smite my conscience, until it was returned, as to prevent my having any enjoyment in wearing these useful articles, and to cause me to tremble with fear lest I should die before doing so, and be sent to hell for my sin. It is to thy restraining grace, O Lord, I ascribe it that this was only the first and that it was also the last act of the kind; for notwithstanding these things, and notwithstanding that I could, at this time, endure to hear thy people spoken reproachfully of, it was not without being the subject of occasional strong convictions of my folly and sin.

While in this situation, one night on going to bed, the thought suddenly flashed across my mind that all was not right, for that I seldom or ever prayed. I accordingly repeated a few words of a form of prayer, but fell asleep while doing so; and this I did a second and a third time. Finding it impossible to get through even the Lord's prayer without sleep, I gave it up for that night, resolving to try again next night on my knees. At the usual time I commenced, but being again overtaken with sleepiness I immediately got up from my bed-side, angrily declaring I would sin no more and then I should not need to pray. Thus, for a time, was conscience pacified, and I went on without any further considerable checks, until a young man came, as a fellow servant, whose name was W—; and who was a regenerated character and well conducted. He spent

his leisure hours in reading the Bible, and I write it with deep regret that, while he did so, I frequently ridiculed and made sport of him; for which my master and mistress commended me as having done something clever, saying the meetings were such a sanctified set. Soon after this, I one Sunday afternoon opened the Bible, thinking, *as it was Sunday*, I would read a little; when, opening at these words, "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all," this, thought I, is a hard case. Our Bible cannot be right (it was a new one, just brought home); so I shut it up and endeavored to concern myself no more about it.

On the same day I went to church, where my conduct was so light and giggling as to occasion the minister openly to rebuke me, which, though deserved, greatly mortified my pride, and gave me some concern for my character, as I thought I should soon want another situation, being now determined to leave my place. I trust this circumstance was overruled to give me a deeper sense of propriety, and to increase in me the desire after moral security which I had begun to feel, fearing I should stay until I was ruined. My mistress had very bad health and many sorrows, which made me desirous to keep the real cause of my leaving from her. At length, after entreating me much to stay, she reluctantly consented to my leaving, under a promise that if she were at any time very ill I would come, if possible, and nurse her; and also, after her death, take her only little girl, who was very fond of me. Dear child! within a few years after this she was safely housed in the upper region of happiness; being, I trust, through God's great goodness on my after instructions, made acquainted with that precious Saviour of whom I then knew nothing. Instead of my being nurse to Mrs. W., she was indeed nurse, and mother also, to me, before any great length of time. But to be brief. Leaving that scene of youthful temptation, I now entered on another situation of a very different character; but not finding it suitable, left it in eight months, wondering where next my lot would be cast; when, going on an errand to Mr. L—'s, and knowing the servant who opened the door, I told her I was in want of a place. She said "I am about to leave this on account of my want of health. Do come here, it is such a nice situation." In the evening I went, and was engaged; feeling happy in reflecting upon the wonderful Providence of God which had thus directed my steps. My feelings were much wrought upon by it, and on going to bed I felt enabled to pray now, in my poor way, without feeling sleepy; thinking I ought now to become religious, since God had been so good. I was now well satisfied with myself, though as ignorant of a Saviour's name and worth as any heathen. I knew one dear Christian woman at this time, to whom I used to go in my trouble, avoiding her at any other time, because she had so much religion. But one thing used to cause me much to wish to be like her, which was, that although she had an unsteady, drinking husband, she always appeared cheerful and contented; so that I thought God must have told her she should go to heaven when she died. I

lived; however, all this while, constantly in sin, though sometimes dreading the consequences.

In my new situation all was regularity, harmony, and peace—a great contrast to the one I had left. In addition to Mr. L. himself, who was a widower; the family consisted of one son and two daughters. Mr. L. and his daughters tenderly concerned themselves for my comfort, telling me of the value of the soul, and taking great pains to instruct me.

But the Lord's time was now at hand when I was to have my eyes opened to see my ignorance and sinful state by nature; like the Prodigal, I "began to be in want;" that is to say, I felt sore rebukes of conscience, consequent upon my base ingratitude and rebellion against that God who, in infinite goodness and mercy, had so spared me amidst all my wilfulness and wickedness; and as Israel's deliverance out of Egyptian bondage was to be remembered before the Lord for ever, and was a type of the soul's freedom from the tyranny and thralldom of sin and Satan, so would I record the lovingkindness of the Lord, who now brought me out of "nature's darkness into his marvellous light," with a high hand and an outstretched arm. Oh! it was indeed forbearing mercy thus to spare such a rebel. How amazing was the grace which thus slew the enmity of such a heart as mine; and how boundless is the love of him who reconciles sinners to himself through the death of his dear Son! Well might the apostle Paul exclaim, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" God, in the sovereignty of his purpose "which he purposed in Christ Jesus before the world began," was about to manifest me as a vessel of his unspeakable grace and mercy.

"And O, how sovereign, rich, and free,  
Was all his love to sinful me!"

It requires the same power to regenerate a soul which it did to create a universe. The Lord said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" and so it was in his dealings with my soul. It was irresistible, discriminating grace alone which plucked my soul from eternal burnings; and a work for eternity, accomplished on a soul "dead in trespasses and sins," is a work which none but an Omnipotent arm can perform. I felt it to be dreadful work indeed when aroused from my sinful torpor; and never was a person awoken at midnight, out of a deep sleep, more alarmed by the horrifying cry of "Fire," than was I when first made sensible of being exposed to the wrath of God, and of my being under the curse of a broken law; for all God's waves and billows seemed to roll over my soul. Thus it pleased God to deal with me in bringing my sins to remembrance; and all former pleasures, in which I once found my mind diverted, failed now to attract.

An awful circumstance, but one which I trust was overruled to my spiritual good, now crossed my path. When I was about nineteen years old, a poor man, who slept in my master's house during the absence of the family, and who went to bed in apparent perfect

health, was found by me, on the third night of his sleeping there, dead in his bed; and as I gazed upon his motionless form, and observed the bed clothes over him, without the least wrinkle, the Scripture rushed into my mind, "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed is man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm." Alas! thought I, this is just my case, content to know there was this poor man, who had died in his sleep, to guard the house, and unconscious that "unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." And now, for the first time in my life, the arrow of conviction entered with power into my hitherto careless, hardened heart; and as I turned from the awful scene of this bed of death, and while in the act of descending the stairs, I actually sank down under overwhelming anguish, repeating to myself, "Man dieth, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" If I die in my sleep (said I) as this poor man did, hell will be my portion; and the words, "How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment; they are utterly consumed with terrors," rushed into my confused mind, adding grief to my already distracted soul. And as I remained, panic-stricken, on the stairs, I said, "Why, this is scripture—God's word—spoken of the wicked, and I am one of them." O the deep concern I felt in thinking I might be removed by a death as sudden as his; and if I were not, yet if I died unregenerate, I knew I must be for ever miserable. The terrors of the Lord were upon me, and I found a hell created in my conscience, and that indeed "it is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God." So true is it that

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

Most truly is he a wonder-working God, who, by apparently contrary means, in his overruling Providence, and in the secret purposes of his holy will, brings good out of evil; making some of the most distressing events in life eventually to become the very means of, and occasions for, joy; causing heavy trials to work together for our soul's welfare and his eternal glory. I can now see that this distressing occurrence had to me a voice of warning, and was, in reality, a message of mercy.

I feared there would be no hope for one so vile, who was living in rebellion against God, regardless of his word and of the Sabbath, and who had despised and spoken evil of God's dear children, who now appeared to be "the excellent of the earth." Gladly would I have given worlds to have been in the place of the poorest and meanest of them. All my past sins (and especially that of persecuting my fellow servant, as before mentioned), were laid upon my conscience and oppressed my guilty spirit; the great adversary telling me, moreover, that the day of grace was now past, that I had trifled with my early convictions, despised favorable opportunities, and in short committed the unpardonable sin. Day after day, and night after night was spent in bitterly bewailing my ruined, undone state by nature, fearing there was no mercy for me. In the fulness of

my grief, how often was I ready to tell the Lord that I wished I had never been born. Frequently sitting up in my bed until dawn of day, if for a moment I fell asleep, I used presently to awake up in an agony of mind, saying, Wretch that I am, thus to sleep upon the brink of woe? When asleep, I dreamt of horrid things, as that I was in hell and the flames curling around me. For nearly two years I went on in this dreadful, disconsolate state of fearful tremor. When in the street I dared not walk near a wall or house, fearing it, or a tile, would fall and strike me dead for my sins. Then I trembled lest the earth should open and swallow me up. I was afraid to let any one know what was passing in my troubled breast, thinking I should be discharged if it was known what a wicked creature I was; but my master and the young ladies of the family, seeing how dejected I was, would sometimes question me and speak kindly to me. It appeared, in my view, presumption to hope for pardon, for I seemed like one abandoned by God, unfit to associate with his people, and altogether undeserving of the least of his mercies. My being from day to day preserved in health, fed, clothed, and in a comfortable situation were not now, to my mind, matters of chance, but the blessed effects of God's merciful forbearance, though I was as yet ignorant of a Saviour. How intolerable is the load of guilt under which an awakened sinner groans, when the experience of the Psalmist becomes his, "Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth;" "My sins are gone over my head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me;" and truly they seemed as if sinking me into the depths of perdition. I felt persuaded in my own mind that I could not endure a worse hell, and was at times tempted to put an end to my miserable existence. Thus did God cause me to "judge myself that I might not be condemned with the world," and thus was I being prepared to endure the "hardness" of after conflicts, "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and instructed, though it was "by terrible things in righteousness." O the goodness of that God who chose such worms of the earth to "the knowledge of salvation through the remission of sins," the grace of the Eternal Son who died to redeem them, and the unutterable pity and condescension of that blessed Spirit who applies the healing blood of atonement to their conscience! Well is it said, "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

I was now led to attend, and to listen attentively to, the pulpit ministrations of Mr. R. E., of the independent persuasion; and well do I remember his preaching from this text, "How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God, therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." (Ps. xxxvi. 7.) He spoke of God as a God of providence as well as of grace; and under all he said I felt deeply humbled, but especially when he came to speak of him as the God of salvation, and entered at length into his divine operations upon the heart "dead in trespasses and sins," setting forth their effects in convincing, quickening, regenerating, and sanctifying the soul. I felt a kind of overwhelming sense of the presence of



this most gracious God, and was led to hope I could trace some of the blessed evidences described in my own benighted soul. I cannot define my feelings, but my heart seemed melted within me like wax. It was the Spirit of the living God which was now moving upon the face of the dark waters of my soul; and when some passages were quoted from the Psalms, one from Ps. civ. 28, "Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good," and the other from Ps. cxlv. 15, "The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season," there seemed such a sweetness communicated from these words, as if for the first time in my life I felt that there was, in reality, a God of power, providence, and grace. Truly, thought I, Thou dost, Lord, "open thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." This portion of the word seemed so full of meaning that words cannot describe what I saw in it; the words "every living thing" conveying to my mind the idea of spiritual life, or something to which I was before a stranger; accompanied by such a delightful sensation of joy, producing contrition of mind and softness of heart, attended with life, light, and liberty of spirit, as is better felt than described; and all the time I was so suffused in tears that I knew not where to put my head. I felt to desire to sit and weep my life away, and had such a view of my base ingratitude, and felt so powerfully my own hell-deservings, that I was, in my own estimation, worse than the beasts of the field, and was lost in admiration of the patience of God towards a rebel so vile.

*(To be continued.)*

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BESIDE the common ways that pride discovers itself, as by undervaluing others, and overvaluing itself, and such like, you shall observe two other symptoms of it. First: It appears in bold adventure, when a person runs into the mouth of temptation, bearing himself on the confidence of his grace received. This was Peter's sin, by which he was drawn to engage further than became humble faith, running into the devil's quarters, and so became his prisoner for awhile. The good man, when in his right temper, had thoughts low enough of himself, as when he asked his master, "Is it I?" But he that feared at one time, lest he might be the traitor, at another cannot think so ill of himself as to suspect he should be the denier of his Master. What, he? No! though all the rest forsake him, yet *he* would stand to his colors. Is this thy case, Christian? Possibly God hath given thee much of his mind; thou art skilful in the word of life, and therefore thou darest venture to breathe in corrupt air, as if only the weak spirits of less knowing Christians exposed them to be infected with the contagion of error and heresy. Thou hast a large portion of grace, or at least thou thinkest so, and venturkest to go where a humble-minded Christian would fear his heels might slip under him. Truly now thou temptest God to suffer thy locks to be cut, when thou art so bold as to lay thy head in the lap of a temptation. Secondly: Pride appears the neglect of those means whereby the saint's graces and comforts are to be fed when strongest. Maybe, Christian, when thou art under fears and doubts, then God hath thy company, thou art oft with thy pitcher at his door; but when thou hast got any measure of peace, there gets presently some strangeness between God and thee; thy pitcher walks not as it was wont to these wells of salvation.—*Gurnall*.

## CAST UP, CAST UP THE HIGHWAY; GATHER OUT THE STONES.

My dear Friend,—I am neither weary of you, nor have I forgotten you; but since I last wrote I have been painfully exercised relatively and personally, as well from external circumstances as internal causes. However, as the storm has been in a measure hushed, and a little breathing time granted, through the good hand of our God toward and upon us, I now sit down to endeavor, as the Lord may be pleased to help me, to commune a little with you; and feel desirous (if the Lord's gracious will) to be instrumental in comforting you with the same comfort wherewith I myself have been comforted of God.

My dear friend, when I read your letter my mind was carried back to the time when my soul was similarly exercised, when the same suspicions, the same questions, the same doubts and fears, filled my breast, on the same account as they now do yours. There always appeared to be one thing lacking in my experience; and for the want of this one thing, uncertainty was stamped upon all, and consequently no settled peace or solid rest was enjoyed. I used to think that, although I and those with whom I associated were alike in many respects, yet they were in possession of a certain secret in true religion to which I was yet a stranger. With regard to my conviction of sin, although the depth of it, and the anguish therefrom were sufficient to drink up my spirits, and I have wished many, many times that I had been formed any creature but a man, yet I could not be satisfied that it was gracious conviction, conviction wrought by the Spirit of God. Here is a strong hold of Satan, which none but he who binds the "strong man" can pull down or demolish. For were a poor soul settled and satisfied upon this point, there would be comparatively little room for the enemy to work; because, let the first step be right, then it follows that every after step must be right. "Being confident of this very thing that he who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." A living soul is enlightened to see that every sinner that is saved must be made acquainted with certain essential truths, that there must be a certain and special work wrought by God in his heart, and that he must be brought by the Spirit of faith to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for himself, as much as if he were the only creature on the face of the earth who needed salvation.

The grand aim and object of that great adversary of God and man is, by his device, to keep, if possible, every one of the children from coming to that spot to which the apostle Peter exhorts the saints: "Giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never fail; for so an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The thing which seems to lie most upon your mind is, that your burden does not go off the right way; that it is not removed by an application of the blood of atonement, the blood of sprinkling, that

precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. Not that you are not at intervals lightened of your load, but because it is not removed through the application of that precious blood, and of the pardon of your sins thereby,—such as, “Son, or daughter, go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee;” or this, or the like, “I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy sins as a thick cloud.” These very things were to me for many years as so many dark mountains upon which I stumbled; they were stones in my path that I wanted gathered up and removed, for I was continually knocking my feet against them; nor could I find a plain path for my feet, until the Lord, I trust, was pleased to show me the truth. “When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth; for he shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you; he shall glorify me.” And, blessed be his precious name, so he does.

Now, my dear friend, I would solemnly appeal to your conscience and ask you whether you have not once, or more than once, had a portion or promise out of the word of God brought into your heart with sufficient power to loose those bonds or fetters with which you have been bound, and for the time (no matter how long or short that time was) communicate a peace to your soul, so that you have felt your otherwise rocky heart melted into love and contrition at the dear feet of the Friend of sinners? And might not the following words be said to be (at that time at least) applicable to you, “Whom having not seen,” with bodily eyes, “ye love; in whom, though ye see him not, yet, believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your soul?” Well, then, if conscience constrain you to admit the truth of this, I say that you are a partaker of true peace, the peace of God. “All the promises of God in him are Yea and Amen.”

Now mark, it is impossible that any free grace promise or word of God can enter the heart of a sinner, but that word is in Christ, and Christ also is in that word; and remember that Christ is not divided; we cannot have a part of him, without having him altogether. Every word of God to us is through atoning blood, because a holy and a great God cannot commune with a sinner but through this blood. I do hope, therefore, my dear friend, the Lord may be pleased to give you clear views upon these points, and to establish you in the truth. I assure you that I have had to prove these things, by being brought through fire and through water; but, blessed be God, it issued in my landing on firm ground, in a wealthy place, and out of a strait into a broad place, where there was no straitness. Every child of God knows so much of Christ as his heavenly Father, through the Spirit, is pleased to reveal of him; and although the dear Saviour is set before us in the word in a variety of characters and offices, names and titles, and every one is big with meaning, yet we cannot draw out the sweetness of any one of them but by the Spirit spreading the odour of them in our souls. Where shall we at the present day find the man who can say with truth that he has been favored with a spiritual realisation of Christ in all and every one of his relations to his church? We must, therefore,

be content to know him in that way and through those means which he himself shall choose. You know when the dear Lord was upon earth he made an apparent difference with his disciples; not that his love was greater for one than another, only the manifestation of it. Hence it is said of one, "The disciple whom Jesus loved, and who leaned on his breast at supper." Then, again, when he entered the garden of Gethsemane, it is said he took with him Peter, James, and John, and also when he ascended the mount of transfiguration.

It appears to me, therefore, that one believer is favored to live more particularly upon him in one or more of his characters, as suited to the particular path in which he is pleased to call them to walk. If I may speak of him for myself, the first soul-ravishing view I had of him was about twenty-four years ago, as a glorious Intercessor, sitting at the right hand of the throne of God, an Advocate pleading the cause of those who had not a word to say why sentence of death should not be executed upon them; and up to this very day I rejoice that he is that living Advocate, for I shall always need him as such while in this world. Another of his characters in which I have felt his power and preciousness is that of a Shield, because I am called to experience the fiery darts of the wicked one, and nothing short of the blessed Shield can repel them. Another, Wisdom, feeling as I do such a mass of ignorance, utterly unable of myself to take one right step in any way. Another, Strength.

Now, if any one were to ask my dear friend whether the poor sinner now writing to you had experienced a true deliverance, and if you believed he lost his burden in a right way, what would be your reply? Probably you would answer, "Yes." Well, then, I assure you I was brought out of that horrible pit, into which I had been cast for so long time, by a revelation of the Lord Jesus to my soul in the character of Cyrus: "Say to the prisoners, Go forth; and to them that sit in darkness, Show yourselves. He shall build the temple of the Lord. He shall let go my captives without price or reward." And under the overwhelming of these words I was brought up, and sang praises to his blessed name. Now this was done by virtue of the promise that God the Father made to his dear Son; as it is written in the book of the prophet Zechariah: "As for thee, also, by the blood of thy covenant, (you see it was through blood,) I have sent forth the prisoners out of the pit wherein there was no water."

My dear wife unites with me in love. Also, give my love to any friend who may feel disposed to ask after me.

And believe me at all times to be,

Yours to love and serve, for the truth's sake,

Hoxton, December 7th, 1857.

R. K.

God afflicts us that we might be more rootedly useful, where he gives opportunity afterwards; and to bring us out of our sins; that as sin brings us into trouble, so trouble is sent to bring us out of sin, and for the exercise of grace.—*Dorney*.

## Obituary.

### MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE, LATE OF BATH.

COMMUNICATED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE was born of ungodly parents, at Woolley, near Bath, where he lived, "having no hope and without God in the world," though professedly a church-goer, till the Lord opened his eyes to see the awful state he was in as a sinner before him.

The means by which the Lord convinced him were of a painful nature, being through natural convictions of sin in the conscience of his own father, of the effects of which he was a distressed observer. Sleeping at that time with his father, he became conscious from time to time of the dreadful state his mind seemed to be in. But at length his distress broke forth in heart-rending language, and, with perspiration streaming down his arms, he would lift them up and show them to him, as expressive of the state of his mind, crying out, "Lost! lost!" &c. Then, with the affection of a parent, he would beg him not to do as he had done, adding, "For, though I shall be lost, you might be saved." In great horror and affliction, he anxiously inquired what he had done to cause such distress; when his father directed him to a certain part of Scripture, where he might read his sin. He found it; and, as soon as he had read it, he felt the natural enmity of his heart rise against God, and immediately conviction of sin followed. The law of God entered his conscience, and caused his offences to abound. He knew not what strange thing had happened to him, and would have given the world, had he possessed it, to have been in the state he was before it took place, not knowing how such a one as he felt himself to be could be saved, nor that there ever was one upon the earth that felt as he did. And, indeed, the Lord did call him alone, as he did Abraham; for I have often heard him say that he never knew nor heard of one called besides himself in his native village, nor in any surrounding it; nor had he any hope of one other member of his father's house. The convictions of his father gradually wore off, proving that they were only natural. He died an unchanged character.

The following I find written by Joseph Brimble, April 20th, 1813, in an old Bible: "I was born the 27th day of June, 1789, and say, with a penitent of old, 'Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.' And thus I continued twenty-two years, and then, in July, 1811, it pleased the Lord, who created me, and all things, by his almighty power, to begin a work in me, to convince me of my sinful, lost condition, by nature and by practice, by original and by actual sin, and of my insufficiency of myself to do any good thing, or to stand against any evil thing. 'I was alive once without the law, but when the commandment came sin revived, and I died.' When God brought home the spirituality of the law to my soul, it not only cut up all my righteousness but I saw it as filthy rags, and died to every hope of being saved by my own works.\* All my transgressions came to my view. I was greatly harassed by Satan

throughout my conversion, who was ever suggesting all manner of evil thoughts to my mind, which I tried to resist, but found of myself I was not able, which first caused me to bend my knees humbly to God in prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, that he would pardon my sins and cleanse the thoughts of my evil heart, which I thought would be done immediately, not knowing that without fighting there is no victory, and no cross no crown. But I now feel and believe it. I labored under soul conflicts for nearly one year and a half, fearing often that I had committed the unpardonable sin, therefore could get no peace. I attended at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel (still desiring to know if such as I was could be saved), where I felt great encouragement for returning sinners. I believed Christ had died for such, but could not believe he had for me. I was like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, sometimes reading and sometimes praying, and at others crying out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' having a burden upon me that I feared would sink me lower than the grave, and getting into the slough of despond I was nearly going back with Pliable; but the Lord prevented me with these words: "To whom shall I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." And this was all that supported me. This too was the glimmering light, I think, which Christian saw afar off. Travelling on till, I think, December 1812, between hopes and fears, fearing that I had committed the unpardonable sin, often desiring to get a volume of sermons, (a book I knew to be in the family, for in the days of my boyhood I had seen it amongst some old books which I had been accustomed to look over for the pictures, and had then read in it a short sentence upon the unpardonable sin, which, though a boy, had fastened upon my mind, and now gave me some little encouragement,) it pleased the Lord that that book should fall into my hands, and in reading what he says upon that sin, it also pleased the Lord to manifest 'the Sun of Righteousness to me with healing in his wings.' I did not see him with my bodily eyes, but with the eye of faith. So the burden began tumbling off, and I have lost it. The Lord hath done great things for me already, whereof I rejoice. But my warfare is not yet ended, I have still to fight.

'Thus far did I come laden with my sin,  
Nor could aught ease the pain that I was in  
Till I came hither. What a place is this!  
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?  
Must here the burden fall from off my back?  
Must here the strings that bind it to me crack?  
Blest cross, blest sepulchre, blest rather be  
The Man that there was put to shame for me.'

The disease (consumption) which terminated his mortal life commenced through a severe cold, taken in April or May, 1854, which fixed on the lungs. A cough for some time distressed him, but no serious apprehensions were entertained by me respecting him. In June he was much better, and in July, when in London, I received a letter from him, telling me he was still better, but that he had had some solemn reflections as to whether his affliction would not terminate in death. He thus writes: "I received yours, and wish



to inform you that I am not yet quite dead, although I have had many thoughts whether or not it was the beginning of my end, which has caused many a solemn thought about my certificate, lest, when I come to the celestial gate, I should fumble for it and find none, as one did whom Bunyan noticed. But I do hope, (and I hope it is a good hope through grace,) this will not be the case, for 'this is my comfort in my affliction. thy word hath quickened me.' But I do want to be quickened again and again continually by the same blessed Spirit working mightily with the word in his unctuous, dewy, rainy, softening influences and operations. The Lord knoweth that I lie not. This is what I feel my need of almost continually, for without him I can do nothing; and almost everything one has to do with in this world has such a deadening tendency to one's poor soul, that, with David, it makes one groan out at times, 'My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken thou me according to thy word,' for 'I am a companion of all them that fear thee and of them that keep thy precepts;' therefore, 'let thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live, for thy law is my delight.' I am very, very poor in spirit, but I wait as patiently as I can for the Lord to come to his temple, and with Hart would pray:

' More frequent let thy visits be,  
Or let them longer last;  
I can do nothing without thee;  
Make haste, my God, make haste.'"

Upon my return home I found him very much better than he had been for some time, and, as I thought, quite well. He continued so until Sunday, Aug. 6th, when he was attacked with sickness, and his general appearance quite alarmed me. He continued very poorly during the week, and on the Saturday, the 12th, sat all day by the fire, looking very, very solemn. I believe his thoughts were similar to those expressed in his letter of the 4th of July to me. For the first time I had an impression that he would not recover, and the thought seemed almost insupportable. I often begged the Lord to spare him a little longer to me, if his blessed will, which indeed, he was pleased to do, though for some time I saw no probability of it.

On the following Sunday he went to chapel twice, and found the preached word sweet. The next day a friend called to see him, and perceiving him just awaking from a slumber, remarked, "You have been to sleep." "Yes," he said, "and I have had a precious Friend with me too, at least I think so; but the enemy has been telling me it was only a dream, so I thought I would say nothing about it; but I have not had such a visit for a long time, and I do think it was real. I dreamt that Jesus was come; and the joy, love, and praise I felt were indescribable. The feeling awoke me, and I could scarcely keep from shouting out aloud. O how precious he was to me! That passage, among others, was very sweet to me, 'And the roof of thy mouth, like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.' It was a precious

visit, though I thought I would keep it to myself, lest it should not be real."

On Wednesday evening, the 16th, we were speaking of the conduct of some worldly people; and after decrying it, he said, "Ah, their position is not like mine. I have been feeling a little of the blessedness of mine, whilst here by myself, and many scriptures have flowed into my mind sweetly. This is one, 'And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.' I was led to look back forty-two years, to the blessed sight I had of him then, and what I then saw and found in him; and not all the floods of temptation, sin, Satan, nor hell, have ever been able to destroy that love which I then experienced. And then followed, fitting so nicely, 'And every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.' I do know that I love him, and I feel that the music of his name will refresh my soul in death," he continued, "and almost makes me long to be with him; but, with the apostle, I am in a strait betwixt two. For some things it might be more profitable for me to continue a little longer here, so that I know not what to desire, but I suppose must say, 'The will of the Lord be done.'"

Medical treatment, together with the agreeable change in the weather at this time, were temporarily beneficial to him, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. That strong natural tie which binds to earth, seemed now to gain increased strength; for, at times, a clinging to earth was very visible, and darkness of soul, temptations and darts from Satan gradually followed.

On the evening of Sept. 12th, he was attacked with violent internal pain; and though I had perceived a gradual wasting up to that time, yet, on the following morning, I thought him much altered. In the evening he was speaking to me of some of his fears, and the black prospect represented to him by the great enemy and adversary, the devil, of a very long illness, &c. I said, "Do you remember what you used to say the devil represented to you, that you would die in some garret, with no one about you to put a spoonful of anything in your mouth? and you know you are now surrounded with mercies, and have some one yet who could do that for you, however painful it might be to them." "I do," he replied. "And I know I have many mercies. All mercies. He is my rock; I hope so at least. I have trusted in him more than forty years, and he never forsook me yet. Yes, 'with wondrous joy,' I shall 'recollect' my

——— 'Toils and dangers past,  
And bless the wisdom, power, and grace,  
That's brought me safe at last.'

I hope so, at least, for I do not like anything like vaunting nor dishonoring the Lord."

Feeling very cold, I had a fire lit for him, and then left him alone by it for some little time. On my returning to him, I said, looking

at the almost extinguished fire, "You have not much fire." He said, "I have not been thinking of the fire; I scarcely knew where I was. I have been led to look through the whole of the way in which the Lord has led me, I think clearer than ever I have, and it seems to me I could remember to write the whole of it. The first passage that was ever blest to me was, 'I turned my feet to thy precepts, I made haste and delayed not to keep thy commandments.' O what a striving there was then to keep the Lord's precepts and commandments, and yet not in the least depending on my own power. All Sabbath breaking and ball playing was for ever cured, and from that time to this no ball has ever been in my hand, for the sake of playing. The next passage was, 'In the multitude of thy thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.' O how sweet was the sound of the Lord's comforts at that time, though I knew but little of them. From thence I have been travelling on from one blessing to another, viewing the Lord's faithfulness in every trial, and my unfaithfulness, fretfulness, and rebellion. O the blessing received under Mr. Symonds's preaching! and though such a cutting, separating preacher, when anything fleshly was concerned, yet I see that in him, as well as in other great and good men, there was plenty of flesh, and that in his opposing baptism, as I have heard him. And though I have been turned from my steadfastness on that ground, through one and another, yet the Lord has brought me back to the same view of it as I formerly had. The Lord has been faithful to me through more than forty-three years, and I cannot but think that he will be faithful unto the end, though I have been so much in the dark about it of late. But I cannot bear the least atom of a thought that should seem to derogate from the free grace principle of the love of God. It is all of grace."

*(To be continued.)*

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NOTHING doth more satisfy me in the verity of the religion I profess, than the oneness of the hearts of the people of God; who all give in the self-same testimony of the work of grace in the heart, the same spirit of faith breathing in them all.—*Dorney.*

HE that will preach the gospel truly, and confess Christ to be our righteousness, must be content to hear that he is a pernicious fellow, and that he troubleth all things. "They which have troubled the world (said the Jews of Paul and Silas) are also come unto us, and have done contrary to the decrees of Cæsar." (Acts xvii.) And in Acts xxiv. "We have found this pestilent fellow stirring up sedition among all the Jews throughout the whole world, and the author of the sect of Nazarites," &c. In like manner, also, the Gentiles complain in Acts xvi., "These men trouble our city." So, at this day, they accuse Luther to be a troubler of the Papacy and of the Roman empire. If I would keep silence, then all things should be in peace which the strong man possesseth, (Luke xi. 21, 22,) and the Pope not persecute me any more. But by this means the Gospel of Jesus Christ should be blemished and defaced. If I speak, the Pope is troubled and cruelly rageth. Either we must lose the Pope, an earthly and mortal man, or else the immortal God, Christ Jesus, life, and eternal salvation. Let the Pope perish, then, and let God be exalted; let Christ reign and triumph for ever.—*Luther.*

## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—I shall feel greatly obliged, if convenient to you, for your opinion on the subject of Paul being “the chief of sinners.” If it was the language of the Holy Ghost or not.

Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

## ANSWER.

One would think that none but an infidel could doubt whether the language of Paul, when he called himself “the chief of sinners,” was the language of the Holy Ghost. If once we begin to question whether this or that expression of the inspired writings is “the language of the Holy Ghost,” we shall very soon open a wide door for the vilest infidelity.

But as some even of those who desire to fear God have been somewhat staggered at the apostle’s calling himself “the chief of sinners,” it may be as well for their sakes to devote a few moments’ consideration to his meaning, and what it was that drew it forth from his heart and pen.

It seems to us that there were, speaking generally, two reasons which made the apostle apply this language to himself; for when he calls himself “the chief of sinners,” we can no more doubt that he meant what he said than we can doubt that the Holy Ghost inspired him so to feel and so to write.

1. The first reason, then, that made the apostle call himself “the chief of sinners” was, the most bitter and painful reflection that he had persecuted the church of God. We do not know how many he had brought to martyrdom and death; but, as he says of himself that “beyond measure he persecuted the church of God and wasted it,” and as it is declared that “he breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord,” and “when they were put to death he gave his voice against them,” we may fairly conclude that he was instrumental in causing the death of many. Now, what greater crime could a man well commit than shed so much innocent blood? or how could he manifest greater enmity to the Lord Jesus Christ? For this reason, therefore, he carried about with him to his dying day the feeling that of all sinners he was chief; for he had such a view of the atrocity of his crime in persecuting even unto death the saints of Jesus, that other deeds seemed to him light in comparison. Of all sins, murder, one would think, must lie heaviest on a man’s conscience; and of that sin Paul must have felt himself specially guilty, when he kept the clothes of those that stoned Stephen, and, by doing so, participated in their crime.

2. But, besides this, the apostle had a very deep and abiding view of the dreadful corruptions of his fallen nature. As he was favored to see beyond most the glory of Christ by a living faith, and had fellowship with him in his sufferings and sorrows, so he had a proportionably deep view of the dreadful evil of sin and of the foul abominations of his own heart. A sight and sense of these has made many others besides Paul feel and call themselves “the chief of sinners;” nor, indeed, have we much opinion of any man’s religion who does not at times feel himself to be of sinners chief. We know our own hearts, but we do not know other people’s; we see and feel the filth, obscenity, blasphemy, pride, infidelity, and rebellion that dwell in us; but we do not see, though we may conjecture, how similar abominations work in the minds of others.

We see, then, no difficulty in the expression used by Paul, nor do we believe any one does who has seen light in God’s light, and knows and feels what a sinner he is before the eyes of Infinite Purity.

Dear Sir,—Will you be kind enough to favor me with your thoughts on Acts xiii. 34? How is it to be understood of Christ that “he should no more RETURN to corruption?” Does it imply by the word “return” that he had been there before? and if so, how does it agree with verse 37, which says, “he saw no corruption?”

Yours sincerely,

AN INQUIRER AFTER TRUTH.

#### ANSWER.

The word “corruption” here is used by a figure of speech to signify the grave, that being the place of corruption generally; but there is also an allusion to the bodies of those who, like Lazarus, had been raised from the dead, but afterwards returned to the grave, and by returning to it returned to corruption; for in it their bodies were corrupted which before had been raised to life. But not so with the Lord Jesus Christ. He rose from the grave where he saw no corruption, and ascended up to heaven in his glorified body, and did not, like Lazarus, return to the grave, that in it his body should receive a corruption from which it had been completely preserved.

In reading such passages where there seems to be an apparent contradiction, we should not dwell upon the mere words in which the seeming contradiction usually lies, but should look at the general meaning and scope of the whole passage, and, above all things, take into consideration what the apostle calls “the proportion,” or analogy, “of faith,” which, if we rightly understand it, will be found a key to open many hard locks, and a clue to guide us through many intricate passages.

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#### REVIEW.

*Communion with God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. By John Owen, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Whyte and Co. London: Longman and Co. 1849.*

(Concluded from page 99.)

WHAT Christ is to the Church, what the Church is to Christ, can never be really known till time gives place to eternity, faith to sight, and hope to enjoyment. Nor even *then*, however beyond all present conception the powers and faculties of the glorified souls and bodies of the saints may be expanded, however conformed to the glorious image of Christ, or however ravished with the discoveries of his glory and the sight of him as he is in one unclouded day,—no, not even then, will the utmost stretch of creature love, or highest refinement of creature intellect, wholly embrace or fully comprehend that love of Christ, which, as in time so in eternity, “passeth knowledge,” as being in itself essentially incomprehensible, because infinite and divine. Who can calculate the amount of light and heat that dwell in, and are given forth by the sun that shines at this moment so gloriously in the noonday sky? We see, we feel, we enjoy its bright beams; but who can number the millions of millions of rays that it casts forth upon all the surface of the earth, diffusing light, heat, and fertility to every part? If the creature be so great, glorious, and incomprehensible, how much more great, glorious, and incomprehensible must be its divine Creator! The Scripture testimony of the saints in glory is that “when Christ shall appear they shall be like him, for they shall see him as he is;” (1 John iii. 2;) that they

shall then see the Lord "face to face, and know even as also they are known;" (1 Cor. xiii. 12;) that their "vile body shall be fashioned like unto his glorious body;" (Phil. iii. 21;) that they shall be "conformed to his image," (Rom. viii. 29,) and "be satisfied when they awake with his likeness;" (Ps. xvii. 15;) that they shall be "before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple;" (Rev. vii. 15;) that "their sun shall no more go down, for the Lord shall be their everlasting light;" (Isa. lx. 20;) that they shall have "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" (2 Cor. iv. 17;) and shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.) But, with all this unspeakable bliss and glory, there must be in infinite Deity unfathomable depths which no creature, however highly exalted, can ever sound; heights which no finite, dependent being can ever scan. God became man, but man never can become God. He fully knows us, but we never can fully know him, for even in eternity, as in time, it may be said to the creature, "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." (Job xi. 7-9.) But if, as we believe, eternity itself can never fully or entirely reveal the heights and depths of the love of a Triune God, how little can be known of it in a time state! and yet that little is the only balm for all sorrow, the only foundation of solid rest and peace.

In resuming, therefore, our subject, we are at once led to feel how little here below we can realise of that love of Christ in the knowledge and enjoyment of which mainly consists all communion with him. But we are encouraged to drop a few more hints on this sacred subject, not only from its peculiar blessedness, and in the hope that its further consideration may be profitable to our readers, but from the testimony that we have received from some of them that what we were enabled to write in our last Number met with their acceptance, and was read by them with interest and pleasure.

Love is communicative. This is a part of its very nature and essence. Its delight is to give, and especially to give itself; and all it wants or asks is a return. To love and to be beloved, to enjoy and to express that ardent and mutual affection by words and deeds; this is love's delight, love's heaven. To love, and not be loved,—this is love's misery, love's hell. God is love. This is his very nature, an essential attribute of his glorious being; and as he, the infinite and eternal Jehovah, exists in a Trinity of distinct Persons, though undivided Unity of Essence, there is a mutual, ineffable love between Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. To this mutual, ineffable love of the three Persons in the sacred Godhead the Scripture abundantly testifies: "The Father loveth the Son;" (John iii. 35;) "And hast loved them as thou hast loved me;" (John xvii. 23;) "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. iii. 17.) And as the Father loves the Son, so does the Son love the Father: "But that the world may know that I love the Father," are his own blessed words. (John xiv. 31.) And that the Holy Ghost loves the Father and the Son is evident not only from his divine personality in the Godhead, but because he is essentially the very "Spirit of love," (Rom. xv. 30, 2 Tim. i. 7,) and as such "sheds the love of God abroad in the heart" of the election of grace. (Rom. v. 5.)

Thus *man* was not needed by the holy and ever-blessed Trinity as an object of divine love. Sufficient, eternally and amply sufficient, to all the bliss and blessedness, perfection and glory of Jehovah was and ever would have been the mutual love and intercommunion of the three



Persons in the sacred Godhead. But love—the equal and undivided love of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, flowed out beyond its original and essential being to man; and not merely to man as man, that is to human nature as the body prepared for the Son of God to assume, but to thousands and millions of the human race, who are all loved personally and individually with all the infinite love of God as much as if that love were fixed on only one, and he were loved as God loves his dear Son. “I have loved thee with an everlasting love,” is spoken to each individual of the elect as much as to the whole church, viewed as the mystical Bride and Spouse of the Lamb. Thus the love of a Triune God is not only to the nature which in due time the Son of God should assume, the flesh and blood of the children, the seed of Abraham which he should take on him, (Heb. ii. 14-16,) and for this reason viewed by the Triune Jehovah with eyes of intense delight, but to that innumerable multitude of human beings who were to form the mystical body of Christ. Were Scripture less express, we might still believe that the nature which one of the sacred Trinity was to assume would be delighted in and loved by the holy Three-in-One. But we have the testimony of the Holy Ghost to the point, that puts it beyond all doubt or question. When, in the first creation of that nature the Holy Trinity said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness,” and when, in pursuance of that divine council, “the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul,” God thereby uniting an immortal soul to an earthly body, this human nature was created not only in the moral image of God, (Eph. iv. 24,) but after the pattern of that body which was prepared for the Son of God by the Father. (Heb. x. 5.) The Holy Ghost, therefore, in Ps. viii., puts into the mouth of the inspired Psalmist an anthem of praise flowing from the meditations of his heart upon the grace and glory bestowed upon human nature, as exalted in the person of Christ above all the glory of the starry heavens. “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained: what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet.” (Ps. viii. 3-6.) Here the Psalmist bursts forth into a rapture of admiration at beholding how man, that is, human nature, in itself so weak and fragile, so inferior in beauty and splendor to the glorious orbs that stud the midnight sky, should yet attract the mind, and be visited by the love of God; how that nature, “made a little lower than the angels” in its original constitution, yet should, by virtue of its being taken into union with the Person of the Son of God, be crowned with honor and glory, and dominion given to it over all the works of God’s hands in heaven and in earth. (Matt. xxviii. 18.) That this is the mind of the Holy Ghost is evident from the interpretation given of the Psalm by the inspired Apostle: “But one in a certain place testified, saying, What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet. For in that he put all in subjection under him, he left nothing that is not put under him. But now we see not yet all things put under him. But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.” (Heb. ii. 6-9.) When, then, the Son of God took our flesh

into union with his own divine Person, he not only invested that nature with unspeakable glory, but by partaking of the same identical substance, the same flesh, and blood, and bones, wedded the Church unto himself. This is the true source, as it is the only real and solid foundation of all the union and communion that the Church enjoys with Christ on earth, or ever will enjoy with him in heaven. He thus became her Head, her Husband, and she became his body, his wife. Nor are these mere names and titles, any more than husband and wife are mere names and titles in their natural relationship. The marriage relation is an unalterable tie, an indissoluble bond, giving and cementing a peculiar but substantial union, making man and wife one flesh, and investing them with an interest in each other's person and property, happiness and honor, love and affection, such as exists in no other relationship of life. Thus the assumption of human nature made the Lord Jesus Christ a real, not a nominal husband; yea, as much a husband to the Church as Adam became husband to Eve on that memorable morn in Paradise, "when the Lord God brought her unto the man" in all her original purity and innocence, (beautiful type of the Church as presented to Christ in her unfallen condition!) "and Adam said, This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman because she was taken out of man." (Gen. ii. 23.) As then in the marriage union man and wife become one flesh, (Gen. ii. 24,) and, God having joined them together, no man may put them asunder, (Matt. xix. 5,) so when the Lord Jesus Christ, in the "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure," betrothed the church unto himself, they became before the face of heaven one in indissoluble ties. As he undertook in "the fulness of time" to be "made of a woman," she became one with him in body by virtue of a common nature; and becomes one with him in spirit when, as each individual member comes forth into a time state, the blessed Spirit unites it to him by regenerating grace. Such is the testimony of the word of truth. "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;" (Eph. v. 30;) "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." (1 Cor. vi. 17.) Her union, therefore, with his flesh ensures to her body conformity in the resurrection morn to the glorified body of Jesus; and her union with his spirit ensures to her soul an eternity of bliss in the perfection of knowledge, holiness, and love. Thus the union of the church with Christ commenced in the councils of eternal wisdom and love, is made known upon earth by regenerating grace, and is perfected in heaven in the fulness of glory.

The church, it is true, fell in Adam from that state of innocence and purity in which she was originally created. But how the Adam fall, in all its miserable consequences, instead of cancelling the bond and annulling the everlasting covenant, only served more fully and gloriously to reveal and make known the love of Christ to his chosen bride in all its breadth and length and depth and height! She fell, it is true, into unspeakable, unfathomable depths of sin and misery, guilt and crime; but she never fell out of his heart or out of his arms. Yet what without the fall would have been known of dying love or of the mystery of the cross? Where would have been the song of the redeemed, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood?" Where the victory over death and hell, or the triumphs of superabounding grace over the aboundings of sin, guilt, and despair? Where would have been the "leading captivity captive," the "spoiling principalities and powers, and making a show of them openly, triumphing over them in himself?" What would have been known of that most precious attribute of God—*mercy*? What of his forbearance and long-suffering; what of his pitiful compassion to the poor lost children of men? As then the

church's head and husband could not and would not dissolve the union, break the covenant, or alter the thing that had gone out of his lips, and yet could not take her openly unto himself in all her filth, and guilt, and shame, he had to redeem her with his own heart's blood, with agonies and sufferings such as earth or heaven never before witnessed, with those dolorous cries under the hidings of his Father's face, which made the earth to quake, the rocks to rend, and the sun to withdraw its light. But his love was strong as death, and he endured the cross, despising the shame, bearing her sins in his own body on the tree, and thus suffering the penalty due to her crimes, reconciled her unto God "in the body of his flesh, through death, to present her holy, and unblameable, and unreprouvable in his sight." (Col. i. 22.) Having thus reconciled her unto God, as she comes forth from the womb of time, he visits member after member of his mystical body with his regenerating grace, that "he may sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word," and thus eventually "present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." (Eph. v. 26, 27.) Communion with Christ, therefore, begins below, in our time state. It is *here* that the mystery of the marriage union is first made known; here the espousals entered into; (Jer. ii. 2, 2 Cor. xi. 2;) here the first kiss of betrothed love given. (Song i. 2.) The celebration of the marriage is to come; (Rev. xix. 7-9;) but the original betrothal in heaven and the spiritual espousals on earth make Christ and the church eternally one. As then the husband, when he becomes united to his wife in marriage ties, engages thereby to love her, cherish her, feed her, clothe her, count her interests his interests, her honour his honour, and her happiness his happiness, so the blessed Jesus, when in the councils of eternity, he betrothed the Church to himself, undertook to be to her and do for her every thing that should be for her happiness and honour, perfection and glory. His own words are, "I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies: I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness; and thou shalt know the Lord." (Hos. ii. 19, 10.) And again, "For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall he be called." (Isa. liv. 5.) "For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons\* marry thee; and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." (Isa. lxii. 5.) There must be union before communion, marriage before possession, membership before abiding in Christ and he in us, a being in the vine before a branch issuing from the stem. It is the Spirit that quickeneth us to feel our need of him; to seek all our supplies in him and from him; to believe in him unto everlasting life, and thus live a life of faith upon him. By his secret teachings, inward touches, gracious smiles, soft whispers, sweet promises, and more especially by manifestations of his glorious Person, finished work, atoning blood, justifying righteousness, agonising sufferings, and dying love, he draws the heart up to himself. He thus wins our affections, and setting himself before our eyes as "the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely," draws out that love and affection towards himself which puts the world under our feet. What is religion without a living faith in, and a living love to the Lord Jesus Christ? How dull and dragging, how dry and heavy, what a burden to

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\* We prefer the rendering, "thy Maker," which only requires the change of a point in the Hebrew, and is not only more agreeable to the meaning, but corresponds more exactly to the parallel clause in the same verse. Bishop Lowth renders it "thy Restorer;" literally, it is "thy Builder."

the mind, and a weariness to the flesh, is a round of forms where the heart is not engaged and the affections not drawn forth! Reading, hearing, praying, meditation, conversation with the saints of God—what cold, what heartless work where Jesus is not! But let him appear, let his presence and grace be felt, and his blessed Spirit move upon the heart, then there is a holy sweetness, a sacred blessedness in the worship of God and in communion with the Lord Jesus that makes, whilst it lasts, a little heaven on earth. Means are to be attended to, ordinances to be prized, the Bible to be read, preaching to be heard, the throne of grace to be resorted to, the company of Christian friends to be sought. But what are all these unless we find Christ in them? It is He that puts life and blessedness into all means and ordinances, into all prayer, preaching, hearing, reading, conversing, and every thing that bears the name of religion. Without him all is dark and dead, cold and dreary, barren and bare. Wandering thoughts at the throne, unbelief at the ordinance, deadness under the word, formality and lip service in family worship, carelessness over the open Bible, carnality in conversation, and a general coldness and stupidity over the whole frame—such is the state of the soul when Jesus does not appear, and when he leaves us to prove what we are, and what we can do without him. He is our sun, and without him all is darkness; he is our life, and without him all is death; he is the beginner and finisher of our faith, the substance of our hope, and the object of our love. All religion flows from his Spirit and grace, presence and power. Where he is, be it barn or hovel, field or hedge, closet or fireside, there is a believing soul, a praying spirit, a tender conscience, a humble mind, a broken heart, and a confessing tongue. Where he is not, be it parlor or chapel, public worship or private prayer, hearing the word or reading the Bible, all is alike empty and forlorn to a living soul, pregnant with dissatisfaction and loaded with self-condemnation. It is this inward sense of the blessedness of his presence and the misery of his absence, the heaven of his smile and the hell of his frown, that makes the sheep of Christ seek communion with Him. He has won their heart to himself by discovering to them his beauty and his love, and they having once seen the glory of his Person, heard the sweetness of his voice, and tasted the grace of his lips, follow him whithersoever he goeth, seeking to know him and the power of his resurrection, and counting all things dung and loss that they may win him, and have some manifestation of his love. What is to support the soul under those trials and temptations that at times press it so sore, relieve those cruel doubts which so disquiet, take away those fears of death which so alarm, subdue that rebelliousness which so condemns, wean from the world which so allures, and make it look beyond life and time, the cares of the passing hour, and the events of the fleeting day, to a solemn and blessed eternity, but those visitations of the Blessed Lord to the soul which give it communion with himself? Thus were the saints of God led and taught in days of old, as the Holy Ghost has recorded their experience in the word of truth. Remembering the past, one says, “Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit. (Job x. 12.)” Longing for a renewal, another cries, “O when wilt thou come unto me!” (Ps. ci. 2;) and under the enjoyment of his presence the church speaks, “He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.” (Cant. ii. 4).

We are, most of us, so fettered down by the chains of time and sense, the cares of life and daily business, the weakness of our earthly frame, the distracting claims of a family, and the miserable carnality and sensuality of our fallen nature, that we live at best a poor, dragging, dying life. We can take no pleasure in the world, nor mix with a good conscience

in its pursuits and amusements; we are many of us poor, moping, dejected creatures, from a variety of trials and afflictions; we have a daily cross and the continual plague of an evil heart; get little consolation from the family of God or the outward means of grace; know enough of ourselves to know that in self there is neither help nor hope, and never expect a smoother path, a better, wiser, holier heart, or to be able to do to morrow what we cannot do to day. As then the weary man seeks rest, the hungry food, the thirsty drink, and the sick health, so do we stretch forth our hearts and arms that we may embrace the Lord Jesus Christ, and sensibly realise union and communion with him. From him come both prayer and answer, both hunger and food, both desire and the tree of life. He discovers the evil and misery of sin that we may seek pardon in his bleeding wounds and pierced side; makes known to us our nakedness and shame, and, as such, our exposure to God's wrath, that we may hide ourselves under his justifying robe; puts gall and wormwood into the world's choicest draughts, that we may have no sweetness but in and from him; keeps us long fasting to endear a crumb, and long waiting to make a word precious. He wants the whole heart, and will take no less; and as this we cannot give, he takes it to himself by ravishing it with one of his eyes, with one chain of his neck. If we love him it is because he first loved us; and if we seek communion with him, it is because he will manifest himself to us as he doth not unto the world.

Would we see what the Holy Ghost has revealed of the nature of this communion, we shall find it most clearly and experimentally unfolded in the Song of Solomon. From the first verse of that divine book, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth," to the last expressed desire of the loving bride, "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or like to a young hart upon the mountains of spices," all is a "song of loves," (Ps. xlv. title,) all a divine revelation of the communion that is carried on upon earth between Christ and the Church. She "comes up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved," whilst "his left hand is under her head, and his right hand doth embrace her." She says, "Look not upon me because I am black;" but he answers, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." At one moment she says, "By night, on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not;" and then again she cries, "It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth. I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me." (Song Sol. iii. 4.) Comings and goings; sighs and songs; vain excuses and cutting self-reflections; (v. 3-6;) complaints of self and praises of him; (v. 7-16;) the breathings of love, and the flames of jealousy; (viii. 6;) the tender affections of a virgin heart, and the condescending embraces of a royal spouse; (i. 7; ii. 3-7;)—such is the experience of the Church in seeking or enjoying communion with Christ as described in this divine book.

O that we could walk more in these gracious footsteps! Whatever be our state and case, if it can truly be said of us what the angel said to the women at the sepulchre, "I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified," we have a divine warrant to believe that, "he is gone before us into Galilee. There shall we see him." He is risen; he has ascended up on high, and "has received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." He is now upon the mercy seat and he invites and draws poor needy sinners to himself. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He allows us, he invites us to pour out our



heart before him, to show before him our trouble, to spread our wants at his feet, as Hezekiah spread the letter in the temple. If we seek communion with him, we may and shall tell him how deeply we need him, that without him it is not life to live, and with him not death to die. We shall beg of him to heal our backslidings; to manifest his love and blood to our conscience; to show us the evil of sin; to bless us with godly sorrow for our slips and falls; to keep us from evil that it may not grieve us; to lead us into his sacred truth; to preserve us from all error; to plant his fear deep in our heart; to apply some precious promise to our soul; to be with us in all our ways; to watch over us in all our goings out and comings in; to preserve us from pride, self-deception, and self-righteousness; to give us renewed tokens of our interest in his finished work; to subdue our iniquities; to make and keep our conscience tender; and work in us every thing which is pleasing in his sight. What is communion but mutual giving and receiving, the flowing together of two hearts, the melting into one of two wills, the exchange of two loves—each party maintaining its distinct identity, yet being to the other an object of affection and delight? Have we nothing then to give to Christ? Yes, our sins, our sorrows, our burdens, our trials, and above all the salvation and sanctification of our souls. And what has he to give us? What? Why, everything worth having, everything worth a moment's anxious thought, everything for time and eternity.

We conclude our Review, already perhaps too long, with one more extract from the wise and weighty words of Dr. Owen:

"First. The saints cordially approve of this righteousness, as that alone which is absolutely complete, and able to make them acceptable before God. And this supposeth five things:

"1. Their clear and full conviction of the necessity of a righteousness wherewith to appear before God. This is always in their thoughts. Many men spend their days in obstinacy and hardness, adding drunkenness unto thirst, never once inquiring what their condition shall be when they enter into eternity. Others trifle away their time and their souls, sowing the seed of empty hopes, and preparing to reap a whirlwind of wrath. But this lies at the bottom of all the saint's communion with Christ—a deep, fixed persuasion of the indispensable necessity of a righteousness wherewith to appear before God. The holiness of God's nature, the righteousness of his government, the severity of his law, the terror of his wrath, are always before them. They have been convinced of sin and have looked on themselves as ready to sink under the vengeance due to it. They have cried, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?' and have all concluded, that if God be holy, and of 'purer eyes than to behold iniquity,' they must have a righteousness to stand before him; and they know what will be the cry, one day, of those otherwise minded.

"2. They weigh their own righteousness in the balance, and find it wanting. And this in two ways: 1st. In general; when men are convinced of the necessity of a righteousness, they catch at everything that presents itself to them for relief; as men ready to sink in deep waters catch at what is nearest to save them from drowning, which sometimes proves a rotten stick that sinks with them. So did the Jews; (Rom ix. 31, 32;) they caught hold of the law, and it would not relieve them; the law put them upon setting up a righteousness of their own; this kept them doing, but kept them from submitting to the righteousness of God. Here many perish, and never get one step nearer to God all their days. This the saints renounce. They have no confidence in the flesh; they know all they can do will not avail them. See what judgment Paul makes of a man's own righteousness, Phil. iii. 8-10. This keeps their souls humble, full of a sense of their own vileness, all their days. 2nd. In particular; they daily weigh all their particular actions in the balance, and find them wanting as to any such completeness as upon their own account to be accepted with God. 'O,' says a saint, 'if I had nothing to



commend me unto God but this prayer, this duty, this conquest of a temptation, wherein I myself see so much imperfection, could I appear with any boldness before him? Ah, it is all as 'filthy rags.' (Isa. lxiv. 6.) These thoughts accompany them in all their duties, in their best and most choice performances. Lord, what am I, in my best estate! How little suitableness unto thy holiness is in my best duties! 'O spare me, in reference to the best thing that ever I did in my life! When a man who lives upon convictions hath got some enlargement in duties, some conquest over a temptation, he hugs himself, like Micah, when he had got a Levite to be his priest: now surely God will bless him; he hath peace in what he hath done. But he who has communion with Christ, when he is highest in duties of sanctification, is clearest in the apprehension of his own unprofitableness, and renounces every thought of setting his peace in them or upon them. He says to his soul, Should God deal with thee according to thy best works, thou must perish.

"3. They value and rejoice in this righteousness for their acceptance, which the Lord Jesus hath wrought out and provided for them. This being discovered to them, they approve of it with all their hearts, and rest in it. (Isa. xlv. 24.) 'Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.' This is their voice and language when once the righteousness of God in Christ is made known to them. 'Here is righteousness indeed, here have I rest for my soul.' Like the merchantman in the gospel, (Matt. xiii. 45, 46,) that finds the pearl of price. When first the righteousness of Christ, for acceptance with God, is revealed to a poor laboring soul, that hath sought for rest and hath found none, he is surprised and amazed; and such a one always in his heart approves this righteousness on a fivefold account. (1). As full of infinite wisdom. 'Unto them that believe,' saith the apostle, 'Christ crucified is the wisdom of God,' (1 Cor. i. 24,) they see infinite wisdom in this way of their acceptance with God. In what darkness, says such a one, was my soul! How little able was I to look through the clouds and perplexities wherewith I was encompassed! I looked inwards, and there was nothing but sin; I looked upwards, and saw nothing but wrath; I knew that God was a holy and righteous God; I knew that I was a poor vile unclean and sinful creature, and how to bring these two together in peace I knew not. But in the righteousness of Christ doth a world of wisdom open itself, dispelling all difficulties; and manifesting a reconciliation of all this. 'O the depths of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God!' (Rom. xi. 33, and Col. ii. 3.)"

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## POETRY.

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

COULD I the friendship of the world obtain,  
I would not have it, for I count it vain;  
And since 'tis enmity with God at best,  
I'd not provide it room within my breast.  
The dear Redeemer's blood-bought, chosen race  
Shall have within my heart the warmest place;  
And such in his great name my soul would greet;  
He the blest centre where our spirits meet.  
Though distant oft, and separate in place,  
Yet each to each is bound by love and grace,  
Which recognised us while yet dead in sin,  
And still embraces us, through every scene  
We're call'd to witness, in this vale of tears,  
Till each in Zion with the Lord appears.  
All one in Christ, who is our mutual Friend,  
Our interest one, one motive, and one end.

The same atoning blood has wash'd us clean;  
 One spotless robe which Christ himself brought in  
 Shall be our glorious dress, our rich array,  
 In that anticipated, long'd-for day,  
 When Jesus shall appear to fetch his Bride  
 To live and love for ever by his side.  
 And one our central spot, the throne of grace,  
 To which we pass in every trying case.  
 One Sun is lighting us the journey through,  
 And one the final rest we have in view.  
 A happy meeting there our Lord insures;  
 And long as his eternal throne endures  
 Together we shall dwell with him at home,  
 Where parting seasons never, never come.  
 These are the characters my Lord approves,  
 And these are they my ardent spirit loves;  
 And theirs the only friendship I would know  
 Till gladly I retire from all below.  
 But there's a friendship this surpasses far  
 As the meridian sun a twinkling star;  
 Its highest acts on calvary were display'd,  
 When the dear Friend of sinners bow'd his head.  
 There saints adoring stand, while faith beholds  
 How boundless love her mysteries unfolds.  
 There the perfections of Jehovah's name  
 Received full honor through the bleeding Lamb.  
 There mercy shone in all her radiance mild;  
 There Justice on the trembling sinner smiled.  
 Our dear Immanuel there the victory won,  
 Nor bow'd his head until the work was done  
 For rebel foes! who, but for sovereign grace,  
 Despise, reject, insult him to his face.  
 Wonder, O heaven! at friendship such as this;  
 Earth, be astonish'd! Saints, adore and bless.  
 Strike, strike the lyre, ye happy souls above,  
 While we on earth will join the song of love!  
 We'll tune our harp-strings to their highest pitch,  
 And swell *ye* loud the notes *we* cannot reach.  
 And this shall be our everlasting theme—  
 "All honor, praise, dominion, power to him  
 Who wash'd us in his all-atoning blood,  
 And made poor sinners kings and priests to God."

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ALAS! how hardly are we brought to accept salvation as a gift of pure favor! We are for bringing a price in our hands, and coming with money in our sack's mouth; notwithstanding the celestial direction is, "Buy wine and milk, without money and without price;" *i.e.*, take as absolute possession of pardon, holiness, and eternal life as if they were your own by purchase; but remember that you, nevertheless, have them gratis, without any desert, nay, contrary to all desert of yours. We did not bribe God to create us; and how is it possible that we should pay him any thing for saving us?—*Toplady*.

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*Erratum.*—The letter in our last Number, p. 86, signed E. H., was written by the late *Mrs.* Husband, of Hartley Row, Hants, and not by *Mr.* Husband, as by a misprint it is there stated.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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MAY, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. GODWIN, PREACHED AT TRINITY CHAPEL, ALFRED STREET, LEICESTER, FEB. 28TH, 1850.

“When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee.”—Prov. vi. 22.

The book of Proverbs is very instructive, under the blessed Spirit's teaching, to the exercised soul. The Lord has therein very plainly separated and divided the characters, and also set forth “wisdom” to be the principal thing, declaring that there is nothing to be compared with it,—no, not all the riches that the world can produce, whether in houses, lands, gold, or silver; it matters not; no worldly wealth can be compared to a little spiritual, heavenly, and divine wisdom, which “cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

There are three characters spoken of in this chapter. One of them is “the sluggard;” and God's people frequently put themselves down to be that very character, because they are so troubled, at times, with dead sloth, and afterwards with fear lest this denunciation should drop upon them, “O, thou wicked and slothful servant,” &c. We see that the sluggard is set forth as being wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason. O, how the poor soul is troubled and tried when he is brought into such a state, and under such exercises. He seems to possess no feeling, no life; and yet there is a feeling within him desiring to be religious; but there is no power to put it into practice; for when he would do good, evil is present with him. He sees it declared by God that “the hand of the diligent is made fat;” and that “the hand of the diligent maketh rich;” and this is the very spot to which his soul desires to be brought; but through painful exercises he is obliged to learn that power, in every sense of the word, belongeth unto God; and that, although he is a quickened soul, yet he cannot move his soul towards the Lord; he cannot raise up his affections unto him without his help.

There is another character, which sets forth the state and condition in which the child of God is. The Lord speaks of six or seven abominations in the heart. And here the child of God is tried again; for he reads, “These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imagi-

nations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren." There are many of these characters existing, who are spoken of in the last words that I have read, who seem to delight in doing those things which, in the word of God, have God's threatenings pronounced against them; but if God's children are left to fall into that snare, it will be broken, sooner or later. It takes a deal of religion sometimes in a man's soul, it takes a deal of weight, to make a man watchful; and a wise man may be led to explain these characters, and also the divine teaching under which they are set forth.

But I desire, by the help of the Lord, to speak a few words from the text.

1. "*When thou goest.*" In the experience of every living soul, the man is brought more or less, at times, to be set fast; and in this state he frequently feels that his feet are sunk in deep mire, where there is no standing. He is shut up in soul, and left apparently destitute even of desire. Desire seems to fail, and he feels nothing but poverty, death, hardness of heart, blindness of mind, and darkness of soul. He seems to be destitute and desolate in every sense of the word; but he sometimes cries with poor David, "Leave not my soul destitute." Now those who are brought to enter into this experience learn their helplessness and their ignorance. They learn that they cannot move one step forward, neither can they stand still to see the salvation of the Lord. But still, as we read in the word of God, "*When thou goest,*" it is evident that there is a going forth, that there is a going forward. When the Lord spake to Moses, and told him to speak to the children of Israel on the borders of the Red Sea, they were addressed in this way, under their fears, under their exercises and perplexities: "Fear ye not; stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Thus you will find, that the church is under such exercises. The Lord speaks unto Moses; and tells him to say unto the people, "Go forward." Now it is evident that, in an experimental way, it is impossible for a living soul to move forward till power is communicated; till God's leading, holding, and guiding hand and counsel is made manifest to the heart. But still there is a going; "*When thou goest.*" What a difference there is in soul feelings, when in a moving state, to those days of sloth, that state of death and bondage, when a person is bound in his spirit, shut up in his heart, and his soul under anxieties and perplexities, fearing lest he be wrong altogether. Sin ever will bring this dread into the soul. The Spirit quickens, and then the soul cries; the Spirit draws, and then the soul runs. What is running? Why, the affections going out after the blessed Jesus, the only object, mark, and prize that is set before, and appears to the eye of faith, in every regenerated character's heart. "*When thou goest.*" What sweet going it is.

There is another going: "He that goeth forth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Goeth weeping. What is this weeping? This going and weeping is the feeling that the soul is brought into the very spot

where Mary was, when she said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." So it is evident, when the Holy Ghost is pleased to draw forth the affections of the heart, and the faith, hope, and confidence of the poor child of God, then he goes; for it is said, "When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened;" and what a sweet going is that. Then all other objects, deathly feelings, doubts, fears, and darkness, are chased away for the time, and the heart, affections, mind, and soul go after Jesus. He is then the only object before the mind.

What sweet feelings there are, when the Lord says to us, "Be still, and know that I am God." When this takes place in the soul, how he reads the word of God, and knows it is the truth of God. Why? His heart is in it; his mind and feelings are in it. Why? Because the Lord the Spirit is in his heart, and brings it into his soul;—sprinkling his heart from an evil conscience, and washing his body with pure water. So the children of God are not always standers still in one place; there is a going, and a feeling after God. There is no standing still under divine teaching. The soul is always going through some branch of experience. Where his heart is not going out after the Lord Jesus, he is learning his ignorance and filthiness, wretchedness and misery; therefore he is always learning something. The Lord is teaching him to profit, and teaching him in the way that he should go.

Do you and I know anything about this? Does it ever drop upon you as you sit by your fire-sides? Does it come into your mind at home, or abroad, or in the house of God? Or do you not find sometimes that your soul goes out in breathings! You cannot help breathing when the Spirit drops prayer into your heart, whether in words or not. It is in your heart as Hannah's was. She prayed in heart; but her voice was not heard. "The words of wise men are heard in quiet;" and so with the poor soul under this experience.

"When thou goest." O, what a mercy is this going! What a mercy to go in this strait and narrow path! What a mercy when the Lord draws, and we run after him,—when the heart and soul are going heavenward, that we are drawing towards our everlasting home.

"When thou goest, *it shall lead thee.*" The poor soul does not go alone: "When thou goest, *it shall lead thee.*" The Blessed Spirit leads him. How does he lead him? He leads him out of himself; leads him unto the person of the Lord Jesus Christ; to hunger and thirst, to pant and long; and he leads him to the Rock that is higher than he; for what saith the Psalmist? "When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." O! what sweet water there is in that Rock; and O to be led there, my brethren. You seem to be, from time to time, when under temptation, exercises, darkness, trouble, or distress, to be left quite alone; but think not that you are. There is an almighty arm under you. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Here is a righteousness unmoveable.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Therefore the poor soul has a Leader into spiritual myste-

ries; into divine realities. They shall know the truth. "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth." And what is truth? Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and therefore the Holy Ghost says to the regenerated soul, "when thou goest, it shall lead thee." It shall lead thee, poor, doubting soul, who standest in jeopardy, from time to time, fearing that thou wilt be left to make a false step and fall. You are not your own keeper. Lay this hope aside, and the poor soul can neither see nor feel anything. Why, the Lord the Spirit is almighty; the devil is mighty, and sin is mighty; but the Lord Jehovah is almighty. He is the invisible God; and, this being the case, he is everywhere present, and the poor soul is led to him. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee."

And how sweet to be led, experimentally, feelingly led, into the sorrows, into the sufferings, of the Lamb of God, the Son of God! There is something very sweet, when the soul is here; for what said the apostle? "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." How blessed it is when the soul is led into the sufferings of Jesus, and not only into his sufferings, but also into his finished work, the work of redemption, that complete work which he set a seal upon with his last dying words, "It is finished!" O what a finish that was! "When thou goest, it shall lead thee." And where does it lead the soul to? It leads the soul experimentally unto the great compassions of the Lord Jesus; for nothing moves the bowels of a poor soul like the compassions of Jesus. There is plenty of natural compassion that grows in the poor soul; but when he is here he is farther off than ever. But one look, one drop from his pitiful eye, will bring him back. He can "have compassion on the ignorant, and on them who are out of the way." When the poor soul is led into this compassion, and is led to see that there is a sufficiency, how it humbles him; and he says, "Lord, why look upon me? How canst thou look upon such an unworthy creature, such a vile creature, such a depraved creature, such a wandering creature, such an out-of-the-way creature as I? Why, mercy brings the soul back, and, at times, makes Christ precious; while the man feels himself to be a great sinner, the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints.

"When thou goest, it shall lead thee." This is evidently manifested again, at times, in the feelings of all the children of God, when the Lord leads them into his beauty; and as the soul is thus led, it sees such beauty in a precious Jesus, such loveliness in his person, that it is lost in wonder; he is overcome; his heart breaks; his spirit melts; his mind is humbled; his neck is laid low; and he feels that it is Jesus indeed. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee."

Now, how is it possible for any poor soul to walk in such slippery paths as there are in the world without being led? He brings "the blind by a way that they knew not, and leads them in paths which they have not known; he will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and will not forsake them." Therefore there is a manifested proof that



the Lord is with these characters, and leading them through these dark and dismal paths. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." Why? Because the Lord is with the poor soul. The soul may be in the depth of trouble, and may fear it will never be brought out. But it will. Why? Because the Lord has said that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. So the soul must pass *through* it; and it *shall* pass through it. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee."

O what a blessing is divine leading! I say, what a blessing; and I am sure of this one thing, that there is no good comfort, no, nor good confidence without it. The path of duty is the path of divine faith; and the Lord says, "I lead in the paths of righteousness, and in the midst of the paths of judgment." The Lord will bring all his people to be obedient, and to walk in his blessed ways.

Many poor souls are exercised in their minds respecting believers' baptism. They are tried upon it. They see it to be an ordinance of God, and they cannot get rid of it. It is fastened upon the conscience. The word of God cuts and condemns his soul, because he does not obey him from the heart. Well, it may be that you are afraid to venture. You want a greater testimony than you have ever had; you want the Lord to speak to your soul; but notwithstanding all this, if you fear you will never get through, but that you will be left in the way, and that the Lord will not be with you in the ordinance to help you and bring you through; what saith the Lord? "When thou goest, it shall lead thee." The ordinance is clearly laid down in the word of God, and it is the children's privilege to obey. Therefore, as it is their privilege to obey, may the Lord strengthen your hearts, and encourage your soul to follow in his ways. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him and manifest myself unto him." To these characters, that are brought here, I would say, "When thou goest, it shall lead thee."

Again. The Lord will lead the poor soul when under horrible temptations; for we find when the Lord Jesus came up out of the water, he was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil. He will support and be with the soul through all temptations. The Lord hath supported and led my soul through all the temptations and besetments that I have ever been in, up to the present moment. It is evidently to encourage such as are afraid they shall never hold on, that the words are used.

2. "*When thou sleepest, it shall keep thee.*" This is sensibly felt at times. "When thou sleepest, it shall keep thee." Frequently the soul appears to be asleep, in a sleepy state of mind; but what is the exhortation and precept? "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." This was addressed to the Church of God, although you find that it is applied to carnal professors by the Arminians. You will see in the word of God it is spoken again and again: "Awake, awake, put on strength; O arm

of the Lord." "Though I sleep, my heart awaketh." As soon as the Lord speaks, the heart of the spouse awakes. We find that the ten virgins, the wise as well as the foolish, all slumbered and slept. So it is evident, this being the case, being in a slumbering state of mind, the exhortation meets the child of God in that state.

"When thou sleepest." My soul sometimes seems to be asleep, and hears no admonitions, no precepts, no commands. It sees nothing, hears nothing, neither enters into anything, in this sleepy state of mind. When this is the case, when the soul is in this state, it cannot even read. It is not only asleep in the spirit, but often falls into natural, common sleep; as even the people of God sometimes, when tired in harvest, may fall fast asleep the greater part of the time while in the chapel, because they are weary with hard labour. But if the Lord the Spirit speaks to the soul, and to the conscience, there is no heaviness, no drowsiness, though the poor child of God may have had no rest all the night. "When thou sleepest, it shall keep thee."

When the Lord took Peter, James, and John, and told them to watch while he prayed, we find that as soon as he was gone, though he told them to watch and pray that they entered not into temptation; yet they fell asleep, for their eyes were heavy. Why? "The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." And this is the very condition in which he found the wise virgins; but as soon as the shout was raised, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," they were ready to go in with him. The Lord had made them ready. The child that is born again is born from above; and we read, when the Bridegroom comes, he is ready; because the new creature within him is born from above, the child's sins are blotted out, his transgressions are pardoned, and he is brought sweetly into the person of Jesus. But when these sweet manifestations are withdrawn, they may stumble and fall, and have to groan all the days of their life. This was the case with Peter; yet he found the text true. He had lost sight of the keeping power of God. But the Lord says, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." What a mercy then it is, to be kept here. When we go to lie down on our beds, and fall into natural sleep, and can understand nothing; even then to be kept, kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.

How sweet it is at times, when brought into this feeling, to commit our spirit into the hands of God, and say, "Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth;" and to find there is such a thing as committing the keeping of our souls into the Lord's hands. And has he not kept us? Sometimes I feel such things run through my heart that I can express to none but God; yet I desire to thank him with all my heart and soul; for he has kept me up to this very day and moment.

If there is any soul here, left, like Job and Jeremiah, to curse the day of his birth, it may be that you will have to bless God for the same. If I had never been born into the world, I had never been born again. If I had never been born again, I had never known Jesus. If I had never known Jesus, I should have had no desire to be in heaven with him. So, poor child of God, if you are sunk

down in fear that you will never see his face in righteousness, if his fear is in your heart, you shall see him for yourself and not for another; and not only so, but you will be with him for ever and ever.

If there be a poor backslider here, who has been left to wander from the Lord, and the Lord in tender mercy has picked him up again, brought him back, made his broken bones whole, and caused his supplication and cry to come up to God, he now walks more in the fear of God than any pharisee upon earth. He has received a double testimony of God's faithfulness. He has received double for all his sins. The Lord has manifested a double pardon to that man's conscience. He has been led to see that God is long-suffering and full of compassion, and delights in mercy.

3. "*When thou wakest, it shall talk with thee;*" that is, when the Lord, in his tender mercy, is pleased to awake up the soul. For instance, some of us, on the one hand, know what it has been to be awake up in the midnight watches, in the greatest distress of soul, trembling and shaking from head to foot, within and without, when the Lord has been communicating his judgments and his threatening denunciations against sinners. This has been most dreadful and terrible. Again, on the other hand, we have awoken up in the night, and the Lord in tender mercy has communed with our hearts and spoken to our consciences. His word has been like oil to our hearts. Our affections have been set upon things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Our souls have been sweetly led out unto him, and the Lord has sweetly smiled down upon us. The poor soul knows what it is to be awaked up naturally and spiritually, and for the Lord to talk with him as a man talks with his friend; communing with him, bringing a sweet word into his heart, and letting a promise drop into his soul. How sweet and precious it is. I know very well it may last for only two or three minutes, or it may last for hours.

Whilst in the body we are sometimes in deep soul exercise, sometimes with love in the heart, and sometimes under temptation; yet notwithstanding, "when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee." What a wonder it is that God should ever stoop so low, as to look upon a poor sinner, and say, "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And when this is felt in the experience, when the Lord thus talks with us, how sweet it is! Abraham talked with the Lord. When the Lord communed with his soul, then his soul had communion with the Lord; but as soon as the Lord left off communing with him, Abraham returned to his place. It is the case with us. When the Lord calls, the soul says, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." If the poor soul is waiting for the Lord to speak any particular thing to him, such as, "Son, or daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;" O what a speaking is this; the pardon of sins to be sealed home on the conscience, to be made kings and priests unto God and his Christ, and to have the assurance that we shall reign with him for ever and ever!

Do not you find this sometimes when walking by the way? Does

not the Spirit speak with you? Is there not a necessity laid upon you, drawing you to the person talking with you, thanking, blessing, praising, and adoring his blessed Majesty for looking down upon such a creature, and making known his light and salvation to your heart? "When thou wakest, it shall talk with thee."

So here are God's wills and shalls; and wherever God speaks, it shall be accomplished. You that know God's shalls know that they stand firm, to the everlasting praise of God; for, "heaven and earth shall pass away; but my word shall not pass away."

To the poor soul that is shut up in a sleepy state of soul, in prison, and in the dark, and who knows what felt darkness is, the word is gone out of the Lord's mouth. He that goeth forth weeping and sighing, fearing that the Lord hath forsaken him, the Lord will put his finger to the work again. He will bring your soul out of distress, and you shall come up shouting, "Victory" over all your enemies, whether internal or external, whether men, sins, or devils. You shall say, "All is well with those that fear God, that fear before him." You fear it will be ill, because you are such sinners; but it must be well; it shall be well. What! with such vile creatures, such disobedient creatures? Yes; for though they feel themselves to be so vile, yet these are the righteous in God's esteem. They cleave to the righteousness of Jesus, hang upon his arm, and hope in his mercy. O what a keeper he is, not because you and I deserve it; but he keeps us because he will keep us. What a blessing that the Lord ever talks with us, and makes manifest his mind, will, wisdom, ways, and the power of his salvation, to our hearts and consciences. But when I feel that my soul is saved with an everlasting salvation, that God has told me this, and made it known to my heart, and talked with such a poor sinner by the way, how I am brought in a moment into humility, and how I can deliver up all to the Lord, leaving all in his hands. We then know the meaning of these words, "Trust in the Lord at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him." These are the characters that are obliged to show the Lord their troubles, to flee to Christ, the refuge, the only way, the truth, and the life. They are obliged from necessity to cleave to him, with full purpose of heart. When there is a divine power felt, the soul sweetly believes; it is compelled to believe; but when there is no power, the soul is plagued with the power of unbelief. Satan tells the depressed creature that he will never see the Sun of Righteousness, shining with healing in his beams, nor enjoy his presence. Poor soul, here is a *shall*. He will bring forth unto life; for "who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and blotteth out the transgressions of the remnant of thy people."

Some of you feelingly know what these things are. There is a reality in religion; there is a power, there is a certainty in it. It is real soul comfort to a poor child of God. He sees many cut down on the right hand, and on the left; and some left to put an end to their lives, while he is kept and preserved. Yes; "the Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in; from this time forth, and for evermore." Amen.

**A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE LIFE AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF ELIZABETH HOLLOWAY, WHO HAS BEEN FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS, CONFINED TO HER BED FROM AN INJURY OF THE SPINE, AND IS STILL LIVING AT DEVIZES, WILTS.**

*(Continued from page 113.)*

But, alas! being as yet ignorant of a Saviour's righteousness, and going about, in a manner, to establish my own, I soon again sank very low, losing all my pleasing views and joyous feelings. Though my own righteousness was as filthy rags, and my own strength perfect weakness, I had yet to learn the meaning of that most blessed truth, "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." Hard lesson for our pharisaical hearts! I still continued sinning and repenting, and, like too many, I strove to hold religion in the one hand and the world in the other. The idol self also was not yet effectually dethroned.

How wonderful in counsel and excellent in working is God! We are told of Israel of old, "He led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye;" designing by this up and down, in and out course, to teach us our helplessness and vileness, and his faithfulness and mercy. Thus he brought the Israelites to the very borders of the promised land, and then led them to retrace their steps; so that after traversing the wilderness, with weary steps, for years, they appeared further off from the promised land than in the early part of their history. For purposes best known to himself, he permitted me to go on hoping and fearing; having enough religion to make me miserable, but not enough to make me happy; being neither fit for the world nor the church. As yet, there had not been an entire surrender of my heart to God; and being naturally of a volatile disposition, the great enemy took advantage of it to entrap me into "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient," thus bringing additional guilt upon my conscience; in doing which, and in worrying the sheep of Christ, he has a malicious joy, though to "devour" them is not in his power. I was thus often brought to question whether there could be a spark of grace in my heart, guilt hung so heavily on my spirit.

About this time I was overtaken by a severe illness, occasioned by rheumatic fever, by which I was, for five weeks, laid on a bed of great bodily suffering, and reduced to a state of infantine weakness, my life being despaired of. I was often delirious, but, when sensible, my fear of death was indescribable, being tempted to believe everything which the tempter had before suggested—that the day of grace was entirely past; that I had added to all my other sins that of sinning against light and knowledge; and that there remained nothing now but a "fearful looking for of fiery indignation." Mr. E. kindly visited me, and spoke of the compassion of Him who came to seek and to save the lost; but I obstinately rejected all; for every word he spoke seemed only to aggravate my woe, and, with the prophet Jonah, I felt as if "in the belly of hell, with the weeds wrapped round my head."



"Law and terrors do but harden,  
All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

"Now, no affliction for the present is joyous but grievous." My earnest cry was, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" my inward distress being far greater than my bodily pain, though unable to move even a finger. I was allowed to go through the whole of this severe suffering without experiencing even a ray of spiritual light or comfort; and, like the disciples at sea, with their bark tossed on the tempestuous waves, while Jesus slept, apparently regardless of their trouble, so it seemed with me; but I am now convinced that "he led me by a right way," and am assured that, whether we are exercised with pleasing or painful dispensations, he pursues one plan of love and mercy, often delaying, but never denying, the blessing of salvation to his chosen people; for "he has not said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain."

How did I promise the Lord that, would he restore me, my course should be different, and, in the words of Dr. Watts, say,

"Among thy saints that fill thy house  
My offering shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made."

And in infinite pity the Lord granted my request; and soon afterwards I heard a sermon, preached by Mr. E., from Heb. v. 8: "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered," &c.; and the discourse could not have been more suitable had it been preached with reference to my case alone. Most clearly did the preacher enlarge on the unequalled sorrows and sufferings of the Son of God; setting forth his death as a vicarious sacrifice for sin; reminding us that God's design in afflicting his people was to lead them to see sin in its true character, and to hate it from feeling its effects. Thus he showed that we were "chastened for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness;" at the same time observing that though "many are the afflictions of the righteous," yet in due time "the Lord delivers them out of them all." Most earnestly did I pray that it might be thus with me; and while listening to these blessed truths of God, I felt much comforted; but, alas! no sooner had I got out of the chapel than despair again seized me. On reaching home and entering my room, I threw myself down on my bed in an agony of mind, thinking myself eternally banished from the presence of that God whose favor I nevertheless desired above even life itself. In this state I sprang upon my feet, seized a Bible, and thought within myself, "I will look at it just this once, to see if there is any word of comfort for me; and if not, then I will put an end to my miserable existence;" when I opened it at Rom. iii. 26, "To declare I say at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." The words seemed as if put there that instant for me. No passage in all the Scriptures could have been more blessedly suited to my case. All questionings as to how God could be just in saving one



so vile as myself vanished. Unbelief dropped its hateful head; and by faith looking up I saw Jesus as my burden-bearer. The load of guilt which, like a mountain, lay upon my conscience, now rolled away, and the deep-seated pain caused by that mortal disease *sin*, now began to abate, as well as the dread of its tremendous consequences. A sight of Christ, in the glory and beauty of his mediatorial character, now afforded unutterable relief to my mind. Amid the din of worldly friends, the stratagems of the evil one, and, above all, the accusations of a guilty conscience,—having obtained this glimpse of the King in his beauty,—onward I ran through all the plain, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" The same blessed Spirit who had convinced of sin now manifested Jesus to me as an all-sufficient Saviour; causing his word to be a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my hitherto dismal, dreary path. Passage after passage was applied to me with power, especially this, "For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) The blessed God-glorifying doctrine of imputed righteousness was opened to my admiring view, so that I "rejoiced in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I had now received the atonement." In the words of the prophet, I "sang for joy of heart," and experienced the truth of the words, "Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing;" for I repeated aloud,

"If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;  
Death hath no sting beside;  
The law gave sin its damning power,  
But Christ, my Ransom, died."

"Glorious Ransom!" I exclaimed, scarcely conscious of what I did or said, so overjoyed was I at having found redemption through a Saviour's blood; and with the prophet Micah I exclaimed, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy." My sins did now, indeed, seem cast into the depths of the sea, to be remembered no more for ever. I was constrained to cry, "Abba, Father," and say,

"Though clothed in rags, by sin defiled,  
The Father hath embraced his child;  
And I am pardon'd, reconciled,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!"

And the language of my heart was, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." Peace flowed into my mind like a river, and the happiness, yea, the rapture of my soul was almost overpowering; so that I was obliged to entreat the Lord to sustain my feeble frame, which, through disease of body and grief of mind, had become so much reduced as to lead my friends to conclude I was fast hastening to the grave. My now liberated spirit could say, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad." How did I long to speak to others. The language of my heart was, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he has done for my soul." O the sweet assurance which I had of God's favor! and

the freeness of access enjoyed at a throne of grace was as if speaking to a friend face to face, who replied with the tenderest love and compassion. He whose majesty, glory, and beauty are indescribable, appointed unto me "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I felt the blessedness of those words, "They who dwell in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" and I could now say of the Lord, "He is my Rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him."

Often, when looking back on my past history, do I wonder and admire to see how the divine Saviour, when I knew him not, and feared I never should call him mine, marvellously sustained my soul, maintaining his own work in my soul by his Spirit, "bringing the blind by a way that they knew not." Blessedly, O Lord, do I trace thy dear hand; and when my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then, even then, dear Lord, thou knewest my path and the way wherein I walked.

But O! this earnest of the inheritance made me long to take possession of the inheritance itself; and I felt sure I was now in possession of grace and strength sufficient to carry me to the end of my journey. But I had to prove that "it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom," and that it is by this the heart is made steadfast in God's covenant. We have need to watch against sudden impulses; growing thick in foliage, but not deepening in root; and now, lest the vivid, glowing feelings of joy and delight should carry me beyond bounds, some darker shades were given to the picture, only, however, through mercy, the more strikingly to set forth the bright. After walking for some considerable time in the light of God's benign countenance, enjoying such a sense of his tender mercy as at times scarcely to know how to bear up under the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" manifested, I had to prove that, for purposes best known to himself, "the Lord trieth the righteous." Severe bodily sufferings were again at hand, and soon were my principles to be fully tested. "I will (says God) refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried. They shall call upon my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God." One afternoon, when cutting thin bread and butter for tea, the knife slipped and passed quite through the "heel" of my thumb, causing such an incision that, though I immediately sewed it up, on my going to washing next day, it became poisoned; and, an abscess forming on the part, I for five weeks endured indescribable pain, never having a night's rest the whole of that time. This again reduced my little stock of strength very low, rendering it necessary to have medical advice, and compelling me for a time to seek shelter under my mother's roof, an elder sister meanwhile supplying my place. And now, having a joyful sense of my interest in the blessings of salvation, I felt desirous to exert every effort for the good of others, especially my relatives; but they, perceiving such a change in me, thought me going out of my mind; and, instead of sympathy, I met with violent opposition from my

poor, infatuated brother T., who managed the business for my mother, my father having been dead for some years. He was most intemperate in his habits; and though he had previously professed a fondness for me, finding me determined to discountenance his ways of sin and wickedness, now took an utter dislike to me. My feelings will not permit me to detail all I went through from this source. Suffice it to say that his hatred to the truth, and to me for the truth's sake, was most violent and glaring, leading him to burn my books, and even threaten my life. One instance of his violence, and only one, can I persuade myself to write, and that was as follows: He one day left his slaughter place, and came into the house in a great rage, with the avowed intention of throwing me out at the chamber-window if he found me at prayer there, (which it so happened that I actually was, and that poor fellow, for him.) As he entered the room, and I arose from my knees, the Lord gave me these words, "The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me." I felt so calm, happy, and confident, that I looked him boldly in the face, when he uttered an oath, and went away as he came, without injuring me—a merciful deliverance! Indeed at that time I felt so "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," that I could, I think, if called to it, in dependence upon him, have gone to the stake. It seemed too much for one so worthless to see and feel so much of a Saviour's love and mercy. O the pitiful tenderness which I felt for my brother; doing everything I could, in return, to oblige him, and to convince him that the religion he witnessed in me made me no enemy to his person, however much I might hate his sin; for I verily thought, in the simplicity of my heart, that by telling him of the evil of his ways, and that "the wages of sin is death," I should do him much good, and he would become an altered man. But, alas! the "god of this world" had so blinded his mind that he could not see his danger; but having spent everything, and reduced my mother to poverty, so that the home had to be given up, he went to London, and there, after a drinking "bout," when walking along the street, was seized with his complaint (disease of the heart) and taken to an hospital, where, in a few hours, he died, leaving me to sorrow for him without hope. It is very humbling to have thus to expose the failings of one so near and dear, but God knows I do it only as a warning to others. When the melancholy news of his death reached me, what distress was I plunged into! But the passage, "I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it," wonderfully allayed my agitation. This circumstance led me to pray, with renewed earnestness, for the salvation of my remaining brothers; beseeching God to pluck them, if his will, as brands from the eternal burning.

But to return. My hand getting well, thankfully did I return to my situation, blessing that discriminating grace which alone made me to differ from any. O the green pastures, the still waters, and the bright prospects which now opened to my view,—the path of communion with a holy God in a way which no fowl knoweth, and the vulture's eye has not seen! The unconverted know nothing of

these heavenly delights! But these sweet enjoyments did not last long. The threatenings, instead of the promises, became again uppermost in my mind. Through the power of temptation, I felt a great backwardness to prayer, and began to think perhaps I had been more desirous of escaping the consequences of sin than right concern to be holy. But God, who is very pitiful and of tender mercy, enabled me to see that my convictions were genuine. I would gladly have hailed even death itself to obtain freedom from sin. Thus the blessed Spirit again communicated filial fear, renewing the spirit of grace and supplication in my soul to the praise of his holy name.

I now felt a strong desire to declare myself publicly on the Lord's side, and, like a loyal subject, to show my allegiance to my King, and participate in the privilege of God's regenerate ones; sincerely also desiring to testify of the grace of the gospel; which I did by letter to the Independent church of which Mr. L. was a deacon. The church cordially received me, and the estimation I had of the privilege was so great as to lead me almost to forget that I had but just entered on my pilgrim journey, and had as yet experienced but few of the many heavy trials which awaited me. Young Christians, in the warmth of their first love, are apt to expect too much from others, and so did I, though I have no cause to regret this step, believing that in taking it I acted according to the will of God. Satan, however, grievously tempted me about it, and it was with fear and trembling that I approached the table of the Lord for the first time; and though I was not permitted to feel much of the Lord's sensible presence there, my heart felt truly grateful to him, for thus giving me a place amongst his dear, blood-bought family, with whom I enjoyed sweet fellowship. The delight arising from Christian communion is still refreshing to me to look back upon. In those days the Son of God, his word and ways, day and people, were my all-engrossing subjects, nor could I dwell upon any other theme.

About this time, an engagement which I had formed with a young man, who had made proposals of marriage to me, was broken off, because (though I trust he was a subject of grace) his conversation and pursuits seemed to savour so much of natural, though lawful things, which I called "the beggarly elements of this world." I do not set up this course of acting for others; for the grace of God in the heart is not calculated to embitter, but to endear the relationships of life. But it seemed to me that by so doing I should be able to follow the Lord more fully; and I acted accordingly, willing to be accounted a fool for his dear sake who gave his life for me.

*(To be continued.)*

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NAY, I have myself known some that have been made to go and hear the word preached against their wills; others have gone not to hear, but to see and be seen, nay, to jeer and flout others, as also to catch and carp at things; some also to feed their adulterous eyes with the sight of beautiful objects; and yet God hath made use of even these things, and even of the wicked and sinful proposals of sinners, to bring them under the grace that might save their souls.—*Bunyan.*

## Obituary.

MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE, LATE OF BATH.

(Continued from page 121).

Some time after, speaking of pride, he remarked, "Even in the house of God, how hard it is to do anything without pride. It is felt in the giving out of a hymn, reading a chapter, and engaging in prayer. As Hart says,

'Tis pride, accursed pride,  
That spirit by God abhor'd;  
Do what I will, it haunts me still,  
And keeps me from the Lord.'

Was there ever such a hymn as that written upon the subject? There is but one place that will cure it:

'The garden is the place  
Where pride cannot intrude;  
For should it dare to enter there  
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.'

And so it would." He had been reading some of Mr. Newton's letters in the day, and speaking of him he said, "If I were where Newton is I should bid adieu to cares, though I am in the dark about it now." I said, "I thought you were not very dark just now." "O," he replied, "I had light to look back through my past experience; but that is one thing, and to have the comforts of the Holy Ghost bearing testimony to present experience is another. But I cannot vaunt; I dislike vaunting; 'Charity vaunteth not itself.' He then spoke of Cennick's hymn, which begins,

'What object's this which meets my eye?'

I read it to him. "O," he said, "that never-to-be-forgotten sight I once had of him with the eyes of my faith." And again, "O that I could continue in the state expressed in that hymn."

On Sunday, the 17th, he was sweetly melted under the hymn, (given out at chapel) beginning,

"Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near."

And the words

"As thy day thy strength shall be,"

were very encouraging and strengthening to him. In the evening a friend called to see him, and, during the course of conversation, was speaking of his darkness and sinfulness. Upon which he remarked, "Yes, it is still being in a sinful body that gives strength to doubts and fears. One is continually sinning against him. But, O what sweet gospel has been preached to me from that text, when tried with sin and Satan working upon it, 'And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' The 'do justly' used to frighten me, till the Lord made it plain, and I then saw that 'to do justly,' in that sense, was to acknowledge myself a sinner and to beg of the Lord that mercy I so much needed, thus giving myself my just due and the

Lord 'the glory due unto his name,' for his great love toward such a sinner. Thus the publican did justly when he smote upon his breast and said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And, again, what gospel have I drawn from those words, 'Say, we are unprofitable servants.' As though the Lord should say, I know you are but unprofitable servants before you confess it; you are not telling me anything but what I knew you would be; and now you know yourself, by experience, to be an unprofitable servant, come and confess it. O how sweet the consideration of this has been to me, seeing I could never do anything profitable, for I never could get to the end of the text. 'You have done what was your duty to do,' since it ever appears to me that I am one of the most useless of all the Lord's children. Therefore, 'Say, we are unprofitable servants,' suits me well."

On the morning of the 20th, after having been some time alone, upon my coming to sit with him, he exclaimed, "O what a mercy it is to have the mind exercised with the glorious gospel of the grace of God. It runs through my mind so sweetly at times that I want neither candle nor company." Then, alluding to the Arminian doctrine, he added, "What should I do now were it not for the knowledge I possess, that whatever my experience may be at the present time, it does not alter it. Being grounded and settled in the truth, that, 'having loved his own, which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.'"

From that time until the evening of November 7th, there was but little dropped from his lips by which I could discern the real state of his mind, though he was generally wonderfully cheerful. That evening some friends called, to whom he spoke of the steady support he had hitherto experienced during his illness; but added, "I feel something within (whether from the enemy or myself I scarcely know) that says, 'You had better say nothing about it, for though you have put out to sea, and have gone calmly some distance, storms may spring up yet and you be almost wrecked; therefore you had better be silent.'"

Then, speaking of the devil's snares, he said, "I had a sore attack from him one night, not long since, in a dream; but upon awaking, the sweetness that flowed into my mind I cannot describe. I lay praying and blessing the Lord for some time for the unalterable covenant in a Trinity of Persons, Father, Son, and Spirit, all engaged in the transactions thereof. I could appeal to the devil and tell him he could not produce the feelings I then experienced, nor, with all his hellish darts, could keep the love of God from flowing into my heart or from my lips." In the course of the conversation, he continued, "In my musings one day, and thinking who began the work, I felt assured it was no other but the Lord, for not one in the village I then lived in, nor in any of the surrounding villages, as far as I could ever learn had the least spiritual concern, and I am sure, not knowing what was the matter with me, nor that divine life had entered my dark heart, I would have given worlds to have been in the state I was previously, and strove hard to get rid of my feelings, thinking I was in a better state before; but think-



ing, as I said, of all these things, that hymn of Toplady's came very sweetly,

' The work that his goodness began,  
The arm of his strength will complete;  
His promise is yea and amen,  
And never was forfeited yet.

Things future, nor things that are now,  
Not all things below nor above,  
Can make him his purpose forego,  
Nor sever my soul from his love.'

O what a mercy it is to be thus fixed in the unalterable love of God. What a stay it is to the mind in affliction."

Another subject was introduced, which brought to his mind a dream he had had many years before, and which he said he had been led to think much of lately, as being, he thought, now about to be fulfilled in him. He thus related it: "At a particular time in my life, when sorely distressed and plagued from morning to night with a body of sin which I strove hard to resist, feeling in my vehemence against it that if I could but get it out of my body, and put it under a blacksmith's anvil, how I would hammer it to pieces, I dreamt that I was in a house in a very loathsome condition, and was hard at work scraping and brushing the walls, to try to cleanse it. But the more I worked the filthier it became; till, at length, wearied and almost breathless, I gave up my work in despair, and, turning to a friend who appeared to be present, I said, 'O, I see it is of no use scraping the walls, and trying to cleanse this house; it must come down;' and, leaving the house with my friend and a gospel minister (Mr. S.), I saw a ladder, the rounds of which were all broken; upon seeing which I said, "That is of no use; the rounds are broken. There is no getting up by that.' Mr. S. (I thought) then left us, and went across an open field, and we saw him no more. Then we came to a beautiful park, and continued walking in a narrow path (fearing we were trespassing, but comforting ourselves with knowing that we were honest men, and intended no harm), till we came to a beautiful fig-tree, laden with figs and covered with spreading leaves. And I thought we plucked the fruit, which we ate with great avidity. When beyond the tree, was the city full in view. In the morning the dream was thus interpreted to me: The house represented this poor leprous body of mine, which I was so trying to cleanse; and I saw there was no getting the leprosy of sin out of it, nor destroying it, but by the tabernacle being taken down; which I think is now about to be done. The ladder with the rounds broken represented the law, and I knew there was no getting to heaven by that, if it was broken. The park was the Lord's enclosure, and the narrow path I felt to be in. By plucking the fruit and eating thereof, I thought we should have a fig or two by the way, and feel the healing of the leaves that were for the healing of the nations. And then there was the city—the heavenly Jerusalem, at the end. Mr. S. dying soon afterwards, made that part clear."

He also spoke that evening of the settled rest he found in the prospect of his approaching end, and mentioned one particular night

when the passage of Scripture, "I will lay me down and sleep, for thou only makest me to dwell in safety," was so sweet and comforting, that (as he also felt under his first deliverance) could it have been possible for a ton weight to have been suspended over his head by a thread, he could have lain down and slept without fear, under the sweet confidence of the Lord's protection and power.

On Sunday, 26th, he had a melting season in hearing the gospel from Mr. —; and, after service, being asked by a friend how he was, he replied, "O, it is all well; the Lord is faithful. I have had a sweet view of his faithfulness, care, and compassion this morning, so that I almost forget the body altogether." But after he had spoken he was followed by his almost constant temptation, "You had better be silent; you have not come to the worst yet; you do not know how it will fare with you yet." But in the evening he could not help referring to the kindness and goodness of the Lord to him in so blessing him from time to time, notwithstanding all his rebellion, sinfulness, and ingratitude.

27th. Upon retiring to rest, he had a particular desire that all evil might be kept from him through the night, and that the Lord would condescend to refresh his spirit whilst sleeping, which was blessedly granted him. He told me he fell asleep, and thought himself present with some minister, to whose declarations he added a hearty Amen; when such a love and going out of ardent affection after Christ sprang up in him that he was in ecstasy, and exclaimed, "O, I'll seek him, I'll seek him in everything; I'll seek him in the Old, I'll seek him in the New Testament. 'And may the music of his name refresh my soul in death.'" Then he said he thought he looked on the book he had before him, and saw a tree of a weeping form, which in a moment represented Christ to him; and, in rapture at the sight, he burst forth with the lines,

"Under his shadow may I be,  
Life-giving and life-healing tree."

He awoke with such a rich savor resting on his spirit as he could not describe; and during his wakeful hours he experienced much comfort, and lay with a heart full of gratitude, praising and blessing his dear Redeemer. The following day also he was much favored in sweet contemplation upon the dream and what it prefigured to him, and seemed at times almost lost in wonder, love, and praise. He had been many times in the course of his life much favored with dreams, which he knew to be evidently from the Lord by their effects and fulfilment. Nor could he bear to hear gracious men speak against dreams, as he sometimes heard, knowing that the Lord did now and then condescend to commune with his people in dreams and in visions of the night. But though he had been often thus favored, still oftener had he been painfully distressed by dreams from a different source, and of a tendency the reverse.

Sunday, Dec. 10th, feeling weak and ill, he took a little wine, and after drinking it, said, "O, how good the Lord is! I wish I could be ten times more thankful to him than I am. What mercies does he bestow upon me—a vile, sinful worm—above my poor fellow-

sinners! How great have been his preserving mercies over me! In my days of unregeneracy, what miraculous preservations have I been the subject of! Three times was I thrown from a horse, and laid by a month at a time, so hurt that it was a wonder death had not been the result. But I was preserved till called, and since called have been preserved to the present moment. To the honor and praise of his dear name I speak it, in which I have trusted many years, and do still trust." He was very ill the whole of the week, from having taken a fresh cold; but his sweet confidence in divine realities remained unshaken. When speaking of them, his eyes would sparkle with joy, and such expressions as these would burst from his lips: "O, his mouth is so sweet." "There never was such a mouth as his." "Whenever he speaks he is sure to awaken the soul, and make it feel; and all its dormant passions fly towards its beloved Centre immediately. There is no doubt then with the soul about the object of its love. It is sure it does, in reality, love the Lord. Then, as Cowper says,

' There if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love  
She communes with her God.

' Then, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.'

For some time darkness of mind seemed again to be his portion, but with now and then a gleam between.

On the evening of January 12th, 1855, he expressed a strong desire that the Lord would again visit him; "for," said he, "I have now sat long in darkness and the shadow of death; but I can do nothing in it otherwise than wait for the Lord. I desire to be kept waiting." The following night, the 13th, he was blest on his bed with a sweet feeling of the indescribable nature and worth of the love of God. He felt that the divine blessedness of that love was too great to be rightly valued or estimated, and that it was truly worth waiting for, even if a lifetime; also that the soul which had once felt it would be sure of heaven at the end, notwithstanding whatever darkness might cloud his path here. Still he was sure that even in this world "the needy" should "not always be forgotten;" for he had felt very needy, but had now had another "token for good."

A long season of darkness and trial now once more commenced—darkness which might truly be felt. The devil was permitted sorely to distress and bring to his poor mind sin after sin which had long been forgotten, and made it appear to him that they had never been pardoned. Even the sins of a dream which he had had more than forty years previous, and which he believed him to have been the author of, were set before him in a magnified light, and made him groan in spirit. Temptation followed temptation, with scarce a glimmering ray of saving light to cheer the gloomy path, till he began to think it was all over with him. And he felt that it was

but upon an even balance with him whether he should be lost or saved after all. He tried to harden himself in sorrow, and in feeling to put himself in the place of the lost, should that at last prove his unhappy lot. He said the misery he felt at the thought of an eternal separation from his best Beloved he could not describe; and the sound of "for ever" was unendurable to him. This snare was in a measure broken from reading a sermon in the "Gospel Ministry" No. 10, by Mr. Philpot, entitled, "The Accuser of the Brethren Overcome and Cast Down." This sermon, he said, he could not put a price upon, it was made such a blessing to him. But in February, whilst reading a quotation from Elisha Coles in the "Standard" for that month, 1855, his soul was again for a time fully liberated from all its entanglements. When speaking of it to me, he said, "I laid down the 'Standard,' and, clasping my hands together, with overflowing eyes and heart, exclaimed, 'Now from this time—from this time, bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies. Bless the Lord, O my soul, who hath raised up a mighty salvation for us, that we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve him without fear in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life.' I then began to bless the dear Redeemer, and said, 'I love the Father, I love the Son, and I love the Holy Ghost, the three Persons in the ever-glorious and blessed Trinity. Bless the Lord, O, my soul.'"

With evidences now cleared and brightened, my beloved parent again looked forward to his dissolution with joy and comfort, longing for the hastening of the day when his immortal part should be summoned to its eternal home of blessedness. And not long after, when walking in the garden, and feeling much weaker than usual, he told me he felt so pleased with the hope that his end was nearer than he had feared it was, that he smiled and laughed with delight in the anticipation of his future bliss, and at the thought of again proving the devil a liar, who had been trying to distress his mind by representing a long and lingering illness before him.

Still the subject of changes, and of experience painful or pleasing, he struggled onwards (though nothing, however, very remarkable), until the 12th of August, on which day he was much refreshed and strengthened whilst hearing Mr. —, both morning and evening, from Coloss. i. 21, 22, upon the subject of reconciliation. The sermons were very remarkable, according to circumstances then about to transpire, though unknown to us at the time; treating much of the many hard things the Christian met with in his pilgrimage to which he had to be reconciled, after the one great and grand reconciliation in the text; also how he was reconciled to them, illustrating the same in the case of Job and other Scripture saints. Little did he think, whilst hearing with such pleasure, that he would have to be reconciled, with great and sore conflict, to the most trying of natural circumstances he had ever before experienced.

On the following day a telegraphic message was received from London, informing him of the death of his affectionate and only surviving son, by what is called "accidental drowning," under painful circumstances. Feeling the shock most severely myself, and almost broken-hearted, I dreaded to communicate the sad intelligence, not knowing what effect it might have upon him in his very weak state of health. But I was compelled to do so; and upon hearing it he looked most piteously, clasped his hands together in agony of feeling, exclaiming, "O, this will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave! Would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son."

*(To be continued.)*

## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—There is a practice that is called "offering up children" observed in Surrey and Sussex by some ministers known as Particular Baptists. The mode is for the minister to take the child and give it a name before the congregation, and then offer up prayer on its behalf, but using no water; and then the parents (who are supposed to be godly) are said to have "offered up their child to the Lord." Being called to speak where it had been done by a minister that was, I considered, all the head and shoulders taller, both in experience and knowledge, than myself, I followed the example. But, as I could not see sufficient scriptural ground to tread upon, I have since feared to step on, lest it should be a trap of the enemy.

I therefore told the people that I must give it up until I could see further light in the matter. But they are not satisfied at its being given up, and especially as it is practised by men whose names appear on the cover of the "Gospel Standard." As I am but young in the way, and in a measure illiterate, your advice on the subject, through the medium of the "Gospel Standard," is earnestly solicited by

ONE THAT WOULD, WITH OTHERS, BE INSTRUCTED  
IN THE RIGHT WAY.

### ANSWER.

The practice mentioned by our correspondent is one of which we have never previously heard as existing in any congregation, where the minister and church professed Particular Baptist principles; but, it seems to us, as far as we are able to judge, to have no warrant from the scriptures of truth. Most certainly there is not a trace of the practice in the pages of the New Testament, much less is there any precept or promise; and, if we are not much mistaken, it is one step in advance towards the error of infant sprinkling.

But let us briefly examine the practice in the light of the word of truth. What is a congregation, viewed in a spiritual light, but an assembly of worshipping saints? It is true that our congregations contain many persons who, so far from being saints, make no profession of personal, spiritual religion; and so it was doubtless in apostolic times, for we cannot believe for a single moment that the congregations to whom Paul preached were entirely composed of spiritual worshippers, any more than that the wives and children who kneeled down with him on the shore of Tyre (Acts xxi. 5) were all true believers. But to arrive:

It is difficult to bring forward express passages to prove this; we are to be guided by the general analogy of faith; but it is evident that immediately after the day of Pentecost a church was formed, for we read, Acts ii. 47, that "the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved;" and it is equally plain that in the church there was the Lord's supper, for we read, "And they continued steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." (Acts ii. 42.) Now suppose that two, or three, or twenty persons, calling themselves believers in Christ, in that day had rejected the apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and church order, and meeting among themselves, celebrated what they called the Lord's supper, would not that have been schism and disobedience? And how really and truly does it differ *now*? If there be still the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and breaking of bread and prayers, and all these be attended to in the house of God, that is, the church, what is it but schism and disobedience for a few people to meet together who were never formed into a church, and have what they call the Lord's supper, but which really and truly is but an eating bread and drinking wine, without any sanction of God's word for it? It is not the presence or absence of a minister that has any thing to do with it. A church is at perfect liberty to have the Lord's supper without a minister, but a minister has no warrant to have the Lord's supper without a church.

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GOD himself, (Hos. xi. 9,) when he had aggravated his people's sins to the height, then, to show what a God can do, breaks out into a sweet promise: "I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger!" And why not? "I am God and not man. I will show the Almightyness of my mercy."—*Gurnall*.

WHEN people join themselves to a church of Christ, they are apt to form very high, and very unjust expectations; as if the church militant were composed of perfect and sinless beings, rather than imperfect beings, who in many things offend, and who, in all they do, come short of the glory of God. Hence it happens, their disappointment is frequently great; and some people, on the discovery of imperfect conduct in churches, are ready to wish they never had given themselves up as members, not considering the true end of church-fellowship. It is an institution designed only for imperfect men, and which could, in reality, be of no use to them had they already attained or were they already perfect. *He that is perfect can walk alone; he that can walk alone has no need of a companion;* and therefore there is a necessity, from the nature of its constitution, that the believing Church should be imperfect in its members; consequently they err exceedingly who expect perfection from the church below. It appears to me that those who expect to escape trouble by being admitted into the church communion have not a right view of the subject. Our leading view ought to be, to receive and impart more liberally, and this will lead to a taking up of the cross even in church communion; and I am greatly mistaken, or it is there where the cross is principally to be expected in these days of external peace and legal protection. Nor ought we to think it at all strange that many things should turn up disagreeable to the spirit of Christianity. For, were it not so, to what purpose should we be admonished to bear with and to forbear one another? If the conduct of a church, in all its members, were indeed uniformly consistent with the spirit and commands of the adorable Jesus, there would be nothing to bear, no exercise for a forbearing disposition, no exercise for God-like forgiveness.—*Macgowan*.



## REVIEW.

*A Selection from the Correspondence of the late Rev. Joseph Chamberlain, Minister of Salem Chapel, Leicester; and Sketches of some of his Sermons; with Brief Recollections of his Life and Last Illness. By his Widow. In Two Volumes, with a Portrait. Leicester: Published by Subscription. Price 11s. 6d. To be obtained of Mr. Henry Morgan, The Crescent, Leicester. 1858.*

Not many now remain in this vale of tears who were favored with the personal friendship and familiar correspondence of Mr. Huntington. One after another they have been gathered into that happy and eternal home where they are now enjoying, in one unclouded day, the open vision of that glory of their risen Lord of which, during their sojourn here below, they had but transient glimpses and short though ravishing foretastes. Mr. Locke, Mr. Beeman, Mr. Turner, and now Mr. Chamberlain, have all followed their beloved friend and spiritual father into those mansions of eternal bliss where the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne feeds them and leads them unto living fountains of waters; and God wipes away all tears from their eyes. (Rev. vii. 17.) Mr. Vinall still survives, waiting his dismissal, knowing that, at his advanced period of life, he must shortly put off this his tabernacle, and, as a servant of the Lord who has long borne the burden and heat of the day, will enter into rest and his works will follow him. Both Mr. Huntington and his friends were, for the most part, spared to a good old age, proving the truth of that gracious promise, "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you;" and having served their generation by the will of God, are fallen on sleep and laid unto their fathers. But though dead they still speak, either by their writings or by those living witnesses to whom their ministry was blessed, and who, as long as life is spared, will remember, with gratitude to God and affection to his servants, what they received with power and savor from their lips. Though not ourselves Huntingtonians, in the usual sense of the word, yet, as lovers of good men, as admirers of the grace of God wherever seen, and as pressing forward to the experience and enjoyment of the same power of godliness, we venerate with the greatest esteem and affection the memory of Mr. Huntington and his immediate friends and followers. It is impossible, we believe, for any person who knows anything of the power of vital godliness in his own soul to read half a dozen pages of Mr. Huntington's writings without feeling that there is a peculiar stamp upon them which none of his friends and followers, as they themselves would willingly and readily admit, have ever been able to reach. It is not merely the great and striking grasp of thought, the singular boldness and originality of expression, the wonderful aptness of scripture quotation, the firmness and decision of mind, the vigor and clearness of style, the lively wit and playful humor, the sparkling figures and pregnant comparisons, all which must ever characterize them as literary performances of a very high order to those who understand what mental ability and powerful writing are; but it is not, we repeat, these mere literary excellences (though even these have an unperceived weight and influence on the minds of many who from want of education or mental cultivation can hardly appreciate them) that stamp Mr. Huntington's writings with such undying worth and value. It is the force of truth, the weight of deep and undeniable experience, the close and strict accordance with the testimony of God himself in the inspired word, and the life and power in them which so search the conscience and reach the inmost heart that make them acceptable to the family of God, and will always render them a priceless treasure to the Church of Christ.

But if we who never saw nor heard him so feel his words as goads, and as nails fastened by the great Master of assemblies, how must those have felt who sat under his ministry, heard his prayers, listened to his private conversation, and personally witnessed the grace that was in him. We have in Mr. Warburton's "Mercies of a Covenant God" an account of an interview which he had with Mr. Huntington, in which he relates what power and unction he felt under his parting blessing, and that it long abode with him to revive and encourage his soul in the work of the ministry. In the work before us we have a similar testimony to the benefit and blessing received by Mr. Chamberlain from the conversation of the same eminent saint and servant of God.

"He had ever considered and esteemed it a great mercy and blessing of the Lord towards himself, that so early in life he met with Mr. Huntington's works, heard him preach, and became acquainted with him. He ever blessed God for Mr. Huntington,—that he should, in great mercy and goodness, have sent forth such a 'burning and shining light' in this 'cloudy and dark day,' when 'the shadows of evening are stretched out.' He knew well what he had witnessed in that eminent servant of God, to the last month of his life, having spent some weeks with him a very short time before his death, when he received from him those cautions, admonitions, and instructions which he never lost sight of. Mr. Huntington gave him the kindest advice and every encouragement; showing him, from his own experience, what he might expect to meet with; and that the more it might please God to bless his labors, the more he might expect to be troubled from one quarter or another, the adversary being ever ready to oppose all good. He frequently mentioned the benefit he had derived from Mr. Huntington's conversations in these last interviews with him, and that his words had been a comfort and support, a stay and encouragement to him in the many trials that were appointed him."

If such a power and blessing rested on his private conversation, how great must have been the privilege of those who sat under his ministry, and were taught and influenced by the same blessed Spirit that so evidently dwelt in and spake by him. The ministry of the word is such an express ordinance of God that he himself accompanies it with a peculiar blessing. No writings, therefore, of a servant of God, nor even his published sermons, however faithfully or accurately reported, can come up to what he is in the pulpit when his Master is with him. The sweetness and savor that fall with his words, the entrance they find into the conscience, the demonstration of the Spirit and of power that attend them to the heart, the blessing that they communicate as speaking peace, pardon, and salvation with the very voice of God himself, the softening influence that they spread to melt and dissolve the soul into humility, contrition, and love,—these, and similar effects, cannot be reproduced by our holding in our hands the exact words which, as they fall from the lips of God's servant, were attended with these blessings. At this distance of time, therefore, though we have Mr. Huntington's works, we have not Mr. Huntington. We have the sermons, but we have not the minister; we have the words, but we have not, at least not in the same measure, the power which accompanied them. It was *himself*, whom they saw and heard—the reality, the substance; we have but the shadow. When he stood up before them, he so spake what he personally and experimentally knew, what he had tasted, felt, and handled of the word of life, what he had received by divine revelation from the Lord of life and glory, that his words fell with a weight and power upon their consciences which we who read his writings can hardly now realize; for his speech and his preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; and thus the faith of his believing hearers stood not in the wisdom of man but in the power of God. From this power resting on his ministry

Mr. Huntington gradually gathered round him not only a large body of hearers who warmly loved and deeply revered him for his work's sake, but a circle of attached friends who vied with one another in showing him unfeigned respect and affection. The letter ministers whom he exposed sometimes with such keen, caustic humor, and sometimes with such sharpness and severity, and the empty professors whom he sent away stripped naked and bare of all their professed religion, naturally enough, in their spite and vexation, reviled and slandered him. He took away their gods, and what had they more? This was an unpardonable offence, and his unsparing mode of doing it made it worse. But their very outcry against him only made his real friends cleave more closely to him, as seeing in the very scorn and contempt manifested by them only the stronger proof that he was walking in the footsteps of his despised Lord, and that it was enough for the disciple to be as his Master.

Among these personal friends of Mr. Huntington, few were more attached to him or regarded him with greater respect and more deserved veneration than the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester. He had, indeed, much reason to do so, as Mr. Huntington's preaching and writings were made such a signal blessing to his soul. In the "Epistles of Faith" there is a letter (reprinted in the work before us) written by himself to Mr. Huntington, in which he gives a most clear and blessed account of his soul travail, powerful temptations, and distress and bondage under which he labored for many years, and under which he first met with his books and heard his ministry. Our limits will not allow us to give as copious extracts from this truly experimental and most interesting letter as we could wish, but we cannot pass over the signal deliverance which he obtained under a sermon preached by Mr. Huntington:

"When I came to Grantham to hear you, in the year 1807, I was bowed down with trouble, till my spirit sank within me, and, as Paul says, I seemed 'pressed out of measure, above strength;' and my countenance proclaimed to all who saw me the disconsolate and distressed state of my mind. What I suffered I can never express; I felt as if the time was just at hand when all would be over with me, and that something would take place to make manifest to all the awful state I was in. I thought that no one seemed to care for me, which added abundantly to my grief; 'I looked on my right hand and beheld, but there was no one that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.' (Ps. cxlii. 4.) In this state I went to the chapel on Sunday morning, and you preached from Hab. iii. 2: 'O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid; O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.' While you were speaking, I found a very great change in my feelings, and was very comfortable; the Lord's presence was with me, and I had some little brokenness of heart before him; but this was only the beginning of that which was afterwards to follow, for there were yet greater things in store for me. 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' saith the Saviour, 'that your joy may be full.' Before I left Grantham, on relating to you a few of the trials I had gone through, I remember that what you said to me was very encouraging, and your last words were, 'When submission to the will of God takes place, I have no doubt he will appear for you.' When I left you to return home, my heart was ready to break with a mixture of grief and joy. I had no expectations of hearing you again the following week; but God's thoughts are not ours, neither are his ways our ways; wherever he intends to do his people good, something must occur to bring them there, as nothing can hinder his purpose. 'God will work, and who shall let it?' A way was opened for me to go to Newark, which I gladly embraced; and on the following Sunday morning I found my mind more serene, calm, and quiet than it had been for some time; and in prayer I found nearness of access to the Lord, and a little enlargement; I was led out in great earnestness that the Lord would be with me, to bless and comfort me; and I felt a confidence spring up in my mind, and a persuasion in my heart, that God had heard and would answer the petition that I had put

up to him to bless your ministry to me that day. 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.' (Heb. xi. 1.) And blessed, for ever blessed be the Lord, he condescended to fulfil all my petitions, and attended his word with power to my heart, while you were speaking from Isa. xxxv. 3, 4: 'Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you.' I may say with the Psalmist, 'Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.' (Ps. xx. 6.) He strengthened me out of Zion; but what I felt I shall never be fully able to express; 'the God of hope filled me with all joy and peace in believing, that I might abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.' (Rom. xv. 13.) While your doctrine dropped as the rain, and your speech distilled as the dew upon my soul, my beloved was come, and his reward was with him, and his work before him; the Holy Spirit testified of him, and took of the things which were Christ's and showed them plainly unto me. And I felt in my soul such quietness, composure, tranquillity, and submission to the will of God, and such brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit, together with such unction, power, rest, and peace, as I am not able to speak of; but I found that 'godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of.' (2 Cor. vii. 10.) All my bondage, darkness, and fear were gone, and I rejoiced in God as the portion of my soul, who had reconciled me to himself by Jesus Christ; 'For your shame ye shall have double, and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion.' All that I had suffered before was not worthy to be compared with that glory which was now revealed; 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' (Isa. lx. 1.) The Lord was the health of my countenance; he anointed my head with oil, and my cup ran over; my soul delighted itself in the Lord; and as I said then, so say I now again, I would not take all the world for what I then enjoyed, and what I have many times experienced since; it is that which makes all things in this life sink into nothing."

There is one thing well worthy of notice in the experience of Mr. Chamberlain, as described in the letter which he wrote to his spiritual father and friend, from which we have given the above extract, and that is, the long and varied travail of soul which he was called upon to pass through, both before and after his deliverance. The work in him was not only deep, but it was thorough. The Lord never ceased to deal with his conscience till he had searched it through and through, and his own gracious work he tried to the uttermost, so that he received nothing from the Lord which was not proved over and over again. This made him honest before God and man, and settled the work of the Spirit in his heart on a firm and solid basis, as really and truly wrought in his soul by a divine power. Mr. Chamberlain probably did not see it at the time, but the Lord was thus laying the foundation of his ministry in after years. He was thus enabled to enter experimentally into the varied trials and exercises of the Lord's living family, to sympathise with the grieved in spirit, the captive exile, the prisoner in the dungeon, the beggar on the dunghill, the self-condemned and self-aborred, the tried and tempted, the cast down and the cast out. Having deeply tasted in his own experience of the wormwood and the gall, having had his teeth broken with gravel stones, and having been smitten into the place of dragons, he was able to speak a word in season to the weary; and having been in his own soul sweetly blessed, delivered, and comforted, he was equally able to comfort those who were in any trouble with the comfort wherewith he was comforted of God. Thus what he spoke was out of a feeling, believing, experienced heart, and as such dropped with weight and power, savour and unction, into the heart of the exercised family of God. By the present generation Mr. Chamberlain's ministry was scarcely known, as he was either in his youth or his prime. We

mention this as necessarily restraining us from offering any opinion of our own upon it. To judge of the ministry of a man of God, it is neither sufficient nor fair to take one part or period of his preaching. It must be viewed as a whole. What he was in youth, when full of life, warmth, and zeal; what he was after a longer, deeper experience, when greater maturity of life and a riper judgment had softened what might have been harsh, without impairing its strength and faithfulness; what he was in declining years, when much family affliction was added to bodily infirmity, and, as a shock in its season, he was being prepared for the heavenly garner. No due estimate can be formed of a minister's grace and gifts, power and life, usefulness and acceptability to the Church of God, by taking him only at one portion of his ministerial career. Take, as an instance, those two eminent servants of God, Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Warburton. We only knew them personally after they had been many years laboring in the vineyard. What Mr. Gadsby was when he first went to Manchester; what Mr. Warburton was when he first settled at Trowbridge, were both quite different from what each was thirty or forty years after—not different in doctrine, not different in experience, not different in any one vital point of the truth of God; but different, as in nature a man of sixty differs from a man of thirty. Bodily powers decline, the mind becomes less active, youthful zeal is, in a good measure, cooled, and all this change exercises an influence on both the man and his ministry. Would it not be unfair, then, to take a man of God at his first entrance upon the work, and say, "What this man now is, he ever shall be; I form my judgment of him from what he *now* is, and I do not mean to alter my opinion of him, whatever he may hereafter be, or however he may himself alter? He is a boy now, and a boy he always shall be." But view the opposite extreme. Take the same man forty or fifty years afterwards. He is now an old man, with many of the weaknesses and infirmities of old age. You hear him now. "He is an old man," you say, "and always was an old man." Now take him at another period—in middle life, when naturally and spiritually he is in his prime, his youthful zeal moderated, his judgment matured, his experience enlarged, but the infirmities of old age not yet come on. Will you now say, "I have him at last, just as I would have. He never was young; he never shall be old; he always was, he always shall be in my mind, just what he is at this present moment?" But would this be fair any more than before? He might still lack much of what was beautiful in youth, when his bow abode in strength and the fresh dew rested on his tabernacle; he might still lack the softened tone and affection, the gentleness and meekness of old age. Is it not, then, unfair to take any one portion by itself; and must we not, if possible, take the whole of a man's ministry, from first to last, before we are in a position to form a right judgment upon it? It would be rash, therefore, and presumptuous in us to express an opinion of Mr. Chamberlain's ministry, nor are we called upon to do so. But viewing the depth and clearness of his experience in youth, and judging from the letters, here given, of the continued dealings of God with him to the latest period of his life, we should say that we have every reason to believe it was solid and weighty, full of scripture—a marked feature in all Mr. Huntington's followers, thoroughly sound in truth, feeling and experimental, and, at times, attended with great sweetness and savour, dew and unction to the heart. But we have another element from which to form a sound opinion. There is no better testimony of a man's ministry than the character of his hearers. If they are light, frothy, and vain, full of doctrine in the letter, but devoid of savour and power, without a vital experience of the things of God to humble and break them down into humility and contrition, but puffed up with pride, ignorance, and self-conceit, is there



not the clearest evidence that such is their minister? "Like people, like priest," is a proverb neither dead nor buried. But take the converse; let them be a solid, weighty, truly gracious people, many of whom are possessed of a deep experience, others much tried and exercised, and others well established in the truth of God—who, as a body, can only permanently cleave to and love a ministry that can feed, instruct, and comfort their souls. Show us this people for a number of years cleaving closely in affection to one minister—it may be idolising him too deeply, and from the warmth and esteem they feel towards him scarcely allowing there is any one but he who can feed the church of God—but show us such a people, and take him with all his and all their faults and failings; we will show you a savoury, well taught man of God over them. Now we know that Mr. Chamberlain had for many years a gracious people of this solid, weighty kind, not only at Leicester, but at Newark, Nottingham, Grantham, Loughborough, Bottesford, and other places, where he was in the habit of going statedly to preach, some of whom we have personally known and much esteemed, and others whom we know by report. This we view as one of the strongest testimonies, if not the very strongest testimony, of what a man's ministry really and truly is. Gifts may draw a crowd of light and flighty hearers; talent and ability may raise admiration; friendliness and kindness may engender affection; and strict consistency of life may procure esteem; but none of these qualities singly, nor all combined will bring together and keep together for a number of years, a body of gracious, feeling, experimental hearers. To have such, a man must be able to feed the church of God which he hath bought with his own blood, and must be thoroughly commended to their consciences as the mouth of God to their souls. If then not able to form a judgment of Mr. Chamberlain's ministry, not only on account of the considerations beforementioned, but also from the want of personal knowledge, we may still arrive at some solid opinion from what we have seen and known of his hearers. And we must say, that some of the most savoury, gracious, and feeling persons that we have known were his hearers and friends. It is true that as regards the ordinances of God's house, and the nature, formation, and discipline of a gospel church, we widely differ in our views and opinions from him; but that does not and never did affect our esteem and affection for him as a saint and servant of God. We should do violence to our own conscience if we suffered our esteem for either Mr. Huntington or Mr. Chamberlain to lead us to follow them where we believe they were not led by the Scriptures or the Holy Spirit; but we view the manifested grace of God as far beyond any external ordinances. There is no inconsistency here. We admire and love Toplady, Berridge, and Newton; but that is no reason why we should admire episcopal government, written prayers, and baptismal regeneration. So we love and esteem Mr. Huntington and Mr. Chamberlain; but that is no reason why we should love infant baptism and admission into a church without the church itself having the chief voice in the important matter of church communion. Differences of opinion in religious matters must necessarily lead to differences of action; and thus many ministers and people may be compelled to walk separately who are really united in heart. This is unavoidable in our present time state, for I can no more call upon you to act contrary to your honest conscientious convictions, than you can call upon me to act contrary to mine. But, because, as regards church communion or personal intercourse, there may not be a walking together (for "how can two walk together except they be agreed"), yet there may be esteem and affection on higher grounds and an abiding spiritual union, and this is our feeling now, and ever was, towards Mr. Chamberlain.



The volumes before us are very neatly and carefully got up, and reflect great credit on both editor and printer. Many religious books are so miserably edited, so full of grammatical mistakes, errata of the press, bad spelling, and printed on such wretched paper, with faulty type and thick blotchy ink, that they disgust and repel, by their very appearance, many readers who are accustomed to the beautiful productions of the modern press. Mr. Huntington would never suffer his works to be so mangled and marred, nor to be printed except in the best possible way. His friend, Mr. Bensley, was the best printer in London of his time, and his edition of Mr. Huntington's works is to this day a beautiful specimen of his care and skill. What has been the consequence? That his edition is still a handsome library book which will last when all the cheap editions will have tumbled to pieces. But, besides this careful editing and excellent getting up of the book, we much admire the judgment and wisdom displayed in weeding out all superfluous matter. Familiar letters, never meant for publication, necessarily contain much that it is neither wise nor needful to submit to the public eye. Little family matters, inquiries about health, kind messages, expressions of regret for not writing before, and all that mere surplusage to the general reader, have been wisely omitted from the letters of Mr. Chamberlain, and nothing left but what is purely spiritual and experimental. And we must say, that there is a great deal of sweet, savoury, vital, experimental religion in these letters. They breathe the very spirit of pure truth, with nothing to jar on the mind, and we especially admire the entire absence of everything sectarian, everything self-exalting and depreciating or condemning others. From these letters you would not learn that Mr. Chamberlain had any enemies, any opposers or troublers. There is scarcely a single name mentioned, or anything personal beyond his own trials of mind and exercises of soul, with the support and comfort that the Lord bestowed upon him. We wish we had room for one or two of his letters, but our space only admits the following interesting account of his blessed death-bed:

"On the Wednesday and Thursday, 27th and 28th February, Mr. Chamberlain continued in the same cheerful, calm, and happy frame of mind, and was much interested on Thursday evening, in hearing several notes read, which were written to several friends in acknowledgment of their kindness in contributing to the testimonial. Indeed it is impossible to describe his sweet serenity and cheerfulness, his calm and steadfast reliance upon God and submission to his will, combined with his ardent longing and desire for dissolution, when the appointed time should come. He retired to rest at his usual hour on the Thursday night, apparently not more indisposed than he had been for some weeks; but about 2 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Chamberlain was alarmed by hearing him breathe with great difficulty; she immediately aroused the family, and they found him suffering most acutely from extreme oppression of breathing, spasmodic pain, and faintness. It was with difficulty he could articulate a word or two, but he evidently thought his departure was near, and appeared anxious that his family should be conscious of it, until one of them said, 'You wish us to be aware that you think the Lord is about to take you to himself.' He immediately smiled, and seemed quite relieved. On the arrival of his medical attendant, who was instantly sent for, he expressed his opinion that such suffering could not continue long; if it were not alleviated death must ensue. But it pleased God to rebuke this extreme suffering in the course of a few hours; and, to the surprise of all, he continued some days. Days of much suffering, indeed, they were, respiration entirely ceasing at intervals, and then again rushing through the lungs with great violence, causing most distressing feelings, attended by extreme restlessness and faintness. But not one murmur escaped his lips; all was patience, thankfulness, and praise for the Lord's goodness, and for every effort of those around him to mitigate his affliction. He tried to comfort them, frequently taking their hand and blessing them.

"It pleased God that some of the symptoms should be alleviated by the medicine which was prescribed for him, which was viewed by his family as a great mercy. Several scriptures were quoted, which gave him pleasure, especially Ps. xxiii. and Rev. xxi. 4-7: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.' 'He that overcometh, shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.' To which he replied, 'Yes, precious.' Also Rev. xxii. 5, 'And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.' To all which he sweetly assented.

"On Saturday he was so ill it was grieving to witness his suffering; yet, in the worst, not the least impatience was shown, but, on the contrary, thankfulness for any little relief that was afforded him. And when his wife expressed her fears that he suffered greatly, he would answer, with a smile, 'Patience.' It was with great difficulty he uttered a word, but the sweetness which attended the few broken accents, and the heavenly smile which rested upon his countenance, will never be forgotten, as at intervals he faintly said, 'Happy,' 'Happy,' 'Precious Jesus,' 'All is peace,' 'All is well,' 'Precious,' 'Precious Jesus.' And to various passages which were repeated he would say, 'Blessed,' 'Yes, precious.' Such was the extreme faintness at times that it was feared every minute might be his last; but he once suddenly revived, and by the broken expressions he uttered it could be told how greatly he was favored, and how abundantly he was sustained. The breathing was so distressingly bad through the night that the pillows were moved every few minutes; but although those around rendered him all the support in their power, yet nothing alleviated his sufferings. Amidst all, however, he still smiled, and when able to speak, kept saying, 'Bless the Lord.' On the Sunday, the respiration was so greatly affected that he was scarcely able to speak throughout the day; but he once said, 'My Lord and my God.' Then, in the evening, as though his thoughts during the day had been in connection with those words, he faintly and slowly said, after it had been observed to him, 'The Lord is your helper,' 'I believe he is;' 'My Lord and my God;' and then more faintly added, 'My Redeemer, my Saviour, my King.' Late in the evening the respiration was mercifully relieved, and the dear patient fell asleep for the first time since Thursday. He continued sleeping for some hours, and when he gradually aroused and was able to speak, he expressed himself in a way which clearly showed the Lord's presence was near; and his happy countenance testified of the inward peace which he experienced. He first observed to his wife, 'Write, Blessed are the dead;' when she finished the passage he smiled most peacefully, moved on his pillows, and was again asleep for a few minutes. After which, on awaking again, he several times repeated, 'Blessed, blessed,' 'Worthy, worthy,' 'Yes.' 'And I shall sing, Worthy the Lamb.' 'They shall cry—cry—and I shall cry, Worthy the Lamb.' Some time after, he said, 'O Christ! Christ!' It was remarked, 'Christ is your all in all.' He replied, raising his hands, 'Yes, yes; my Saviour, my Lord.' Again it was said, 'You are in a blessed state.' He replied, 'Yes; O let us be thankful.' 'You will be glad to depart and be with Christ.' 'Yes, yes.' 'You have longed and waited for the time.' 'Ah!' he exclaimed, with fervor and animation. He continued much the same during the afternoon and evening, dozing at intervals, and speaking a few words occasionally, until about 9 o'clock. At half-past 10 he was gently raised on his pillows, and in a few minutes he was in a calm sleep, from which he never aroused. After 12, the breathing became rather quicker, and the intervals of cessation longer; at 4 it changed again, becoming fainter and regular, and it was fully expected the closing scene was near. There was no alteration; the same peaceful slumber continued, the features were placid and happy, a heavenly smile rested upon the countenance; he moved not, but continued to breathe more and more faintly, until five minutes before 11 o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of March, 1856, when he gently opened his eyes for a moment, breathed a little quickly, and without even a sigh, the happy spirit entered into the joy of his Lord."

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JUNE, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## DRAWN BY LOVE.

WHILE perambulating the streets of the city, the other day, my mind and thoughts were attracted by three words, viz., "Drawn by love;" and so closely did they stick to me that, for a time, I completely lost my way, through musing over what seemed to arise out of them. I thought of the vast numbers who stand in the ranks of the mongrel Baptists, Independents, and general Dissenters, of whom, if you were to ask them individually to give a reason of the hope that is in them, the majority would say, "I was drawn by love;" which in reality means that they came into a profession of religion without any particular discipline or soul travail. Now all such use the term in an unlawful sense. It may be used in a lawful sense, and in accordance with Scripture; but even then an amazing deal more arises out of it than mere nominal professors and easy-going religious people are aware of. Such persons are very fond of citing the case of Lydia. But there is no proof to show that that particular time was the period of her conversion, or the season that regenerating grace first took possession of her heart; indeed it clearly appears that she was a woman who feared God by the company she kept. "And on the Sabbath day we went out of the city, by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made, and we sat down and spake unto the women which resorted thither; and a certain woman, named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, who worshipped God, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things that were spoken of Paul." My impression is, that Lydia had already passed under the rod, as a naked, guilty, and helpless sinner; but that it was under Paul's preaching that she was brought into the bond of the covenant, to realise the blood of sprinkling, and to behold, by a living faith, a precious Lord Jesus as her Saviour. Through the instrumentality of the great apostle, she enjoyed for the first time true gospel liberty; and not only was the ordinance which is a part of the obedience of faith embraced by her, but the fruits and effects of divine love flowed forth into act and exercise: "And when she was baptized and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there; and she constrained us."

Others, again, will say that the Lord "allures" many of his people into the gospel fold of joy and peace. Now this is a sad perversion of the word, for although the Lord says, "I will allure her, and

bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her," yet there are thirteen verses previous, in Hosea ii., wherein God rebukes, strips, makes bare, hedges up her way, causes her mirth to cease, and destroys her pleasant fruits, because of her iniquity. Therefore the Lord's general method is to humble, to bring down into self-abasement, and to make his people sorry for their sins, before he speaks comfortably unto them. "The daughters of music must be brought low" ere they can sing the song of Moses and the Lamb; for "the Lord killeth and maketh alive; he bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up; the Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; he raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." Supposing it were granted that Lydia knew nothing of a divine change until the Lord opened her heart, could that be accomplished without pain? The heart is the seat of natural life and (when regenerated) of spiritual life also; and one of the new covenant blessings which God has promised to bestow upon his people is, that "he will take away the heart of stone, and give them a heart of flesh." Now a heart of flesh has life and feeling in it, and is susceptible of the least touch; the word of God, in the hands of the Spirit, makes indelible impressions upon, and deep incisions in it, and searches its inmost recesses. These things prepare it for the seed of the spiritual sower. "The entrance of thy words giveth life; it giveth understanding to the simple." Paul says of himself, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died;" and he says, moreover, that "the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." What a fulness and depth there is in this solemn language, which fairly outvies the natural figure of a sword, which the apostle takes up, that can only wound and pierce the body. Can all this be accomplished, and no acute pain be felt by the individual? Reason alone could return an answer, "No." It is easy for a man to confess himself a sinner; but divine feeling far outstrips mere confession or lip service. I should feel grieved to discourage any poor, coming sinner, but the experience of God's people now, as well as of Bible saints, will bear me out in asserting that true religion begins with fear, trembling, anguish, and sorrow; and all who were ever brought under the bond of the covenant underwent these things in measure, according to the good pleasure of a Three-One God. Eighteen years ago I heard the late Mr. Gadsby make this solemn remark in Gower Street Chapel: "I believe all who die without having a law work in their hearts are damned, be they who they may." And long after, I heard Mr. Shorter from the same pulpit say words which went through my very soul. He was preaching from these words, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our transgressions;" and among other things he said this, "No, my friends, he hath not; had he dealt with us as our just desert merited, we should have been brought forth in hell." This was a hard saying to me

for a long time after; but as months and years rolled on, my surprise at him for using such an expression entirely ceased. When the fountains of the great deep in a man's soul (the mystery of iniquity) are in any manner broken up, the discovery of these will oftentimes force out words which would shock the modesty of whitewashed pharisees.

In the primary sense of the word, all the heirs of promise are in reality "drawn by love;" as it is written, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee;" "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love;" "No man cometh unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." The way of life is called "a narrow way;" and the Lord himself says, "and few there be that find it." Now, as the gate of life is strait and narrow, it follows that all will fall short of the promised rest except those who are in downright earnest. These have to press through a mighty crowd to get at it; and every one who ever entered through the door into the sheepfold found it so difficult to get in that they were all obliged, sooner or later, to be taken into the stripping-room, there to be made willing to part with everything they possessed, both natural and acquired, and to esteem them as dung and dross, that they "might win Christ and be found in him." Yea, they could not so much as get in with their own clothes on, but "naked came to him for dress." Ignorant men have, in all ages, attempted to widen this gate by various means and subtle misrepresentations; notwithstanding, it yet remains in its exact place in Zion, and its original dimensions are still so firm and unalterable that none but the humble and sincere followers of the Lamb are privileged to go in and out and find pasture. "A highway shall be there, and a way; and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." All the dealings of God with his people flow from love. Love wrote the name of every elect vessel of mercy in the book of life, and gave them to the Lamb. Love devised a way whereby they should be saved from sin, death, and hell, and be privileged to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Love found a divine Surety, who had infinite power and ability to stand in the gap for poor, perishing sinners, to lay his hand upon both parties,—offended Deity and ruined man. Love said to a broken law, "Exact thy utmost demands of me, but let these go their way." Love said to stern Justice, "Let me endure all the hells due to my people, and thrust thy glittering sword into my heart; turn thy hand of defence upon these my little ones, and thy smiles of satisfaction upon their souls." Love endured the ignominious death of the cross, snatched a brand from the burning who hung by his side 'twixt heaven and hell, and "through death destroyed him that had the power of it, that is, the devil." Love, having "tasted death for every man" of the elect seed, was laid in the grave that he might arise "the firstfruits of them that slept;" for it was impossible for him to be holden by the cords of death. His resurrection gave validity to his life and death, the effect of



which must have convulsed the confines of the damned. "O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction," was then literally fulfilled. Love ascended into everlasting glory, and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, until all his enemies shall have become his footstool. Love, having finished the work his Father gave him to do, he can justly demand salvation for all who come to God by him. He sees of the travail of his soul. Like a mighty warrior he can recount his victories o'er, and exult in the fruits and benefits which flow through the same into the heart and conscience of his blood-bought family. "God is love." The Father's love is displayed in his choice, in sanctifying and setting apart for his praise "a number which no man can number," and in the free gift of his dear and only-begotten Son. The love of the Son is displayed in the welcome reception he gave to his church from the hands of his Father, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me;" in becoming their Surety, Daysman, Priest, Sacrifice, and Saviour. The love of the Holy Ghost is manifested by his quickening, calling, and bringing forth to the light all the heirs of salvation. So, then, there is perfect unity, harmony, and agreement betwixt the Persons in the ever blessed Trinity:

"To save our souls were all concern'd."

Surely, then, "God is love," and nothing but love, to his own dear children. He says, "Fury is not in me." Although love is the moving cause and the ruling principle by which the Lord governs and deals out his acts of grace to his people, yet the operations and manifestations of that love are sovereign, various, and discriminating. All the children are brought to feel their danger, misery, and undone state by nature; but all do not suffer to the same extent. The period in which they are to remain in felt bondage is only known to the Holy One of Israel, "who works all things after the counsel of his own will," in measure and in time, duration and degree. But all must be brought to certain points; to know their sinnership, and their need of a Saviour; their lost condition, and their need of a Guide; their malady, and their need of the good Physician. Jesus says, "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" so that it is quite a contradiction for any really to desire salvation except those who feel the plague of their own heart. There are thousands to be found who are content to eat their own bread, and wear their own apparel, provided they may be called by the name of Christ to take away their reproach. These are nominal professors, who retain the shell, but are destitute of the kernel; having the form, but denying the power; from all such the living family are to turn away. "For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" How Mr. Hart cuts up all such shallow professors where he says:

"Hear the terms that never vary—  
To repent and to believe;  
Both of these are necessary,  
Both from Jesus we receive.



- " Would be Christian, duly ponder  
 These in thine impartial mind;  
 And let no man put asunder  
 What the Lord hath wisely join'd,  
 " O beware of fondly thinking  
 God accepts thee for thy tears;  
 Are the shipwreck'd saved by sinking?  
 Can the ruin'd rise by fears?  
 " O beware of trust ill-grounded,  
 'Tis but fancied faith at most  
 To be cured and not be wounded,  
 To be saved before you're lost.  
 " No big words of ready talkers,  
 No dry doctrine will suffice;  
 Broken hearts and humble walkers,  
 These are dear in Jesus' eyes.  
 " Tinkling sounds of disputation,  
 Naked knowledge, all are vain;  
 Every soul that gains salvation  
 Must and shall be born again."  
 (*To be concluded in our next.*)
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### A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER NOW SERVING IN INDIA.

My dear Brother in the Everlasting Covenant of Grace,—May grace, mercy, and truth be multiplied unto you, from God our Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Now what shall I say? My mind is carnal and worldly, yet my soul would speak; but I know that I cannot to any profit in my own strength. But I trust he who has begun the good work will never leave it nor forsake it. He has said he will, and his word cannot be broken; yet we try everything at times before we would go to Christ. But only when he speaks can we cry out, "My Lord and my God!" It is wonderful what love the Father has for his church through his dear Son. But when I feel myself to be such a wretch, as I do at times, I am afraid the good work cannot be yet begun. At times, when the blessed Lord is pleased to remove the vail from off my eyes, it is then I feel the love the apostle John speaks of, the love that passeth all understanding. But this, I am sorry to say, is not always felt by me. Perhaps you cannot form any idea of what a wretch I feel myself to be. O my wicked and hard heart, how deceitful! None but the Holy One of Israel can know it, how worldly it is. Yet I hope the Holy One of Israel will subdue it, that none but himself may reign in me; and to him be all the praise! If you look into the 5th chapter of Luke's Gospel, you will see, I think, my case. I am as Peter. When he had been toiling and rowing, and caught nothing, he became quite downhearted; but as soon as the Lord bade him cast his net, he caught enough to sink the ship. So with me. My mind is often full of the things in this wicked world; and I am sorry to say that I often seem to go to the throne of grace with my lips only, and my heart in the world. But this should not be; for God, we know, is a Spirit; and those that worship must worship him in spirit and in truth. O may he who alone can subdue my foul nature subdue it, and strengthen me in the inner and new man, that I may put off

the old man with his deeds, which are corrupt. Many may speak of this, but do not know the power of it. While I write, I feel as though I should like to hear some one speak of a risen Saviour. But I fear there is not one in this camp can tell me of him. The apostle John says, "Ye need not that any man teach you." But depend upon it that where two or three are near each other, there is great happiness derived from it; and so I have found it since my brethren left me, some four months since. Still I hope that he who has kept me through that time will keep me for the time to come; for I am a poor stammering child; I know not how to ask for anything aright. But he whom alone we can trust, only can teach me how to ask and what to ask for in his own name, and give me faith to believe in his promise; for you know that nothing less than himself will suffice a poor sinner. Only when we are brought to feel our need do we cry for help; but we never cry in vain; for he is more ready to hear than we are to pray. If it is the will of God that I should be spared to come home to my native land, I hope to meet you, and tell you of his great love wherewith he has loved me.

I would ask you, my brethren, to pray for us; for we need your prayers in these troublous times. What more shall I say? I will try a little news of the land; but that is not favorable at present. You know that our brother Badcock was lying here (Aurungabad) when he wrote to you; but now the part of the regiment he belongs to is ordered and gone to another place, called Asseerguhr; and where they will go from there it is impossible to say at present. But there are four of the brethren together there, so they can meet together in the Lord's name, in the Malwa field force; and brothers Caste and Trump with the Deccan field force. At present I am alone; but there are more of the army to join us, and I hope one of the brethren with them; I expect Maynard. I hear that we are to march for Mhow on Monday morning, for the British force has been repulsed with great loss there; but I hope that is not true. But the Lord's will must be done in all things. I shall be very glad when this cruel war is all over; it is more like war now than before. As they take a place, and stand to give us battle; you cannot form any idea, perhaps, of the way these men are led on by a spirit of rebellion. But you know they know not the Lord, nor his ways; they know not that they can go so far and no farther. But now I must again thank you for the sermons you so kindly sent us. I received them on Sunday last at Ahmednuggur, one by that dear old saint, W. Gadsby. I was happy to see you have received some of Brother Richardson's tracts from him; but how to thank you for your kindness I know not, and must leave it to our Lord and Master; and so I will say good night for the present, for a night in bed is what I don't often get just now. But I hope that the Author of all good gifts will bless us more and more in the knowledge of himself, and keep us under the shadow of his wings. This is the prayer of

Your unworthy Brother in Christ,

S. SHELLEY,

Camp, Aurungabad, Dec. 5, 1857.

H.M. 14th Light Dragoons.

## MIRACLES NOT CEASED.

My dear Sir,—I feel inclined, as the Lord shall enable me, to give you a line or two on the Lord's gracious goodness to a poor, sinful worm. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." What a mercy it is to be enabled thus to acknowledge the Lord, and to commit our way unto him by prayer and supplication; but above all, to think that he bears with us, and rests in his love, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" to see his hand in every dispensation, and to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." This affliction of body, under which I have been laboring now for several months, I saw approaching long before it came, and from the first was enabled to receive it as coming from the Lord, as his chastening hand. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." What a mercy to be chastened by the Almighty, and not to be suffered to go on in sin, to the neglecting of a throne of grace and God's word. In my former days I was much favored of the Lord. I had, indeed, many trials and temptations, but I knew the value of prayer and a throne of grace, and had many special and gracious answers to my poor petitions. My conscience was kept tender; I was preserved from the world and its spirit; lived near to God; and what I received from the Lord I received in answer to prayer. But in later years, having come in contact with professors, and professors only, I became "snared in holes." The enemy knew how to entangle and entrap; and thus my poor soul has been ensnared, my heart hardened, my conscience seared, sin looked upon as not such a sinful thing, a throne of grace slighted, the word of God neglected, and the saints of God shunned. "If my people forsake my ways, and walk not in my commandments, then will I visit their transgressions with a rod, and their iniquities with stripes." I had many checks, but they were ineffectual, and therefore I knew the Lord would use means that should accomplish the desired end. My earthly prospects he kept blighting, and gave me to see that "riches make to themselves wings, and fly away." That which I was resting upon of a temporal nature by my own industry withered under his hand; and at one stroke, "my all" was clean swept away. What folly to build below the skies! And why all this? To teach me to live by faith for temporals as well as spirituals. And what supplies are so sweet as those we receive in answer to prayer, and of which we can say, "The Lord sent this in?"

When I take a retrospect of my life, I can say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days." This portion was some sixteen years ago made very precious and suitable to my soul in a great trial, but the connection was then added, "and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

But to come more particularly to the point which has induced me to write. This day month I was very ill, and only just able to walk across the house; the fever was very high, my tongue black almost to the tip; my friends were giving me up as a tenant for the grave, and spake of me accordingly. But I thought differently, and on

these grounds. The Lord gave me a promise, some years ago, in great trial and sore exercise of mind, which he had not fulfilled. But while I was thus ill, he was pleased to pour upon me a spirit of prayer, and gave me faith in his own blessed word; and to his gracious Majesty be all the praise and glory. The substance of my petition was this, "O Lord, I am suffering under a great fever; do thou, for thy name's sake, rebuke it. Thou didst remove the fever in Peter's wife's mother; do the same for me. This poor body is nothing but skin and bone; O Lord, for the name of thy dear Son, clothe it with flesh; restrain these bodily propensities, and turn nature into its proper channel.\* Thou hast said, 'Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name he will give it you.' " My report† will tell you how the Lord was pleased to bless the means, and how soon my prayer was answered. How wisely the Lord times his mercies.

Mr. — had taken steps to fill my post with another, and had I been ill one more week he would have done so. With you I say, "To God be all the praise."

Yours sincerely,

Feb. 7th, 1858.

E. E.

### STRENGTH MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

My dearest M.,—I feel that you will be anxious to hear from me, and of the Lord's dealings with my soul at this eventful period of my life; and, bless his dear name, I can speak of his faithfulness to one so utterly unworthy, and can say that he was my all-sufficient strength in the hour of utter weakness. But, dear M., he did not thus manifest himself till he had stripped me of my own fancied strength; till he had shown me the nothingness of creature aid, and thus driven me wholly to himself. My soul has been deeply exercised since we parted; Satan has sadly buffeted me, and the hours of darkness have been many; indeed, it is only those who have passed through these things who can understand me. Christ seemed quite gone, and fears and unbelief appeared to take full possession of me, so that on Lord's Day week, when my baptism was given out, I told the deacon I was sure he must contradict it in the afternoon, for I could not possibly go through it. I felt truly wretched; even the Lord's dear people seemed no longer dear to me, and I almost murmured against him who appeared to require this ordinance from me. I was, indeed, thoroughly wretched at the thought of giving it up; yet Satan told me I should only draw the people together and make a fool of myself. During my ride home I envied the cattle grazing by the road-side, the ungodly, and all who were not under my trial.

\* The disease under which he was laboring was *diabetes*, in which there is an unnatural deposit of sugar, from which he was almost miraculously restored.

† We have, through the kindness of the physician to whom the above letter was addressed, seen the report here mentioned, which is truly marvelous, from the diminution of the disease and the restoration of flesh and strength; but, being purely medical, it is not necessary or indeed advisable to give it here.

O the goodness of the Lord in not casting me off! Amidst all these evil workings, I went to bed miserable; jumped out on my knees two or three times, beseeching the Lord to appear for me. I sought him, but could nowhere find him. Next day I wandered into the fields that I might cry aloud to him; and when my dear husband returned from Moreton I burst into an agony of tears, for I felt that refuge failed me. In this state of mind I went on till Thursday evening, when, after the visit of a Christian friend, the Lord set my soul at liberty, turned my heaviness into joy, and I was so overpowered by his manifested presence that I sobbed for joy, and could not reconcile the thoughts of going to bed or to sleep, lest I should lose him again. I felt I could pass through fire and water for him whom my soul had found; yet something of fear crept in lest I was deceiving myself. The next morning I seemed sweetly led into Solomon's Song, for the first time in my life. I thought now to go singing to the pool; but yet but a little while, and he was gone again, and I was left to mourn his absence. But this sweet visit kindled a hope in my now distressed soul that I should again find him; the blessed Lord enabled me to hold on my way, to expect deliverance; and several things spoken to me by my dear husband dropped encouragingly into my soul. When the Lord's Day morning arrived, I felt comparative peace and strength; but my poor body had under all this been much weakened, for I could neither eat nor sleep; but the Lord stood by me. You, who know my natural fears, will believe what the first sight of the water was to me; but I was enabled to sit in the chapel, and to gather spiritual strength from the services; and though at times very faint, yet, when my dear husband came for me, I felt strengthened beyond all my hopes, stood with him at the steps of the pool, seemed to glory in the cross and shame, thought nothing of the people, who were all beautifully orderly, went down into the water with a strength not my own, and while standing there lost all my fears, for I had such a view of the blessed Jesus that I almost called aloud his dear name. The happiness I felt was visible on my countenance, for there was a mistake in giving out the hymn, which kept us standing in the water. I felt quite overcome with joy in the vestry; yet after all this I am brought to feel the need of Christ's blood to wash away the guilt of even that happy season. I could not help writing thus long to you, for my mouth seems filled with praise, and you can understand me.

Believe me, dear M.,

Your affectionate Sister,

E. H.

[The above sweet and touching letter was written by the late Mrs. Husband, of Hartley Row. She was a very tried woman for many years, was almost always doubting and fearing, had a large measure of bodily affliction, by which, before her death, she was reduced to the greatest weakness and emaciation, and lost her husband almost on her own death-bed, but made a good end. We knew them both for many years, and shall always bear their memory in the most affectionate esteem, as two gracious, God-fearing characters, who adorned by their lives what they professed with their lips.—Ed.]

**A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE LIFE AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF ELIZABETH HOLLOWAY, WHO HAS BEEN FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS, CONFINED TO HER BED FROM AN INJURY OF THE SPINE, AND IS STILL LIVING AT DEVIZES, WILTS.**

*(Continued from page 146.)*

But Satan was now permitted of God to put me into a crucible, in which I thought he would have burnt me to ashes. The words of the prophet Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart," were exceedingly precious to me; but all my previously sweet soul experience seemed only preparatory to the trouble now at hand, in which I found deep necessity for taking unto myself "the whole armour of God," in order to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Under the inshinings of the divine presence, I was ready to say with Peter, "Lord, it is good for us to be here; let us make three tabernacles;" but soon had I to descend from this "holy mount," for trouble was near in the shape of powerful temptations to doubt the reality of all my past experience; the truth of the Bible, and the very existence of God. I was inconsolable; and all that kind friends could say was of no avail. The flowers, the trees, the blades of grass, the birds as they hopped from spray to spray, warbling forth the praise of their Creator, and even the formation and wonderful powers of action of my own body, seemed to rebuke my infidelity, and cry aloud, "Verily there is a God;" but human reason, O my God, thou knowest is weak, and fails to bring one ray of spiritual comfort to the soul in seasons of darkness and distress. Thy Spirit alone can comfort those that are thine. Marvellous is the fact that a soul so favored as mine had been should ever doubt a Saviour's love. O the depravity of the heart, and the depths of Satan! Dreadful is it to "walk in darkness" after having enjoyed the light; but it may well be questioned whether a soul that never doubts has ever believed. But faith is God's most precious gift, and, however tried, shall be "found to praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Deliverance was at hand. The following passage being quoted by Mr. L. one evening, in family prayer, "So, then, we see they could not enter in because of unbelief," my unbelief was subdued under it; the enemy relinquished his hold; the snare was broken, and my soul escaped. Infinitely compassionate is God, and infinitely tender are his dealings, proving to my soul's happy experience that "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

And now, by slow and difficult though safe steps, was I led further down into the valley of Achor, there to encounter the enemy and prove the strength of the heavenly armour, having to "endure hardness" as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. This valley of humiliation is a profitable, though not a pleasant place; but whether on the mount or in the vale, we need to have the eye of faith fixed on Jesus, that we may be kept from being unduly elated by the exhilarating sights of "the house Beautiful," or unduly depressed by the



sorrows of the way. But more of this valley hereafter; indeed, all that remains to be said is an account of what I have met and am meeting with in it; an epitome of my miseries and of God's mercies.

“And though life's valley be a vale of tears,  
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears.”

The Apostle reminds us, “If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?” and often, in my subsequent afflictions, have I thought of the words of Archbishop Leighton, who says, “God has many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for polishing his jewels; and those he esteems most highly he has most often his tools upon.” Painful is the discipline of the school of affliction; but who would be without it that really believes the truth of God's word? “If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons;” and “All things work together for good to them that love God and who are the called according to his purpose”—a purpose of wisdom and love!

The Lord, about this stage of my experience, was pleased to favor me with a glorious vision of faith, in which I had ravishing manifestations of his divine presence and love, and could say, “In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.” I was also favored sweetly to enter into that passage, “But after that the kindness and love of God, our Saviour, toward men appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ, our Saviour.” (Titus iii. 4.) A blessed sense was indeed given me with these words, of the Father's love, the Son's grace, and the Spirit's quickening power. Sweet views of Jesus and of the pardon of all my sins were given me; every thought being, for the time, “brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ.” O the heavenly dews of divine grace shed upon me, worm of the earth as I am! It was nothing less than “joy unspeakable, and full of glory.” How did I pray the Lord I might never more grieve or dishonor such a precious Saviour, “who remembered me in my low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.”

How precious were the words, “Being confident of this very thing, that he who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.” “If we love him, it is because he first loved us.” But wretched pride began to work; and I found the truth of Mr. Hart's words:

“The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,  
And makes e'en grace a snare.”

I also found myself in danger of being more taken up with these sensible comforts than with the Giver of them; and to prevent this, the Lord saw fit to take them away, in order to lead me from the stream to himself, the Fountain, who alone can satisfy the soul as with marrow and fatness, and enable it to praise him with joyful lips. Far be it from me to decry a feeling religion, for there is no

real religion without feeling; but when we rest in ordinances, or even in frames and feelings, we rest in that which is short of him who is the promised rest, peace, and portion of his people Israel,—the sum and substance of all the gospel promises. O for grace to come up out of this wilderness world, leaning upon him alone, as the beloved of our souls! To follow after and lean upon an unseen Saviour is to “walk by faith, and not by sight;” and it is the work and office of the blessed Spirit to enable us so to do.

How varied are the experiences of the soul of the Christian; but we “war a good warfare,” and shall eventually come off “more than conquerors, through him who hath loved us.” Faith does not put a final end to our doubts and fears, because it does not eradicate the indwelling of sin in our body of death. Although I had experienced so much of God’s discriminating love and mercy, I became, about this time, much exercised in reference to the doctrine of eternal, unconditional election before time; having many thoughts as to the justice of God in choosing some and passing by others; condemning them for what, it appeared to me, they could not help, and requiring what sinners, without his grace, are unable to perform. Thus did Satan seek to get an advantage over me, by tempting me to exercise myself in matters too high for me. “Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned;” and is not God just if he permit this death to become an eternal death? Surely he is. It becomes us, instead of arraigning the wisdom, justice, and holiness of God, to submit to his divine sovereignty, and exclaim, with the great apostle to the Gentiles, “O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments; and his ways past finding out!” (Rom. xi. 33.) Why Jacob should be predestinated to eternal life, and Esau left to perish in his sins, and that “before the children were born, or had done either good or evil, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand,” what mortal tongue can explain? It is a deep only known to God; but no *injustice* is done. Reason staggers at the astounding truth, and cannot comprehend it; but faith believingly adores the sovereign “Judge of all the earth,” knowing that

“He cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still.”

“Secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those which are revealed [as election so plainly is] belong unto us.” Those who know and feel that they have merited nothing at the hand of God but his righteous indignation will not reply against him, but will account it an inexpressible mercy that he hath “predestinated to eternal life” a “multitude which no man can number,” through “the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.” Accounting themselves to be “of sinners chief,” and “less than the least of all saints, and not worthy to be called disciples;” remembering “the rock [of nature’s quarry] whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit [of hell] whence they were digged,” they do, and ever will confess salvation to be of electing love and redeeming, superabounding grace, and with joyful adoration say, “He hath done *all things* well!”

I cannot omit to mention here how very useful the conversation of "an old disciple" (Mr. Dolman) on this subject was made to me at this time. Let not Christians, therefore, be slack in holding out a helping hand to inquiring souls, for "a word spoken in due season, how good it is !" The poems of good old Daniel Herbert also were useful to me in reference to it.

All that I have hitherto related respecting my spiritual experience took place within a period of about four years, during which time I was privileged to sit under Mr. E.'s ministry; and it was through his instrumentality that the law, in all its spirituality, was applied to my conscience, and the healing balm of Gilead applied by the Spirit. From his kind sympathy have I received many cheering words, and for him must I ever cherish an affectionate regard, although, after patient searching of the Scriptures, I am led to differ from him in reference to the ordinance of believers' baptism by immersion, which I see to be of God's appointment.

An event now took place in my history, which ended my active service in life, laying the foundation for a series of sufferings which have been accompanied by such an evident display of the sustaining power of God as to sweeten the accumulated sorrow and suffering of two-and-twenty\* years' duration. In the month of May, 1830, by falling down stairs, my spine became so severely injured that, after the most skilful medical treatment that experience could devise, under the advice of medical gentlemen for whose kindness I am indeed grateful (particularly to Drs. Brabant and Everett), I am still bed-ridden, and heartily do I desire to bear my humble testimony to the truth of his word who says, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is perfected in weakness."

The Lord, who loves his people with an everlasting love, will have the evils in their deceitful and desperately wicked hearts subdued; and I am one of those refractory children in his family requiring stripe upon stripe. This has been given in fatherly love, in the shape of sickness, poverty, desertion, and loss of friends, as well as disappointments and the frustration of earthly schemes; but all these, taken together, are not to be compared with the distress occasioned by the hiding of God's blissful countenance, which of all other trials is the most overwhelming to my mind, inducing me often to say,

"Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself  
I were a wretch undone."

And now the Lord saw fit to test my principles in a way hitherto unknown. By my late affliction I became plunged into great difficulties and distress. Without a home (my poor mother being now dead) without money, except one half-sovereign, without muscular strength to earn any, and compelled to relinquish my situation, I knew not what to do, except to cry to the Lord, in the words of

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\* It will be observed that this memoir was written in 1852; the writer's sufferings have therefore now extended over twenty-eight years.

David, "Give me help from trouble, for vain is the help of man." At this juncture, though some of my relatives were able at that time to assist me, they avoided me, as one (to use their own expression) "eaten up with religion." A brother, however, who came into Wiltshire, to bury my dear mother, a few weeks after I met with the injury, told me I might have a home with him if I would leave my religion and my Bible behind me. I told him I would rather live in a stable, quoting these lines of Dr. Watts to him:

"Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart."

And never since have I seen his face or heard his voice, though I have more than once written to him affectionately, endeavoring to conciliate his favor, but without effect. Nevertheless, it becomes me to say, and I do say, "O that we might meet in heaven!"

Although "my mother's children were angry with me," and that scripture was verified in me, "He turned their hearts to hate his people," I would look beyond *them*, and recognise the hand, the wisdom, and the love, of him who appointed me this sharp trial. This was permitted of the Lord to cause me to trust in himself alone; though often, at the time, (as he says) "what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." His voice to all his chosen is, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" and though at times despondency worked in my mind, and I was ready to say, with the unbelieving lord, when plenty was prophesied of in time of famine, "If God would make windows in heaven might such a thing be" as that I should be provided for, at other times I was comforted by thinking of the fowls of the air, which neither have storehouse nor barn, yet (says the word) "your heavenly Father feedeth them." My heavenly Father had designed to keep me helpless and dependent for the display of his own power and goodness in providing for me in his own time and way. This he did by inclining my former master and mistress (Mr. and Mrs. W.) to afford me a present shelter; and though, from the circumstance of their having a large business and three young children, the home was not so quiet as was desirable for me, kindly did they treat me, and used their influence to get me into the Salisbury Infirmary, in which they were ultimately successful. But, alas! how enveloped in darkness and gloom was my mind at times during this interval. How mistrustful of the faithfulness of that God who has said, "Bread shall be given thee, thy water shall be sure." Often did I look on the right hand, and on the left, ready to say with David, "Refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul." This was further to divert my attention from creatures, until at length he showed himself strong on my behalf; "For the needy shall not alway be forgotten, neither shall the expectation of the poor perish for ever." In the month of January, 1831, I was admitted to the infirmary. The journey much tried me, in my weak state, but I was received with such kindness in this house of

mercy that I scarcely thought of my present misery; though this, like every thing here below, was not without its counterbalance in the jealousy of some of the inmates. Here again I experienced the goodness of the Lord. Vigorous means were resorted to, namely, blistering for the first six weeks; after that, leeches in great numbers; then cuppings, occasioning such profuse bleeding as well nigh drained the life out of me, causing most distressing faintings. When slightly recovered from the effects of loss of blood, two powerful issues, opened in the spine, were tried. The matron, who, though rather haughty in manner, was a woman well adapted for her situation, took great notice of me from the first hour of my entrance, concerning herself much for my comfort, frequently sending me delicacies from her own table, and allowing friends, against the rules of the house, to come and see me, and often ladies to visit me out of visiting hours. It was also entirely through the medium of her kindness that Mr. G., Independent minister, and some Christians connected with him, found access to me, and were a source of comfort and instruction. Thus did the Lord (for it was his doing) give me favor in the sight of all; and I am not without some hope that, through the Lord's blessing on my poor instructions, the matron was brought to feel something of her state as a sinner before God. But after having been in the infirmary for eight months, the doctors (eleven in number), after thoroughly investigating my case and consulting upon it, pronounced me incurable, to my great disappointment. Preparations being made for my journey, I returned to Devizes, where a lodging, with all necessaries, had been kindly provided for me by dear Mrs. W., at Mrs. T.'s, next door but one to her own house, and in which I spent six years of my captivity; finding in Mrs. T. and her family affectionate and agreeable society.

But while here, a circumstance occurred which laid the foundation for much sorrow of heart, because my soul was ensnared and God thereby dishonored; and on account of it I shall have to go softly all my days, though God in mercy delivered me from the snare. Although so afflicted, and although there was so little probability of my restoration, I was induced, through the kind attentions of a son of Mrs. T.'s, to listen to proposals of marriage, in the event of my being restored. A romantic attachment existed and a correspondence was kept up between us, notwithstanding discouragements, for seven years, although he was at that time an unconverted young man; and it ended at last, as it was ever likely to do, in nothing but disappointment and distress. I only mention this as a warning to others. But though, as it respects our connection, our already gloomy sky became at length enveloped in thick clouds of darkness, for ever blessed be his glorious name, who is exalted above all blessing and praise, that there was abundant evidence of the renewal by grace divine of this object of my affections, and that, I trust I may add, through the circumstances attending our acquaintance and separation being overruled to the promotion of that very end; so that I have the prospect of yet meeting him in that blessed world "where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take

heed lest he fall;" for there is no situation in life which has not its temptations and allurements. That I who, not two years previously, had been enabled, with an eye to God, to wrest my affections from one dear and worthy object, for the truth's sake, should be suffered, under such circumstances, to place them on another is humbling indeed. Ezek. xvi. 63 was the language of my heart under this humiliating circumstance: "That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more for shame when I am pacified toward thee, saith the Lord." I have wondered at the goodness and mercy of God, that he did not say to me as he did to Ephraim of old, "He is joined to idols, let him alone." O the desperate idolatry and wickedness of the heart. Although he hid the light of his blissful countenance from me, justly causing my own backslidings to reprove me, and my own wickedness to correct me, it was not until the words, "Speak no more to me of this matter," were applied with power to my heart that I was convinced it was not his will to restore me, and that, consequently, the connection must be given up.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## THANKSGIVING IN AMERICA.

"It is good to give thanks unto the Lord."—Ps. xcii. 1.

It is the custom in the United States of North America for the governors of the different states to designate some day, usually in Oct. or Nov. each year, to be religiously observed as a day of public thanksgiving and praise. Generally, a few weeks previous to the time appointed, a document reading something like the following is published, under the title of a

### "PROCLAMATION.

"A humble sense of our dependance on Almighty God for all the benefits and blessings we enjoy renders it especially proper at this time to return thanks to the great Giver of all good for another year of plenteous harvests and general health. The promise that seed-time and harvest shall never fail has been most signally manifested during the past season, while health and contentment have dwelt within our borders. For these gracious manifestations of the power and goodness of God, I recommend the people of this state to assemble together, and to raise their united praise and thanksgiving to him in whose hands are the issues of life and death, that they have been permitted to witness and enjoy, during another year, the noble works of his hands, the fostering care of his goodness and mercy. To that end, and in accordance with established usage, I hereby designate and appoint Thursday, the 26th day of November next, as a day of general thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God our heavenly Father, and invite all to unite in so meet and right an acknowledgment of his power and goodness, and of our own helplessness. In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name and affixed the privy seal of the state."

The following, however, is an exception to the general tenor of such documents. The year 1857 was an extraordinary year, and



will long be remembered by the commercial world as one of great monetary revulsion and extreme derangement in business affairs; and the governor of one of the states certainly issued a very extraordinary proclamation when he published the one containing the following extract:

“Since I have been in office I have in each year, as governor of this state, without any difficulty of law, but sustained by ancient custom, appointed a day of thanksgiving. Thursday, the 19th of this month, is now the day appointed, and I trust it will be observed. There is certainly some super-ruling Providence which has brought us into existence, and which will ultimately accomplish the ends for which we are created, not only as individuals but as a people. Nothing can therefore be lost by recognising the obligation we are under to some Being, but much may be gained.”

But I have written the foregoing merely by way of introduction to my subject. My main object is to raise an Ebenezer to the name of my covenant-keeping God for his goodness towards me, one of the most unworthy of all his creatures.

To-day (Thursday, Nov. 26th, 1857) is set apart by the governors of nineteen of the United States as what is called a day of thanksgiving; and while many are assembled in their different meeting-houses for worship in a formal manner, professedly to thank the great Benefactor of the universe for his bountiful supply of the necessities of life the past year, I desire to record a tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the ever-blessed God, for his many unspeakable mercies manifested unto me ever since I had a being.

First of all would I desire to bless and praise the Almighty for that he did, many years ago, unless I have been much deceived, remember me when in my low estate, and manifest his matchless mercy and boundless love to my soul, by giving me to see my wretched, undone, and lost condition by reason of sin, and showing me that I was by nature a child of wrath, even as others, and that unless I had a better righteousness to appear in at that great day than that of my own, damnation would surely be my doom. Seeing and feeling this, I was led to cry out, like the publican of old, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” By degrees all my earthly props were removed from me; and in his own good time my gracious God was pleased to lead me to that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness; just suited to such a feelingly guilty sinner as I was. He stripped all my filthy garments off, washed me and cleansed me, and clothed me in that blessed robe of righteousness which Jesus spent his life on earth to prepare for all his children, so that they might stand complete in him, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.” “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.” (Ps. ciii. 2–4.)

“Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes I have seen;  
Yet have been upheld till now;  
Who could hold me up but thou?”

Again. Especially would I to-day render praise and thanksgiving to the God of all my mercies for his distinguishing goodness in blessing me with another sweet love-visit this morning. Truly, ere I was aware, my soul was drawn away from the low, grovelling things of time and sense, and I was enabled once more to rejoice in Christ "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." I had been detained at home for several days by illness of body, darkness of mind accompanying it, and I was mourning and lamenting over my sad state; but before leaving my sleeping apartment this morning, when I was not in the least expecting anything of the kind, the dear Lord was pleased in mercy to appear and shine into my soul, and give me a fresh token of his love, reviving his work in my heart, and speaking comfort and consolation to my drooping spirit. The words, "Christ in you the hope of glory" came home with sweetness and power. Then, thought I, if I have Christ, I possess all things; all things needful while in health, and all things needful when in sickness; all things when in poverty's vale, and all things should I abound in wealth; all things suitable in every case while passing through this vale of tears; all things while I live, and all things when I shall be called to die; all things necessary to sustain me when passing through the "valley of the shadow of death," and

"While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there,"

I shall have all things necessary to bear me on and bring me through, and land me safe on the shores of everlasting bliss and blessedness.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

A blessed eternity I shall then spend in praising and adoring the holy Three-in-One,—the Father, for his everlasting love in choosing me and giving me in covenant to Christ; the Son, for receiving me into union with himself, and who, for the love he bare to me and all his chosen family, was manifested in the flesh, "made of a woman, made under the law," lived a life of deprivation and suffering on earth, died an ignominious and cruel death, "even the death of the cross," for my redemption, rose again from the dead for my justification, triumphantly ascended on high, and successfully pleaded my cause in the court of heaven; and likewise the eternal and ever-blessed Spirit, for his infinite love displayed in quickening me when "dead in trespasses and sins," and teaching me to pray for life and salvation for the sake alone of Jesus; and when just ready to give up all for lost, and sunk in almost black despair, was graciously and mercifully pleased to appear for my relief by revealing Christ to me as the only hope of that eternal glory which I shall be then in the full possession of. Thus the all-wise and unchangeable Jehovah will get for his everlasting love to unworthy me an everlasting song of adoration and praise.

New York City.

J. AXFORD.

## Obituary.

### MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE, LATE OF BATH.

*Continued from page 153).*

Sorrow was now indeed depicted on his countenance, and little else but lamentations heard from his lips. It was truly a bitter cup that was put into his hands, and he felt it; for this his much-loved son had been continually upon his heart before the Lord. Not one day had he been forgotten; but his constant prayer was that the Lord, “‘according to the exceeding riches of his grace,’ would quicken his poor dead soul.” And on the very day on which the doleful circumstance occurred, he in his pleadings with the Lord had expressed before him that the only thing he now in particular had to petition of him before he went hence and was no more seen (in subjection to his blessed will), was that he might see his only son called by grace; that he might not be suffered to die in the dark kingdom of Satan, but that he would translate him from thence “into the kingdom of his dear Son,” “in whom” he might “have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.” But now, though wonderfully supported under this truly heavy trial, the devil thrust sore at him that he might fall. And indeed it really appeared to him that Satan had at last prevailed against him, prayers and all. And what made the affliction the greater was, that the Lord hid his face; nor could he feel that his love sympathised with him in the trial. An extract from a letter, received by me whilst compelled for a short time to be absent from him, will show somewhat the state of his mind: “I have sent this to you, which I hope you will receive safe, having had one more solemn lesson that, however the horse may be prepared for the battle, safety is only of the Lord. But though I thus speak, my poor little flickering faith is more like the dying wick of an expiring candle than Abraham’s. In short, I am almost dumb before the Lord. I can sympathise with poor Job when his friends came to console with him, and sat for seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word to him, for they saw that his grief was very great:

‘ Though thou severely with me deal,  
Still will I in thy mercy trust;  
Accomplish in me all thy will,  
Only remember I am dust.’

For sensible I am I can do nothing, nor bear anything of myself. My strength is perfect weakness, and all I have is sin. It is of the Lord’s mercies I am not consumed, or if I am not to be consumed.

‘ Mercy is welcome news, indeed,  
To those who guilty stand;  
Wretches that feel what help they need,  
Will bless the helping hand.’

O, my dear child, to be found in him, living and dying, is my constant desire and never-yet-ending prayer. But I am poor and very sorrowful, and am brought very low; nor can any but the Lord bless

me. It seems at times as though the enemy had at last prevailed against me, prayer and all. And you know for many, many long years what a weapon this has been for me. But I will leave my complaint for the present. O that I could cast my burden upon the Lord! but I am not able to do that, yet am hitherto sustained; blessed be God for that. But I am full of confusion and tossings to and fro till the dawning of the day; and with all of it

‘His judgments are too deep  
For reason’s line to sound.’

‘The Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me.’ ‘O for an interpreter, one among a thousand. For ‘I am like a bottle in the smoke,’ saying, ‘When wilt thou comfort me?’ But I will leave my complaints upon myself, lest I should add grief to your sorrow.”

But after a time he again enjoyed the light of the countenance of his God and Saviour, and would often exclaim, “O, this is the riches of grace, to have salvation secured to me;” whilst his overflowing soul showed itself through his brightened countenance, and thanksgiving, praise, and glory sounded from his opening lips. Darkness, however, again crept on him, and he found it often hard work to maintain the battle with soldier-like behavior. Long and wakeful nights were the particular times of the enemy’s attacks, during which he often assaulted his soul in every part, and forced this appeal from his deeply-wounded spirit, “Lord, thou knowest ’tis more than I can bear, ’tis more than I can bear; do rebuke this devourer.”

Error springing up in the church of which he then stood a member was at this time, too, a source of deep trial to him, in reference to which these words were one morning spoken to him, “And their word will eat as doth a canker;” and truly they were painfully verified in him, till his very moisture was, as it were, consumed. Yet did he feel it his duty, as a good soldier, to fight for the truth as much in the absence of his divine Master as he would in his presence; and though these words often sounded in his ears, “If you, in contending for this truth, were doing what was pleasing to the Lord, is it not likely that you would have his approbation and presence? Would he hide his face from you as he does if you were contending for his truth?” But still he would and did contend earnestly for that part of the faith once delivered to the saints which was now called in question amongst us, to the sore grief of his soul. And now again a suitable word from the Lord brightened his path, which was, “Kiss the Son, lest he be angry.”

His love now began to burn stronger and stronger towards this beloved object of his affections, and with vehemence he exclaimed, “No, no! the love shall not be all on one side; it shall not only be ‘Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,’ but I also will kiss him. Whenever I can find him, I will kiss him. I’ll kiss him in his eternal Sonship, I’ll kiss him in his birth, I’ll kiss him in his sufferings and death, I’ll kiss him in his resurrection and ascension; in whatever character I can find him in the Scriptures I will kiss

him, for I do love, adore, and worship him; nor shall any rob me of him finally, though they have been trying hard to spoil my resting-place." Again the Lord's mercy was the theme of his song, and the joy of his heart. That mercy which had delivered him from evil and his feet from falling, had led him about and instructed him, established him in the truth, and kept him from confederacy with error, was greatly extolled. Under such feelings he walked his room, and begged the Lord not to lay the sin of the grievous error which had so distressed the minds of some of his children to the charge of the individuals who had introduced it, but to bring them to repentance for it, and a forsaking thereof in this life, and that he would grant them his pardoning mercy; for he could not bear to think of the consequences of their dying in their delusion.

"Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God," could not be said of Joseph Brimble, for change of experience still often clouded or brightened his path. Sometimes nature and the enemy seemed to prevail strongly against him, causing his gradually wasting body to bow beneath the inward pressure; at others, grace prevailed, lifting his downcast countenance upwards, and giving him faith to "call to remembrance the former days, in which, after he was illuminated, he endured a great fight of afflictions, partly whilst he was made a gazing-stock, both by reproaches and afflictions;" thus strengthening and refreshing him, so that he could attend to the exhortation of the apostle, "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward," feeling that he had need of patience, that after he had done the will of God he might receive the promise; and that in a little while he whom he so much desired to come would come, and would not tarry. And then when the desire did come, he found it a tree of life, causing a healthy soul, though in an unhealthy body, to magnify the Lord, new songs to break from his lips, and vanquished foes to gather themselves together and fly to their lurking-places.

Sunday morning, Dec. 7th, 1856, this passage of Scripture dropped into his thirsty soul with great sweetness, "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips." With astonished faith he exclaimed, as the sweetness of the text diffused itself through his spirit, "Fairer! O yes, there never was so fair a person, for he was God and man in one glorious Person, Immanuel, God with us. 'Grace is poured into his lips,' and 'out of his fulness have we received, and grace for grace.'" He said the heavenly touch he felt was past describing, for in the trying to relate it, it was "like wine that lost its taste, exposed to open air;" but that he felt, had he been then dying, as fit for heaven as he could be. Not long after this heavenly feeling, a circumstance was presented to his mind of a boyish trick of his done in childhood, and ere he was aware of it, a smile was drawn from him at the remembrance of it. The devil now immediately tried to cast a veil over his felt fitness for heaven, and to bring him in a guilty, condemned wretch, on account of that smile which he had wrested from him. And indeed, greatly self-condemned, he was compelled to fly to the fountain of his blood,

and beg and implore the cleansing application thereof to his wounded conscience. This gave him another distinct view of the two natures in a believer, the flesh and the spirit; and that "that which is of the flesh is flesh, and that which is of the spirit is spirit."

On the 18th, feeling very weak, he seemed to be more strongly reminded of his approaching end, and in a solemn but sweet frame of mind said, "O what a mercy not to be left to hardness of heart now in the eventide of life, but to feel touches of love and meltings of heart, with a crumbling sense of mercy at the remembrance of his name, so that I can hardly quote a hymn without a brokenness of feeling." This hymn he spoke of as expressing exactly the vision of faith he had 44 years since this month (Dec.):

"So fair a face bedew'd with tears."

"O," said he, "that never-to-be-forgotten vision, after nearly 18 months' hard bondage under the law, makes the remembrance of this month sweet to me. July and December are ever two memorable months with me. I was quickened into spiritual life July, 1811, and lay under the sentence of death with the arrows of the Almighty sticking fast in me, feeling 'He was turned to be their enemy, therefore he fought against them,' until Dec., 1812, when it pleased the Lord to set my soul at happy liberty. Then did my soul go forth in the dances of them that make merry; then did the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. Now I feel I am a dying man, and I solemnly feel the truth of God precious unto me. Mortals are nothing to me now. What would the testimony of man avail me on that bed to which I must shortly come? But O, to have the testimony of the Holy Ghost then, and of a good conscience, is what I desire; and the hope of its being granted me at such a time is sweet to me now."

Gradually declining in strength of body, but blessed with many sweet renewings of the inward man, also plagued at times by his unwearied adversary the devil, he reached March, 1857, when a decided change for the worse was apparent; but though not enjoying that sensible comfort he desired, still his faith was unshaken. On Sunday, the 29th, some friends came to see him, with whom his conversation was sweet, Jesus being the theme. "Christ," he said, "is the Rock upon which I have built for nearly 46 years, and I find it does not give way now. He is a rock, his work is perfect. Christ is the eternal Rock on which his church is built. Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone. But he is to be a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel; for they stumbled at that stumbling-stone. O what a miserable man I should now be if I held any error respecting his Person. But now, through mercy, upon lying down at night I can appeal to God and say, 'O God the Father, thou knowest that I love thee; O God the Son, thou knowest that I love thee; O God the Holy Ghost, thou knowest that I love thee.' Three distinct persons in the one Israel's Lord God." He then gave some little advice respecting the cause of truth recently opened; wished it prosperity in the name of the Lord, and



said, "You will have my dying prayers, I hope, for the welfare, peace, and prosperity of you all." Upon leaving, one of the friends (a minister from a distance) said, "I should be glad to see you again, if it be the Lord's will." "No," was the reply; "I feel I am taking a final farewell of you;" and he pronounced a heartfelt blessing upon him. The friend said, "May the Lord be with and support you to the end." He answered, "I believe he will."

The following Lord's Day he was again visited by several friends. They asked him how he was; to whom he replied, "Gradually sinking, but it is well in soul. O how great is his mercy; the remembrance of his mercies towards me melts me before him. He is a Rock, his work is perfect. These words have been very sweet to me:

'And takes to glory  
All who meet for glory are.'

There must," he continued, "be a meetness for glory; and the whole work of the Lord with a sinner, from first to last, is to produce that necessary meetness for a soul to become an inhabitant of a glorified inheritance. O what indescribable glory I have seen lately in these lines:

'And scenes of bliss for ever new  
Rise in succession to their view.'

Bliss for ever new; who can comprehend what that will be? Scenes of bliss continually rising before one's astonished view. 'For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE devil sends faithless fear first and foremost, and then brings up his army. No trouble has been found to be deadly to God's people till first slavish fear has killed, wounded, and weakened them; therefore our Lord cautions against this killing enemy, slavish fear. "Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer."—*Ralph Erskine.*

OUR faith, in reference to dispensation, is to do two things: 1st. To believe in general. Though dispensation be rough, stormy, black, yet Christ is fair, sweet, gracious; and, that hell and death are servants to God's dispensation toward the children of God. Abraham must kill Isaac; yet in Isaac, as in the promised seed, all the nations of the earth are blessed. Israel is foiled, and falleth before the men of Ai; yet Israel shall be saved by the Lord. Judah shall go into captivity, but the dead bones shall live again. Read the promise in general, engraved upon the dispensation of God. Garments are rolled in blood in Scotland and England. The wheels of Christ's chariot, in this reformation, go with a slow pace. The prince is averse to peace, many worthies are killed, a foreign nation cometh against us; yet all worketh for the best to those that love God. 2. Hope biddeth us to await the Lord's event. We see God's work; it cometh to our senses; but the event that God bringeth out of his work lieth underground. Dispensation is as a woman travailing in birth, and crying out for pain; but she shall be delivered of two men-children,—Mercy to the people of God, Justice to Babylon. Wait on till the woman bring forth, though you see not the children.—*Rutherford.*

## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir—Believing you to have a deep and heartfelt interest in the spiritual welfare of Zion, and that anything you may conceive as adapted to accomplish such an end you would be ready to communicate, through the pages of your valuable magazine, I have written for your views and advice on matters which, to my own mind, are to be deplored, and in which an alteration for the better is needed. The first thing I would bring before you is, the very irregular observance of the Lord's Supper by churches having no settled pastor over them. I would ask, Is it proper for churches, under such circumstances, to wait for months without attending to the ordinance, merely because they want a more than ordinary Supply to administer it unto them? Do they not, by so doing, wrong themselves and also their constant Supplies, who would be glad to remain at home on such occasions, but who for the sake of others go out to labor amongst them, whilst by being thus treated they sacrifice a privilege, one of the sweetest they here enjoy, and are not able but seldom to obey the command of their dying Lord, "Do this in remembrance of me?"

Another thing I have to ask is, whether in our public worship we should leave the leading of the singing part in the hands of unconverted characters? and whether both church and choir do not stand condemned in the matter?

My last request is, that you would point out to our churches the importance of church discipline being attended to when required, and their best mode of proceeding with it. I have seen the baneful influence of its neglect, and also of its being attended to in an unscriptural way. Some there are who have been suspended from membership for years, concerning whose case there has been no decision come to by the church, who occupy a sort of middle station between the church and the world—neither received back into the church, nor yet finally rejected by them. Others there are, whilst professing themselves Baptists, can allow Pædobaptists (for what ends God knoweth) to sprinkle their children, and yet remain members of a Particular Baptist church, holding the views of strict communion.

If, dear Sir, you should at your leisure deem all or either of these things worthy your notice, I think it not improbable but that God's Zion may be benefited and God's glory promoted by the reflections you may offer concerning them.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

A LOVER OF GOSPEL ORDER AND CONSISTENCY.

## ANSWER.

We love gospel order as well as our correspondent; but are well satisfied in our own mind that it does not consist in a mere obedience to certain rules and a subjection to a certain discipline, however good or scriptural, but must be maintained by the power of the Spirit and the influence of his grace upon the heart. Viewed in that light, gospel order is a choice fruit of the Spirit and clearly manifests that the church

in which it is maintained is living under the teaching and blessing of God. Thus Paul, writing to that highly favored church "the saints and faithful brethren in Christ at Colosse," says, "Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and *beholding your order*, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." (Col. ii. 5.) He rejoiced at beholding their order, not because it was an outside, letter obedience to the rules of the church, but because it sprang from the steadfastness of their faith in Christ, and was therefore a walking orderly with one another because they walked believably with him. All other order is the shell; this and this only is the kernel. But that gospel order is acceptable to the Lord Jesus Christ is most evident, not only from his own precepts and example in the New Testament, but from various expressions in that Song of loves where he commends his bride for the possession of it. "I have compared thee," he says, "O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots;" the beauty of which mainly consisted in their being well matched, well paired, well broken, well bitted, and well pulling together. (Song Sol. i. 9.) He tells her also that she is "terrible as an army with banners;" (vi. 4;) the force and strength of which chiefly consist in the order with which the ranks are maintained, or the banners would be a mass of confusion. He also compares her teeth to "a flock of sheep which go up from the washing," all moving together in one harmonious flock. Thus we see that a church of Christ can never flourish without the maintenance of gospel order, which consists in the due observance of the ordinances of God's house, in the administration of gospel discipline, in the obedience and submission of the members to those that have the rule over them, (Heb. xiii. 17,) in the subjection of the whole body one to another, from being all clothed with humility, (1 Pet. v. 5,) and in each looking not on his own things but also on the things of others, and especially those which make for peace. (Phil. ii. 4, Rom. xiv. 19.) Unless this spirit be in the churches of the saints, mere outward order will bring little glory to God or little good to man. But on the other hand, the want of gospel order is a proof of grace being at a low ebb in the church, for the ordinances of God's house would not be neglected, nor would other evils inseparable from loose discipline be rife if grace were bringing forth its blessed fruits. Having dropped these general reflections on the nature of gospel order as a fruit of the Spirit as distinguished from mere attending to church rules and regulations, we will now look at the first of the inquiries before us.

1. First, then, as to the *regular observance of the Lord's Supper*. This we consider highly desirable, not that we attach any importance to times and seasons, but as viewing evils that usually if not necessarily spring out of their neglect. When the ordinance of the Lord's Supper is administered regularly, the time becomes well known to the members of the church. It often happens that members live at a distance, nor is it always convenient for them to attend every Lord's Day. They may have no conveyance of their own, and the distance may be either too great to walk, or they may not have the health and strength to do so. There is therefore great disappointment experienced by them when they have made arrangements, and gone perhaps to some expense in procuring a conveyance, and have come in the full expectation of sitting down to the ordinance, to find it is not attended to, but is put off because some favorite Supply has not come, or it is not his Lord's Day. But again, others besides those who live at a distance have most probably been lifting up their hearts to the Lord that he would meet with them at the breaking of bread, and they have come with a hope and expectation of getting the blessing which they have been praying for. But

if there be no ordinance, because it has been put off for some such reason as is named by our correspondent, or because there is a general laxity and uncertainty about it altogether, their prayers seem to have fallen to the ground, and Satan and unbelief may tempt them to believe that God does not hear their petitions, or there would not have been this disappointment. Laxity in one thing also often leads to laxity in another, until by degrees all order and discipline are lost, which unruly members take advantage of to throw the church into confusion immediately that the loose reins are gathered up, and thus, like children spoiled by indulgence, they become eventually too wilful and headstrong to be controlled by any discipline whatever. Besides which, if this irregularity often occur, how can members be reproved by the deacons for absenting themselves from the ordinance when the answer is so ready, "Why you are so irregular, that I never know when it is to be administered or not?"

But the case mentioned by our correspondent goes even beyond this. As he states it, it looks very much in our eyes as a piece of systematic favoritism. Where the pulpit is occupied by Supplies, there is a great tendency to favoritism; in fact it is unavoidable, as different men will have different gifts, and greater or less acceptability with the people. But this favoritism which is scarcely avoidable in the pulpit should certainly not be carried to the Lord's table. There must be no favorites there, whether ministers or members. Surely we are not going to set up gifts in the administering of the Lord's Supper, and say, "I want my favorite Supply to break bread for me, as I do not consider anybody else fit to do it. He may be fit enough to preach, but not fit enough to break bread to the church." Surely no one who fears God and has a right view of the Lord's Supper would use such language openly and deliberately. And yet what other language is really used when a church will not allow a simple, honest, God-fearing Supply to break bread to them, because on the next Lord's Day, or on that day fortnight, they are expecting a man who may have greater gifts, but not perhaps as much grace as the Supply whom they tacitly set aside as unfit to break bread to them? We should say, therefore, to those churches which have not a settled pastor, "Have the ordinance as regularly as you well can, and let the Supply who is with you that day break bread; it may be the means of cementing a spirit of love and union to him, and showing him that the church esteems him for his works' sake quite as much as any of his more gifted brethren."

The two other questions both require a larger space for consideration than we can give in our present Number, being much straitened for room, but we hope (D.V.) to examine them on a future occasion.

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THE heaviest afflictions this side hell are less, far less, than my iniquities have deserved.—*Berridge*.

ALL human righteousness is imperfect; and to suppose that God, whose judgment is always according to truth, will, by a paltry commutation, which he every where disclaims, and which the majesty of his law forbids, be put off with not only a defective, but even a polluted obedience, and justify men by virtue of such a counterfeit (at most a partial) conformity to his commandments; to imagine that the law accommodates itself to human depravation, and,ameleon-like, assumes the complexion of the sinners with whom it has to do, is Antinomianism of the grossest kind. It represents the law as hanging out false colors, and insisting on perfection, while, in fact, it is little better than a formal patent for licentiousness, and degrades the adorable Law-giver himself into a conniver at sin.—*Toplady*.

## REVIEW.

*A Short Account of the Life and Conversion of Sukey Harley, of the parish of Pulverbach, near Shrewsbury. Taken from her lips by the late Rector's Daughter. In Two Parts. Part Second. London: Simpkin and Marshall.*

THE Sovereignty of God is a great, an unfathomable depth, and needs ever to be approached by the saints and servants of the Most High with trembling steps, and looked at and into with believing, reverent eyes. "My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments;" "My heart standeth in awe of thy word;" "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Such is the frame of soul in vital experience, however in our day little known and less regarded, in which it becomes "those that are escaped of Israel" (Isa. iv. 2) to look at the sovereign good pleasure of Jehovah in "doing according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." Many fight, with all the desperate enmity and rebellion of the carnal mind, against the bare idea that all men and all things are at the sovereign disposal of the great God of heaven and earth; and others, who are not thus held down hard and fast in the chains of rebellion and error, hold the doctrine of divine sovereignty, if not in unrighteousness, at least in a carnal, presumptuous spirit, which plainly shows that they never learned it feelingly and experimentally in their own souls under the teaching and unction of the Holy Ghost. It is hard, perhaps, to say which of the two is the more repulsive to the spiritual mind—the daring denial of the rebellious Arminian, or the flippant boldness of the dead Calvinist. Error is hateful, but truth in a hardened conscience is awful. The grand and glorious truths which are revealed in the word of God are to be received not as mere speculative doctrines into the natural judgment and reasoning mind, but into the tender heart and living conscience, as the gracious unfolding of the mind and counsel, the will and wisdom of Him who is "greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him." And surely of all truths revealed in the Scriptures none is more to be regarded with trembling awe and holy reverence than the sovereignty of Jehovah in electing some to eternal life and appointing others to eternal destruction. We believe this on the authority of Him who cannot lie; but when we look up into heaven, and see its unspeakable bliss and glory, and look down into hell and view its ever-burning flames, we may well pause and say, "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." (Ps. lxxvii. 19.) There are those who seem almost to exult in a carnal spirit over the destruction of the reprobate. There is, indeed, a solemn submission to, and a believing acquiescence in the sovereign will of the Judge of all the earth, knowing that he must do right, as Aaron "held his peace" when fire from the Lord went out and devoured his two sons, Nadab and Abihu. (Lev. x. 2, 3.) Nay, more, there is a holy joy in the conquest of the Lamb over his enemies, as expressed in the words, "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her;" (Rev. xviii. 20;) and, "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might." (Judges v. 31.) But this is a very different feeling from a carnal exultation over the lost, which shows a state of mind, to say the least of it, the exact opposite of Paul's "great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart" for his unbelieving brethren, (Rom. ix. 2,) and breathes a language



very unlike the prayer of Moses, "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." (Exodus xxxii. 32.) Who can think, without grief and sorrow of heart, upon a dear parent, child, or husband departed without any evidence of a work of grace upon the soul? When you awake at midnight and think of the departed one, where is your exultation over those fixed decrees which determined his eternal state? Submission there may be and should be to the will of God; but a man must be a very heathen—"without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful," (Rom. i. 31,) who has neither sigh nor tear for his own flesh, at the thought of their eternal woe.

It is when we look at the sovereignty of God on what we may perhaps call its *bright* side—its merciful and gracious aspect, as plucking innumerable brands out of the fire, and especially when the decree of election turns its smiling face upon us, that we can rejoice in it, and admire and adore the electing love of God in delivering our souls from the bottomless pit. And not only we who have been made alive from the dead, but every regenerate soul is a living witness of the sovereignty of grace. There is not, there never was, there never will be a manifested vessel of mercy, who is not a monument of the sovereign electing, redeeming, regenerating, and preserving love of a Triune Jehovah; and this every saint of God feels when mercy visits his heart and he is sealed by the Holy Ghost unto the day of redemption. "Why me? why me?" must ever be the wondering, admiring, adoring cry of every child of God when blessed with a feeling, appropriating sense of his personal interest in the precious blood and love of the Lamb. But there are instances which seem to shine forth with peculiar lustre, and to stand out beyond the usual dealings of God as prominent examples of the sovereignty of his eternal love. As in a garden every flower may be beautiful in its kind, and all were planted by the same gardener's hand to deck and adorn his beds, but there may be some which strike the eye as more signal in beauty of shape and brightness of color than the other occupants of the border, so in the church of God there are trees of his right hand planting which display more conspicuously than others the wonders of his sovereign, distinguishing grace. Saul of Tarsus and the thief on the cross have always struck our own mind as two of the most signal instances of sovereign grace contained in the Scriptures. The self-righteous Pharisee, imbued with all the learning and pride of the Sanhedrin, and overflowing with all the persecuting spirit of the murderers of Stephen, and the malefactor, loaded with the crimes of a life of violence and bloodshed, yet snatched from the jaws of hell at the last gasp—Reader, and admirer of the grace of God, can you strike the balance between these two monuments of electing love, and decide which was the more indebted to sovereign grace? "Ah," but say you, "I know a greater monument of sovereign grace than either." Well, be it so; but next to yourself, can you decide whether Paul or the dying thief was the more indebted to the heights and depths, lengths and breadths of atoning blood and redeeming love? We really, for our part, cannot tell. We look at Paul before and after his conversion, and wonder at and admire the grace of God that made out of such a pharisee, such a bigot, such a strict consistent legalist, such a bloodthirsty persecutor, a saint so rich in every grace, an apostle so endowed with every fruit and gift of the Holy Ghost. Saul on his road to Damascus "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," and Paul, with the words in his heart and mouth, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus;" (Acts xxi. 13;)—O what grace thus to change



the lion into the lamb, the man ready to martyr into the man ready to be martyred! But next we turn to the dying thief. Listen with wondering ears and admiring heart to his believing prayer, addressed under such circumstances and at such a moment to the Son of God, in his deepest humiliation, at his lowest point of ignominy and shame, when his very disciples all forsook him and fled, and his glory was hidden under the densest, darkest veil. A risen Jesus appeared to Paul in all the blaze of heavenly glory; a crucified Jesus was hanging before the dying thief in little less shame and degradation than himself and his twin malefactor. O, what faith at such a moment to call him, "Lord," and to believe he had a kingdom, and to desire to be made a partaker of its present grace and future glory! Has not this prayer, believing reader, been mine and thine? Have not we sought to realise the blessed Redeemer as set thus before our eyes? and whilst we threw all our heart and soul into the petition, breathed forth, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom?" The prayer of the dying thief shines, we must say, in our eyes as one of the greatest, if not the greatest act of faith recorded in the Scriptures, and only paralleled, we cannot say surpassed, by Abraham's sacrifice of his son.

But let us not think that there are not now walking on the face of the earth like monuments of sovereign grace. Up that court, in that garret, there is a dying Mary Magdalene, out of whom the Lord has cast seven devils. Down in that coal-mine there is one whom once "no man could bind, no, not with chains," "neither could any man tame him;" but he is now "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." Walking under that hedge, now weeping, now praying, now singing, now looking into his little Bible, is a returned prodigal—a base backslider whom the Lord has forgiven, but who can never forgive himself. Hiding his face in the corner of the pew is that persecutor of his poor broken-hearted wife, now in glory, whom since her death the Lord has called by his grace, and whose tears and sighs show how deeply he repents of his sins against her and Him. Whilst the world is going on buying and selling, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, God is here and there raising up these monuments of his grace to live for ever and ever in his presence, when the world and all the fashion of it shall have utterly passed away.

To a spiritual mind, what sweet food for faith, what a field of holy meditation is opened up in the sovereignty of grace as thus displayed in those wonders of redeeming love which every now and then come under our own special knowledge and observation! To what praise and adoration does it give birth; what openings up of the depths of the Father's love; what views of the fulness and perfection of the Redeemer's blood and obedience; what a sight of salvation as a free, irrevocable gift; how independent of all creature works of righteousness, how distinguishing, how superabounding over all the aboundings of sin and guilt is grace seen to be; what love and union are felt to the objects of this signal mercy; how the soul is more and more firmly established thereby in the truth of God; and that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy!" Dare any call the sovereignty of God in his electing love and discriminating grace "a licentious doctrine?" Ignorance coined that lie; and enmity gave it circulation. The sovereignty of grace received into a believing heart has led many a one from sin; it never, under the unction of the Holy Spirit, led one into sin. Many a poor, despairing wretch it has saved, not only from the guilt of sin that distressed his conscience, but from the power of sin that entangled his inclinations, and carried him captive. The same Christ Jesus who of God is made to his people "righteousness and

redemption," is also made unto them "wisdom and sanctification;" (1 Cor. i. 30;) and those who are "washed and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus," are also "sanctified by the Spirit of God." (1 Cor. vi. 11.)

But to what are all these remarks—perhaps already extended too far, preparatory? To what signal instance of sovereign grace are they intended as a preface? To one that shines in our eyes with distinguished lustre, but one not wholly a stranger to our pages. About nine years ago\* we reviewed the first part of the experience of Sukey Harley. A greater monument of the free, sovereign, discriminating grace of God than this poor, ignorant woman, we believe, scarcely stands on record. We must refer our readers to the Review to which we have alluded for an account of what Sukey was before grace reached her heart. But as there are probably among them some who have not read that Review, or cannot readily refer to it, we may very briefly mention Sukey's birth, pedigree, and education. Do any of our readers know the manners and habits of the working classes who occupy that extensive coal and iron district, commonly called "the black country," stretching between Birmingham and Shrewsbury, and which, from the clouds of smoke by day, and the blazing furnaces by night, would almost recall to the imagination of a poetical traveller Milton's lines?

" At once, as far as angels ken, he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild;  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace flamed."

Sukey was, by birth and origin, one of those men-like women who are to be found amongst the wives and daughters of the colliers and miners that are as much at home under ground as above it, and as expert with the hammer as the fist. Sukey before her call by grace, could neither read nor write, but was a stout, strong woman who, to use her own expression, could "get through lots of work," and in her carnal days danced, and raved, and worked, and swore, with all the exuberance of health and strength, amidst this lawless population—much more wild, be it remembered, and lawless fifty years ago, when well nigh every collier in his Sunday dress sat on his heels on the pit bank, with his bull dog between his knees. Amidst this wild race Sukey was born and bred; married a collier whom she despised in her heart because he would not quarrel and fight like other men, and whom she was ready to beat with her brawny fist when he gently reproved her for her unceasing flood of oaths in her common talk. Sukey was not, in her carnal days, immodest or immoral; but rough, and ignorant, and dark beyond description as to the commonest ideas of any kind of religion. But sovereign grace, before time had birth or being, before the foundations of the earth were laid or the dayspring knew its place, had written Sukey's name in the Lamb's book of life, and by firm decree had fixed her "first and second birth." It was not of chance that she was born in a collier's cabin any more than it was of chance that she was new-born into the kingdom of God by his word entering with power into her heart, or of chance that she is now in glory, singing the high praises of God and the Lamb. "Sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ and called" was as true of Sukey as of all the election of grace. "Sanctified" she was "by God the Father" when, in the electing decrees of his sovereign will, he set her apart to be a partaker of his own holiness, and uniting her to the Son of his love as a member of his mystical body thus constituted her holy in the Holy One of Israel. "Preserved" she was

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\* See "Gospel Standard," vol. XV., p. 171. May No., 1849.

“in Jesus Christ,” amidst all her ignorance and wild, untamed life, and in the Lord’s own time and way was “called” to know him in the sweet manifestations of his love.

Sukey was alive when the first part of her experience was published, but the circumstance was carefully concealed from her; she has now passed to her everlasting rest, and therefore all objection has now ceased to its being made public. We cannot say that the second part is so striking or so deeply interesting as the first, but it is of the same decisive stamp, and as giving a further account of her experience in her latter days, forms a worthy and appropriate sequel. With great honesty and faithfulness the compiler has mentioned some of Sukey’s infirmities and failings; not to depreciate her, but to manifest the grace of God in subduing them; and has given us some very interesting conversations with her, preserved in her own, honest, homely talk. There is also an account of her death, in which there was nothing remarkable. It was our intention to conclude our Review in this No. with copious extracts from the book itself, as not only extremely interesting and profitable, but because we understand the work itself is so scarce that a copy can hardly be procured. But the exigencies of the printing-office will not this month permit us to insert any more than the following spiritual and experimental letter of Mr. Bourne (whose happy death we lately reviewed) to her after reading the first part of her experience:

“ Dear Friend in the Lord,—I have read your account with great delight and sweet spiritual refreshment; and bless God for displaying his sovereign pleasure in choosing out of a wicked world the least likely in all the village where you dwelt. You can never boast of your goodness or natural wisdom, but can with me say, ‘It is of his free mercy he has saved us by the washing of regeneration.’ True enough, you could not find out how you were to be born again; yet you at last perceived that this spiritual wind blew where it listed, though you could not tell whence it came or whither it went; so is every one that is born of the Spirit. (John iii. 8.) I was much encouraged by your description of the way the Lord taught you to read. Is anything too hard for him? No. This ought to encourage you and me to come boldly to a throne of grace with all our wants, and not (as we are so ready to do) go everywhere else. We have all a most foolish feeling that an arm of flesh can do wonders; but this is one thing the Lord will be continually striking at all our days; and will never cease to show us, by various means, that none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good. How the Lord, in your ignorance, instructed you according to his written word! There is no salvation for sinners, but through Jesus Christ; this revelation was made known to you; and the Lord the Spirit put that prayer into your heart, ‘Lord, bring me into the true light and knowledge of thy dear Son.’ This prayer was heard; and he came into your heart with all his saving benefits. Thus his coming drove out all other objects; all your fiddling, dancing, swearing, and all other vanities, the Lord cast into the depths of the sea of his love, and left no desire to return to them. ‘What fruit had you in those things whereof you are now bitterly ashamed?’ What fruit?—Misery and wretchedness was the fruit. But what fruit found you in the revelation of Jesus Christ to your soul? The fruit was love, joy, peace, goodness, mercy, and many more fruits of the Spirit, which are always found when he has possession of the heart; and when we walk in the Spirit, and in the sweet enjoyment of these things, what a discovery by the Spirit we often find of the pride of the heart! These evil beasts will show their heads; that corrupt principle called the old man will often seek for the mastery, and fight for it too;

and this is the reason the Lord tells us to endure hardness as good soldiers, and put on the whole armour of God—not our fleshly armour, but God's strength, which shall be made perfect in weakness. So, my dear friend, when you are attacked by any of these evil beasts, and they bring on great fears, there are also many confessions and cries; and then your weakness will be manifest, and you will come to the right place where God sends this help, 'Let the weak say, I am strong.' This causes hope to abound and courage to increase, and we again press on, and Christ our Captain never leaves us, but leads us on to victory. May this be your happy lot, not to be discouraged because of the way, but rather look at the almighty arm of our blessed Redeemer, and see if we can

'—— Sink with such a prop,  
That holds the world and all things up.'

“ To Sukey Harley. “ From, Yours in the Lord,  
“ Nov. 8th, 1836.” “ J. BOURNE.

## POETRY.

*LINES WRITTEN DURING SOME RIOTS. (Nov., 1830.)*

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

YE pilgrims and strangers, surrounded by dangers,  
Perplexed on every hand,  
Your enemies, crosses, enjoyments, and losses,  
Are all at Jehovah's command.

Though all in disquiet, confusion, and riot,  
And sorrows your pathway attend,  
Though dire conflagration convulses the nation,  
Yet all shall be right in the end.

'Tis painful at present; no trials are pleasant;  
Yet righteousness lies at the root;  
And soon 'twill be found rich clusters abound  
Of peaceable, heavenly fruit.

For nothing be careful, in everything prayerful,  
Committing to Jesus your way;  
Think not for to-morrow, 'twill load you with sorrow;  
Enough are the griefs of to-day.

Too often dejected by sorrows expected,  
Which never, perhaps, may exist;  
Forgetting our Tower of safety and power,  
We turn from our refuge and rest.

But God will deceive not, though we may believe not,  
His promise is, Yea and Amen;  
The arm which upheld us when everything fail'd us  
Will help us again and again.

[ 4 Jehovah omniscient is God all-sufficient;  
Once loving, he loves to the end.  
O blessed reflection! With hearty affection  
Let praises unceasing ascend.

Though sin may oppress us and sorely distress us,  
And Satan our spirits dismay,  
There's no condemnation for heirs of salvation.  
Then sing on your heavenly way!

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JULY, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## DRAWN BY LOVE.

*(Concluded from page 169.)*

The saints are a peculiar people, and, as one observes, "There are no people under heaven so miserable as they are, and there are none so happy; there are none so much chastened as they, and there are none so highly favored and blest; there are none brought so low, and there are none raised so high."

Therefore, taking the word of God as a whole, the experiences of the Lord's family generally, and the teachings of God in my own soul in particular, I am led to conclude that real, solid, and vital religion begins with trouble respecting the never-dying soul and an awful and never-ending eternity; and that in general the Lord brings down the lofty looks of man and his impenitent heart with hard labor, crosses, losses, distresses, and keen sorrows. "When Manasseh was in affliction he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto him; and he was entreated of him, and he heard his supplications, and brought him again to Jerusalem, into his kingdom; then Manasseh knew that the Lord was God." When the three thousand heard the word with power, "they were pricked in their hearts, and said to Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" When the gaoler was quickened, he sought to lay violent hands on himself, had not Paul cried out with a loud voice, "Do thyself no harm;" but he came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Many other instances might be quoted to prove what has been asserted, if needful. The Holy Ghost, speaking of the church, by Isaiah, says, "The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken, and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth when thou wast refused, saith thy God;" which implies the forlorn condition of a sinner under his first awakenings, his lonely position in society, and the critical situation of his own soul. The Lord likens him to one "forsaken," (it is God's general method I am aiming at,) proving that the citizens of Zion are termed "forsaken" before they are said to be "sought out." In proportion as the poor sinner is helped to forsake, so, in proportion, is he forsaken by divers kinds of people. He forsakes all immoral acts, vain amusement, and carnal company, and through such reformation he offends and is forsaken by the world that lieth in the wicked one, and by

all who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." He is now in earnest after the salvation of his soul; and if he get mixed up with the congregation of the dead, there are many useless remedies prescribed for his disease; such as, "Take God at his word, live up to your privileges, act faith in the atonement, and get above your doubts and fears;" these all fail one by one, and have no effect upon him in whom the arrows of the Almighty are sticking fast. He is such a singular character that the feigned love of professors cannot attract him, nor their persuasions rule him; their soft speeches cannot allure, nor their hard speeches awe him. He finds it impossible to act faith of himself, for it is the gift of God; and respecting his privileges, he feels he can never know them feelingly until he is manifested to be a citizen of Zion, and of the household of faith. He is now brought to an understanding that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, that any are ever brought to believe in the Son of God. Being now brought to see that by natural strength no man can prevail, he measures himself and others by that unerring rule, the word of God. He finds the majority of his associates all joy, all peace, always believing, and going on easily and quietly, while he himself "is plagued all the day long, and chastened every morning." These things make him wiser than all his teachers. The dear Lord is now making him a judge in Israel, by circumcising his ears and heart, and giving his eyes the light of the living. With his illuminated eye he watches those who live at ease in Zion, and discovers that they love not the pure gospel, that their garments are of linsey-wolsey, their bread impure, their waters stolen; with his ears he tries words as the mouth tasteth meat; and he finds their conversation light, frothy, vain, and foolish. In vain he listens to hear them tell of exercises they never felt, of blood that was never applied, and of a salvation never made known; so, in the poor believer's haste, he says, "All men are liars." None of them can show him the way to the city; if they do, it is like a dead finger-post, for they are strangers to that rugged road that leads all its weary travellers to the celestial city. The pilgrim now begins to be a puzzle to all around him, and a plague to those who are destitute of the fear of the Lord. They rebuke him for his criticisms, and he is called a "troubler in Israel," so that necessity drives him from them to seek for "that sect who are everywhere spoken against." All those who are without the grace of God are glad to get rid of him; and they cast out his name as an evil-designing person. In this forlorn state he becomes "grieved in spirit," for he is cast out by professing Israel, hated by the world, plagued by the devil, and opposed by unbelief. The law of God, to which he was formerly wedded, now reveals its curses, and that which he once thought to be unto life he now finds to be unto death. It has now broken silence, and with lashes, accusations, and rebukes, has become a schoolmaster in the hands of the Spirit to bring him to Christ. He is chidden for evil thoughts, but cannot stay them; for evil acts, but cannot overcome them; and for evil words, but cannot steer them; moreover, he is brought in guilty of original sin,—that



spot at which so few arrive. He has no stone to cast at Adam when he partook of the forbidden fruit, for he lay in the loins of him who was his federal head; and being part and parcel of himself, he feels he as much transgressed by such participation as though he had actually stretched forth his hand and grasped the forbidden fruit.

Thus "in Adam all die, but in Christ shall all [the election of grace] be made alive." "Two cannot walk together except they be agreed;" and as it was never designed by the Lord to send salvation by the law, (but by and through the promised Messiah,) he comes to unloose the fetters of those who in their own feelings are "appointed to die." The law cannot act the part of a husband to this virgin soul, for by so doing it would mar its own inheritance. Its only prerogative is to command those who are under it, and to curse all defaulters; it cannot justify or redeem of itself, and has no power or dominion over those who stand righteous in Christ; and its real inheritance, and most dreadful, is in all those who die out of Jesus, and have no part or lot in the matter.

What a mercy then to be divorced from Moses and married to the Lord our righteousness! Well may it be said, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law; that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked." The poor sinner is now brought to his wits' end, and ready to die of his wounds; the priest and the Levite pass over on the other side, and leave him a fit object to be healed by the good Samaritan, whose time is now come to pass by that way. His blessed Majesty now shows forth the Gospel invitations, and the Spirit applies them, for they are suitable, and point to him as the very character. They are big with tenderness to the weary, the heavy-laden, the downcast, the contrite, the ready to halt, the maimed, the blind, the lame; yea, over every one that is in distress, and debt, and discontented will Jesus become a Captain; for he is wanted to deliver those who, through fear of death, are all their life time subject to bondage. The invitations warm the heart of the contrite one. He would fain put them from him, he feels so utterly unworthy; but they are irresistible, because applied by omnipotent power, and they beget a good hope in the soul that God will yet be gracious. His addresses to the throne of grace are warm and full of divine energy; the fear which hath torment is in a measure cast out by a little of the holy anointing; his meditation is now sweet; he feels no longer the terrors of an angry God, but faith beholds the smiles of Jesus as one who "speaks in righteousness, mighty to save." The seeking sinner is now brought into the meaning of some of the blessed promises which so aptly describe his case, and the Holy Ghost engrafts them into his very soul, especially such as these: "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I will

not be wroth with thee nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." The dear Lord is now gathering his beloved child "with great mercies." The set time to favor Zion, yea, the set time is come when the prey is taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered from all his hard bondage wherein his enemies have made him to serve. The God of all grace and truth now seals him a heir of heaven; and that which was purposed in eternity is now bound and made fast on earth, even the salvation of the soul. "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one; and there are three that bear witness on earth, the Spirit, the water, and the blood, and these three agree in one."

The Lord is a sovereign, and he "commands deliverances for Jacob," how, by whom, and by what means he pleases; sometimes under the preaching of the gospel, or in more secret retirement, or in the silent watches of the night; but be it how, or by whatever instrument it may, one thing is sure and certain, the redeemed sinner never forgets that day of days when he was bidden to rise up and come away from his sins, doubts, fears, misery, and woe, to receive from the fulness of Jesus pardon, peace, satisfaction, reconciliation, and bliss; the blood of sprinkling for his guilty conscience, the wine and oil for his wounded spirit, the best robe for his naked soul, the shoes of iron and brass for his feet, and the ring for his finger as a token and pledge of that everlasting love which death nor hell shall ever destroy. That was a memorable time, because he saw light in God's light, wherein he discovered the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the spotless holiness of the Son of God, who alone could put it away by the sacrifice of himself. There he saw that the Father had laid upon Jesus the iniquity of us all, and that he could not so much as spare him who had become surety for a stranger, but freely gave him up for our offences, that by his stripes we might be healed. There he has a faith's view of Jesus in his sufferings, upon whom he gazes with reverence, grief, astonishment, and delight. If ever he felt a mortal hatred against sin, it was then. Here it was that he felt true compunction, unfeigned faith, and love which was entirely free from all dissimulation. Here it was that he experienced that blessed freedom by which the Lord makes his people free; "for if the Son make you free, then are ye free indeed!" Here it was that he felt that holy familiarity and that child-like simplicity which is peculiar to the living in Jerusalem. It was then he could say, "Abba, Father," without a faltering tongue. Being anointed with fresh oil, he has the witness within that he is born of God; he is moreover sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise which teacheth him all things, and is in him as a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. Being thus equipped, he is led forth "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and can enter into the spirit of what Paul wrote to the Ephesians, viz., "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil; for we wrestle not against flesh

and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always, with all prayer and supplication, in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." The work of God upon his soul, in all its bearings, has to be tested on the battle-field. That great adversary the devil, the spirit of the world, the corruptions of the flesh, and the sin of unbelief, are all arrayed against the heavenly warrior. Every evidence bestowed, every manifestation received, every grace of the Spirit imparted, all, all have to be tried as it were by fire, "for the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," to the end that all true believers and all true faith "might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

Relatively to the point which was the occasion of my taking up my pen at this time, the words of Hart have just come to my mind,

"The meek with love he draws,  
Restrains the rash by fear;"

But from the general drift of his hymns, none can say that he anywhere lays it down as a rule that a man can be regenerated and born again without sore conflicts, many fears, and numerous exercises. Doubtless he had an eye to those who are naturally of a meek and quiet spirit,\* mixed up with the world, and in general kept from outwardly gross sins. He no doubt saw the sovereignty of God displayed towards many of this class in his own day. Being kept in a goodly measure from the evil without, conscience had not to writhe under the guilt of those sins which have proved a bitter cup to many Christians all their days. But with the meek the Lord has been pleased to begin a work hardly discernible at first sight, as he has only opened to their view here a little and there a little. It has been like a little leaven hid in the meal, which has kept rising and rising and rising for many months, or even years, until at length the whole is leavened. These dear souls are often at a loss to tell you when and how the Spirit of God first wrought upon their hearts; they are hardly satisfied that it is the finger of God, and some of them, in their haste, have wished that the Lord had found them in an open ungodly and profane world, that the work might have been made more manifest to themselves and others, entirely forgetful of that solemn crucible into which Manasseh, and Saul of Tarsus, with many others were put; for in proportion to the sin, so is the wrath

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\* The "meek" of Mr. Hart are those made spiritually, not naturally so.—ED.

of God in the conscience revealed against all unrighteousness. But there are numbers of Scriptures addressed to the meek, such as, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth;" "The meek will he guide in judgment;" "The meek will he teach his way," &c. The very fact of these being troubled because they have not trouble enough establishes the point in hand. That master in Israel, John Bunyan, in his allegory, introduces Mercy, who was one of this class. Her great fear was, lest she had come without being sent for; she could not tell of dreams and visions, as Christians could, yet her soul clave to the pilgrims, and she had a blessed reception in divers parts of the road.

But with the following words I must now conclude, which are full of meaning: "With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful, with an upright man thou wilt show thyself upright, with the pure thou wilt show thyself pure, and with the froward thou wilt show thyself froward. For thou wilt save the afflicted people, but thou wilt bring down high looks."

Chelsea.

N.

## ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THOSE THAT LOVE GOD.

My dear Brother in the Lord,— \* \* \* The breaking of my arm has been a heavy affliction, as it has caused much pain, and makes me so helpless. In my Lydia I have one of the best of wives and a good nurse; and I am surrounded with many kind and sympathising friends. Many have been the kind letters of inquiry and sympathy that my wife has had to answer. Thanks to the Lord, I have every needful temporal comfort that I can require in my present state. The doctor examined my arm last night, and was much pleased to find it was doing so nicely, seeing it was so badly broken. The dispensation was to me very mysterious, and has been so far overruled by my Lord and Master for my good in the following particulars:

1. On the night after the arm was broken, the pain was so heavy that I could not sleep. I knew the cry would go forth that Kershaw, of Hope Chapel, Rochdale, had fallen; and O, my brother, I cannot tell you how thankful I was that it could not be said I had fallen into sin or error, to the displeasing of my Lord and Master, the wounding of my own spirit, the grieving of the brethren, and the opening of the mouths of the enemies to blaspheme. I was led to look to the way the Lord had led me the last fifty years, since he put his fear in my heart, and the forty-four years in the ministry; how he has kept me in his truth, and upheld me in his paths. The following have been great words in my soul, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." (Ps. xvii. 5.)

2. Having travelled so many thousand miles in safety, I fear I have put too much confidence in my own prudence and cautiousness, and not looked as I ought to the Lord, to guide me by his eye. I

am now taught more fully that while all present means are to be used by us, the Lord is the God of the means, and that we are only safe so long as the Lord watches over us and keeps us.

3. It has been the means, in the Lord's hand, of humbling me more and more before him, and causing me to feel my dependence upon him, through faith in the Son of God, more than I ever did in all my life.

4. That God, who preached to Peter by the crowing of a cock, has preached by a broken arm to an old and true friend and hearer of mine for thirty-seven years, so that he came before the church to give a reason of the hope that is in him, with meekness, and fear, and with tears; the particulars of which I cannot so well give you in this epistle as I can when you come over.

I have had to give up several week-day engagements, but have been able to preach at home on a Lord's Day, and, with the assistance of the deacons, I was enabled to baptize three persons last Lord's Day, and to administer the Lord's Supper. I have much work before me this spring, and I hope our Master will enable me to go through it. I was very much exercised on Saturday how I should get through my work on Lord's Day, when these words dropped into my soul, "And obtain grace to help in time of need." The Lord made good his word. We had a good day; I never before remember seeing so many at the Lord's table at Hope Chapel; and we never had so much money collected at the ordinance for the poor saints as we had on that day. On Lord's Day evening I could not find language to thank and praise the Lord as I felt it in my heart. When you come, I hope our Lord and Master will enable us to speak one to another as those who fear the Lord are wont to do for each other's comfort.

The Lord bless you, my brother, with life and power in your own soul in preaching the word of life. This is the prayer of

Yours in the Lord,

Rochdale, April 6th, 1858.

JOHN KERSHAW.

THE Jewish state was a state of childhood, and that administration a pedagogy. The law was a schoolmaster fitted for their weak and childish capacity, and could no more spiritualise the heart than the teachings in a primer school can enable the mind and make it fit for affairs of state; and because they could not better the spirit, they were instituted only for a time, as elements delivered to an infant age, which naturally lives a life of sense rather than a life of reason. It was also a servile state, which doth rather debase than elevate the mind; rather carnalise than spiritualise the heart; besides, it is a sense of mercy that both melts and elevates the heart into a spiritual frame: "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared;" and they had, in that state, but some glimmerings of mercy in the daily bloody intimations of justice. There was no sacrifice for some sins, but a cutting off without the least hints of pardon; and in the yearly remembrance of sin there was as much to shiver them with fear as to possess them with hope; and such a state which always held them under the conscience of sin could not produce a free spirit, which was necessary for a worship of God according to his nature.—*Charnock.*

**A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE LIFE AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF ELIZABETH HOLLOWAY, WHO HAS BEEN FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS CONFINED TO HER BED FROM AN INJURY OF THE SPINE, AND IS STILL LIVING AT DEVIZES, WILTS.**

*(Concluded from page 180.)*

From deep exercises of mind and afflictions of body I became reduced to such an enervated state as for nearly two years to be precluded from all society, unable even to bear the light of day, and scarcely the flickerings of a fire in my room. The mere drawing aside of the window-curtain would render me delirious, and I was unable to taste solid food for six or seven weeks together. Yet was I at times favored to ascend Pisgah's top, where, by faith, I had a view of "the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off;" and I have ever found that "as my afflictions have abounded so have my consolations in Christ Jesus."

These circumstances, together with some others of a painful character, which I cannot now name without involving others, induced me to remove from Mrs. T.'s hospitable roof (which I left with regret), and ultimately I went into a room at Mr. O.'s, in ——— Street, where my esteemed friend A. T. again became my nurse and companion. This was on the 27th May, 1839, and here we had good accommodation and enjoyed many comforts; but the remembrance of the past much embittered them, causing me to exclaim:

"Wretch that I was to wander thus,  
In chase of false delight;  
Let me be fasten'd to the cross,  
And never lose the sight."

It is not written in vain, "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments . . . then will I visit their transgressions with the rod and their iniquity with stripes; nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." (Ps. lxxxix. 30–33.)

In this house, Dr. Verral, of London, through the liberality of Mr. Cartwright's family, attended me for two years, recommending the use of a "prone couch," which, though it was kindly designed, and procured for me by the kindness of friends, proved only an aggravation of my misery so far as the spine was concerned, though it was useful in removing a contraction of the hip which shortened one leg. May the Lord reward his dear people who so kindly assisted me in this and numberless other instances.

Some time after this, being seized with an attack of inflammatory spasms, Dr. E. was sent for, from whose mild and judicious treatment I have frequently derived great benefit, under God, in seasons of most distressing pain.

Having experienced a measure of restoration to spiritual comfort, and a desire that others might benefit by my experience, I was induced to receive in the large, airy room, in which I then was, all who came in the name of the Lord, and a Sabbath-afternoon prayer-meeting was commenced in it. I also soon after this became ac-



quainted with Mr. L., a Particular Baptist minister, who personally knew Dr. Hawker, and who manifested a desire to minister to my spiritual necessities, and with this view preached a sermon for six successive weeks; when many came to hear. And O the sweet truths which he set forth! How was my soul replenished, and my spiritual strength renewed, while listening to these heart-cheering discourses I was often enabled to mount up with wings, as the eagle, and, for the time, to forget the sorrows of the way. Thankful was I, in my solitude, to enjoy the privilege of hearing the Gospel, reading the word, and mingling my prayers and praises with those who desired to fear God; and at these meetings how many others heard the word of life! Surely it will be seen in the last great day that they were not held in vain. And after the greater portion of the company had separated, what sweet communion was experienced by those who remained, sometimes for hours. What encouragement was derived from a comparison of each other's hopes and fears; what strengthening and building each other up in the faith of the gospel; what helping of each other's joy in the Lord, while each told of danger and difficulty peculiar to themselves, and of the Lord's merciful deliverance under it. We were a company of pilgrims, looking back upon the way which the Lord our God had led us, and besieging the throne of grace for renewed tokens of God's favor, cheering views of his Son, and renewed supplies of grace and strength, to fight manfully, under the banner of Christ, against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

“Thus souls that carry on a blest exchange  
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,  
And with a fearless confidence make known  
The sorrows sympathy esteems its own,  
Daily derive increasing light and force  
From such communion in their pleasant course;  
Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,  
Meet their opposers with united strength;  
And one in heart, in interest, and design,  
Gird up each other to the race divine.”—*Cowper*.

At one of these meetings, a person who had been led to see and feel her state as a sinner before God had a blessed revelation made to her of the pardon of her sins through the precious blood of the Redeemer, which was communicated to her soul while I related a remarkable vision of the glory of Christ, with which the Lord had favored me during the previous night; in concluding which narration I expressed my desire that we might all be led to think more of Christ in his incarnation, self-denying life, gracious characters, glorious Person, unexampled sufferings in Gethsemane and on the cross, his dying love, risen power, and prevailing intercession. I also said it was good we should ask ourselves what views we had of his infinite perfections, laws, and government; and whether we were willing he should rule and reign in us, and save us from the commission of sin now, as well as its condemnation hereafter.

But, as it was in the days of old, so it was amongst us; there were sometimes “false brethren, who crept in at unawares;” and this was the case on the night in question; for a young man was present who

(making high pretensions to religion, though he had been previously very dissipated) soon afterwards joined the Independent church, and sat down to the Lord's Supper, but was the next night found in a house of ill fame, denying the very existence of God. Thus Judas, immediately after he had received the sop, went out and betrayed the Lord. But "who maketh *us* to differ, and what have *we* that we have not received?"

Soon after this, I had the following dream as I was lying asleep upon my bed. A female stranger appeared to be present, and I thought a young man of prepossessing appearance entered my room, and, walking up to me, familiarly presented me with a necklace and several trinkets, with which I at first sight seemed pleased, but in a moment returned them; when he appeared disconcerted, and with an assumed meek tone of voice said, "I have a favor to ask," (at the same time offering me a string of beads,) "I wish you not to talk so much about the Person of Christ. You think too highly of his Person and righteousness; he is no more than any other man." "O," I said, "no Ave Marias for me; I must speak well of his precious name who has done so much for me;" and looking down, and observing his cloven foot, I exclaimed, "O, Satan! dost thou not know that he is the sent, the anointed Son of the eternal Father? and more, he is my Saviour, and I will praise him!" Upon this, he looked fiend-like, and attempted violence, which I successfully resisting, he again assumed his fair form, and turning to the female friend before alluded to, who was a stranger to me, they went away, leaving some feeling of guilt on my mind for having appeared pleased with his first offer of gifts. But, looking up, I seemed to observe the Saviour in one corner of the room, directing his eye with a sweet look of complacency towards me, saying, "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." This filled my soul with such a blessed sense of his love, that there appeared in his character such a combination of excellences as was never before seen upon earth by mortal eye. While thus beholding him, I seemed filled with the light of life eternal; when suddenly those Christian friends who usually met with me on Sabbath afternoons seemed to be present, and I saw in the distance a glorious high throne erected, which we were directed to approach; and as we came nearer to it, and saw the steps erected around it, I felt most anxious to ascend, as did one friend who was in front with me, more particularly than the rest, who lagged behind, and whom we beckoned forward. On our arrival the pearly gates seemed thrown open; all within most lovingly inviting our entrance into the interior, which was most magnificent. Fixing my eyes at once on one unequalled Object, whose countenance shone with resplendent lustre, I was given to understand he was "Immanuel enthroned." "And the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life." (Rev. xx. 12.) We were all told to read our portion out of this book, which appeared to me the most beautiful that eyes ever beheld, legible, and written in characters of gold; but my friends appeared gloomy and dejected, in consequence of not being able

clearly to read their portion, upon which my mind became distressed, and I said, "This ought not to be; it is God's appointment for us." Whereupon, looking upon the book, I read my own portion, and began to sing for joy, the heavenly hosts joining me. But suddenly I lost sight of my friends, when, being left alone with Immanuel, he addressed himself to me, saying, "I have further discoveries to make to you," producing at the same time a most beautiful, long, flowing, glistening robe, which no mortal eye could look upon, saying, "This is for you;" but adding that I must go back to earth for a little time, that the will of God might be accomplished in me. Feeling overcome by his amazing condescension, I sank down at his gracious feet, as he sat on his throne, inheriting glory unspeakable, tremulously telling him I should never be able to keep this exquisite robe clean and white, while passing through this defiling world. To which, with infinite dignity, he replied, "I will take care of it for you;" folding it as he spoke, and putting it into a chest by his side, saying, with a sweet smile, "My seal is on it." Then the heavenly hosts broke forth with acclamations of "Glory, honor, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever." Upon this I awoke; and—"behold, it was a dream," but the effect it left was not such; for it left on my mind a deep impression of the dignity and grace of the Redeemer, and of the suitability of his glorious righteousness.

But I would here add one word of caution, conscious that Satan too often leads persons to trust in dreams who have had no previous intimation from the Lord of their soul's safety. Mr. Newton has well said, "The promises are not made to those who dream, but to those who watch;" yet it is true that the Lord, "in dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, opens their ear, and seals their instruction," as, I trust, was my case; but I can say, with Bunyan, that I do not rest my salvation upon these things, though I believe them to have been of him, but upon the manifestations of his grace, love, and mercy to my soul; adored be his name! I have perceived this also, that, through the depravity of our nature, any extraordinary revelation of this kind has a tendency to puff us up, unless a corresponding measure of grace be also given. The Lord gives us a memorable instance of the certainty of this tendency by sending the apostle Paul "a thorn in the flesh; the messenger of Satan, to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations given to him." What he writes on this subject, while it is deeply humbling, is very edifying and instructive.

Thus shut up in my sick and solitary chamber, like David in the cave of Adullam, many who were "in distress, in debt, or discontented," came unto me, from this time; and, as led of the Spirit, I speak to them from time to time of the love, goodness, and mercy of God, especially as shown towards my unworthy self; and sweet communion with God and fellowship with his saints am I at times favored to enjoy in so doing; while glimpses of the holy city, the new Jerusalem, breaking in upon my view, cheer my gloom, alleviate

my pains, and soften the hardships of poverty. "In the world," says Jesus, "ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace." O, it is indeed good to see sin in its true character; and this is never so effectually done as when we feel its effects. All our sufferings of body, with the humiliating circumstances attending them, are the consequences of sin, as well as drought and darkness of soul, fears and misgivings; and though sin is forgiven, for the sake of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," God will have his people see and feel its exceeding sinfulness. It is in love and infinite mercy that he chastises for sin; but O how sweet and consoling the thought,

"That soon we all shall see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in."

The death of my brother-in-law, Mr. K., taking place on the 28th Aug., 1839, led, in the providence of God, to another change in my abode. His death was a melancholy circumstance. He was cut down by a fever, leaving my sister and two sons to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and a good father, and thus ending my sister's short but happy marriage union. My sister, thinking that I might, by divine assistance, in some measure supply the vacuum thus created by death, I was, some time after, removed to her house; and this bereavement, and the destitute circumstances to which it reduced her, were overruled to be the means, I trust, of bringing her as a humble suppliant to the feet of Jesus. Troubles, however, it is truly said, seldom come alone. While thus mourning over the death of one beloved relative, Death was preparing to strike another with his fatal dart, for on the 12th Oct., 1840, the beloved wife of my brother Joseph died of rapid consumption, leaving four children. This was a great additional trial and shock to my weak nerves; but while called to weep over the grave of departed friends, it becomes us, with humble submission, to bow to his will who says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" and though we cannot trace the hand of God in many of his mysterious dealings with us, surely we may safely confide in the tender heart of him "who died for us, and rose again for our justification," and whose voice, in all his dispensations, is, "Follow thou me." It has been well said, that our happiness should not be so much to enjoy as to do or suffer; and this is in accordance with the words of the divine Redeemer, in which he says, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

Under Dr. E.'s unremitting care and skill I became able, after a fixed paralysis in the limbs for upwards of twelve years, to draw them up in bed; but the suffering in the spine, occasioned by my removal, continued to be very acute, and my hopes were raised only soon to be dashed again by violent inflammation of the lungs, occasioned by the dampness of my sister's room. This nearly terminated my life, I being reduced so low that the necessary remedies could not be applied, except with the greatest care, faintings ensuing upon the least loss

of blood. This severe attack lasted during four long winter months, and left me in a state of the greatest exhaustion, my life hanging in doubt from congestion, inflammation, and spitting of blood. But he in whose hands are all my times saw fit to spare me, to encounter yet more of the perils of the enemy to tempt me to believe that “sin *had* the dominion over me;” but in alleging that I was happy in it, which he did, he outwitted himself; God knows my sincere desire was to be delivered from its power and practice in every respect. But this troublesome inmate, this Canaanite in the land, seems left to convince us, by the renewed manifestations of pardoning love and mercy which it gives occasion for, that salvation is wholly of free grace, and that God’s strength is made perfect in creature weakness; and when brought to reflect on our own foolishness and baseness, we also discern more of the immeasurable mercy and forbearance of God towards us. Truly, in seeking to have our own way, we forsake our own mercies;” but rebel as we may, the Lord “performs the thing that is appointed for us,” bringing us, step by step, notwithstanding all, to our desired haven; for “even as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.”

Thus have I been enabled, through divine assistance, under great disadvantages from severe bodily pain and being unable to sit up in bed, to give a few hints of the Lord’s merciful goodness manifested towards me in the earlier stages of my experience. The record of his subsequent merciful dealings with me in providence and grace, in which I have more fully acknowledged the unremitting kindnesses manifested by kind friends, from day to day, during a life of sufferings of no ordinary character, I must for the present suppress; but I do so with reluctance, fearing lest I should seem ungrateful to them as well as to the God of all my mercies. When they and I shall be placed beyond the reach of the censure or applause of mortals, perhaps there may come a time when their justly-deserved praise shall be known “in the churches.” Meantime I can only, in all the warmth of Christian affection and gratitude to them, as instruments in the hand of my gracious, merciful, and compassionate God and Father in Christ Jesus, commit them, one and all, to his fatherly care and keeping who has said that whosoever shall give to drink to one of his little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, shall in nowise lose his reward. (Matt. x. 42.)

[The above narrative needs no commendation or recommendation from us; but if our personal testimony can be of any service or satisfaction, we have a pleasure in adding that we have for many years been personally acquainted with Eliazabeth Holloway; have often sat at her bedside, and listened to her own account of the Lord’s gracious dealings with her soul. Her bodily sufferings are, at times, very great, as she can only lie in one posture, and the least movement will sometimes, from the affection of the spine, jar the whole frame. But the Lord has blessed her for the most part with much submission to his holy will, raised up kind friends who have ministered to her necessities, and above all, frequently visits her soul with the manifestations of his love, so as to comfort her in all her tribulation, and make her, at times, bless the Lord for his afflicting hand.—Ed.]



## A LETTER BY THE LATE GEORGE PAYTON.

My very dear Friend,—I hardly know how to begin, as I am but poorly in body, and not very well in mind; and, as you know, the body and soul are very near together, they feel one with the other. This, however, is the greatest of all blessings, that Jesus Christ has redeemed the soul from all corruption, and he will, in his own time, raise up the body too, free from corruption; and then they will be much fitter companions than they are now. The soul groans in this earthly house, being burdened with a load of corruption, though it is not felt by any but the children of God. These having spiritual eyes can see what others cannot. In this the children of the Most High have the advantage of all other men. The blessing of wisdom is bestowed on such poor, blind, foolish creatures as we; and what makes the blessing still greater is, that we should never know our blindness and foolishness were a view of it not given us. Hence it is that the children of God are said to “be made wise;” not to *grow* wise, but to be *made* wise. Every year they live they see themselves more foolish. An apostle tells us that “we know nothing yet as we ought to know.” Yet there is a growth in knowledge and in understanding. The greater knowledge I have of my weakness, vileness, and foolishness, the greater understanding I have in divine truth; inasmuch as I daily feel a greater need of the Lord’s strength to support me in my way. Without him I can do nothing, yet through him I can do all things to which he shall be pleased to call me. Thus, through a discovery of my vileness, I see a greater need of his precious blood to cleanse me from daily pollutions, if not in act, yet in thought. There is constant need of coming to this fountain for cleansing. Well may it be called “a fountain;” and it had need be a fulness to supply the multitudes who have come and are coming to it, knowing that they must come and drink, or perish. Again, by seeing my daily foolishness, I perceive the need of the Holy Spirit to “lead me in the way everlasting.” My own wisdom will not do here. This is a way in which no man can walk without a guide. Another thing I learn is, the danger of the snares and entanglements of the world and the flesh, with Satan’s temptations. Thus I am enabled, in some measure, to see the greatness of the salvation which was wrought out by Jesus, the only friend of the sinner who is laboring under the sore plagues mentioned above. Ah, my friend, David might well say, “There is no soundness in my flesh, neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin;” and yet David could say with much confidence that the Lord was “the health of his countenance and his God.” You see that one man might utter both these expressions and speak the truth in both. Paul says the same, “In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing;” and yet he tells us that Jesus Christ “lived in him.” Surely this must be a good thing; if there be anything desirable in heaven or in earth, it must be this. “Christ liveth in me;” then he must be Paul’s health, for he is the good Physician, and he “recovers the health of the daughters of Zion.” It is by these things men live



and learn, and the longer they live the more they have to learn. Paul's manner was rather different to that of some men. His aim was "to forget the things which were behind, and to reach forth to those which were before." What a blessed thing it is, my dear friend, to know something about these things. It is a thousand times better than to be born earthly kings. Yea, we are "kings and priests unto God," and that is better than to reign over men. The one dignity will perish, but the other shall endure for ever.

Well, notwithstanding all the difficulties of the way, the end of the journey will be good. Everlasting rest and joy shall be unto them that fear the Lord and hope in his mercy. Surely, whatever Satan and the other enemies may say, God has made us love his truth; and the more clearly it shines the better we like it. Then we cannot be enemies to it; and it seems as if our gracious Lord would put all doubting out of the way in this one sentence, "He that is not against us is on our side." Yet sometimes, in a cloudy day, we cannot see our signs, though they stand so plainly in sight when the light is clear.

I have sent you Cennick's hymns. The reading of them again lately brought many sweet things to remembrance, and seemed to communicate something of the old wine with a new relish.

I am, yours affectionately,

Edenbridge, Aug. 17th, 1820.

G. PAYTON.

P.S.—I have written as the subject flowed; it was not premeditated. Such as it is, it is my earnest prayer that the Lord may bless it and make it useful, for his name's sake.

[We have received, through the kindness of a friend, a considerable number of letters written by the late G. Payton, from which we have selected the above; and as they are, for the most part, very simple and truly experimental, we shall hope, as our pages admit, to present one occasionally to our readers.—ED.]

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## THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

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My dear Friend,—We received your letter and were glad. We have often thought of you and your partner. Truly, many are the afflictions of the righteous, but, "there is a river, the streams whereof maketh glad the city of God;" and although, as Hart sings,

"Our cup seems mix'd with gall,  
There's something secret sweetens all;"

and when this is felt, and we are led to reflect upon our baseness and utter unworthiness of the least of all God's mercies, and the goodness and mercy that have followed us all our life long, surely we must say with the prophet, "Unto us belong shame and confusion of face, but unto the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." And sure I am it is our own folly that so often brings the chastising rod of God upon us. But O what a mercy we are not to be put off with the bastard's portion, for "whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." The dear Redeemer was a man of sorrows from the

manger to the cross; despised and rejected, oppressed and afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. Here, indeed, is the perfection of beauty; and when led by the blessed Spirit to ponder these things, what can we say or think of ourselves?

“How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live;  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;  
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?”

Well, he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust; and hath graciously said, that “like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.” O, it is the goodness of the Lord that breaketh the heart and leadeth to repentance. And when the soul is favored to desire to “know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified,” we can say, then,

“Let worldly minds the world pursue,”

but their laughter will be turned into sadness, and end in bitter lamentation, when the poor tempest-tossed child of God will surely be brought through every storm to his desired haven, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” So he bringeth them through floods, and sorrows, and afflictions, to their desired haven. “There remaineth a rest to the people of God,” and blessed be our Rock for ever giving us a taste of it here, unworthy though we be. But the Lord our God delighteth in mercy, and mercy shall be built up for ever. “Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.”

We have had a deal of family trouble since we saw you, and have reeled to and fro; but I do hope “our eyes have been drawn up unto the hills, from whence cometh our help;” and surely the Lord has wonderfully appeared and given us some fresh token of his love and compassion, so that we can say with David, “All thy works praise thee, O God, and thy saints shall bless thee: they shall speak of the glorious majesty of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.” But I must conclude with dear Hart:

“Gracious God, thy children keep;  
Jesus, guide thy silly sheep;  
Fix, O fix our fickle souls;  
Lord direct us, we are fools.”

My dear partner joins me in kind love to you both. We are  
Yours affectionately,

H. & E. G.

THE balm of Gilead, under the Spirit's testimony of Christ, calms and composes conscience, when the sparks of love and the oil of joy melt the mountains, dissolve the doubts, and make servile fear give way; while grateful acknowledgments expand the heart, and flow out with a thousand blessings and praises to the sympathetic High Priest of our profession. Our best obedience in affliction is to lie passive; we were so when formed anew in Christ Jesus; and we must be the same under every future transformation, being ordained to be conformed to Christ's image.—*Huntington.*

## A LETTER FROM MR. JENKINS, OF LEWES.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—If I were to retaliate, I should defer writing till some time after Ladyday next. You parted from me at Midsummer, and I received your letter at Christmas. However, I had purposed to answer your letter sooner than this, but was prevented by some difficulties and sharp exercises which took up the greatest part of my time of late.

We must remember that we are called to suffer, and must endure hardness, if we are good soldiers of Jesus Christ; and it is clear we are engaged in the good fight of faith, or the devil would not rage against us as he does. His strongholds are beset, and his fort, which is the human heart, begins to feel the force of the artillery of heaven, which is mighty and powerful to cast down all high things, and to bring the sinner's thoughts into the obedience of Christ. He cares for none till one that is stronger than he comes upon him; then the palace is taken, and all the goods that were in peace are disturbed. Now he inspires all his agents to raise their voice, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and "Those who turn the world upside down are come here also." I can clearly enough see where my dear brother is, for I have travelled every step of the path. This is laboring in the fire, Brother Locke, with a witness! This is revealing our work by fire, and the fire shall try of what sort it is. This is the fiery law, the spirit of burning, the refiner's fire, and the fiery trial, all of which is to try us, and we must not think it strange, for it is the path where the footsteps of the flock are seen. The Lord trieth the righteous. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, as Abraham did, who obeyed by faith. Though his path was so very dark, yet he went on expecting a way to escape, though he knew not how, till he heard the voice from heaven, and saw the ram caught in the briars; then, "in the Mount of the Lord it shall be seen." God will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able, but will, with the temptation *make a way for our escape*. We are to endure, and that to the end. No cessation of arms is to be expected. Do not complain, my brother, of running with the footmen, for what you have seen yet is no more; and if you are wearied with them, how will you contend with horsemen? Submit to God; resist the devil. Be quiet, be patient, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. I have had a deal of the same sort of work as you have at present, and I murmured and rebelled much against it, and thought I was hardly used; but this was my pride, my haughtiness, and self-importance; and a legal spirit is a nurse for all these; but God will stain the pride of all glory, and lay low the haughtiness of man. I labored to get them down, and then I promised myself a fine life of it, free from trouble and trials; but instead of that, I find that no sooner one is removed than another comes, and every furnace is hotter than that which I came out of. From vessel to vessel we must be emptied, that carnal and legal sense may be purged from us. Go on, my brother, and the Lord will be with you, as he has said.

Jan. 23, 1799.

J. JENKINS.

## Obituary.

MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE, LATE OF BATH.

*(Concluded from page 187).*

The very mention of that precious name which to him was above every name would now cause his heart to flow forth in gratitude; nor could he endure the thought of any error respecting his glorious Person. The error of denying his eternal sonship he again warmly denounced, saying, "What an awful thing it is to make God a liar. 'He that believeth not God, hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.' I am at my old work again," he added; "but I cannot help it. I have said I should think myself happy to be permitted to die bearing my faithful testimony against that error. Give my love to the friends, and tell them that I still testify against it. Tell them so," he said again emphatically. "I wish all the church to know that I die bearing my testimony against that error." On taking leave of the friends, he observed one in tears; to whom he said, "Cheer up, Elizabeth, it will be well; though it may be dark now, the sun will shine again." When one told him of the death of Mr. Warburton, he said, "Ah, blessed man! He has got the start of me, but I shall soon follow him. And he died shouting, too! Well, and I hope to do so likewise." He then spoke with much pleasure of the sweet times he had had in hearing him preach, particularly of one sermon preached from the text, "Lo! children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth; happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." (Ps. cxxvii.) This sermon was much blessed to him, and the savor he felt under it continued long with him.

To friends who called during the week, he spoke sweetly and much of the mercies of God to him at some memorable periods of his life, when he had made bare his arm for him, and delivered him, to the joy and rejoicing of his heart. To one friend, after speaking of the solid peace he felt within, he said, "It seems to me that the powers of darkness have done their worst upon me, though, to be sure, I do not know what they may yet be permitted to do. But," he continued, "I have been an adversary to the devil now near forty-six years, and have never made peace with him, nor ever will. The Lord blessing me, I'll die his adversary." One said, when taking leave of him, "Peace be with thee." He replied, "And it is, too." Indeed, that passage was strikingly verified in him, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Often was he so full of the everlasting theme, that he could not refrain from giving it utterance, though his weakness would scarcely allow it. Friends have often looked at him with astonishment, whilst the wonderful flow of savory words from his lips has kindled the holy fire of love in their hearts, and

drawn tears from their eyes. Then, upon retiring to rest, and feeling his weakness, he would sometimes look at his wasted frame with wonder. "But there," he would quickly say, "it's all mercy; there's not a drop of wrath in it. He's well pleased with me for his righteousness' sake. O, what a mercy!

'For blessings like these so bounteously given,  
'For prospects of peace and foretastes of heaven,

(which I trust I have,)

'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant to sing and adore.'

If I could but be as thankful as I would, this room would not hold my gratitude, nor myself either."

On the 30th of April, Mr. Tiptaft visited him, and Mr. T.'s conversation and prayer were very sweet to him. He often spoke of both, and said he must go upon the strength of that for many days, as it would most likely be long before he should hear anything again. He felt it a great trial to be deprived so long of hearing the preached word, for which he was generally blessed with a good appetite, and esteemed it a great privilege. For some time he continued in this weak, sinking state of body, but mostly happy in soul; till at length, the weather becoming fine, he was again unexpectedly able to reach the garden, and by degrees even to work a little in it. But though a lawful employment, still the enemy took advantage of his weakness (being permitted of the Lord) to draw almost all his thoughts towards that garden, which he had planted, not for his own benefit, but, as he said, for the benefit of those he should leave behind. Observing his spirituality of mind decline, I once said to him, "Why, father, your poor head seems full of planning and contriving." "It is," he replied, "and I can't help it. And if it were not that, it would be something worse, for the devil is permitted to assault me with such awful things, particularly when I close my eyes, so that I am obliged to open them again immediately with horror. But I do not forget Zion, though; and if the Lord were only to touch the string of my soul, plants and everything else would vanish."

June 6th.—Mr. Godwin came to see him, in whose company he found it good to be, and a sweet relief in unbosoming some of the things which were besetting him on all sides.

July 20th.—Mr. Tiptaft again visited him; and his labor of love was the means of again helping him with a little help. Often did he call his two visits to remembrance, and say, "He does pray so sweetly for me." His visits into the garden now began to be less frequent, and his little remaining strength was again rapidly declining. A little longer, and he was confined to his bed. On the evening of Aug. 27th, a friend called, who saw a great alteration in his appearance, and after making some general inquiries, said, "I suppose you feel quite helpless now with regard to spiritual things?" "Yes," he said, "as helpless as ever I did. I have no power; and without the Holy Spirit, in the prospect of death, I should be as worldly as at any time of my life. I feel that without him I can do

nothing." "Do you feel any fear of death?" "Not any; I have no fear about it. The work was sterling; it was the Lord began it, and I rest upon his unchangeable faithfulness. He arrested me, brought me under the law, and gave me a full deliverance from it by a blessed revelation of himself; and the sight I shall never forget. 'I have fought a good fight,' and I have almost 'finished my course; I have kept the faith; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,' (and I shall possess it, too,) 'which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing.' 'I have fought a good fight,' but it has been a hard one, with devils and depraved nature; and now I am like an old soldier pensioned off. But I love my Captain, and never repented enlisting under his banner. The Lord is good, and I can rest upon what he has done, although not favored with present enjoyment. Still, you know, that does not alter the thing. It was his work, and if I had to put one finger to it now, it would mar the whole. You know," he added, "you have been in this room to night; and if you were not to come in any more for ten years, that would not alter the fact of your having been here; and so spiritually, our want of feeling does not alter the reality of the thing, though to feel it is pleasant. But if the Lord were only to touch my heart, I should melt like wax; I know I should. O, I do but think when I first hear that sound, 'Salvation to the Lamb,' what a hearty Amen I shall respond to it." The friend observed, "What a mercy to see you in such a state with death before you." "Yes," he said; "and it's no false foundation, it's a firm one;

'Title good, sign'd with blood;  
Valid and unfailing.'

And though I feel I shall have enough to do to contend with the infirmities of the body, still I can rest upon his promise for that, 'As thy day thy strength shall be.' Blessed be his name."

Sept. 3rd.—He again spoke to friends of the unchangeable love of God, and of his great mercies manifested towards him, though he had of late been so turmoiled with his garden, &c. "O," he said, "what a mercy that the Lord takes no advantage of all this, but that 'he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust,' and that

'Whom once he loves he never leaves,  
But loves him to the end.'

Nothing shall keep him from visiting that soul; no, not even my plants, with which I have been so plagued." He continued,

" 'The gospel bears my spirits up;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation of my hope  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.'

And there's all my salvation; I have no other hope. God is faithful; and I expect to find all he has said true. But my soul fainteth for the courts of the Lord, (alluding to the time since he had been favored to hear the preached word.) O you do not know your privileges. The preached word is a great blessing. That dear man of



God, Mr. Tiptaft, how I do love him! His prayers are the best sermons I get now. O, how much I have thought of them, they were so sweet." The goodness and mercy of the Lord which had followed him all his days was now almost continually extolled by him. Not a murmuring word do I remember escaping his lips as he lay suffering from extreme weakness and other causes. "The Lord is good," he would often repeat; or, "It is a blessing to have the necessities of this life, let alone the comforts."

To a friend, (Sept. 4th,) he said, "I am taught the naked truth more than ever I was, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' I am utterly powerless, and dependent upon the Holy Spirit for every spiritual movement. How slow I have been to learn; and I think the hardest lesson I ever had to learn was, 'that all things work together for good to them that love God;' but they do, though, sin not excepted, through the Holy Ghost counteracting the natural tendency thereof, and causing it to work good for the soul. In this sense it is that Ralph Erskine says,

'Sin for my good shall work and win,  
Though 'tis not good for me to sin.'

The Lord has chastised me sore, but he has not given me over unto death; and though his chastisements have sometimes seemed 'the chastisements of a cruel one,' yet they have all been to do me good in my latter end. O, it is such a mercy not to have one drop of wrath mixed with affliction." On another occasion he said, "I have sometimes thought, in the midst of trial, that the furnace has been heated hotter than was needful; (for at that time I was in seven hot furnaces at once;) but I now see all was needful, and that there was not one too many. It was all to do me good in my latter end." Again he added, with tears in his eyes, "The Lord is good. I have been a poor, vile, sinful creature; but the Lord is good."

Sept. 16th.—Mr. Mortimer visited him, and asked him how he was. "Sinking," he replied; "every prop is giving way.

'Every prop must, first or last,  
Sink and fail, but Jesus Christ.'

I have nothing but a naked Christ to trust in now; I have nothing in myself but evil, and though on my death-bed, if the Lord were to leave me, I should be as worldly as ever I was in my life. I feel I have corrupt nature to contend with to the last, and the enemy assaults me with such awful things." Mr. Mortimer prayed sweetly with him. At parting, he vehemently said, "The Lord answer that prayer."

18th.—Attacked with frequent faintings, and worn with coughing, he looked at me as I entered the room, and said, "Wasting away. 'Man dieth, and wasteth away, and where is he?' All my evidences dark." I said, "What, all dark?" He replied, "Yes, all beclouded. My heart is so hard, so very hard. I want the Lord to 'come down as dew upon the mown grass,' and to be 'as the dew unto Israel.'" I said, "He will come, father; ask him." He said, "My heart seems too hard for that. Do *you* ask him to come. Death's being near does not soften my heart."

On Sunday, 20th, in answer to the inquiry of a friend respecting the state of his mind, he said, "I feel like this, that 'the work of right-

eousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." Being almost too weak to speak, he said but very little.

On Friday, 25th, he looked at me affectionately, and said, "Well, Anne, I have now done with everything in this world; and first of all, I resign my soul and body into the hands of God; and next, the management of everything else to you. I can do no more, nor contend any longer with it. To an inquiry respecting his dinner, he said, "I have had my last dinner;" and so it proved.

On Saturday, 26th, he was evidently fast sinking; he had passed a night of great suffering. "Lord have mercy upon me," was his constant cry during that night. A little after 6 on Sunday morning, the 27th, the death-struggle commenced, and for a time a painful scene of suffering to the poor body; it was almost incessant cough and strangulation. He looked at me, and as soon as he could speak, said, "Can you do nothing for me? O, do pray for me! Do ask the Lord to help me!" I said, "He will help you; he has promised the support of his rod and staff in passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death." He grasped my hand, and said, "I do want that now, but it is all dark." I said, "You do want it, and you'll have it, my dear father." He said he did not doubt his interest, but he wanted the Lord's presence. "O, I fear," he continued, "there is no sign of death." With an agonising heart, I replied, "I think this is death," and showed him his finger-nails, which were black. Never can I forget the pleasurable, earnest surprise with which he inquired, "Do you?" He wished his feet to be felt, and asked if they were cold. Being told they were, he said, "I am glad of that." A short prayer was often ejaculated from his dying lips. At length the struggle for breath in a measure subsided, and he lay for some time comparatively quiet. Then he made me understand that he wished all but myself to leave the room, that he might utter a word of prayer. As soon as we were alone, he said, "Now return a few words of thanksgiving to the Lord for his mercy towards me in having caused the cough to stop." I said, "I do indeed desire to be thankful to him for it; it is very merciful of him, and I trust he will still graciously stop it." He said, "Thank him for what he has done. It is good to be thankful for what he has done;" and then, addressing the Lord, continued, "I thank thee, O Lord God, for having proclaimed thy name unto me as merciful and gracious, and for having caused the cough to cease;" the rest I could not hear. At times he still kept entreating and blessing the Lord, though I could only distinguish a word now and then. Some time afterwards, I said, "How quiet the phlegm is! How merciful of the Lord to cause this quietness." "Yes," he replied; "wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!" "You can say," I added, "that the Lord is good now, can't you?" "Yes," he firmly answered; which was the last word he spoke, excepting to ask for a little water. He lay quietly waiting his dismissal, several times turning his dear head round to see if I was still watching beside him, until half-past 3 in the afternoon, when his happy spirit gently took its flight to regions of undisturbed felicity, to join the hallelujahs of those surrounding the throne of God and of the Lamb, leaving the wearisome, afflicted, and sin-bur-

dened body behind. Thus died one of the kindest, tenderest, and most affectionate of parents, whose loss, as such, is daily felt and deplored. His earthly remains were committed to their destined resting-place by Mr. Mortimer, of Chippenham, on Thursday, Oct. 1st, where they await the shout of the archangel's voice, and the sound of that trumpet that will raise them incorruptible, to know the blessed change which shall fit them for immortal happiness.

Bath, Nov. 4th, 1857.

A. B.

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### A TRIBUTE OF PRAISE.

My dear Friend,—It is now a long time since I was able to see to write to you, but I shall never forget the sweet moments I have spent in thus talking to you; they are, however, past and gone. Fifteen or sixteen months ago I did not expect to see the light so as to find my way about any more, much less to be able to write to you again.

“Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.”

Now I can see my road whilst it is light nicely, though I cannot see sufficiently to distinguish any one's features as they pass me, and know them only by their voice; but what a mercy I can see at all! One eye is quite dark, and the other very weak and dim, the inflammation was so great; but, blessed be God, my spiritual sight gets stronger and clearer, and my latter days are more blessed than my former ones were, so that the dear Lord makes me sweet amends for the sight which he has taken away. Thus, you see, he takes away our dearest comforts to give us something better in their stead; and makes us prove that in the furnace we learn and gain that blessedness which we could not anywhere else. How wise, kind, and gracious are all the Lord's dealings with his children in the wilderness, yet they sometimes cannot see his hand; then we seem to miss the blessing. “Through much tribulation” it ever was and ever will be, until the last elect vessel is safe in the harbor of eternal rest, safe with Christ, to sin no more. These words often cheer, warm, and animate my heart. Thus Paul, of blessed memory, was wont to encourage the churches of old in all their afflictions, by pointing them to the Lord; and so the Lord does often encourage his afflicted, poor, weary, despised followers. May the Lord thus encourage my friend and myself still in all our afflictions, troubles, and sorrows, and teach us daily to reckon with him that all are not worthy to be compared to the glory revealed in us. “The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.” He knows that, and we know it too; but he can and does bear with us and feel for us still. We know it to be true when instead of spurning us from his presence he moveth our sluggish hearts a little towards him, and blesses us again and again at his dear feet.

Our kind love to you and your kind friends.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, March 1st, 1858.

GEORGE THOMAS CONGRIFF.

## REVIEW.

*A Short Account of the Life and Conversion of Sukey Harley, of the parish of Pulverbach, near Shrewsbury. Taken from her lips by the late Rector's Daughter. In Two Parts. Part Second. London: Simpkin and Marshall.*

WHAT a view the believing soul sometimes gets of the fulness, freeness, suitability, and blessedness of the grace of God, as revealed in the Person, blood, and righteousness of the Son of his love; and how it sees it reaching down, as it were, its delivering arms from heaven to earth, infolding and sustaining in its sovereign embrace all the objects of his eternal choice. To the carnal, the profane, the worldly-minded, the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, anything that breathes of the holy air of heaven is hateful, as condemning their sensuality and ungodliness. They can do with precepts which they never practise, and with commandments which they never perform; but a religion that would save them from the enjoyment of the sins they so madly love, a breath from the holiness and purity of heaven that would lift them out of their darling lusts and divorce them from their beloved idols, is to them a sentence of imprisonment and death,—as hateful to their vagrant minds as a clean cell in Coldbath Fields Prison to a London thief, or a work-house bath to a filthy tramp. Grace must begin a work in the heart before there can be any movement of the mind toward it; and the two-edged sword that goes out of Christ's mouth must make a wound in the conscience before the balm of free grace in his atoning blood and dying love can be revealed and applied by a divine power to the soul. But no sooner does the Blessed Spirit open up to a poor law-cursed, conscience-condemned sinner the way of salvation through the blood and righteousness of Christ, and that all is of grace from first to last, than at once his ears are opened to drink in the sweet melody of that joyful sound. There is in salvation by grace such a suitability to all his wants and woes; it is so opened up to his enlightened understanding as reconciling those conflicting claims of justice and mercy which he could not solve, and by which he was racked and torn; it is so commended to his conscience as taking away all merit from the creature, which he well knows can have none, and as giving the whole glory to God, who, he is sure, deserves it all; and it drops with such sweetness and power into his soul as a word of consolation and encouragement, that he embraces it with every tender feeling and warm affection of his heart. No language can describe the feelings of the soul when it first emerges out of darkness into light; when it passes from bondage, guilt, and condemnation into peace, liberty, and love. How different are the feelings and the language of a soul under the first shinings in of the Sun of righteousness from the scoffing recklessness of the profane worldling, the rebellion and enmity of the self-righteous Pharisee, and the hard, unfeeling, talkative presumption of the dead professor. The mere *doctrine* of grace does nothing for the soul. As long as it is a mere notion or opinion, it has no more saving or sanctifying power than any other notion or opinion. A man may have an opinion that such and such water is very pure and clear, or such and such wine very choice and delicious, or such and such food very nourishing and strengthening; but if the water be still in the well, the wine in the cellar, and the meat in the larder, and neither drop nor morsel of one or the other reach his mouth, he may die of hunger and thirst in the midst of his opinions. How many, O how many of those who sit in our chapels amidst the saints of God are perishing in their sins with the Bible and hymn-book before their eyes, the sound of the

gospel in their ears, the doctrine of grace in their lips, but the love of the world in their hearts. Not so with the soul under the teaching and blessing of God. Grace is to him "a charming sound," not because the word pleases his ear or the doctrine gratifies his mind, but because its inexpressible sweetness and power have reached his inmost soul.

And as grace suits the young believer, when he first tastes that the Lord is gracious, and feeds on the sincere milk of the word that he may grow thereby, so in every after-stage of his experience, down to the very grave, it is made more and more suitable, and becomes more and more precious to his heart. For as he journeys onward in the path of temptation and tribulation, he has many painful lessons to learn of which the young Christian knows little or nothing. The dreadful evils of his heart, the snares laid for his feet by Satan, his continual conflicts with the unbelief and infidelity, the pride and rebellion of his fallen nature, the grievous backslidings, departures, and wanderings of his heart from the Lord, the experience he has of his own coldness, deadness, and base ingratitude—these, and a thousand other trials and temptations, make grace, in its blessed manifestations, most suitable to the saint of God who has been for any time in the strait and narrow way. It is the spring of all his happiness and holiness, of all his salvation and sanctification, of all his faith and hope, love and obedience. It revives him when dead, renews him when all heavenly feeling seems lost and gone, delivers him from bondage and condemnation, comforts him in affliction and sorrow, separates him from the world, subdues his iniquities, keeps alive the fear of God in his breast, draws out prayer and supplication, makes sin hateful and Christ precious, and gives him not only his title but his meetness for glory. And when we come to his last hours upon earth,

"When sickness and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,"

when nature sinks under a load of pain and languishing, what then can support the soul in the immediate prospect of eternity but that grace which saves from death and hell? In fact, when we have a spiritual view of the majesty and purity of God, the unbending justice of his holy law, and our own vileness and pollution, our guilt, and sin, and shame before him, our thorough emptiness of all good, our thoroughfulness of all evil, there is not, there cannot be a single ray of hope for our ruined souls but what grace reveals and applies through a Saviour's blood.

In our last number we gave a slight sketch of the character and experience of Sukey Harley, and as we found in it much that was not only thoroughly original but deeply experimental and profitable, we intended to give copious extracts from the work itself, but were unable to do so from circumstances over which we had no control. In resuming, therefore, the same subject this month, we shall only dwell upon those points in her character and experience which may serve to draw attention to the extracts that we give. No firmer, stouter champion for sovereign grace ever lived than Sukey Harley, for few were more sensibly indebted to it, as well as experimentally knew its efficacy in plucking a brand from the burning, and delivering a vessel of mercy from the power of darkness and translating it into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

But Sukey had faults and blemishes, some of which were deeply ingrained in her natural temper and disposition, and others seem due to the amazing ignorance in which she had lived so many years amidst that wild and lawless population. Among these, one of the most prominent was a naturally high spirit, which made her impatient of contradiction and unable to bear reproof or rebuke. And yet there was that grace in



her heart which, sooner or later, made its power felt and known, and brought Sukey down to the Lord's feet with confession and humility. There is one remarkable instance given in the book before us of her pride and resentment under a sermon preached by Mr. Bourne, which she viewed as levelled at her, because this faithful servant of the Lord testified against the pride of the heart, and showed the only way in which it could be subdued. But our limits will not allow us to extract the account, nor the gracious, experimental way in which she was brought to see and confess her fault, and bless the Lord for another proof of his love and grace in showing and subduing the evils of her fallen nature.

Closely connected with this high spirit was a warmth of temper which sometimes broke out in a way much to rejoice the enemies of godliness and distress her own soul. In her graceless days Sukey had much pugnacity about her, and this natural warmth of temper and spirit of combativeness she carried too much into her religion. The compiler of her experience has, with much wisdom and consistency, let us see the dark side as well as the bright in her character. She has not bedaubed her with fulsome praise, concealing or justifying all her faults; nor, on the other hand, has she roughly and unnecessarily dragged them to light, but has mentioned them only so far as it was needful to give a just estimate of her character and experience, and to show the grace which subdued and the wisdom which brought forth glory to God and good to her own soul out of them. The pugnacity of poor old Sukey in defence of her religion, and its painful consequences, are thus described:

"One mistake which in much ignorance she used to make, was this, that if on any occasion she was reproached or insulted, or any way ill-used, on account of her religion, she considered it right by way of testifying her integrity and her attachment to the cause of God, to retaliate upon the offender with a degree of warmth quite unjustifiable on gospel grounds. She used to call this 'fighting for her religion;' and it may be supposed that during the course of twenty years many battles of this kind were fought, but on which side the victory turned may be considered doubtful.

"A circumstance of this nature transpired about the end of the year 1839. She was one day met, as she was walking along the road, by a young man who was both profligate and profane. He instantly set upon her, and began to ridicule and laugh at her religion, throwing out many bitter invectives against the cause of God. She, in her zeal to defend God's truth in her heart, rebuked him with so much warmth and vehemence of language that the contest between them grew to a very fiery pitch. But the more she endeavored thus to defend the cause of God with carnal weapons, the more did she bring a reproach upon it. At length, having thus provoked her to wrath, the scoffer gained (as he thought) his point, which was to prove her a hypocrite, and God's truth a lie; and he made a fearful triumph of his victory. There were lookers on also upon this occasion, who evidently enjoyed the scene; and were each wishing to make the most of it to suit his own ends."

Now we shall see how Sukey was shown the evil of these "fights for her religion:"

"Not many days afterwards, Sukey went up to the house of some friends, and related the whole affair herself. They had heard of it before through another channel, and had been greatly troubled at the circumstance. One of them gives the following relation of this interview and the after results of it: 'It was in vain that we endeavored to enlighten Sukey's eyes into the wrongness of such like proceedings; she would only reply, "Why, I did'na care for myself, but he mocked God's truth, and was not I to face him? Yes; and I would do it again too, except that I am sorry to hurt your feelings. I don'na care who braves me, gentle or simple folks, but I will brave them again. Wasn't it the wicked enmity in his heart against God that made him mock



me? To be sure it was; and do you think I'll stand that? No; I must fight for my God as long as I live, let who will try to stop me." "O, Sukey, Sukey," I replied, "how often you say that you are the greatest fool in this world! and surely it is this foolishness that makes you speak in this way. Can you not understand that you are fighting *against* God, and not *for* him, in such ways as these?" "No," she answered; "I can't understand what you mean. But," she added, in a softer tone, "I hope the Lord will give me power to pray about this when I go home, and if I am wrong, I hope he will put me right." She said this as she turned away to leave the house. I plainly perceived that no reasoning could convince Sukey of her error, and I felt utterly hopeless that she ever would be convinced. Just then, the words of Ps. xvii. 13, 14, occurred to my mind, "Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is *thy sword*; from men which are *thy hand*, O Lord, from men of the world." Also 2 Sam. xvi. 5-12, where an account is given of Shimei cursing David; and I said in my heart, "Lord, it would be very easy for thee to teach her—she does not know that the wicked are *thy sword*." A few days afterwards, I paid Sukey a visit at her cottage, and without making any comment, or alluding in any way to what had passed, I took the Bible and read those two passages; and while yet the words were in my mouth, she sunk down in spirit, and fell before the Lord. "Ah, my dear lady, that is God's word to my heart! O how deep that word has cut me! It is God's word to my proud heart! Why, I never knew, till this moment, that the wicked are *God's sword*. What a most notorious, ignorant, wicked woman I must be! I have been fighting against God all these years, while I was thinking I was fighting for him. Isn't it a wonder that he bears with me, such an ignorant fool as I am? The wicked, God's sword! Why, I never knew this before. Ah! David knew it when he said, 'So let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him.' And I can say so too, now, 'Let him curse, let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him.' Ah, poor man! he knew not that, though he is the devil's servant, yet he is only a sword in God's hand. No; he understands nothing about that. Well, I feel sorry for him in my heart, I do. I could put my head under his feet to serve him, if it would be of any use. Ah! 'let him curse, let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him;' but in one moment my God could turn his heart, and instead of cursing there would be blessing."

"This was God's touch upon Sukey's heart, as David speaks, 'He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.' (Ps. civ. 32.) She never forgot the instruction which had been conveyed to her mind upon this occasion; and there are many who can bear witness that from this time a most remarkable change was wrought in her conduct under circumstances of a like kind."

The dealings of God with Sukey's conscience were peculiar, and this combined with her natural temperament, thorough want of education, and rough mode of life before her call by grace, sometimes made Sukey's faithfulness offensive to the lovers of smooth things. The following extract gives us a striking trait in her character:

"There was one part of her Christian character—and that, perhaps, the most prominent and striking feature in it—which was but little understood, and still less appreciated. She had been made, under the teaching carried on in her own heart, to renounce, as hateful before God, all that counterfeit kind of religion which savors merely of the flesh, and which often makes a very showy appearance, deceiving many by a sort of devotional feeling worked up in the natural affections only. The keen sense she had of the difference which subsists between this deception of the devil and that religion which is wrought in the heart and maintained in 'the inner man' by the Spirit of the living God, so influenced the line of her conduct on some occasions as to bring her under the censure of many, who, if they had had penetration enough to have discovered the principle upon which she acted, and the spirit by which she was guided, would have judged far otherwise. She could never heartily join in religious conversation, even with such as she believed had a real work of grace in their hearts, except she felt in her spirit, or perceived in theirs, a living touch from off God's altar. If this were lacking, she cared not for the discourse, knowing the truth of what we are told by Solomon, that 'the talk

of the lips tendeth only to penury.' (Prov. xiv. 28.) She would often, therefore, abruptly turn away with a bluntness of manner peculiarly characteristic in her, or she would put a stop to the conversation with some pointed remark sufficiently demonstrative of her disapprobation, and generally conveying some home-truth to the speaker. In one way or other, and without much ceremony, she was sure to put an extinguisher upon an evil she could not remedy. By this kind of behavior it may be readily supposed that she often laid herself open to the accusation of being deficient in unity and brotherly love, as well as to a want of spiritual discernment; and she was obliged to lie under the reproach, preferring the honor that cometh of God to that which cometh of men, contrary to the Scribes and Pharisees."

We do not say we have Sukey's boldness and faithfulness in putting so thorough a damper upon the small-talk of carnal professors, but we quite feel with her that there is a good deal of empty sound even in the conversation of those who fear God, and much of what they say upon the things of eternity is light and empty, because they are not at the time under that sweet and sacred influence which gives to words weight and savor. Those who watch the movements of their own hearts, and can discern the difference between flesh and spirit, can easily tell whether they are under a divine influence when they converse with the saints of God, or are speaking what they know to be true, but of which they are not at that moment feeling the power. And as the ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meat, the discerning of the Lord's family can usually tell what is the influence under which others speak, and whether it is mere talking religiously for religious talk's sake, or the utterance of the heart under the operation of the Blessed Spirit.

The most valuable part of this book is the part in which Sukey speaks herself. There is something in her homely language so forcible and so simple, and yet such reality and power shine forth in almost every word, that a debt of gratitude is due to the compiler for the faithful record with which she has favored the church of God. As a specimen, we give the first of these recorded conversations with her:

"I want to tell you what the Lord has been showing me this morning. I went to prayer as usual, but I felt no desire for prayer, I felt no strength in body or soul; I could do no more to help myself to God than a new-born babe; I was dead; I had no faith; God had knocked me down for my sin. But he did not leave me long in this way, for in two or three minutes he shone on me, and he said, 'I am here, I am thy strength.' Then I felt all happiness and glory. He said, 'This is a warning for thee not to be lifted up in thyself, nor to trust in thy feelings.' My comfortable feelings; I am not to build upon these things, nor be too much distressed when I am cast down, but look to him. This showed me how many there are who think they have religion in themselves. I feel I have nothing, all is in him. How I feel for those who are looking to themselves and what they can do! I am poor; I found this morning I had no will, no power, no desire. This came on my mind this morning, what the folks say of me, 'O Sukey Harley, you are so good! if I was like you I should not fear to die.' Well, I thought, if they had seen me this morning, they would have seen I had no religion. O those poor creatures who boast of religion in themselves! Well, it will all leave them on their death-beds. They say they can pray always. I cannot pray always; to be sure I might pray all day with words, but what is that? Unless my God comes, my prayer is nothing. I often think of that verse, 'When thou hast shut thy door, pray, &c.;' and I say, 'Lord, thou knowest I cannot shut the door; thou must do it.' The Lord showed me, to-day, what prayer is; I cannot pray one thing without him. I asked him to teach me to pray according to his will. This is what I do; I fall down before my God, and wait, and never give up till he tells me what to say. I cannot speak till he comes. If he does not answer me directly, then I hang upon him, I cry unto him, I wait

for him; and when he sees fit he makes me feel his answer. I was thinking how I am just like a little child who is trying to get something that is out of its reach; it will strive and strive, but it cannot get it; and just so do I; I want my God, and I reach and strive, and pray and cry after him."

The following extract will show that Sukey knew experimentally the fellowship of Christ's sufferings:

"O, what a blessed thing for me! Bless and praise his holy name for it! I have got a God to go to, to rely on. Yes, I have. He knows my griefs, he hears my groans. My heavenly Father gives me this assurance, that in Christ Jesus, 'the very hairs of my head are all numbered.' This is the confidence which I have in him—the very faith which he has given me that it was his own blessed will from the foundation of the world to do it for me. He chose me, he called me, he redeemed me; he has all power in heaven and earth. I have had such a blessed experience this morning how that my name was engraved on his heart when he suffered on the cross. Yes, he knowed my name *then*, and O, he knowed my sins! O, how my sins pierced him! I have been thinking what a sight it must have been; what a woeful sight to see them! those wretches—those monsters! and myself among them, the very worst, the very chiefest among them; I cannot, I dare not call them by one name worse than I can call myself. I was there! I did it! My sins crucified him, pierced him, agonized him! But O, to see them laying hold on that dear, spotless Lamb of God—hauling him, beating him, mocking him, buffeting him, nailing him to the cross. O, what a sight, a woeful sight! Then, again, I thought on that wonderful word which he uttered just before he died; and did you ever consider what a wonderful word it was—what it expresses? Ah, what it expresses! '*It is finished.*' O, what a work he had finished then. It was the work his heavenly Father gave him to do; he undertook it, he carried it through, and brought it to an end; and then do you think he can let any poor soul be lost whose name he had written on his heart then? No; he cannot. He gives me this assurance; he saves because he will. Paul says, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith.' Ah, but it was his dear Redeemer that did it for him though; he was well aware of that. Christ fought the fight. *He* run the race. *He* won the crown. Glory, glory be to him for ever!"

The great feature in Sukey's religion was, that Christ was her all in all, and that not in doctrine and notion, but in the daily experience of her soul:

"Did I ever tell how, one day, when I felt I had no light, no knowledge, no faith, no hope, no desire, I was miserable, poor, and wretched, for my Saviour had left me? In this state I went to bed, mourning, and grieving, and pining. Well, now, I will tell you how my God came and blest me. He awoke me in one moment with these words, 'My light is thy darkness.' I was up in an instant. He gave me strength, and power, and will, and all I wanted. I can trust him since then, and he helps me to wait on him. He gives me this now, patience to wait a bit longer; and he keeps me low, and bids me sink before his footstool, and he shows me that if he never comes again I can have nothing to say; I feel my condemnation—I am a wretch. But

'I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out, and banish'd from thy sight.'

But when he comes, I have wisdom, and knowledge, and light, and understanding, and joy, and everything. He sends all down from heaven to me; and when he pleases, all is gone again. He comes and he goes just as he sees fit; and this is my life. And when he is with me, how I rejoice; and when he is gone, how I mourn and grieve till he comes again; and he does come, he does not leave me long. He knows I cannot live without him; he is my life. What are my troubles when he is with me? they are nothing. I cannot speak of them; it would be a scandal to him to speak of troubles then. It says, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.' My God tells me I can have no greater

joy than I can have when he is with me, unless he were to release my soul from the body. But O, my heavy temptations! Sometimes I think I am going to heaven through the flames, yes, I may say through the flames. I think of my Saviour, when that wicked foe tempted him. Ah! I dare not speak of my inward trials and temptations. Satan is with me every moment when I am left to myself. My God permits him to harass and tempt me; but my God gives me to watch, and he teaches me to know Satan's devices; and I can tell in a moment now, what is my God, and what is that deceitful foe. Satan has a religion, and he makes us think it is the true; and he deceives many a poor soul by setting before them one good thought after another, so that they look to their hearts, and trust in their hearts. I am quite frightened when I think of our world; not when my God is with me, I am not afraid then—neither men nor devils can make me fear then. But this world is like a prison to me; I feel a lone soul in it. I was thinking what a narrow path we have to walk in. It is as if there was a deep pit of water on both sides, and the way so narrow we could scarcely keep it, and full of dangers on every side. But my Saviour is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'"

But Sukey, though at times greatly favored, was at others as greatly tried and distressed:

"Who knows anything of my life? It is hid with my dear Redeemer; my life is his life. I have no other life. I walk about this world the same as all the rest, but I am dead. I hate and abhor myself, and I hate and abhor that outside profession. There's plenty of it about here; prayers to no end, reading the word, and abundance of good works and good talk. What trash it all is; I inwardly detest it in my very soul, that false, empty, *know-nothing*, outward profession! I cannot abide it. My dear Saviour is my religion. He is my possession. What's profession without possession? It is not worth much, indeed; it won't do for me, I know.

'My treasure is his precious blood.'

'That is a treasure rich indeed,  
Which none but Christ can give.'

When I see by faith his pierced hands, and feel that my sins have nailed him to the cross, no heart can conceive what that brings before me. I'm lost in wonder. For me! *He died for me!* Ever since the morning of my conversion, in my old house down at Ryton, my blessed Redeemer has held me in his dear hands. He showed me then that he died for me, that he hung on the cross for my sins. Yes, I saw him, with the eyes of faith, bleeding on the tree for my sins. I can truly say, I am his, and he is mine. God is my Father, Jesus Christ is my Redeemer, and heaven is my home; and I can truly say, 'I have fellowship with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ.' I can truly say I am fed with the living Bread of everlasting life, and my soul is abundantly satisfied. Often, when I have been unable to eat the natural food for my body, I have sat down and said, 'Now, my dear Father, feed me with the bread of heaven.' And he has come and given me a rich feast, and so filled me with his mercies that I have wanted no food for my body, I have been so strengthened and refreshed. I often think of these words, 'He would have fed them with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee.' But O, how sometimes I find the reverse of all this, and

'Fierce temptations wait around,'

Satan and my own evil heart stir up all, and there am I in the midst; and cannot stir one step to deliver myself till my Redeemer comes and drives Satan away; and then I am left alone with my Saviour—him and me alone. But how hard the battle is sometimes before he comes. He has left me for days and nights together, at times, to fight and wrestle with Satan and my own heart; and sometimes I think my own heart is the worst enemy of the two. I do hate and abhor my heart; I detest and abhor myself on account of the evil that dwells in me. I am ready to tear away this body of sin and death that is in my flesh, if I could."

On the morning of Aug. 16th, 1853, Sukey was seized with a paralytic stroke; and from that time till her death, five days afterwards, she never opened her eyes or spoke, but lay as if unconscious of everything passing around her. From an impression on her spirit, more than thirty years before, Sukey had anticipated that she would be taken away in this manner:

“Often, during her latter years, she has expressed herself in a way somewhat similar, and uniformly maintained her belief that God would be glorified at her death, not by opening her mouth, but by closing it. ‘Don’t you be terrified,’ she would say, ‘or think that I have been taken by surprise, if you should hear of my dying suddenly, or being strunk speechless, so as not to utter a word on my death-bed. My God has been preparing me for it these years and years past; and I wish to warn you about it, that you may know it will not come upon me by surprise. I never feel satisfied to close my eyes at night, nor can I rest in peace till I feel Jesus Christ in my conscience, so as to say, ‘Now, Lord Jesus, if it should be this night, I am ready to go.’ O, if he is absent, and guilt is on my conscience, what *un-restless* nights I have! My sighs, my groans, my tears none know but he himself! nor can any other bring ease to my distressed soul!’

“‘Now I often think about my death—there will be a great disappointment then. The folks will be gathered together to see old Sukey Harley die; and they’ll think to hear glorious words from my mouth—they’ll think to catch somewhat then. But what’s the use of that? Hear me speak! My filthy-rag righteousness, what’s that? O, there’s a great mistake in our world about this, for they don’t see the difference between the flesh and the spirit. But I have this feeling, that my mouth will be stopped then; there will be nothing left for me to say. I shall be nothing, but my blessed Redeemer will be all in all. The folks will see my lump of flesh, but they will not, they cannot see my life. My life is not here; it is hid with Christ in God! Who can see my righteousness? My righteousness is not mine; it is Jesus Christ’s. I have asked him, my blessed Saviour, to make me give my *dying* testimony while I am yet alive, walking up and down in this world. And he has put his words in my mouth, to speak as he bids me. I cannot speak thus to such as won’t understand me; they would take my words wrong, and call me a strange woman. Let them talk so, but I have got a Saviour! Yes, and I know him and he knows me.’”

We are sorry to add that we understand that the work before us is exceedingly scarce, and that a copy can hardly be anywhere procured. Reprints are rarely successful, as it is extremely difficult to resuscitate a book that has been for some time out of print; and yet we cannot but be sorry that a book so full of choice matter, so thoroughly original, and so deeply experimental, should be lost to the church of God.

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AH! happy afflictions! they wean us from this wretched, dying world; are a means to mortify our corruptions; teach us to live more constantly by faith on Jesus Christ; and to fix all our hopes and expectations on another and better world.—*Berridge*.

HAD there not been a proneness in us to fear casting out, Christ needed not to have, as it were, waylaid one fear, as he doth, by this strange and great expression, “In no wise;” “And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” There needed not, as I may say, such a promise to be invented by the wisdom of heaven, and worded at such a rate, as it were, on purpose to dash in pieces at one blow all the objections of coming sinners, if they were not prone to admit of such objections to the discouraging of their souls. For this word “in no wise” cutteth the throat of all objections; and it was dropped by the Lord Jesus for that very end, and to help the faith that is mixed with unbelief.—*Bunyan*.



## P O E T R Y.

*PASSING UNDER THE ROD.*

How trying the process by which we are brought  
 To bow to the will of our God;  
 What care he bestows, yea, what wisdom and love  
 Are seen in his dealings while making us prove  
 That 'tis well to "pass under the rod."

He knows that when all things go smoothly along  
 We recline on this wilderness sod;  
 And therefore he chooses, by crosses and woes,  
 Bereavements, temptations, afflictions, and foes,  
 To make us "pass under the rod."

O discipline painful, yet needful, that we  
 May constantly wait on our God;  
 If necessity drove not, we seldom should go,  
 And much less of his Spirit and presence should know,  
 If we did not "pass under the rod."

How often we look at the worldlings around,  
 Each making some bauble his god;  
 And in moments of darkness the soul seems to say,  
 As we watch their rejoicings, "'Tis well to be they,  
 For they never 'pass under the rod.'"

But the Blessed One smiles, and the murmur is hush'd,  
 When we meet at the throne of our God;  
 And we breathe as we're bending, "If thou wilt be near,  
 In all thy chastisements, to comfort and cheer,  
 I would rather 'pass under the rod.'"

Ah, then we've no wish for a trial withheld,  
 Or a less thorny path to be trod,  
 For we feel that to rest on the bosom of love,  
 In his likeness below or his glory above,  
 We must surely "pass under the rod."

Great Head of the household, since thou hast ordain'd  
 That the heirs of the kingdom of God  
 Should attain it through much tribulation below,  
 O, teach us sweet kindness and pity to show  
 When our kindred "pass under the rod."

And let us take courage, since all our concerns  
 Are obeying thy governing nod;  
 For we soon shall have done with the sigh and the tear,  
 No more have life's conflicts to face and to fear,  
 And no more "pass under the rod."

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THERE is no goodness in our will now but what it hath from grace; and to turn the will from evil to good is no more nature's work than we can turn the wind from the east to the west. When the wheels of the clock are broken and rusted, it cannot go. When the bird's wing is broken, it cannot fly. When there is a stone in the sprent and in-work of the lock, the key cannot open the door. Christ must oil the wheels of mis-ordered will, and heal them, and remove the stone, and infuse grace (which is wings to the bird); if not, the motions of the will are all hell-ward.—*Rutherford*.



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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AUGUST, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. WARBURTON.

“Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.”—  
Matt. x. 31.

WE find in this chapter that Jesus had been sending forth his disciples with the promise that he would be with them, yet reminding them of the persecution, affliction, and distress that they would meet with by the way; but he tells them the Master was treated in the same manner, so they must not be discouraged if they meet with the Master's lot. He assures them, in the two verses preceding the text, that not a sparrow can fall to the ground without his notice, and that there is not a hair of their head but what is numbered; and then he comes to the words: “Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

Should it please God to help a poor, fading, crawling, but old man in sin, I will,

I. Notice, *the family of God*; his dear disciples and children, that are or will be the subjects of slavish fears, God-dishonoring fears, devilish fears; and whatever any man can say or do, there is nobody can quell their fears but God.

II. I shall notice *the value God puts upon these poor trembling souls*. There is none but God who could or would put a great value upon them; and it is wonderful that even God should count them valuable.

I. I said that in the first place we would notice, *the family of God*, the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ; his dear children that are the subjects of fears.

My dear friends, it strikes my mind that where there are subjects of fear, there is life to feel. Perhaps some person here, in coming to chapel, felt like the poor old parson. I could hardly move one leg before the other. In coming up Tottenham Court Road, I thought everybody knew what a poor, ignorant fool I was. Well, if God can fashion and make things out of nothing, what is that to anybody? Wherever there is a fearing soul, there is something to fear. It can see something, feel something to be afraid of. But some people say they are afraid of nothing. Why, then, they are blind and dead. “Nay,” say some, “Old John cannot fear much, or else he could not talk so fast. We do not fear anything.” Have you no fear of offending God? Have you no fear of dishonoring

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God? If you have not, I would not give a groat for your religion, nor yet the third part of a groat. The greater part of God's family are the subjects of fears. They fear the root of the matter is not in their hearts; they fear they are not born again of the Holy Spirit; they fear their prayers are not spiritual but fleshly; they fear their comforts are fleshly and not the work of the Spirit in their hearts. I find, my friends, that God has scattered his "Fear nots" from one end of the Bible to the other; for whom? For those blessed persons who shall reign with him for ever. Why are these "Fear nots" scattered abroad? Because there are some who are constantly fearing. Why is this fearing? Why, my friends, they have such a sight of their wretched unbelief, and such a sight of their vileness, that they cannot help fearing.

The greater number of God's people have never been blessed with a decided sense of the pardoning love of God in their consciences. Some person may say, "I have been begging all these years, and never had anything given to me." Nay, do not say you never had a crumb; and if you have had only a crumb it is from the same loaf; and if but one crumb it has melted thy heart and lifted thee up. To have only a sweet glance of Jesus, and to have thy heart and soul wrapt up in him, it comes from the same loaf; it comes from the same God, and goes back to the same God; therefore why those dreadful fears that thou hast had nothing? The fond desire of thy heart is Jesus; only "hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life," "the desire of all nations." Is not that Jesus? When the devil charges thee with hypocrisy, when thy soul is in secret where no eye sees thee, when there is a begging and longing for Christ to come into thy heart, is not that the very longing desire of thy soul? "When the desire cometh, it is a tree of life."

Well, my friends, all the men in the world can never bring those souls out of their troubles till God brings them out. What! Are we to harass them, and tell them they are sinning against God if they do not do their duty, live up to their privileges, and act faith? I will leave all that to a parcel of blind pharisees. I believe, friends, to act faith means when faith comes and acts in me; it comes and acts to the glory of God: "Speak ye comfortably unto Jerusalem, and cry unto her, (what? Tell her to act faith or act doubts and fears? No; tell her) that her warfare is accomplished, (and that she is taken from the dunghill,) that her iniquity is pardoned." Say again, "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that be of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come (in the midst of all your fears) with vengeance (upon the devil and all your carnal reason,) even God with a recompense; he will come and save you," in his own time. So that, my dear friends, though the poor soul is ready to sink into despair because he has not the desire of his heart, yet, saith the Lord, "Take up the stumbling-blocks out of the way of my people." That is better than all men can do in telling them to hop, skip, and jump.

There is another cause for dreadful fear, and that is a vile and

wicked heart: I tell you what, my friends; you need not grumble at me for coming in this way, for I have tried everything to enable me to come and bring something grand and high; so do not grumble at old John bringing up this wretched fountain of iniquity that he carries about with him. For thirty years I was begging and praying that the Lord would bring me out of debt, and bless me with food and raiment; and my wife used to be angry. I thought that if the Lord would please to give me a sovereign to spare it would be very useful. Well, the time has come that I have a sovereign to spare; and now I have come to find that all the greatest miseries I ever had are internal miseries. O what depths there are in the human heart! What abominations to the child of God! Whatever deliverances he has had, whatever sweet joys and comforts he has ever had, if God causes the great depths of his heart to be opened, what fears arise! When the poor dear child of God feels all manner of lusts, all manner of abominations too black to be named, all manner of iniquity working in his filthy heart, he stands astonished; and he says, "Can ever God dwell in such a heart as mine?" "O wretched man that I am!" "O guilty wretch that I am!" My dear friends, he has no stone to throw at either men or devils. "It is very easy to tell him that "whatsoever thing entereth into the man, it cannot defile him;" but "that which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man." It is very easy for people to talk, and to tell him that it is nothing but the "old man," and that he should pay no regard to it. It is very easy for them to tell him that "grace reigns;" but, my dear friends, some of God's people cannot feel that they have "put on the new man;" they cannot feel at these seasons that they have a grain of grace in their hearts. But you say, "Can't they pray? and that is grace." It is one thing to try and persuade them that it is a work of grace on the heart, but it is another thing for the soul to have a taste of it. When the poor thing has a brother or sister come to see him, he begins to tell him or her what he has been, and that he fears he is a hypocrite, he is so plagued. If he could take comfort as they can, how happy he should be; but, "from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there is nothing but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." When the leper was covered from head to foot with leprosy, then the priest pronounced him clean. When the children of God come to see what they are, and what wretchedness they are the subjects of, they many times think that the root of the matter is not in them, and fear they are going to hell. They want a sweet fellowship and communion with Christ. They want a fresh washing, and they need the blood of Christ again and again now as much as they ever did in all their lives. Some religious people have got rid of their fears once, and have never been plagued with them since; but I know when I am plunged in the ditch I want to plunge into the fountain again. My conscience is sometimes so guilty and filthy, not with drinking, not with telling lies, not with ruining my neighbors, not with cheating and defrauding my neighbors, and acting hypocritically towards my fellow creatures. No; but there is something grieves my heart.

though I have been so careful not to wrong my neighbors. I have so much wretchedness as to offend my God and Father. I tell you what grieves my heart; my deadness, and my carnality; such hasty, peevish, angry passions rising up sometimes. "Ah!" says one, "why you look like a good-tempered man." Well, so I am, when I am pleased; but if you come to talk to old John when he is cross-grained, you will find he is as peevish as anybody.

There is no access to God, till there is a washing, a cleansing; then there is a sweet enjoyment of God's presence in my heart, and a fresh sense of his forgiveness. My soul sees and feels the blessed effects and fruits of worshipping God, not in the oldness of the letter but in newness of the spirit. Are you walking in this way? Then we can walk together, and sometimes say with David, "So foolish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before thee." My friends, this will be the source of every fear arising in thy heart to the end of time.

I have been to see a poor man on a sick bed, who is drawing near to eternity. I said to him, "Joseph, how stand matters between God and your soul?" He said, "My dear friend, I have days and nights of sore affliction. Would you believe it? Though I lie here as helpless as a poor babe, in a poor plight, I have had all the iniquities of my youth set before me; all my abominations in my state of nature have all been laid upon my heart; I never felt such a boiling up of all manner of sin in all my previous life. I cried, and said, 'Lord, I have known thee for fifty years; I have been hanging upon thee all those years; and hast thou left me at last?' I am going to be swallowed up in wretchedness and misery. But last night the Lord came in his glorious brightness; it was spirit and it was life. He raised me up, and he said, 'Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.' My soul was raised up, and all the cursed crew went into their dens. All I want now is to bless him, bless him, bless him for ever and ever."

My dear brethren, this old man will to the end of time be our plague. What a mercy it is when Christ brings us to see our need of a fresh plunge here, and of a fresh sense of his atoning blood.

Come, poor dear soul, thou art not a hypocrite. Thy soul is begging for a display of the love of God, and his blessed truth.

My friends, there is another source of these fears, that is, the fiery darts of the devil. I do not believe there is a child of God in the world, but the devil will harass him; for he hates him with a perfect hatred. I do not mean a parcel of prating hypocrites, that first take up Calvinism and then Arminianism, and then go from Arminianism to Socinianism. When Satan is hurled from his throne, and God takes possession of the soul, he never will leave that soul alone as long as God suffers him. Sometimes he will come in such a way, when the poor soul is reading the Bible, that he cannot make texts agree. He will say there is no reality in the Bible. O how this cuts up the poor soul. He says, "Where am I to look? What shall I do?" Then the devil says, "What! Such a fool as you pray? What! The Lord that made heaven and earth, who has angels at his

command, he hear your prayers? What a fool you must be to expect it! Why, you can't pray." I will tell thee what, poor soul; if it were not for prayer, he would never cast his fiery darts against it. I will tell you how you may find the devil out sometimes. Sometimes, when I have had, as I thought, such a fine time in prayer, the devil has come in and said, "That is prayer;" and I have thought, "I wish such a man had been there!" When the poor soul is puffed up with his fine prayer, it never goes farther than the ears of the people. The devil never attacks him then.

I once went six miles in prayer to a prayer-meeting; and when I reached there I could not say anything but, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" I saw a man there who said, "Is this John Warburton? Well, this is the best prayer I have heard for a long time." When there is real prayer, how the devil will attack it! He sends his fiery darts, and says that God will never hear it. How often the devil tells the poor children of God that they have sinned against the Holy Ghost. The devil knows that is a revealed truth that whosoever blasphemes against the Holy Ghost has no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come; and the poor soul is so bewildered in a dark mist that he is like Christian fighting with Apollyon, as Bunyan describes it, when he did not know his own voice. "Now," says the devil, "it is all up with you; you have sinned against the Holy Ghost, and there is no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the world to come." Then the soul sinks fathoms deep; but, blessed be God, he has not sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost.

My friends, I shall leave it just as it is. I thought I never should have got through so far. What value the Lord puts upon such poor worms as these we shall leave till the evening.

May God bless the few hints, and he shall have the glory.

*(The Evening Sermon in our next.)*

THE legal ceremonies were not of fit means to bring the heart into a spiritual frame. They had a spiritual intent; the rock and manna prefigured the salvation and spiritual nourishment by the Redeemer. The sacrifices were to point them to the justice of God in the punishment of sin, and the mercy of God in substituting them in their steads, as types of the Redeemer and the ransom by his blood. The circumcision of the flesh was to instruct them in the circumcision of the heart; they were flesh in regard of their matter, weakness, and cloudiness, spiritual in regard of their intent and signification; they did instruct, but not efficaciously work strong spiritual affections in the soul of the worshipper. They were weak and beggarly elements; had neither wealth to enrich nor strength to nourish the soul; they could not perfect the comers to them, or put them into a frame agreeable to the nature of God, nor purge the conscience from those dead and dull dispositions which were by nature in them; being carnal, they could not have an efficacy to purify the conscience of the offerer and work spiritual effects; had they continued without the exhibition of Christ, they could never have wrought any change in us or procured any favor for us. At the best they were but shadows, and came inexpressibly short of the efficacy of that Person and state whose shadows they were. The shadow of a man is too weak to perform what the man himself can do, because it wants the life, spirit and activity of the substance.—*Charnock.*

## THAT HE MIGHT BE JUST, AND THE JUSTIFIER OF HIM WHICH BELIEVETH IN JESUS.

Dear Sir,—I have often taken up my pen to write to you, but when I have written a few lines, my heart has failed me, and I have given it up. But now I again take it up with a felt determination, in the strength of the Lord, to send you some little account of his dealings with my soul.

Before God began his work upon my heart, I had gone to great lengths in open iniquity. I cannot tell which was my besetting sin, for all were alike unto me, and I drank it in with a greediness that no one can describe. Though I had a kind mother to warn and caution me, it was of no use; I was determined to have my own course, and go my own way, whatever it might cost me. I was like a wild ass's colt; I loved liberty, and liberty I would have. In this unsubdued state I went on until the age of seventeen, when I had a sudden check put upon me. Although so young, I had, by drinking and other diabolical sins, brought my poor body into a low state. Having free access to money, I got connected with bad company, and my bodily frame began to feel the effects. I was seized with a dreadful fever, and had no hope of ever again getting better. My sins began now to plague me, and hell, as it were, was set before me; and what to do I could not tell. I was in this state for three weeks, during which I felt confident that hell was my portion; and all who came to see me and pray for me could not persuade me otherwise. I could not pray myself; nor could I think that ever God would hear me if I did. I felt, if I could only say, like the thief, "Lord, remember me!" I should think there was hope for me, but I could not; despair, as it were, had hold of me; I could not pray. I called my mother to my bed-side, told her I was going to die, and asked her if there was any hope for me, and if she would be my friend. She said, "I cannot be thy friend any farther than the grave." This reply sank me down; I felt there was now nothing but hell for me. I groaned and cried, and felt that I could not be long in this world! All I wanted was a friend. I did not then know that Friend of sinners to whom my soul at the present time feels such love. But it pleased the Lord to raise me up again. I had made many vows that if he would do so I would be better; but, alas! what is man? After I was enabled to get out of doors again it was not long before an oath came to my lips; my soul sank again within me; I was reproved by an ungodly woman, and this sank me lower still. In this way I went on for about three months, keeping from many sins that I was formerly addicted to, until at last I was plunged again into trouble, which I never was fairly delivered from until my poor soul was brought to sing of free grace. I will tell you how it was. I had, time after time, cheated my mother out of a great sum of money; and there was a man then living with us, who gave me 1s. 6d. to pay his club. I went to pay it, but as I was going I felt a desire to go and see some people; I did so, and stayed longer than I intended. It being now too late to pay



the money, I thought I would not tell him but pay it the next club night; but before the time came, he got to hear that I had not paid it, and told my mother I had kept it. When I got home they charged me with it; and my mother told me, as she had often done before, that I should break her heart at last. She said to me, "O my lad, I can never forget, when thou wast ill, what promises thou madest; and now how thou art turning out again. O (she said, referring to my late illness), thou wast the picture of a damned soul, and thou wilt at last bring me to the grave." I replied, "Mother, I never shall," but went out of the house, in my feeling, utterly lost, and that to all eternity. I felt a load I could not bear up under. All that I had done and been in my past life was brought before me, and what to do I could not tell. The words, "A damned soul," rang again and again in my mind, and I felt and said, "I cannot live in this state long." But I determined that I would be better, and would commence by going to school. On the Sunday morning, therefore, I washed myself, and went to the school by 9 o'clock with a heavy heart and my head hanging down. A man was there who came to talk to the scholars, and he asked me if I would come to the class with a friend. I said I would; and when I went, the man asked me how I felt. I told him, Very badly; that I was a great sinner, and asked them to pray for me. They did so; and when I was on my knees these words came to my mind, "If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God." I told them what words had come, and they said I was converted. I knew no better, and felt for a week or so satisfied I was converted, as they had told me. But I had not been with them long before I had a thousand thoughts come into my mind that I never had before, and began to despair again. Their words and speeches would not satisfy me; for I was now dreadfully tempted to sin against the Holy Ghost, and for ten weeks thought I had done so. I could not tell my feelings to any one, nor could I meet with any one that had had the same temptation. Here I was held hard and fast, until brought to this point; there was something saying within me, "If thou goest on in a profession of religion, thou wilt be damned; and if thou goest back again into the world thou wilt be damned; and whatever thou doest, there is nothing but damnation for thee." But whilst I was thus held, such a desire after the things of God sprang up in my mind, that I said, "Damned or saved, I will go forward; for go back again into the world I cannot." In this way I went on sinning and trying to keep from it, but ever finding that whatever I did, sin was there. Nor could I find what I wanted; I got up early in the morning and stayed up late at night; but all was of no use; sin was mixed with all I did. Thus did the Lord lead me by a way that I knew not; and long before I left these people, he led me to see the truth.

And now I will come to the point I was seeking to know, which was, how God could justify an ungodly sinner. I could see the truth of election, and many other Scripture doctrines; but the point with me was, "How can God be just, and yet save my soul?" It was this I wanted to know, and that for myself. I was once reading my

Bible, when I met with this scripture, "But to him that worketh not but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." I could plainly see that working was of no avail, but could not understand the rest, for my soul was laboring under the weight and power of this passage, "He can by no means clear the guilty." I felt guilty, and I thought if he pardoned me he must clear me, but how I could not tell. I knew not, therefore, what to do, nor could I hear any of the preachers enter into my case. But at last I met with a man, and when I began to tell him how I felt, my soul felt a knitting to him. I had been then about six months among this body of professors, and they told me that I was a Calvinist in principle, and that I should be one at last. But whatever they said about it, I was for remaining where I was. At last I was brought to a full stand. I had been trying to keep the law, and take it for a rule of life; but at last I was compelled to give up talking, going to class, and all the rest of it; and my profession seemed to be entirely gone. I could neither pray nor read, neither work, eat, nor sleep, and what to do I knew not; my soul was in such a state that I could not tell myself, nor could I find anybody that could tell me. I went to parsons and class-leaders, and told them how I felt. Some told me that I must not commit sin in thought, word, or deed, and that they could find men who had not done so for twenty years. I felt, if this were true, I should be damned as sure as I was born. Another told me that if there were any born for hell, I was one of them; another, that I should be tumbling drunk before long, and become an infidel at last; and one, old enough to be my father, told me to go home and whistle and sing. He being an old man, and an old parson too, I took his advice, and tried to whistle and sing for a day, until I could do so no longer; down went my hammer, and I said, "I can neither whistle nor sing." I went to look for my Bible to read, but it was not in the place I thought it was, and I turned and looked into a desk where there were a great many old tracts, and amongst them I found an old "Gospel Standard." It was black, but I began to read a piece with the title, "Bring my Soul out of Prison, that I may Praise thy Name,"\* and another about being in Questioning Cell, and how the writer was exercised whether his religion was right or not. This found a way to my heart; I began to weep, and said, "Whoever the man is who wrote this, he is like me." I went and told my mother, and we wept together; I had found a little felt relief. Soon after, I met with a man who told me about the chapel at Manchester. I resolved to go, although it was nearly seven miles from where I lived. I went; and the minister was preaching about the Gospel trumpet and its sounds; one sound, he said, was of free pardon; and he described how his pardon came. When I heard it, I said, "I have never had a pardon like that." Another sound was free justification, and another, communion with God. It was sealed with such weight and power upon my mind that these were the things I wanted, and

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\* "Gospel Standard," Vol. XII., p. 339.

that these were the people who understood my case, that I cast off the others at once. This was no little trial for me; but what is there too hard for the grace of God to accomplish in a poor sinner? He made me willing to leave all their offers and proffers, and to go amongst a people that the world hates. I now began, from time to time, to go and hear his truth preached; and though I often thought I had neither part nor lot in the matter, yet I could not keep away; go I must; and when I heard the people talk about a law-work, and about the pardon of their sins, I felt that I could not go with them feelingly and experimentally; and my poor soul kept saying, "I am out of the secret altogether." But I got now and then a little here and there to help me, and felt fully convinced of my own inability and of the Lord's ability. I went often with these words upon my mind,

"Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,  
Can make this world of guilt remove."

Here I was kept, sometimes thinking that the Lord was going to say, "I am thy salvation," and at other times all but in despair; sometimes feeling a spirit of prayer, and at other times unable to pray at all.

"Uneasy when I felt my load,  
Uneasy when I felt it not."

But at last the time of love came. I heard a sermon one morning from these words, "It will surely come;" and blessed be God, it did come, and in such a way that my soul for the time felt satisfied that it was all right with me. I was walking along from chapel when these words were brought with power to my soul, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." In this I saw and felt all that I wanted; my soul was overwhelmed with such feelings of joy, love, and peace, as I can never describe. I was made free from "the law of sin and death." This was just what my soul wanted; and it was by the "law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." Here I saw every glorious doctrine to meet in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ; and my soul felt that it was made free from the guilt of sin and all its awful consequences. And it was followed by these words, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." I could not tell what to do; I sang aloud as I walked home by myself; I cried out, for I felt the power of it in my soul, "Thy love is strong as death." Here I was brought to see and know how God could be just, and yet be the justifier of the ungodly.

But since that time I have had many times of darkness, and have been trying, as it were through temptation, to cast this away, as if it were all a delusion. May the God of all grace bless it, if it is well that it should appear before his dear people. I may write again.

I am, Yours in the love of the truth,

M.

R. B. P.

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How can you partake of the Lord's Supper, and then go to the Crystal Palace, and pray "that your eyes may be kept from beholding vanity?"—*W. T.*

## A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER AT THE SEAT OF WAR.—No. 2.

My dear affectionate Brother in the cleft of the smitten Rock Christ Jesus, the good Shepherd of his sheep, who passeth before us for ever with his protecting arm of goodness and mercy,—By the renewing strength and mercy of God, our heavenly Father, I am mercifully upheld hitherto to behold another rising morn—the first day of 1858. Thirty years ago to day, my deceased mother gave birth to me, a sinful worm; and though often in great deeps, and sunk low indeed, yet doth the ever blessed Sun of Righteousness come again and again. Thus I am a monument of the immutable God of all grace and truth. I do desire to again greet you with love, as my heart is often yearning for you as my brother who has so affectionately entreated God's mercy for poor worthless me. Your deep regard for me I feel, but I cannot express my thanks to you. Oh, what superabounding love hath God to his people! Who would dare to limit it? Oh, what love in Christ for us his foolish, wandering sheep. Truly, as my poor aged father remarked to me in a letter I received a few days since, "God's mercy knows no end." What comfort it is to feel it! That the Lord may bless you with his mercy, is the desire of my soul, and enable you and me to pray for the presence of God to go up with us in all our ways, in this Egypt of sin. O, what a mercy that God has put us into that Rock, that is, his dear and own beloved Son, that was smitten for our offences by the rod of divine justice. O! may we be more at the feet of Jesus, as Mary was; and there behold a smiling Father in the face of Jesus Christ, in whom is treasured up all the grace of the gospel, with every promise for his poor, helpless little ones. He will make all his goodness to pass before us in the way. The good Shepherd has declared for our support, "When he putteth forth his sheep, he goeth before them; and they know his voice, and they follow him." O that we may be enabled to walk in the light of his blessed countenance, and be enabled to rejoice all the day, and drink of that full fountain of God for evermore.

"O, could we make our doubts remove,  
Which flesh and sense do rise;  
Then should we see the rest we love  
With unobscured eyes."

But my pen has run on, and I have not acknowledged the receipt of your most loving epistle I was so favored to receive a few days since, accompanied with another portion of blessed sermons, also a "Gospel Standard." There I behold my poor, feeble lines to you, my brother; this I never thought of. I hope you will thank all the dear brethren and sisters at A., also Mr. P. His kindness I cannot value too highly; I hope he is not forgotten at the feet of Jesus. I must leave you to thank all the dear people you dwell with. These books, &c., are precious to my soul. I have also received two more packages of books, one contained seven sermons preached by Mr. Hobbs. He is a honored servant of God; he speaks of that which

we hope we have been taught of God—to put no confidence in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead. I also got from some one else a lot of tracts I would not give room for, though, perhaps, the poor soul that sent them meant well. I am glad you are enabled to meet with the Lord's twos and threes, and in the assembly of his dear people. I am most happy to say, though we have no building of clay, and have nothing but the heavens to cover us, no other place but shades and banks, yet there has the blessed Lord been pleased graciously to remember me and my poor brethren. Israel shall have light in its Goshen. The golden bowl with the oil of joy and gladness shall be ever full for all the mourners in Zion. In my last to you I made very free in asking you your position of life, how you and yours (if so) are supported; do let me know. Our two friends are doing well from their wounds. Bolger is ill in body, but strong in faith; and his wife also, which is a great comfort to him. I sent him some sermons, &c., and they are sweet to his soul. There has been fearful slaughter at Cawnpore. Many of our poor 64th Regiment have been cut down, as fine soldiers as ever broke England's bread; but few indeed, I hear, had eaten of the Bread of Life. Yet hath God even here a seed to serve him. Our brother M'Lean, who has been fifteen years in the ways of God, was most mercifully preserved amidst this horrifying sight. We are here about 4,000, under General Outram, a very clever general; but we have lost our gallant General Havelock. We expect, on the arrival of our Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, to besiege this place, Lucknow. It is the enemy's stronghold. We are firing and being fired at nearly day and night, but little damage is done to us. How the enemy get on I know not. Should I be spared, after this I hope our regiment will be marched down the country. Now please to overlook all my blunders and mistakes, as I am but a poor scribe. I could not write or read much when the light of God first shone into my soul.

Our love to all the people of God; and I sign my poor worthless name,

Camp, Alumbagh, Lucknow, Oude,  
Jan. 1st, 1858.

A. BAKER,  
78th Highlanders.

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WHICH of all the saints hast thou known to be the better for much of the world? It has been some men's utter ruin. Where there is no want, there is much wantonness. What a sad story is that of Pius Quintus! "When I was in a low condition," said he, "I had some comfortable hopes of my salvation; but when I became to be a cardinal, I greatly doubted of it; but since I came to the popedom, I have no hope at all." Though this poor undone wretch spake it out, and others keep it in, yet, doubtless, there are many thousands in the world that might say as much, would they but speak the truth. And even God's own people, though the world has not excluded them out of heaven, yet it has sorely clogged them in the way thither. Many who have been very humble, holy, and heavenly in a low condition, have suffered a sad ebb in a full condition. What a cold blast have they felt coming from the cares and delights of this life, to chill both their graces and comforts! It had been well for some of God's people if they had never known what prosperity meant.—*Flavel.*

## THE BLESSING OF THE LORD IT MAKETH RICH

My dear Friend,—I received your letter, and was glad to hear from you. It appears you have not forgotten the little room where we meet, although you are now surrounded with preachers. I believe the Lord has often met with one and another in the room, and does so now at times, to revive and refresh our drooping spirits. Although it is usually now only reading, yet the Lord owns and blesses it, in the absence of the word preached, when God's servants cannot be had. And, as I have often said, "Give me a printed sermon, one that has been delivered by one of the Lord's ambassadors, rather than hear a man whose ministry I doubt." You may depend upon it that there are but few whom the Lord hath equipped; qualified, and sent out to speak in his name, who are really and truly made useful to his tried and exercised family; and I would rather at any time have the pulpit empty than have a man whom the Lord has not sent to preach, although a partaker of grace. All good men are not sent to preach. Many run, and will preach if they can get entrance into a pulpit, and thereby burden and perplex living souls rather than feed and comfort them. I know that reading sermons is much despised by many; but that matters not if the Lord bears testimony to it, which he often does when we are unable to obtain his own Spirit-taught servants. A sister of mine came to our little room, a fortnight last Lord's Day, very much tried, bowed down, and burdened in her mind, yea, in very great soul trouble. We read one of Mr. P.'s sermons, and the Lord blessedly met with it, conveyed the word with power and sweetness into her heart, which removed all the burden, and she said her soul was full. I can assure you that it was a most blessed season with her, and I believe it will be long remembered by her. I myself had a good time that night, but not to that degree which my sister had. My friend will see these things are encouraging, and prove that the Lord is not confined to preaching, but is able to bless other means. He looketh at the heart and knoweth the motive and intentions. He says, "Seek and ye shall find, ask and ye shall receive;" he does not say by merely going to hear this or that man, ye shall find and receive. And I believe the reason there is so little finding and receiving, is because there is so little seeking and asking with pure motives and sincerity. But we are made to feel that we have no power in this matter; we cannot quicken or keep alive our own souls, neither can we make ourselves prayerful, watchful, and wakeful. We are entirely dependent upon the Holy Ghost for every movement heavenward, for every panting, longing desire and cry after manifested mercy. No hungering is there after the bread of heaven unless He give the appetite; no thirsting after the fountain of living waters, except He is pleased to create the thirst in our hearts. What are we but the clay? No more power whatever have we in divine things than a piece of clay has to start up and form itself into a plate or any other vessel. Christ truly said, "Without me ye can do nothing;" and we are made to feel it. One who knew own weakness, said, "All my springs are in thee;" and "Power



belongeth unto God," not unto man. How carnal, dead, barren, and worldly do I feel at times; no heart for reading, prayer, or anything else of a spiritual nature, and no power to deliver myself. Yet there is a cry produced again, "Lord help me; make me more spiritual, more heavenly-minded; enable me to place my affections on things that concern my immortal soul." I cannot believe a living soul can be satisfied long together in a lukewarm state. In his right mind he would be lively in the things of God, prayerful, earnest, and sincere. He loves honesty and uprightness, and desires to know more of the blessed Spirit's influences on his heart. I would desire to be made meek and lowly, kept humble at the feet of Jesus, looking up to the hills from whence cometh all my help. Ah! my friend, what a mercy to have any evidence or marks of interest in God's salvation. It is often my cry from felt need, "Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." What a blessing to have the least assurance that we belong to God's redeemed family; that we are a part of that blessed number whom Christ came to seek and save, and to have the least hope of the right sort that when we have done with the things of time we shall be taken home to glory, to see his face with joy; out of the reach of trouble, temptation, sin, Satan, and the world. It would appear from yours that you do not escape the cross; you have some bitters in your cup; not all ease and peace. You must not expect it. The hymn says,

" Trials must and will befall "

We meet with many trials and are much exercised in our little business. I am obliged to take our temporal concerns to a throne of grace. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;" "The gold and silver are his." Yes, and he will make his people know where to look for their daily bread. He is a God of providence, and has promised he will provide; but he says, "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, that I may do it for them;" and I think I can say I have proved him to be a God-hearing and answering prayer in these matters. And how much better if we were enabled at all times to look to him, to trust him, to lean upon him, knowing he careth for us.

I was not much surprised to hear ——— advancing that unscriptural notion, that God does not chastise his people for sin. How contrary to the psalmist's experience! He says, "O Lord rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither *chasten* me in thy hot displeasure." Again it is written, "Then will I visit their transgressions with the rod and iniquities with stripes." Here are the rod and stripes expressly mentioned; and what are we to understand by them but chastisement? And what for? Why, "transgression" and "iniquity?" Therefore, I consider such a sentiment contrary to God's word and to all Christian experience. O may the Lord lead us into all truth, keep us as the apple of his eye, preserve us from evil, defend us from Satan and his temptations, support us under all our trials and give us strength to cast all our burdens, spiritual and temporal, upon him who is able to save to the uttermost. Yours in sincerity,

Rochester, June 15, 1855.

J. R.

## THE STEPS OF A GOOD MAN ARE ORDERED BY THE LORD, AND HE DELIGHTETH IN HIS WAY.

“O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength; seek his face evermore. Remember his marvellous works that he hath done, his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth, O ye seed of Abraham his servant, ye children of Jacob his chosen.” (Ps. cv. 1–6.)

Through the Lord's abounding mercy and grace, I have been brought into the sweet experience of these precious words; and following the exhortation to “make known his deeds among the people,” I sit down to record, as the blessed Remembrancer shall enable me, the Lord's great goodness to one of the most unworthy of his children, a poor, vile, worthless worm, without a particle of worth or worthiness in me; wholly a debtor to free and sovereign grace; for “the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee; they that go down to the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day; the father to the children shall make known thy truth.”

Referring to the narrative of my experience in the “Gospel Standard” of last year, page 143, I have briefly related how the Lord wrought a great deliverance for me, and saved me from the fury of mine oppressor. His executor was following in the same steps, determined to keep me in the same house, which, in consequence of having a lease upon the premises, which belonged to my oppressor, he was able to do. But how mysteriously does the Lord work, and how the whole of his providential dealings with his dear people are linked together; so that to trace his wonder-working hand through the whole, by the gracious anointing of the Holy Ghost, is very blessed. In consequence of this executor rendering no account of the estate for two or three years to one of the legatees, who was a female, the husband forced the sale of this property. Thus it fell into other hands, about twelve months ago, and I was delivered from this man. But I did not perceive then the Lord's goodness to me in this thing, and how he was preparing the way before me. In fact, I preferred paying my rent to him, (for he knew my straitened circumstances,) rather than to the person who bought the property, in whom the Lord afterwards appeared so conspicuously in my behalf, as I shall presently relate; so blind and ignorant was I of the Lord's goodness to me.

For fifteen years I lived in the same house, which my late partner had occupied for about twenty years before me. It contained four bed-rooms, one of which we were obliged to make into a school-room. In consequence of the increase of my family, the place became too strait for us to dwell in; but the Lord had so hedged me in that I could not get out of it. My late partner would not let me leave, neither would his executor; and now the property had fallen

into other hands, I had still an unexpired lease of four years, and no means of removing. To remain with a large and increasing family, cramped up in a small house, seemed impossible. To go without means, and bound by a lease of upwards of four years, seemed more impossible; in fact, at times, it seemed little short of madness to think of such a thing. Sometimes I got very rebellious, and thought the Lord dealt very hardly with me in shutting me up in such a way. I was envious at the wicked; they could move, and cut and carve for themselves; whereas I was so tied and bound in every way that I could do nothing. I have many times, like poor Job, cursed the day of my birth; and, like Jeremiah, said, "Wherefore came I forth out of the womb, to see trouble and sorrow, that my days should be consumed with shame?" But it has been my mercy that the Lord has so ordered it; for had I been permitted to have my own way, what trouble and distress I should have brought upon myself! This I know by painful experience. I have proved the great blessedness of having my affairs in the Lord's hand to manage all for me, for I am too blind and ignorant to manage them myself; and let me kick, fight, and rebel, or let me try to harden myself in sorrow, and lie down in the furrow of corrupt nature in sullen despair, blessed be God, it does not alter his purpose; "for he is in one mind, and who can turn him? And what his soul desireth, even that he doeth. For he performeth the thing that is appointed for me; and many such things are with him." Yes; the Lord goes on with his work, in spite of all opposition. What a gracious God is ours! so forbearing, so merciful. If he were not so, he would have swept us away with the besom of destruction long ago. At times I have been brought sweetly to acquiesce in all the Lord's mind and will concerning me, to repent and abhor myself in dust and ashes, on account of my base, evil conduct towards him; for I see that he does all things well. Nearly all the persons I spoke to about removing advised me to remain where I was; saying what an old established place it was, and my patients might not follow me. However, they did not know and feel the pressure within as we did, and how impossible it was to remain.

As this matter was laid more upon my dear wife than myself, in the beginning, I will extract a few passages from her journal to show how the Lord encouraged us from time to time:

"Sunday, Jan. 11th, 1857. When upon my knees this afternoon, I felt encouraged by seeing how the Lord's power had been displayed on our behalf during the past week, to beg of him to order for us for the future; that he knew the straitness of our dwelling-place, and all our needs; and that he could, if it were his will, appear for us in these things; and that we might be enabled to leave all to him; when these words came and were made sweet to my soul, 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.'

"Sunday, Feb. 8th, 1857. Last Sunday evening I felt tried and exercised about the straitness of our dwelling. Tom and Richard had come home, and I could not help feeling the smallness of our

house afresh, and either had been speaking to my husband about it, or was going to do, when he was called out of the room, and immediately these words,

‘ Arise, and try thy interest there,’

came so forcibly, that I felt I must get up off my chair, and kneel down and plead with the Lord for the blessing; that it was not my dear husband, but the Lord, I must go to. The Lord gave me some liberty and freedom in prayer; and, from the words I had had, I felt encouraged to believe the Lord would hear me and appear for me in this thing. The next morning I was surprised to hear my dear husband say he intended to ask our landlord, when he paid his rent, about our leaving. It seemed to me an answer to my prayers the night previous, and that the Lord had moved upon his heart. This encouraged my soul more and more to trust in the Lord, and plead with him for the blessing, but still in submission to his will. At night, after going to bed, I could not get to sleep, but in a little while the Lord caused his word to come into my soul, one scripture after another, that at last I felt I wanted no more; it was as much as my mind and body could bear; and I could not help feeling astonished at this unexpected visit. The words the Lord spoke home to my soul were in reference, I felt, to our leaving this house for a larger one; and the sweetest scriptures were these, ‘ For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;’ ‘ If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.’ These scriptures made me to see and feel more sweetly the Father’s love, for I have oftener felt of late the Son’s love; but here I had the Father’s love opened up to me. There was something so sweet in the words, ‘ Your heavenly Father,’ and ‘ your Father,’ and that he should condescend to say that he knew that we had need of these things.

“ Feb. 10th. Since writing the foregoing, I have been at times much exercised; for although the Lord has again established my dear husband’s soul in his faithfulness, yet he felt a great backwardness and disinclination to go and ask our landlord about leaving the house; and though the Lord had encouraged my soul to believe it was in accordance with his mind and will, yet I have been much exercised and tried by the enemy, first, that I should be leading my dear husband into difficulties, and secondly, that the sweet scriptures the Lord had encouraged my soul with had not come with great power, and might, after all, prove to mean nothing. But these exercises have, from time to time, driven me to the Lord, to beg of him to make our way more plain; and after talking with my dear husband this evening, when he again said he felt a reluctance to go and ask about the house, my soul again sank, and I felt cast down. So I went into my bed-room, and knelt down, and besought the Lord that, if it were right in his sight, he would be pleased to grant me a word with power, that my soul might be fully assured of what was his mind and will; but I could not help fearing lest it should be displeasing to the Lord, and that he would not give

me another word with power. But O how gracious has my God been! When I came down into the parlor where my dear husband and Tom and Richard were, I set to my sewing, and in a little while these words came, 'Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall.' They came with a sweet and softening influence upon my soul. I then got my Bible to find them, and finding there was a reference to the 37th Psalm, I turned to it, when these words were applied with such sweetness and power to my soul that the tears ran down my face, 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.' O, how I felt the Lord's goodness in so fully assuring my soul, and in condescending to give his poor, unworthy, trembling, and fearful child another blessed confirmation. This was enough. My soul felt fully satisfied, and so was my dear husband's, for I told him whilst I felt the powerful effects on my soul, so that he could see for himself; and so fully satisfied was he that he said he would see the landlord in the morning.

"Feb. 11th. Truly the Lord did confirm his word with signs following. On going to see the landlord this morning, my dear husband found him quite agreeable to our leaving at any time, and indeed to all he asked him about; so that the Lord had sent his angel before him. When he came in again, to tell me how the Lord had prospered him, I did feel melted and humbled under a feeling sense of the Lord's faithfulness to his own precious word, and of his loving-kindness to me; and how blessed to see the Lord was ordering all the steps of our way! I knelt down to thank the Lord for all his goodness to me, with a sweet feeling sense of it in my heart; and for some time I felt quite broken down under the feeling sense I had of the Lord's great goodness."

My dear wife having had so much to do with the first step, I have related it in her own words, recorded by her at the time. It was very marvellous in my eyes to see the Lord's power in my landlord, constraining him to let me go, *at any time*, and cancel my lease, and give me the valuation of some grates which I had put in the house; in fact, he agreed to everything I named. Thus the Lord gave me the most convincing proof that he had ordered this step of my way. The next was, where he would have us to go. I thought that as he had appeared so conspicuously for me in my landlord, he had a habitation provided for us; but I found that "he that believeth shall not make haste." Remarkably enough, at this time there were very few houses to be let; and the only one at all likely to suit us, as to size and situation, was occupied as a Sunday School Institute. When I went to look at it the secretary and his wife were very kind, and gave me much information about the place, and said their notice expired on the 1st of March. They advised me not to go to the landlord, but wait a week or two until some decision was come to by the committee. But after I left them, these words

came, "Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way; send me away that I may go to my master!" In consequence of these words, I could not rest until I had been to see the landlord. He told me that we had better wait until the committee gave it up before saying anything about it. I thought, by the 1st of March the committee will surely decide to leave the place; but, alas! I was greatly mistaken. The 28th of February came, but nothing was done. Still, the secretary's wife encouraged me to wait a little longer; as the place must be given up. I remember, it was Saturday evening, Feb. 28th, when I brought this intelligence to my dear wife; it sank her very much. I did not feel it so much at first myself, but presently I got into the belly of hell. What awful rebellion I was the subject of for about six weeks, until the Lord brought me down with hard labor, when I fell down; and there was none to help. Deceived again! I told my dear wife that I would have nothing more to do with her scriptures! When the Lord gave me a word, I could depend upon it; but look where I had got into in consequence of being led by her! I believed it was altogether a delusion. Then I questioned with the Lord, why he permitted me to be deceived again and again, until I knew not what was of him: and what was not; what was flesh and what was Spirit. O, it is terrible work to have the Lord's word put in the furnace; and fear, amidst the confusion the devil stirs up, it will prove nothing but a delusion. What a death the Lord puts upon the word! "Thy daughter is dead; why troublest thou the Master any further?" "For since I came to Pharaoh, to speak in thy name, he hath done evil unto this people; neither hast thou delivered thy people at all." This is the language of unbelief. I came to Jeremiah's conclusion, that there was no knowing whether anything was of the Lord, until it came to pass. "Then I knew that this was the word of the Lord." He had been greatly deceived, which made him very cautious in trusting to his own judgment about matters. Nothing gives the devil such an advantage over us as being deceived about the Lord's word. The direct consequence is, an awful fit of rebellion. I have proved this by painful experience over and over again; for "if the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" If the devil can shake this foundation, he is sure to assault every part of one's religion; because if I am deceived on one point, why may I not be in all?

(To be continued.)

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WITHOUT this sense of a lost condition without him (Christ), there will be no moving of the mind towards him; a moving of the mouth there may be: "With their mouth they show much love. (Ezek. xxxiii. 31.) Such a people as this will come as the true people cometh, that is, in show and outward appearance; and they will sit before God's ministers as his people sit before them; and they will hear his words too, but they will not do them, that is, will not come inwardly with their minds: "For with their mouth they show much love, but their heart (or mind) goeth after their covetousness." Now all this is because they want an effectual sense of the misery of their state by nature; for not till they have that will they in their mind move after him.—Bunyan.



## A FRAGMENT OF EXPERIENCE.

October and November, in the memorable year 1818.—I thought the good Lord had mercifully condescended to save my soul from all condemnation and misery in the life to come, and this was made known and sealed home so powerfully on my conscience that I said, “My soul is past from death unto life; the Lord has loved me from everlasting, and will love me to everlasting; nothing can separate me from his favor; no not even an evil heart of unbelief, for he hath said, ‘Though we believe not, he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself;’ ‘in Christ Jesus, all the promises are yea and amen;’ and ‘though heaven and earth pass away, not one jot or tittle of my word shall fail.’” The immutability of God was the staff of my soul; faith laid hold of the promises; and the unchangeable love of God in Christ Jesus was such a foundation for hope to build on, that from the feeling of my heart, I exclaimed, “The Lord hath made my mountain to stand so strong I shall never be moved;” never moved from the favor of Jehovah; never moved from the covenant of Christ Jesus; never moved from his watchful eye and his stretched out arm of deliverance and defence. For he hath said of Zion, “I am a wall of fire round about her; and the glory in the midst of her,” therefore, “no weapon formed against her shall prosper. For I will make my strength perfect in her weakness.” Oh! said I, “If God be for me, who can be against me? All things shall work together for good to them that love God and are the called according to his purpose.” Not all the workings of the old man of sin, nor any of Satan’s suggestions or temptations, nor a persecuting world without, combined, could then persuade me that I did not love the Lord Jesus Christ; for the language of my heart was, “Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.” And what was the proof that the Lord was my God? Did I love my carnal relations better than him? No! I had, indeed, known the time when they were dearer to me than life, for, when I was under bondage and misery, with a full conviction that if ever my soul was saved it must be by the especial favor of Jehovah, Satan put this question to me, “Now, if it were possible for you to be saved, yet if heaven were denied to your relations, how should you like it?” Oh! I thought, “if they are not there, heaven would be no heaven to me.” So infatuated was I with the wretched doctrine of universal charity, and so led away was I with natural affection. Another time, when one of them lay at the point of death, such was my affection for her that I thought I could not exist without her in this world; and it crossed my mind if I could but ask the Lord to restore her, and only believe that he would, that she certainly would recover, agreeably to God’s word, “Whatever ye shall ask the Father in my name, believing, it shall be granted unto you.” Though I felt my want of faith, yet a secret something prompted me to go, and I begged the Lord that rather than part with her, or be left behind, he would be pleased to take us both, or restore her. Thus, fool like, I sued for my own

destruction, for I did not then know the saving effects of Christ's death, by application to the heart; but the Lord intended otherwise; he raised her up, and preserved me for a monument of his long-suffering mercy, and as such I stand to this day. O Lord, if I have no heart to sue for higher favors, I can tell thee from the feeling testimony of my soul that thou art a God of infinite mercy and goodness, and that I stand a worthless monument of thy clemency, inasmuch as thou hast not cut me off in thy just indignation and anger, but hast fed me with mercies, and spared me to this day. And yet how much is it the language of my rebellious heart, that the Lord "has forgotten to be gracious," when I can testify that I daily abound with his mercies, both spiritual and temporal. It is thou, ungrateful, rebellious, deceitful heart, that art my worst enemy, and robbest me of my chief good, the light of thy reconciled countenance and communion with thee, O Lord, from off thy mercy-seat. Did I love carnal friends better than thee, when I knew thy love? I trow not. One proof is, that I wrote to them, finding it a matter of conscience, and knowing they were left in nature's darkness, though fully aware of their displeasure; yet I must tell them what the Lord had proved to be to a worthless, sinful worm; and what must be their awful situation if they were never brought to know their interest in the covenant of mercy in Christ Jesus, by being made new creatures in heart and life. Not all their threats, frowns, or caresses could then deter me from following Jesus. No; I could give them all up, in heart and affection, rather than dishonor the Lord. I believe I then experienced the spiritual meaning of that scripture, "If any man hate not his father and mother," &c. I could leave them in God's eternal purposes, nor did I covet their company or possessions, for I found my affections set on heavenly things; I felt dead to the old world and alive to a new one; and I found new relations in the citizens of Zion, who were more dear to me than my natural father or mother, &c. They were to me "the excellent of the earth," and the desire of my soul was to live and die with them. And why was this? Because they bore the Lord's image; because they spoke of his wonderful condescension and goodness—things which were my meat and drink; things that rejoiced my soul, for I desired to know nothing amongst men but Jesus Christ and him crucified; because their walk and conversation showed forth the Lord's glory; because being agreed we could walk together, and I believed they would be my companions world without end. What, then, did I feel towards my carnal relations? Why this: I felt that if any of them were in God's eternal purpose for good, in his own time he would bring them forth in regeneration in this life; and that if so, it would rejoice my soul, and I could then live and die with such; but if not, the language of my soul was, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." But as they were my natural parents, and had been the instrumental cause of my being, had protected me, fed me, and brought me up, and done more for me than I ever could repay them, I felt a strong desire to promote their temporal good, to add to their comforts, to ease their burdens, &c.;

and told them I would do anything, sacrifice anything to promote their good but God and my conscience; but these I could not give up, as they were all my happiness, and were dearer to me than anything else. "When my mother and my father forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;" and so by blessed experience I have proved. The Lord gave me faith in exercise, to trust him as a God of providence, and caused me to commit both soul and body into his care and keeping; and as he had fed my soul so liberally, I could trust him for my body, for I knew "the bounds of my habitation were fixed," and that in his own time he would make a way for the display of his will towards my temporal concerns. I believed he would remove me from my father's house; and so he did, and gave me patience to wait and watch his hand; and I saw the Lord go before me, for I went out like Abraham, not knowing whither I went, yet fully persuaded I should not return to abide in my father's house.

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### TO THE POOR THE GOSPEL IS PREACHED.

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Dear Sir,—Don't you be hurt at my framing these lines, as I have been the means of your coming to Newhaven. I am a poor insignificant being; but when I got up this morning, taking the lowest room, hope began to beam forth with sweet remembrance of that glory which you set forth, after proving whom the Lord calls, them he justifies; and whom he justifies, them he glorifies. Just as my soul was on the tiptoe, you finished your discourse, saying, "Heaven! What is it?"

‘That holy, happy place,  
Where sin no more defiles.’”

This being the sweet language of a departed wife, tears of gratitude flowed sweetly. I, being encumbered with sin that defiles, must say,

“Hope, there is none for such as me,  
Except in dear Gethsemane.”

I began to tell the Lord what glory he will bring to himself, till I found my soul giving him such glory, and feeling such love that I found it good to be there. Then, feeling for you in coming to this place, I said, "O that I might hear the same language again;" finding a sweet oneness with poor, lost, debased sinners, and their condescending Lord, till I could say, "Lord, be mouth and wisdom to my dear friend;" and believing what my spirit seeketh for would be granted, I pen these lines to strengthen the weak hands. Forgive such freedom, for I am very bold in addressing you; but divine things make one bold. Another thing I must not omit. The first time you called on me, I felt very glad, and you found yourself open to speak, telling me that, as you were travelling to Bourne, the day before, just after you passed the last gate, all at once you found the blessed presence of the Lord with you, and that under the same influence you preached at Bourne. I found the spot of ground was just in the borders of Newhaven; I said to myself, "This is a prelude of his

preaching in Newhaven," but I said nothing; but my daughter hinted such a thing to you, thinking there are some of these poor helpless souls in this place. The next time you came I hinted it to you on conditions; you passed your word, and I accepted it; and in the most unlikely place, amongst a people that are the greatest enemies, is a way opened. Don't you wonder? I don't; it is the very path I have trod all my days; so don't you reason about it, but trust in the Lord; it is a bed to stretch on, the length and breadth of which no man can get at; I have been trying, but am lost in admiration and praise. I told S. C. that your desire was, that praying souls might be on your behalf. He answered, "Pray! I cannot; but my desire is, that the Lord may be with him." So you see you have great helpers, that can only groan and mourn out discontents; but I must bring home these things to yourself in stating the effects of life. The blessed Spirit being the author of short prayers, groaning prayers, and mourning prayers, as in Egypt, the Lord came down to deliver them, they being prayers of his own inditing. O, if it were not for such prayers, where should we be? Those that feel they cannot pray are the groaners the Lord regardeth, for then our comeliness is turned to corruption. As soon as a poor soul has a thought arise of his being something, he is near a fall. The greatest nearness I have ever found, when the most debased. If I am suffered to be a little uniform, what a poor dry stick I am. But if I appear before God in my true colours, and by reason of my infirmity am sensibly debased, and dare only address the blessed Lord, with smiting on my breast, and, "God be merciful to me a sinner," then has come, at times, such assurance of his being my gracious God that peace in believing has settled all disputes. So now by these lines you will be able to judge that your coming to Newhaven is from the Lord, to preach deliverance to a debtor, a captive, a lost man, a sinner, and the poor. To have the gospel preached to them, it will make their souls sing again, and they will groan out to the Lord, "Send us these things again;" and who is to know what the end of your coming may be? Since I saw you last, it has lain heavy on my spirit, finding the same was heavy on you; and this is a prelude of freedom.

Newhaven, May 1st, 1838.

H. Y.

[This letter was written to Mr. Grace, of Brighton, after his first visit to Newhaven.]

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NOAH was a "preacher of righteousness." We have every reason to believe that in discharging this office, he was faithful, self-denying, earnest, and persevering. How fully did this office point out the ministrations of the Son of God. Jesus was appointed to preach the gospel of righteousness to the poor. To this he devotedly attended, and faithfully did he persevere in publishing the righteous doctrines and precepts of his heavenly kingdom. His preaching was eminently spiritual, yet clear, plain, and often clothed in the language of figure and parable, so that the common people heard him gladly. It is remarkable, too, that, as preachers, both prophesied of the just vengeance of God,—Noah with respect to the old world, Jesus with respect to Jerusalem and Judea.

## BUNYAN ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ABSOLUTE AND CONDITIONAL PROMISES.

BEFORE I go any further, I will more particularly inquire into the nature of an absolute promise. Firstly. We call that an absolute promise that is without any condition, or more fully, thus: That is an absolute promise of God, or of Christ, which maketh over to this or that man any saving spiritual blessing, without a condition to be done on our part for the obtaining thereof. And this we have in hand is such a one. Let the best master of arts show me, if he can, any condition to this text, "They shall come to me," depending upon any qualification in us, which is not by the same promise concluded shall be by the Lord Jesus effected in us. Secondly. An absolute promise is, as we say, without if or and; that is, it requireth nothing of us to effect its accomplishment. It saith not, they shall if they will; but they shall. You may say of a will, that the use of the means is supposed, though not expressed. But I answer, no; by no means as a condition of this promise; for if they be at all included in the promise, they are included there as the fruit of the absolute promise, not as if it expected the qualification to arise from us. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." (Psalm cx. 8.) That is another absolute promise; but doth that suppose a willingness in us, as a condition of God's making us willing? They shall be willing if they are willing; or, they shall be willing if they will be willing. This is ridiculous; there is nothing of this supposed. The promise is absolute as to us. All that it engageth for its own accomplishment is the mighty power of Christ and his faithfulness to accomplish. The difference, therefore, betwixt the absolute and conditional promise is this: Firstly. They differ in their terms. The absolute promises say, I will and you shall; the other, I will if you will; or, Do this and thou shalt live. (Jer. xxxi. 31-33.) Secondly. They differ in their way of communicating of good things to men. The absolute ones communicate things freely, only of grace; the other, if there be that qualification in us which the promise calls for, not else. Thirdly. The absolute promises, therefore, engage God; the other engage us. I mean God only, us only. Fourthly. Absolute promises must be fulfilled; conditional may or may not be fulfilled. The absolute ones must be fulfilled because of the faithfulness of God; the other may not because of the unfaithfulness of men. Fifthly. Absolute promises have therefore a sufficiency in themselves to bring about their own fulfillings; the conditional have not so. The absolute promise is therefore a big-bellied promise, because it hath in itself a fulness of all desired things for us, and will, when the time of that promise is come, yield to us mortals that which will verily save us; yea, and make us capable of answering all the demands of the promise that is conditional. Therefore, though there be a real, yea, an eternal difference in these things (with others) betwixt the conditional and absolute promise, yet, again, in other respects, there is a blessed harmony betwixt them; as may be seen in these particulars: Firstly. The conditional promise call for repentance; the absolute promise gives it. (Acts v. 30, 31.) Secondly. The conditional promise calls for faith; the absolute promise gives it. (Zeph. iii. 12; Rom. xv. 12.) Thirdly. The conditional promise calls for a new heart; the absolute promise gives it. (Ezek. xxxvi.) Fourthly. The conditional promise calls for holy obedience; the absolute promise gives or causes it. (Ezek. xxvi. 27.) And, as they harmoniously agree in this, so again the conditional promise bleaseth the man who, by the absolute promise, is endued with its fruit.

## THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

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Dear Friend in the Path of Tribulation,—I have been in the furnace again. My little boy, two years and eight months old, was taken last Thursday with inflammation in the chest. When the doctor came he did not know what to make of him, but told me that he was in great danger. The next day, Friday, the head doctor came; he told us the same tale. In the afternoon, we thought that the little boy was sinking; the mother was crying; but I felt that hardness of heart which is such a grief to a child of God. All that I could do was to try and groan unto him who has all power in heaven and earth; but my faith was at a very low ebb, like a spark in the ocean. I was just upon the eve of going to seek another doctor, a good man; but as I was alone in the bedroom, my child lying on his back with his eyes closed, these words crossed my mind, “The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” I was enabled to pray the prayer of faith for the life of my boy, and in my prayer I told the Lord that it was not my darkness, deadness, carnality, sins, wanderings of affection, infidelity, nor all the foul workings of depraved nature that would hinder my prayer being answered; for if I was chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, washed in his precious blood, and clothed in his glorious righteousness; if he died on the cross, rose again for my justification, and ascended up before the throne there to plead his own wounds and scars on my behalf, then I was a righteous man; and though at times I could not see those fruits that I wished, and my cry was often with Micah, “Woe is me, for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits, as the grape gleanings of the vintage; there is no cluster to eat; my soul desired the first ripe fruit”—Jesus Christ; yet all these feelings did not alter my standing in Christ. I thus was enabled to argue and plead with the Lord; a great pouring out of soul was granted to me before a throne of grace; and I was led to see what it was that made the prayer of a righteous man effectual. First, because his body is the temple of God the Holy Ghost; and, in the second place, true prayer is the inditing of the Spirit, and the Lord will be sure to answer such, as he liveth and reigneth, and he being the high priest and intercessor of his people; and very often true prayer consists of a groan, a desire, an inward motion felt within; though sometimes, like Jacob, there is great wrestling of soul. I do think this was my case on Friday, about twelve o’clock, though a groan prevails as much with God as Jacob’s wrestling and saying, “I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.” Though poor Hannah could only speak in her heart, her God understood all about it and what was going on within. Oh! how sweet when the Holy Ghost is pleased to enable us to believe that our thoughts are all known unto our heavenly Friend before they are to us.

But I am digressing from what I was going to write. As I was standing over my child, I told the Lord this should be a proof that I was a righteous man by the child recovering. Oh! my friend, after the words were out of my mouth I felt trembling within lest the boy



should die; but my prayer was in accordance with the holy will of God. After being engaged some time in prayer, I left the room, and came down stairs and talked to my wife and a Christian friend, how the Lord answered the prayer of the Bible saints; and I felt a little sweetness in so doing, and a measure of strength imparted. I went up stairs again and once more wrestled with the Lord, pleading his own words. I said, "Lord, thou hast said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me;'" and the Lord was pleased to strengthen my faith to believe that the child would recover. When my wife and a good woman came into the room shortly after, I said to them, "The boy will not die, and I shall send for no more doctors, for it is the prayer of a righteous man that availeth much." God also was pleased by what I told her to strengthen her faith; thus my wife felt refreshed and quite revived in her soul, so that she could leave the child in the hands of God, though only just before this her mind was tossed up and down like the troubled ocean. To a friend in the room who asked me, did I mean to say that I was not for the means? I answered, that they were nothing without the blessing of God, for Asa, when diseased in his feet, "sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians," and he died. But inward sinkings soon came on, lest after all I should be deceived, and I felt, O that I had never opened my mouth! I opened the Bible, Gen. xii., and I read the account of God telling Abram to get out of his country, &c., and that he would bless them that blessed him, and would curse them that cursed him, and Abram believed all what God told him. But, by and by he was to go down into Egypt. Oh, I thought, how true in Christian experience! But what was the result? Why, poor Abram found that true faith was not his gift, and that it was out of his power to exercise it. "He said to his wife, Therefore it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, they shall say, This is thy wife, and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive." I do not know what professors would say to Abram if he lived in our day, except that a man like him ought not to doubt; but these unexercised professors are not in trouble like other men; they do not find the world to be any trouble to them, nor the flesh and the devil; but the Bible saints of old cried out, "We see not our signs." You and I want very often those "Fear nots;" and, "I am thy shield and exceeding great reward;" and it is only these "Fear nots" that will put strength into our hearts, and enable us to be still in the midst of danger. When we can feel Christ in the vessel, and not till then, can we smile at the storm.

But I must come to a conclusion. My boy is getting better quite fast, though the doctor thinks that it is his medicine; but I give all the glory to God. My wife sends Christian love to you both.

Yours truly,

London, Oct. 22, 1857.

T. S. S.

P. S.—I have also sent you a hymn.\* It was sweet to me; it may also be to you.

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\* See Poetry.

## R E V I E W.

*The Grace and Duty of being Spiritually-minded, Declared and Practically improved. By John Owen, D.D. London: James Nisbet.*

Most clear and decisive are the testimonies which the Holy Ghost has given in the word of truth to the depth of the fall—so clear and decisive that the wonder is how men professing to receive the Scriptures as an inspired revelation can dispute or deny what is so plainly declared by Him who cannot be deceived and who cannot lie. In fact, the whole testimony of God from first to last—from the page which records the murder of the martyred Abel to that which writes on the heavenly city, “For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie,” is a declaration of what man is as a fallen sinner before the eyes of infinite Purity. What man has done when left to himself, and therefore what human nature is, as a turbid and corrupt fountain, to pour forth such streams of unutterable abomination, is most vividly drawn by the apostle Paul, Romans i. 21-32. Look at the summing up of the long catalogue of crime, enough to make the sun hide its face from such debasement of that nature created in the image of God, once so fair and beautiful, so innocent and so pure, in which not a vain thought or sensual desire ruffled the calm of that spotless heart in which the features of its glorious Creator so brightly shone. Compare man in Paradise with the brutal monster, the obscene wretch of the pagan sty thus described: “Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.” (Rom. i. 29-32.) Can human language paint man’s portrait in darker colors? Is there one bright tint to relieve this mass of shade? one fair and beautiful quality to redeem human nature from such unqualified denunciation? But it may be said, Paul is here describing the Gentile world, and picturing the abominations practised in his days, before Christianity had dawned upon the earth, before that mild and beneficent dispensation had shone into the dark corners of the globe, and put to flight the crimes of heathenism and idolatry. True, he is describing the depths of human depravity as then manifested in the Gentile world, the crimes practised without remorse or shame by the polished Greek and civilized Roman; and that his description is not exaggerated is well known to every one at all acquainted with the literature of that period. But after all this deduction, the question still recurs, How came human nature to be so outwardly vile, unless it were inwardly base? How could lips utter words, how could hands perpetrate deeds of such filth and blood, unless the heart first conceived the thoughts which brought forth such horrid fruit? Surely the fountain must be bitter, to give forth such bitter waters; the tree must be corrupt, to bear such “grapes of gall,” the wine of which is “the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps.” But has Christianity done so much? Has it reformed mankind and regenerated the human race? It has, thanks be to God, done much for man and more for woman; it has banished into darkness crimes once committed in the light of day; it has alleviated the horrors of war; elevated woman to the side of man, whence she was originally taken; and spread principles of morality and kindness far and

wide, which influence the minds of thousands who still live and die in all the darkness and death of unregeneracy. But beyond this outward reformation, and that most scanty and partial, the heart of man is still a fountain of evil, casting forth its wickedness. It is still corrupt to the very centre, foul to the very core—a running, reeking, heaving, fermenting mass of filth and folly, full of deceit and hypocrisy, unbelief and infidelity, murmuring and blasphemy, lust and sensuality, murder and enmity, rebellion and despair, increasing in wickedness down to its lowest depths; for far, far beyond all human sight, unfathomable abysses of crime stretch themselves, which, like a volcano, only make themselves known by the boiling lava which they continually throw up. One sentence of the Holy Ghost has often struck our mind as depicting more than any other what the heart of man really is: “Because the carnal mind is *enmity against God*; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.” (Rom. viii. 7.) Enmity against God must not only include in its bosom the seeds of every other crime, but be in itself the worst of all crimes. To be an enemy to God must be a most awful position for a creature of his hand to stand in; but to be enmity itself must be the concentrated essence of sin and misery. An enemy may be reconciled, appeased, turned into a friend; but enmity, never. *That* dies, if die it can, fighting; *that* is proof against all love; *that* seeks only occasion by the very kindness of its benefactor to hate him more—hates him most for his goodness; *that* knows no pity, feels no remorse, is subject to no control, is unappeasable and irreconcilable, and would sooner bear its own inward hell of hate than enjoy a heaven of love. And when we think for a moment who and what the great and glorious God is, against whom this reptile heart bears an enmity so enduring and so wicked; when we view him by the eye of faith as filling heaven and earth with his glory, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, and yet day after day loading all his creatures with benefits, and to his people so full of the tenderest love and compassion—then to see a dying mortal, whom one frown can hurl from all the pride of health and vigor into the lowest hell of misery and woe, spitting forth, like some miserable toad, his slaver and venom against the glorious King of kings and Lord of lords—well may we stand amazed at the height of that presumption and the depth of that wickedness which can so arm a worm of earth against the Majesty of heaven. But worse than all, to come nearer home, to find our own heart, our own carnal mind, still what the Holy Ghost has described it, “enmity” against the God of all our mercies—that is the worst, the cruellest blow of all.

Men fight against sovereign grace; yet what but sovereign grace can meet a case so desperate as ours? What but a salvation without money and without price, what but the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the dying love of an incarnate God, and the atoning blood of a dear Redeemer can suit or save such miserable wretches! And what but the almighty power and invincible grace of the Holy Ghost can communicate to the soul, sunk so low into carnality and death, that wondrous birth from above whereby it is “delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God’s dear Son?”

One of the most blessed marks of regenerating grace and the sure fruit of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, is that spiritual-mindedness of which Paul declares, it is “life and peace.” It has occurred, then, to our mind, in the great dearth of modern books suitable to review, to bring before our readers the work at the head of this article, in which Dr. Owen has treated this blessed subject with his usual clearness, depth, and power. It was in the first instance written by him for his own pri-

vate meditation, at a period when he was laid aside from the ministry, and was afterwards brought forward in a series of discourses to a congregation amongst whom he stately ministered in those evil times when sin ran down the streets like water, in the days of that wretch of wretches, Charles II., and that bigot of bigots, James II. The power and purity of the religion of the early Puritans had then already begun much to decline. During Cromwell's time, religious profession had walked abroad in silver slippers, was fostered and encouraged in high places, and being the way to court favor and employment in the church and in the state, had been taken up by many who were utterly destitute of the life of God. In those days there were doubtless many eminent saints of God, but there were doubtless many terrible hypocrites. Many dearly loved and served Jesus Christ, but many dearly loved and served their own belly. Choice servants of God preached the gospel with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of his people, and choice hypocritical imitators preached the gospel with a single eye to their own glory and the good of their own pockets. When, then, the scene changed, and the return of Charles II. opened the sluice-gates of sin so long pent back by the stern Protector, these graceless professors were unable to stem the tide of contempt and persecution which burst forth against all who held the doctrines, professed the principles, and lived the life of the strict Puritans. Many were at once swept away into the profane world, some conformed to the Established Church, others joined in persecuting the faithful followers of Christ, and most of them, in some way or another, concerning faith made awful shipwreck. But even of those who were not thus carried down the stream, many too plainly made it manifest that they were affected by the strength of the current, and stemmed the tide with wavering steps. Either to avoid the cross, for in those days heavy fines, loathsome jails, and banishment from their native land were the almost certain penalties of non-conformity—or influenced by their own worldly spirit, or infected by the example of the loose professors around them, many who professed Puritan principles sadly departed from the strict walk of their godly ancestors. This departure was witnessed with grief of spirit by men like Owen and Bunyan, who not only knew much in their own souls of that divine teaching which led them up into sweet union and communion with the Lord, but had seen and known the power of godliness in the days of the Commonwealth. Being themselves cast into the furnace of persecution and affliction, and being blessed in the midst of the fire, Bunyan in his cell at Bedford, Owen in his study at Enfield, witnessed with sorrow of heart not only the open profaneness and profligacy which had taken the place of the strictness and sobriety of the times of the great Protector, but the infection communicated thereby to the professing church. Those who are familiar with Owen's writings may trace in them two prominent features, 1. His firm assertion of gospel truths in opposition to the infidelity, popery, profaneness, and Socinianism of the day; and, 2. The attempt to stir up the minds of the saints to attain to the experience of those truths in their own soul, and carry them out in their daily walk and practice. These two points make his writings so instructive, edifying, and profitable. He first opens up in the most scriptural way the fundamental truths of the gospel, that there may be a firm and solid foundation for faith; he next shows how these divine truths become experimentally the food of the soul; and he then traces out the fruits they bear as manifested by a godly, holy, devoted life. Bunyan and Owen, though widely differing in education, learning, social position, style of writing, &c., were both men who walked with God—men whose hearts, lips, and lives were much under the influence of grace. They were baptized with one Spirit, and both loved

and lived the gospel which they preached. Taught of God, they had an unction from above, and in the light, life, and power of this heavenly anointing they saw the evil and sin, the deceptiveness and hypocrisy, the peril and danger of that worldly spirit, that departure from godliness, its principles and practice, to which we have before alluded. They saw all around them worldly, covetous professors, like Byends and Hold-the-World, prating fools like Talkative, self-deceived ignoramuses like Ignorance; and all "going on pilgrimage," all holding Puritan doctrines and more or less mixed up with the real saints of God. The immortal tinker was led to shoot at them his keen arrows in his matchless allegory; and the Oxford Vice-Chancellor, whose grave and learned pen was not adapted to such an emblematic style, directed against them not only many warnings in his other writings, but especially composed with that view the treatise before us, in which in a most scriptural and experimental manner, he traces out the nature and effects of that spiritual-mindedness, without which, with all his profession, a man is dead before God. An extract from the preface will show how his mind was led to publish this work:

"Again, there are such pregnant evidences of the prevalency of a worldly frame of spirit, in many who make profession of religion, that it is high time they were called to a due consideration, how opposite they are to the power and spirit of that religion which they profess. Every way by which such a frame of spirit may be proved to prevail in the generality of professors, is manifest to all; in their affected ornaments and dress, in their manner of conversation, their waste of time, their over-liberal entertainments, bordering to excess, and in sundry other things, such a conformity to the world appears, (though severely forbidden,) that it is hard to make distinction; and as these things manifest a predominancy of carnal affections in the mind, so, whatever may be pretended, they are inconsistent with spiritual life and peace.

"To call men off from this evil frame of heart, to discover the sin and danger of it, to supply the thoughts and affections with better objects, to direct to ways and means of effecting it, to discover and press that exercise of soul which is required of all professors, if they purpose life and peace, is the design and work of the following treatise; and however weak the attempt, it hath these two advantages—it is seasonable, and sincerely intended; nay, should this be its only success—to provoke others possessed of more time and greater abilities, to oppose the vehement and too successful insinuations of the world in the minds of professing Christians, my labor will not be lost. Things have come to that pass, that a more than ordinary vigorous exercise of the ministry of the word, and of other appointed means, is necessary to recall professors to that strict mortification, that separation from the ways of the world, that heavenly mindedness, that contemplation of spiritual things, and delight in them, which the gospel of Christ doth require; else we shall lose the glory of our profession, and leave our eternal state very uncertain. To direct and provoke men to that which is the only remedy of these sore evils, and which is the alone means of giving them a view and foretaste of eternal glory, is the design of this discourse, which is recommended to the grace of God for the benefit of every reader."

If in those days Dr. Owen was grieved by the declension of so many in the professing church from the faith, hope, and love, the power and influence of the everlasting gospel, what would he have said had he lived in our time? When was there ever more worldly conformity than now? When was there ever more carnality in conversation, more backbiting, slander, idle gossip, tittle-tattling from house to house, levity and froth indulged in without scruple or shame? so that a little feeling, experimental, savory intercourse with the saints of God, such as profits and edifies the soul, creates and cements a spiritual union, draws the heart upwards to heaven, and makes us love Jesus and the image of Jesus in



## POETRY.

*“LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?”*

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

WHITHER can we go when a sense of sin  
Doth sorely oppress and tease us,  
Except to the fountain which makes us clean,—  
The wounds of a bleeding Jesus?

What from the righteous law's demands  
For ever and fully frees us,  
But the spotless garment, wrought by the hands  
Of a law-fulfilling Jesus?

What can we do when the world's vain toys  
No longer content and please us,  
But seek everlasting, substantial joys  
In the favor and love of Jesus?

Whither can we go, when friends forsake,  
And foes unite to tease us,  
But press through them all, and refuge take  
In the heart of a friendly Jesus?

And whither when the last of all our foes  
Is commission'd by Heaven to seize us,  
But down to the grave for a short repose  
In the arms of a precious Jesus?

And whither when the trumpet's joyful sound  
From the sleep of death shall release us,  
But to heaven, to be there with glory crown'd,  
And for ever to dwell with Jesus?

*HYMN.*

My God, how perfect are thy ways;  
But mine polluted are;  
Sin twines itself about my praise,  
And slides into my prayer.

When I would speak what thou hast done  
To save me from my sin,  
I cannot make thy mercies known  
But self-applause creeps in.

Divine desire, that holy flame,  
Thy grace creates in me;  
Alas! impatience is its name,  
When it returns to thee.

This heart, a fountain of wild thoughts,  
How does it overflow?  
While self upon the surface floats,  
Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy dress  
Of fancied merit shine;  
The Lord shall be my righteousness,  
The Lord for ever mine.



# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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SEPTEMBER, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. WARBURTON.

“Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.”—  
Matt. x. 31.

WE read these words as a text this morning, and took up the time in attempting to notice that the Lord's dear people are the subjects of many slavish fears. We noticed that some of his dear children have fears with respect to their interest in Christ; longing, panting, and desiring for a manifestation of the Spirit of God in their hearts; for there is nothing else that will take away these fears from a desiring, longing soul. Some people think that because we state these things by way of encouragement it is causing the Lord's children to build upon their hungerings and thirstings; to rest upon their hungerings and thirstings; but if they would never come out with such ignorance, it would be more to their credit. It would become them as sensible men to keep such trash in. For a hungry man to be satisfied with hunger, is not common sense.

We noticed further, that the fears of God's people are sometimes from the wickedness of their own hearts. The longer they live the more they see of it. They fear many times that grace does not reign in their hearts; that it is not possible for them to be partakers of grace. Sometimes they are fearful of the fiery darts of the devil, and of his throwing them into their souls. The dear disciples of Christ are filled with such fears. Sometimes they feel such darkness, such barrenness, such deadness in their souls, that they feel no heart to read, no heart to talk of the dealings of God with their souls; and sometimes think they are quite dead, and plucked up by the roots.

We are to notice this evening, should it please God,

II. *The value God puts upon such fearful, seeking, trembling, bowed-down souls.* My dear friends, they are but of little value in the eyes of the world, either of professors or of the profane. They are accounted as the filth, the offscouring, and the refuse of all things. And, my friends, they are of very little value in their own eyes. God's dear pilgrims have the advantage of all the men in the world, with all their insults; for however they despise them, they cannot despise them as much as they despise themselves. Abraham thought himself of very little value when he said, “Who am I, or what am I, who am but dust and ashes, that I should take upon myself to speak to the Lord?” He looked upon himself as of very little value, a little particle of dust and ashes. Yet is there anybody

else, of whom the Lord spake more honorably than of Abraham? He picked him out from among his brethren, sent him into the land of Canaan, and established him there; but what a little value he puts upon himself before God! Look at poor Job. See what views he had of himself: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." He considered that he was of no value. Look at David, the man after God's own heart; and see what he says to Saul, who was pursuing him, and who, when he had fallen into the hands of David's friends, they wanted him to suffer them to cut off his head. "No!" says David; "I will not cut off his head; let him alone. What is the king of Israel pursuing after? A dead dog, a flea!" Ah, my friends! David was of little value in his own eyes. He looked upon himself as a mere particle of dust. The Lord tells us that two sparrows are sold for one farthing. Why, that is a very trifle; yet David said "he was a sparrow alone." He must be of very little value to be one "alone, upon the house top." The best account and speech the apostle Paul could give of himself was "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

So you see, dear people, that the Lord says himself you are of more value than many sparrows. But the Lord and his people differ in their views. When God's children come to view themselves, and see what crawling, what empty, what wandering, what vile, what proud, what stubborn wretches they are, they cannot find language to express what they are. Yet the Lord will speak the truth; we cannot doubt for a moment but that he will speak the truth, and that in reality. "Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows;" yea, than all the sparrows in the world; yea, more than the angels, archangels, and all the creation of God besides. All the riches contained in the bowels of the earth, with all the grandeur upon the face of the earth, are not worth half the value of these poor, doubting, longing souls, in the sight of God.

My friends, you will be ready to say, "How is it that God can put such a value upon such things, that are hated by the devil and hated by the world, as you say he does?" Well, my friends, I do not know how it can be, except it is out of love. My friends, this is an uncreated love. It is a self-moving thing that nothing can move, nor anything drown it. I was going to say, the Father set his love upon them; and God would not set his love upon things that are not valuable. My friends, I do not know how to express myself. His love was set upon them from everlasting. Talk about setting his love upon them! It would seem from that there was a time when he did not love them; but he says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Therefore his love is the very moving cause; it was fixed and settled upon them from eternity. O what value! what value! what value! my friends. What some people value others only laugh and jeer at. Where there is no real love there cannot be any real value. When poor Jacob went to Laban, Laban said to him, "What

shall I give thee?" Jacob answered him, and said, "I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter." "And Laban said, It is better that I should give her to thee than that I should give her to another man; abide with me." "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." But Jacob was deceived. He had told Laban that he would serve him seven years for Rachel; but "it came to pass, that in the morning, behold, it was Leah; and he said to Laban, "What is this thou hast done unto me? Did not I serve thee for Rachel? Wherefore, then, hast thou beguiled me? And Laban said, It must not be so done in our country, to give the younger before the firstborn." Now Jacob loved Rachel. She was of more value in his eyes than all other beside. So God views the objects of his love as the richest and greatest treasure of all, either in nature, providence, grace, or glory. Hear God speak, my friends. He says their souls are his portion, the very lot of his inheritance. The objects of the Father's love were given to his beloved Son; and are the Son's portion, his blessed portion, his inheritance, and his land. However, my friends, the Son must pay a very great price for them. Justice must have had them, had it not been for the lovingkindness of a dear Redeemer, who bought them with his blood; and, therefore, God left them in their innocent state. God did not influence them to sin. Some people say, "Where did sin come from? Did it come from the devil?" My friends, I never trouble myself about where it comes *from*; I have enough to do to trouble myself about where it comes *to*. The Saviour paid a price for these objects of his love. Ah, my friends! And what was that price? Rivers of oil? or ten thousand sacrifices of the blood of lambs? No! my friends. There is only one Lamb whose blood is sufficient to do it; and that Lamb is God and man in one Person, the Lord Jesus Christ. The objects of his love sold themselves for nought; plunged themselves (if you will allow me to use the expression) into the very belly of hell, with the wrath of God upon them; and until this wrath is removed he will never let them go thence. But when Christ suffered, what a glory was there! Ah, my friends! If I could speak of it in the same manner that I can feel it sometimes, I think it would be sweet and savory. O to think that the Son of God should take upon himself the nature of his dear children, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, and suffer, the Just for the unjust! Why, his blood, his precious blood, drank up the wrath of God to the fullest extent, cleared the foulest sin, the most damnable sin, that ever the church of God committed, bought the church with his precious blood, and now calls them his own. Must he not look upon them as valuable? Ah, bless his precious name! "The good Shepherd lays down his life for the sheep."

There is a text that some people have arguments about, (for my part, I do not want any arguments; for my pilgrimage is getting on towards its end; my pilgrimage is getting on towards seventy-three; and for my part I care very little about arguments,) but the text is, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly

pearls; who, when he had found a pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had and bought it." Now, I believe that this will apply both to the Head and to the members of the church. I believe that the dear Jesus is the merchantman. He seeks out his chosen ones and buys them at the hand of Justice. Justice demands blood; and the law demands perfect obedience; and they will not abate the least mite.

Ah, my friends! How it has humbled my soul sometimes in thinking of Jesus, when he went into the garden and "sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling to the ground!" Is there a poor, backsliding child of God here? How could you abjure a Lord that sweat such drops of blood, falling to the ground, for you? He cried, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." What cup did he mean? The cup of wrath, the cup of indignation, the cup of justice against the church of God. To purchase his flock, Christ must empty this cup, the cup of death, to the very dregs. My friends, what darkness there was when he hung upon the tree. Two thieves were his companions. His disciples turned their backs upon him; the pharisees hated him; the rocks rent; the graves opened; and he cried in his agony, "My God! my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" My friends, Justice must have his lawful demands; and so he cried in the midst of every pang, "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow. Smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." Bless his dear name, the sheep must be out of the way while the Shepherd stood it all.

My friends, there is nothing so delightful in the eyes of the Shepherd as the purchase of his blood. He does not look as you and I do on ourselves or one another.

But look at that text, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found a pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." Some people think it means God's people trading with others, and that they give unto God in exchange for a good treasure. God give in exchange! Why, yes; he says, I give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Then, my friends, these dear mourning, heavy-laden souls are seeking goodly pearls; and the poor child of God knows Christ to be the richest pearl in his heart and in his eyes, more so than all the men in the world. Jesus is the pearl that God exchanges, and gives to his children beauty and his glory for ashes.

But how delighted Christ is when he calls them his body and his precious dove. He says, "One look of thine eye has ravished my heart." It appears that he is quite swallowed up in them. Look at the manifestation that he gave to poor swearing, lying Peter. "Ah!" say you, "you should not call poor Peter such names as those." Why, he raved and swore, and then denied his Lord. That was lying with a witness. One night, after Jesus had risen from the dead, Peter and some others of the disciples went fishing. "When the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples

knew not that it was Jesus. Then said Jesus unto them, "Children, have ye any meat?" Ah, my friends! Could a father set more value upon his children than that? He never mentioned his children's weaknesses and backslidings. No! Christ knew how to make them feel their backslidings in a better way than bringing his rod upon them. "And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast, therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved said unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now, when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him, for he was naked, and did cast himself into the sea." And he came unto the Lord. Now see the lovingkindness of the Lord, and the value he puts upon them; he puts upon them his mercy and his grace; that kills their rebellion. "As soon then as they were come to land they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread." Jesus had turned cook; and depend upon it he cooked for them well. Bless his precious name, he had a blessed garment on that had neither spot nor wrinkle in it. Those that have faith in this, there is not a spot nor wrinkle in any of them. What blessed souls! Why, Gabriel and all the angels are nothing to such souls as these. Therefore, says Solomon, "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold." God says himself, she is perfect through his comeliness, which he had put upon her. Therefore, you see, Christ's people are his portion, his body, let them be spoken of as they may. They are of such value that it cost the Son of God such drops of blood as we have spoken of to purchase them. Yea, he says they are his temple, the house of his glory. Dear me! What a grandeur, poor child of God! In all thy fears, in all thy sinkings, in all thy miseries, God looks not upon thee as thou lookest at thyself. He is teaching thee more things to let thee see his sanctuary. He says, "I will glorify the house of my glory." They are his dwelling-place. Great men delight in fine dwelling-places and palaces. Some of the nobility are fond of picking out some miserable place to build a fine house, and to make their place strike the eye, so as to make themselves appear very rich. I once went into the north, in a place that used to be a most dreadful district; some gentleman had built a fine house there, and I was astonished to see the improvement it made. But God can make wonderful improvements in such crooked sticks as we are. Yea, he says he can turn a barren heath into a beautiful field, and make the wilderness of sin to blossom as the rose. He says, "I will glorify the house of my glory." Whenever the Lord speaks, he speaks to the heart. What a sweet thing! How it endears Jesus to the soul! The tongue falters in trying to set forth the tenth of his glory.

Thus the dear church of God values Christ as being the greatest riches that ever she had. Christ is swallowed up in them, and they in him. "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas; life or death; things present or things to come; all are yours." Why! How is that? "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Yes,

my friends, God's children are one in Christ; "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

Some of you may think I am not speaking in proper order. I tell you I cannot help that. I must say things as they occur to my mind. They will slip out as they come in.

Hear what the Lord says: "The Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation." Ah, bless his precious name! "Because he hath desired it." Poor soul, thou wouldst never have desired him if he had not first desired thee. "We love him' because he first loved us." "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are his." What a sweet thing it will be to sing and say, "My glory, the lot of mine inheritance; my all; my eternal salvation!" Here the church of God is blessedly precious.

My friends, are we blessed with this? Shall death or hell ever separate them who are Christ's dwelling-place, his house, the blessed apple of his eye, his delight, from him? O no; for he says, "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." And what shall he be satisfied with? "His reward is with him, and his work before him." God's children are one with him, and ever will be. He will never part with them, for "they are graven upon the palms of his hands," to take them to his eternal kingdom and glory. Nothing can ever force them down to hell, nor overthrow them.

If there is a poor thirsty soul here, you shall have it from God's mouth, in his own time, and not from mine only, that he hath satisfied you. When a poor soul has been longing for, and once gets a taste of, God's love, how it makes him long for more! It is a great thing to have a little hope, but that makes thee long for more. If God gives thee a little appetite, he says, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." But there is a grumbling sometimes when a poor soul sees one delivered on this side, and another get a little help on that side; and the devil comes in and calls him a hypocrite. I dare say the poor man at the pool of Bethesda grumbled, when he saw one and another step in before him; and perhaps there was but one healed at a time. Well, poor soul, thou must try again; thou must go on till God's set time; that is the best time, and that will make up for all that thou hast suffered.

May God bless these few remarks to your hearts and mine; for I feel that I cannot say a word more.

Is it not dishonorable to God, and a justification of the way of the world, for me, who profess myself a Christian, to be as eager after riches as other men? If I had no Father in heaven, nor promise in the world, it were another matter; but since my heavenly Father knows what I have need of, and has charged me to be careful in nothing, but only to tell him my wants, how unbecoming a thing is it in me to live and act as I have done.—*Plavel.*



## THE STEPS OF A GOOD MAN ARE ORDERED BY THE LORD, AND HE DELIGHTETH IN HIS WAY.

*(Continued from page 246.)*

Whilst I was in this burning fiery furnace, the Lord cheered and encouraged my dear wife about our removal in a very remarkable way, which I will relate in her own words.

“Tuesday, March 17th, 1857.—This afternoon, a poor man came to the door, with buttons and needles, &c., to sell; but I did not want any, and felt no inclination to buy any, especially as I had no money without borrowing from the housekeeping purse. But the poor man pleaded his cause so well that I felt compelled, almost against my will, to take a shilling’s-worth of buttons of him. After he was gone, I thought, My dear husband will very likely say I have been very foolish to give him so much. I began to think that I did not want these buttons, and when I received my money I should have scarcely enough for what I really did want; so that I began to grudge giving the man what I had done; but at the same time my conscience condemned me, knowing that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and here was I doing it grudgingly. This led me to ask the Lord to keep me from grudging what I had given. As I sat at my sewing, I could not help thinking how well this was pleaded, and what a good beggar he was; how different to me! Here I was, wanting the Lord to appear for us, and supply our needs; and provide us with a house, and I did not get what I prayed for, as this poor man did. What a poor beggar I was; for the Lord had, I believed, encouraged me to plead with him for these things. Then it came to my mind that I should get up then, and beg of the Lord as this poor man had begged of me; but still I felt no inclination till these words, from one of Hart’s hymns, came,

“ ’Tis to hear the Holy Spirit  
Prompting us to secret prayer.”

I then got up and knelt down, and began, as well as I could, to beg of the Lord that he would appear for us, supply all our needs; and provide us a suitable habitation, and the means of going into and supporting it. At first my prayers seemed very poor prayers, not like the poor man’s begging; but as I went on I seemed to get a little nearer to the Lord, and was enabled to plead his own word, that it was written that he had never said to any of the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain; and I besought him to show himself strong to deliver the weakest believer that hung upon him, and that he would prove himself a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God; that he himself had said that if we, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto our children, how much more should our heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him. In this way I pleaded and begged he would, for his dear Son’s sake, hear me. When I had finished, before I got up from my knees, these words came, “Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.” I begged of the Lord that, if these words came from him, they might remain and rest upon my mind; when they again came, and were repeated over and

over again. I got up, wondering at all this, but, at the same time, fearing lest I should be deceived. I reached my Bible to find the words, but was some time before I could find them; but when I did, and had read them, they were sweet to my soul. I thought they must come from the Lord; and what I believed to be the Lord's goodness made the tears run down my face. I felt as if I must hold the Lord fast,

"That I could not let him go  
Till a blessing he bestow;"

and begged that he would confirm his words with signs following. I had but just dried up my tears and resumed my work when my dear husband came in; but he could not listen to me, as the enemy had greatly cast down his soul. All this made me thankful the poor man had called; and I did not grudge my shilling."

Soon after the Lord had delivered me out of this temptation, towards the end of April, I was led to call on a young gentleman who had the month before commenced business as an accountant. I had known him for many years as an honorable, conscientious, business man. At one time I entertained great hopes that a work of grace had been commenced in his soul; but latterly I have perceived that he has only the doctrines of grace in his head. As I was leaving his office, he said to me, "I collect debts." "Do you?" I replied, "what is your commission?" "Five per cent.," he said. "Well," I said, "the Lord has granted me such poor success in the collection of my accounts, that for many years I have had no collector; but who can tell? perhaps the Lord may grant you more success; at all events you shall try." So, with fear and trembling, lest I should be walking contrary to the Lord, I gave him about £150 of old debts to collect for me. Seeing the Lord prospered him beyond all my expectations, I afterwards gave him £50 or £100 more, for, wonderful to say, from May 1st to July 31st, the Lord sent me in, through his instrumentality, nearly £50. He thought he had had but poor success in not getting in more, but it was marvellous in my eyes that the Lord had prospered him so much, and was supplying me with the means of removing in such an unexpected and, humanly speaking, hopeless way; but "is anything too hard for the Lord?"

"When the Lord's people have need,  
His goodness will find out a way."

Another remarkable providence occurred, through which the Lord provided me with £42 more. Last September, a patient, who owed me a large account, met with an accident on the railway, in consequence of which he died in April. The Railway Company gave upwards of £400 as compensation to the family, out of which I received my account on the 21st of July, just the very time I needed it. But for this, I should, in all human probability, have lost the account. How very wonderful are the Lord's ways! In this most unexpected and unlooked-for way the Lord sent me in about £90, and so ordered my next step, viz., supplied me with the means of removing.

But in consequence of having gone through so much trouble, and

some of my children being in the country, I became quite satisfied for a time to remain where I was; but the Lord stirred me up again by the consideration that I should soon have all my children at home again, and then what should I do? It became evidently necessary that something should be done; and if this house at Mount Pleasant was not at liberty, I must look elsewhere. About this time the Lord caused a relative, who lives in the town, to call and consult me. She told me of this house in which I dwell. Although late in the evening when she called, I went to see it. There was certainly plenty of room, a large garden behind, and a corner house,—in fact, everything I wanted; but still I did not like it so well as the other, neither did my dear wife, whom I afterwards took to look at it, so blind were we to the Lord's way. I was much exercised about it, and concluded to wait a little longer to see if the other should become at liberty. I even wrote to the chairman of the committee to ask him if it was their intention to give it up; but I was afraid to send my letter. Finding I was shut up to this place, and that I was under the necessity of removing, I called upon the landlord; but before taking the house I called to see if my landlord was still willing to let me go, as he might have changed his mind in five months; but the Lord kept him still willing to let me go at any time; so I took the house for the same rent as I was paying, only guineas instead of pounds. The Lord's goodness was further manifested towards me in causing the house to be left in the hands of a gentleman whom I had known for many years. Through his interest with the landlord I reaped many advantages. The Lord's goodness to me was very manifest in all this.

After agreeing, on the 6th of July, to take the house from the 1st of August, my landlord sent me two notices of the house being to let, which I put in the windows. How mysteriously and wonderfully does the Lord work, to fulfil his purposes of love and mercy toward his dear people! Some time before I had expressed my intention of leaving, I had spoken to my landlord, who was a druggist, about the house, so that he felt no doubt about letting it, and to tenants who would probably be much better customers to him than I was, besides being of the same stamp as himself. In this remarkable way he was made willing to let me go; but when I had decided to go, neither of these gentlemen would have the place at the rent I was paying. For three weeks the bills were in the windows, but the house remained unlet. I felt sorry for the man being so deceived, since the Lord had made him so kind as to let me go. But the time drew on for my removal. Several persons to whom I named it blamed me for not getting him to cancel my lease at the time, as, in consequence of not being able to let the house, he might repent; to whom I replied, that it was the Lord's doing, and he would perfect that which concerned me. In particular, the morning before I paid him my rent, viz., July 27th, I called upon a gentleman, who asked me if the house was let. I said, "No." "You may depend upon it then," he replied, "he will make you pay your rent to the end of the half-year, and not cancel your lease. If he does, I never

'heard of such a landlord before." I said I believed it was the Lord's work, and as he had begun it, so he would complete it. "The Lord is good; a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." After I left him I sank very low indeed. The enemy thrust sore at me through him, and I went along sighing and groaning, "Lord, help me;" "Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." There were several places I had intended calling at, but I felt so sad and cast down that I returned home; for although I believed that the Lord would appear for me, yet I could not say that it would be so. In the afternoon these words were made so sweet and blessed to my soul that I was lifted up above my trouble: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; so that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man can do unto me." I had been driven to the right quarter, to ask help of the Lord; and now I could rejoice in the sweet assurance that the Lord was my helper, and I would not fear what man could do unto me. This was a blessed help to my soul; a precious word in season, which just fitted my case.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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### AN ORIGINAL LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN RUSK.

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Dearly Beloved of the Lord,—I received your kind favors, which came in due season. The shirts fit very well indeed; as Bishop Huntington says, "He that opened the heart to give, directed the hand to cut;" and I sincerely thank you for your labor on such a worthless wretch. Having long needed some flannel shirts, having but one, and running the risk of catching cold when it was washed, the sovereign we devoted to flannel for both wife and me, and she got a gown also out of pledge. When I received it, I felt overcome, wondering that our dear Lord should ever look upon such a hell-deserving mortal that is so bent to backslide. I don't know whether you have heard that our family has increased; we have got another daughter; and though everything looked black, I having been nearly three months out of work, yet I see his blessed hand, and he brought us safely through it. My wife is very weak still, having so much to do; the child is very hearty, except a hoarseness with which she was born.

Thus much for outward things, and now for spiritual. I feel altogether unfit to write; but blessed be God, I have in some measure learned, and am still learning, that my sufficiency is of God. You tell me that you cannot believe that you ever had spiritual faith, and you don't know whether you ever will have it; but that you have had everything in hope. In this thing my friend errs; for it is impossible for you to have one grace without having all. Regeneration is an instantaneous work in every chosen vessel; it is the work of God the Holy Ghost putting living principles in us, implanting the new man which never was there before. Every mem-

ber of this new creature is in us at once; but as it is naturally, so it is spiritually; there is a growth. Hence Peter speaks about a "growth in grace," and we read of "new-born babes," of "little children," of "young men," and of "fathers;" but these fathers were once new-born babes. So that the firm hope which you felt proves clearly that you are a true believer; for faith is the substance (or confidence) of things hoped for; and, as sure as you are born, this hope ventured upon Christ, the Rock, the sure Foundation. You appeared unspeakably vile and abominable, and yet felt this hope; which shows how God brought you out of self. You and I would like to see ourselves righteous, and have faith, hope, love, &c., joined with our own good performances; but, were this the case, we should not be in the footsteps of the flock. "O wretched man that I am!" must go with, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." As to your definition of natural and spiritual faith, you don't exactly understand me. A natural man's sight is only the sight of nature; and Paul says, "we walk by faith," and not by such sight as this; and yet faith is not stone blind, "for by faith Moses saw him that is invisible;" and you can see with the eye of faith what no gifted man, no imposter, no hypocrite in Zion ever saw, and that is, your own heart, the uncleanness, lust, hypocrisy, deceit, pride, hatred of God and of Zion, malice, murder, revenge, unbelief, rebellion, hardness, blasphemy, desperation, dishonesty, &c. &c., for there is no end to it; and therefore it is called "the mystery of iniquity."

Now, who is a needy sinner, if such a one is not? And who are those that are in captivity to the law of sin? Are not such in prison, bruised, needy, destitute, poor, wretched, miserable, blind (to the promises), and naked, having no good works whatever to cover their naked souls with?

Again, this faith can see that "the law is spiritual, but we are carnal, sold under sin." You, therefore, firmly believe that God is holy, righteous, just, and good; and it is this faith that brings all these fears upon you. But God will dwell with those that tremble at his word, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones; for he will not contend for ever, neither will he be always wrath. "But," say you, "I am not humble;" but I know you are at times, and would put your mouth in the dust, if so be there might be hope. You and I might feel the deepest humility one five minutes, and the next five feel the most cursed pride. This is the war. Still, the latter does not alter the former, but shows there are two natures, one for God, and the other for the devil.

Again, this faith sees the state and condition of all the world out of Christ. This deadens us to the world, nor can we make our happiness up in it, knowing the awful end of it all. I myself can look back and well remember how awful this world appeared to me, for I could see and feel myself sinking with the rest of the world upon the sand. Mr. Hart knew this also, as he tells us,

"When lower and lower we every day fell," &c.

“But,” say you, “I have this faith, yet this is not the new covenant law of faith.” I answer, that it is real, genuine faith, wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost. There are not two faiths; hence Paul says, “There is one faith,” &c. The difference we feel in our experience does not lie in our faith, but in the object of it. In God’s own time you will find a full change, such as you never found before; for instead of your sins staring you in the face, you will find them all gone. Let me prove this. David said, “My sin is ever before me;” “There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger, neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin.” But was this always the case? No. Hence he says, “As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.” And so you shall find it in God’s own time. Micah says, “Thou hast cast all our sins into the depths of the sea;” and Hezekiah, “Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.”

Again, you shall have a deliverance from the law when you become thoroughly insolvent. Moses now brings in his bills, one on the back of the other; and a legal spirit tries hard to answer them. How hard we do labor to get a good conscience; but ere long, when you are sure you are that sinner which God says you are, (and surely you will go on to the day of your death having no strength in the least against sin,) then the Lord will appear, and this working spirit will cease. By faith you will enter into rest, and cease from your own works, as God did from his. “To him that worketh not but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.” When this takes place, you will rejoice that you can do nothing; whereas, now it troubles you that you can do nothing good; hence Paul gloried in his infirmities, but not in his sins. I must make a distinction here; this is being dead to the law; but you are under a law work, and are dying to it, and would God you were quite dead; but all in good time. Blessed be God for the account you sent me; I believe it is God’s teaching.

Lastly, upon this head. Instead of seeing yourself upon the sandy foundation, and expecting it to give way, you will see yourself upon the Rock Christ. David cried out, “I sink in deep waters where there is no standing;” “let not the pit shut its mouth upon me,” (which shows he expected to go to hell,) “Let not the deep swallow me up, nor let the waterfloods overflow me;” “Out of the depths I have cried to the Lord.” But God turned his captivity like the streams of the south; and therefore he tells us that “he brought him up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, set his feet upon a rock, established his goings, and put a new song in his mouth,” a song he had never sung before, or it could not be “new;” and what was it? Why, “even praise to our God.” You have it all in Ps. ciii.; read it over. You and I, while under a law work, can see the whole world divided into two classess, and no more,—elect and reprobate. Now, we dare not say we are in the line of election, neither are we quite sure we are in the line of reprobation; for although we sink very low, yet hope is an anchor to us or we should sink into black despair, which none of God’s elect can do, only in self-despair. However, when this



change comes, and so you will find it if you watch, you will say with David, and as I, through grace, have often said, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Now, as before observed, the difference which we feel is as follows, viz., in the objects of faith. God shines with his light upon the old man; and then we see and believe, from feeling experience, the fall of man, and our complete apostacy from God. He brings home his law, and enlightens us to see and believe its spirituality, that a wanton eye is adultery, hatred in the heart murder, &c; and here we discover original sin, the root of all our transgressions. God now appears angry with us, and we believe him to be an angry Judge, a sin-avenging God, a consuming fire; and although there are respites, and we have for a while a glimpse of his mercy, yet all is shut up again, and we say, "I know thou wilt not hold me innocent." This is a faith in God which brings trouble and slavish fear; "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God;" and he compares their sorrow to that of a woman in travail, (John xvi. 21,) but he adds, "believe also in me." And when this is your case, your craving appetite will be satisfied, for you shall come to that "feast of fat things," as the prodigal did, as sure as there is a God in heaven. Hence he says, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled;" and do you know that none have that appetite which you speak of but the quickened sinner? A dead man, literally, you know, never hungers nor thirsts; neither can one, spiritually such, be satisfied with gratifying his own lusts, nor feed on his own flesh. And as for the Pharisee, he is the full soul when he loatheth the honeycomb, or God's precious promises in Christ Jesus. "Yes," say you, "but there is the hypocrite in Zion; that terrifies me." Well, but he has no appetite; he is satisfied with a name to live; hence the prophet Isaiah tells us that such will "eat their own bread," not Christ the Bread of life, and "wear their own apparel." No, no; God has never enlightened nor quickened such; and therefore, as Solomon says, "they are pure in their own eyes." But do such profess Christ? Yes; "Let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach." If you were filled with your own righteousness, this would be very pleasing, and nurse your pride; but you would be under God's woe of wrath: "Woe to you that are full: woe to them that are righteous in their own eyes, and prudent in their sight;" but you discover yourself opposite to all this, a vile, base, filthy, abominable sinner. Light makes you see this, and life makes you feel it; you are already blessed, and shall be filled, for by faith, ere long, you shall be led to Christ Jesus, and be abundantly satisfied with the provision there is in him. Then you will not have a single doubt, for doubts and fears all fly before him; hence the promise, "I will abundantly bless her provision, I will satisfy her poor with bread." "I am the bread of life; he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." These things you will be sure to find; and if we both live, I shall find you upon the heights of Zion. This is your trial for eternity. Judgment has begun at the house of God, which will terminate in your justification by faith,

and a full acquittance. This is your sentence coming forth from God's presence. As to those changes which you have, you need not wonder at them. The gratitude that you felt was of God, for his mercies; the ingratitude shows you that old nature is the same as ever, and that grace does not alter it. It was the devil that told you that it was only a temporal blessing, and this he did to make you slight it, for he hates to hear us blessing and praising God. Besides no natural man ever feels truly thankful to God for temporal mercies; witness the nine lepers; and therefore they are all to a man declared to be unthankful. If God favored you with a spiritual deliverance, you would soon find Satan at you, suggesting that your faith was presumption, your joy like the wayside hearers, your hope a spider's web, your sorrow the sorrow of this world, your love dissembled, that the light you have is darkness, that God's chastisements are his judgments, which will sweep you away sooner or later.

Now Satan works this way to strengthen unbelief and to sink real faith; and he is never better pleased than when we agree with him. I have found it so times without number, and concluded that such things came from God. O, what a desperate enemy is Satan!

I am glad to hear that the Lord's blessing attends any of my writings. Truly it is wonderful indeed. To him be all the glory, for it is a path that (naturally) I never should have chosen, for the flesh hates it all. Painful, however, as the path is, let me have it before all the riches, honors, and pleasures of this world. I had a bitter day last Friday. O, I felt it keenly! Truly, it was as though I should sink under it all; heart and flesh both failed. The next morning I tried to fall upon the Lord, and begged submission to his sovereign will under the grievous cross; and O, the dear Lord appeared about two hours after, and answered my prayer, for I felt like a little child, quite resigned; but after that, carnal reason worked hard to get me down again all through the day.

I don't want the book particularly; and now the paper calls on me to leave off. And may the best of covenant blessings rest upon my real friend, who loves not in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

Oct. 28th, 1821.

J. RUSK.

P.S.—I really from my heart thank you for your kindnesses to us, and my heart rejoiced that the Lord has appeared in such an unexpected way for you in his providence; truly our God is a wonder-working God.

ISAAC freely submitted to be bound and tied upon the altar. Jesus voluntarily went forth to death, and freely surrendered his spirit into the hands of his father. But here the typical resemblance terminates. For Isaac a substitute is provided. The uplifted hand is stayed; God orders a ram to be bound and slain by Abraham in the stead of his son. (Gen. xxii, 13.) For Jesus there was no substitute. It behoved him to suffer. He was sent and appointed of his Father to this end. He was born and lived so that he might give himself a sacrifice for the sin of the world.

## THE PEACEABLE FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

My dearly-beloved Friend and Brother;—Through mercy, I arrived safely at my present abode, and hope ere this you will be restored to your wonted health of body, with an increase of faith and hope, and close cleaving to the Friend of sinners, who himself bore our sins in his own body upon the tree. If you be aught like me, you will often go kicking, and bellowing, and plunging, and fretting, and foaming into the furnace, and come out, like Solomon's fool, without your foolishness departing from you; for in such cases we are generally rolled down again, and not left until we confess our folly, and most heartily justify the love and chastisement of a kind and gracious Parent. I know it can never yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them who are not exercised thereby; for such fruits only spring from a living tree; the roots of faith and hope are deeply implanted in a precious Christ, and from his rivers and oceans of loving-kindness, compassion, mercy, faithfulness, truth, relations, offices, sufferings, life, death, and victories, do these roots draw up their nutriment through the channel of prayer, desire, sighs, groans, and tears, so that the fruit appears after the pruning by the heavenly Husbandman. These fruits hardly appear righteousness, but the apostle calls them "peaceable fruits of righteousness." The prophet Isaiah calls them the effect of righteousness; quietness and assurance for ever. This is the fruit of the righteousness of a precious Christ; but the reason why the apostle calls them peaceable fruits is, in opposition to the stormy fruits which are guilt, and terror, and servile fear. Even life itself may be called the fruit of righteousness; but the peaceable fruits are renewings of smiles, love visits, reconciliation; and as two cannot walk (comfortably) together except they be agreed, so when the dear Lord shows us why He contends with us, and his paternal love is inscribed upon the affliction, then we are brought to sink sweetly and peaceably into his arms, and to slide into his will, even if things appear as yet very much against us; as David said of Shimei, and Eli of the heavy message God sent him by Samuel. May you find kisses instead of frowns, indulgence instead of correction, liberty instead of a prison, feet at large instead of the stocks, and a tender conscience, and close walk with God.

Yours in affection in the King of kings and Lord of Lords,  
Percy Main, April 25th, 1858.

T. C.

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THE sun, in his daily course, beholds nothing so excellent and honorable upon earth as a Christian, though perhaps he may be confined to a cottage, and is little known or noticed by him. But he is the object and residence of divine love, the charge of angels, and ripening for everlasting glory. Happy man! his toils, sufferings, and exercises will soon be at an end; soon his desires will be accomplished; and he who has loved him, and redeemed him with his own blood, will receive him to himself, with a "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Newton*.

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MRS. TILLY.\*

My dear Friend,—I should have answered your letter sooner, but feeling so much like yourself makes me afraid to write, and, at times, even to speak about religion; for it seems at times as though I had not a spark of grace; and then I think I may as well go back into the world again, and show myself in my true colours; but, as yet, the Lord has kept me by his power, and I do feel that it is all of his mercy I am not consumed. I really can bless him at times that I am out of hell; for the longer I live the more I feel my own sinfulness and his forbearance. Oh! that his goodness may lead our souls to repentance. What a mercy it is that salvation is of grace, or my soul could have no hope. I find, my dear friend, that you are still in bonds, and none but the Lord can break them. You say, "W. thinks you are under the law;" and if so, you must be what Huntington describes, "a child of liberty in legal bondage;" and may the Lord, if it be his will, indite prayer in your soul which will be heard and answered, that you may again be brought into the liberty of the gospel. For my own part, I cannot tell what I am or where I am. Sometimes I think I know nothing about it; but this I know, that I am far from liberty, for it is the very thing that I want. I want faith to overcome the world; for I do find it such an enemy to my soul, and my wicked heart is so ready to catch at everything sinful, that it makes me fear sometimes that I shall be left to fill up the measure of my iniquities, which would be awful indeed. But the Lord knoweth them that are his, and to him alone is every heart naked and open. Sometimes I can appeal to him and say, "All my desires are before thee, and my groanings are not hid from thee;" but at other times, I am as unfeeling as a stone, and scarcely seem to care whether my soul will be found in a precious Christ or be lost for ever; and then sin gets dominion and hardens the heart. A hard heart and a prayerless spirit is, I think, the worst state we can get into.

But I must now conclude. I shall be very glad to hear from you, when you can write. Hoping the Lord will bless your soul and mine,

I remain, Yours truly,  
ANN ROLF.

April 25, 1848.

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No disorder or disease, no foe without or foe within, no bodily or ghostly enemy, no corporal or spiritual infirmity, could ever withstand, much less repel, the force of believing and persevering prayer, put up to the Great Physician, or to the Father of all mercies in the Great Physician's name. And the more this holy way to the throne is trodden, the more smooth and easy it becomes; the more faith is employed in this way, the stronger and bolder she grows; and the more our poor petitions are repeated, the greater are their returns: yea, these proceedings assure us of divine audience, of attention, and of redress.—*Huntington.*

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\* The Obituary of Mrs. Tilly, whose maiden name was Rolf, appeared in our pages, Vol. XXII., p. 16.

## A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER NOW SERVING IN INDIA.—No. 2.

My dear Brother in the everlasting Covenant of Grace,—May grace, mercy, and peace be unto you, from God our Father through his blessed Son Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, for he has redeemed us from death, both body and soul. O, my brother, to feel the dreadful wickedness of our hearts, to be convinced of our state by nature! Only such can tell what the Lord Jesus has redeemed us from. By this we know the great love the Father has for us; yet our heart is boiling up sin like a fountain. The night is far spent, and it seems the world is trying to destroy the poor sin-bitten children of grace.

Dear brother, I must thank you, in behalf of the church, for your kindness in sending the sermons to us, which I hope we can say have proved savory to our poor souls; though we are at present hardened in the flesh, yet they unite with me in thanking you for your kindness and brotherly love. Our blessed Lord has said, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and this is twice most dear and precious to us in these fearful times. Our souls have been much encouraged and refreshed. Antichrist appears to be reigning very much, but the day is at hand when we shall know even as we are known, for we shall hear the Shepherd's voice, and the sheep know his voice, but the voice of a stranger will they not follow, for there is no food for them in any other but Jesus the smitten Rock. This alone can suffice the poor sin-bitten soul, as David felt when he wrote the Psalm Mr. P. preached from. I have been brought to see the same things. When we were marching to Persia, I was in a distressing state of soul; and in looking over the word this Psalm was like a looking-glass in which I saw the state of my poor soul; but I never saw it so plain as this sermon spoke to my soul, likewise the one you sent me preached by Mr. B. I think, sometimes, if it should please our blessed Lord ever to bring us under a faithful minister, how happy I should be; yet I must not murmur; the Lord's will must be done in all things.

I have no doubt you will have heard much about the state of India before this reaches you; if not, I can assure that India is in a most dreadful state, and where it will all end I cannot tell. I am much afraid some of the brethren in the 78th Highlanders have lost their lives, as I cannot hear from them; but we must hope for the best, knowing that not a single shot can hit till our heavenly Father pleases.

Dear brother, you must forgive me if I cannot send you any more, for I must be at duty to-night, and the mail starts in the morning; but if I should have time in the morning, I will write a few more lines; if not, I shall be sure to write, God willing, next mail. My brother, pray for us, for we need your prayers; and

Believe me to remain,

Your unworthy Brother for the truth's sake,

Kirkee, Bombay,  
Nov. 13th, 1857.

S. W. SHELLY,  
14th Light Dragoons.

## Obituary.

### ALICE BALFOUR.

THERE is something remarkably solemn and awful in these words, "And at midnight there was a cry," with their connection, and especially when they were so peculiarly verified in the end of one of the Lord's dear children with whom I was well acquainted, and to whom I felt great union of soul. Her name was Alice Balfour, late of Blackpool, and a member of the church of Christ at Hardhorn, near that place, for about 23 years, under the pastoral care of friend Fairclough, who also bears testimony to the main facts of the following narrative.

Alice, whose maiden name was Bamber, was born of parents attending the Church of England, and she also attended there, until the Lord sent his word of life and power into her heart. The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in her wounded spirit, and she often tried to extract them, according to her teacher's instruction, by duties, repentance, and obedience; but they stuck the faster; and feeling the wrath of God's justice and his death warrant out against her, she was obliged to "flee (for her life) from the wrath to come," out of that Babylon of forms and ceremonies, and thought to find shelter from the avenger of blood amongst the Independents, where her grandmother attended. Alice, believing her to be a God-fearing woman, and to have realised what her soul was longing for, concluded to go with her, hoping there to find refuge from the storm and tempest hanging over her guilty head, and to hear words by which her poor soul could be saved; but in this she was doomed to bitter disappointment, although she labored hard, and spent her money; yet the one brought no spiritual bread to her soul, nor the other the least degree of satisfaction; and instead of feeling better, she got decidedly worse, and found, to her sorrow, the Independent physicians no better than those in the Establishment,—of no value. She still continued amongst them, groaning under her load of sin, until refuge began to fail her, and she was ready to conclude that no man cared for her soul. Looking to the right hand and to the left for help, but finding none, she thought she had sinned away the day of grace, as they called it, or had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. Being in the midst of a dead profession, and hearing little else preached but duty-faith and creature-obedience, no wonder she labored so hard to exercise the one and yield the other; but God the Spirit put it out of the power of any man to give her those husks she vain would have fed upon when she saw others devour them so greedily. One day, feeling her hope perished from the Lord, and in great despondency, she went into the garden, and going under a tree, fell down upon her knees, crying and praying to the Lord for help, that he would deliver and save her soul for his mercy's sake. God met her there, and spoke this precious promise to her soul: "My grace is sufficient for thee." She raised her head, thinking it was some one in the garden; but seeing no one, said, "What, for me, Lord?" A second time the same promise was spoken, with greater power, with this addition, "My strength shall be made perfect in (thy) weakness." She arose from her knees, feeling more ease, more desire for, and love to the Lord. She went back into the house with a measure of sweet hope in his dear name, believing and feeling the promise was for her, and longing for the fulfilment of the latter part of it, to her soul's satisfaction. She had not long to hope and wait; for that very night, having to go out to milk some cows, her father being a farmer, the Lord visited her, saying most blessedly and gloriously to her soul, "I am thy salvation." "I felt," she said, "that whether in the body or out of the body



I could not tell; but such joy unspeakable and full of glory filled my soul that I was obliged to leave my milking, go into the house, and into my bedroom, and offer up the sacrifice of thanksgiving, with the cup of salvation in my hand, feeling my soul saved, and in the embraces of the everlasting arms of my God. I well understood what the poet meant when he penned that precious hymn, 268th, Gadsby's Selection."

For some time it was all gladness, joy, and feasting with Alice; but as she could find none amongst whom she worshipped who understood her sorrows and joys, she lost the joys of salvation and became again entangled with the yoke of bondage. Here Satan brought her into great fear and doubt about the reality of her former experience, and false teachers bewitched her out of the spirit into the flesh again.

About this time our dear friend the late J. M'Kenzie was much exercised and galled with the same yoke, and having to travel the district where Alice resided, he called at the house. They got into conversation, and soon found they were both laboring under that fever, raging with doubts and fears, the plague of the heart; and being under the same sort of physicians, whose prescriptions were useless, they spoke freely to each other about the incurable nature of their disease, concluding themselves lepers, and wandering without the camp. There were abundance of plaisters, pills, and draughts issued from the pulpit; but as they principally consisted of the same compound, duty-faith, duty-repentance, cleansing themselves with prayers and good works, with a little of the mercy of God and Christ to make up what they could not fully accomplish, these things proved ineffectual in their case. They sympathised with each other, fearing their lot would be to die and sink for ever amidst the wrath of that just and holy God who is a consuming fire in a broken law. Still Alice was much comforted, and her hope strengthened in these conversations, often desiring the time to come when he had to call again.

It pleased God now to open the eyes of M'Kenzie to see wondrous things in his law of grace; the blessedness of those who were lepers indeed, the promises made to the poor in spirit, and how God in Christ could save the lost, pardon the guilty, and justify the ungodly, through his love, blood, and righteousness. This made him speak out against Arminianism, Fullerism, and all other isms contrary to this blessed revelation, accompanied with power and sweetness to his own soul, both in public and private. When he opened them up to Alice, they were indeed glad tidings of great joy to her soul; and for the first time she saw, in her judgment, where she had been, and also where she was, and began to glory in and speak of them also. This brought down upon her great persecution, especially in her father's house; they forbid M'K. calling, and Alice to hear or speak any more to such men, or about such dangerous doctrines. This only increased her anxiety; and M'K. having arranged to preach in the neighborhood, she determined to hear him as often as she could, whatever might be the consequences; and by this means her eyes were more opened, her judgment more strengthened, and her soul more established in the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and she walked much in the light of his countenance.

On Nov. 4th, 1835, that dear servant of the Lord, William Gadsby, preached in our friend Fairclough's barn, at Hardhorn, when I was privileged to hear him, from Deut. xxxii. 10: "He found him in a desert land; and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye." Alice was there, and felt her soul comforted and confirmed, seeing she was one the Lord was leading about in this waste howling wilderness, and feeling that *it is through much tribulation they must enter the kingdom.* She now

determined, in the strength of the Lord, to leave the house of bondage, the Independents, and cast in her lot with the despised few, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. Accordingly she gave a good reason of the hope the Lord had wrought in her at the church meeting, was baptized, and added to them, where she remained a member to the time of her death. Having now made a decided profession, persecution and mockery raged more furiously, she still finding those of her own house her greatest foes; but the Lord supported and smiled the more, verifying the truth of that blessed promise, "My strength is made perfect in weakness;" so that she was enabled to joy in tribulation, and thank God that she was counted worthy to suffer persecution for his sake; yet she often prayed, if it was the Lord's will, that he would deliver her from Hagar's persecution and Ishmael's mocking.

Alice had a brother, Robert Bamber, at sea, mate of a vessel, to whom she wrote a letter, setting forth the awful state of the ungodly, and the impossibility of being saved from the wrath to come without being born again. The captain, Captain Balfour, who had command of the vessel, got the letter and read it, which appeared to give him some concern; and he anxiously inquired if the writer was married. On being answered, No, he added, "If I think as well of the writer, when I see her, as I do of this letter, she shall be my wife if possible." The first opportunity, he visited her; spoke of the letter to her brother, its effect upon him, and the strong attachment he felt to her, and in course of time proposed to marry her. This caused Alice much anxiety; for having before prayed for deliverance, she now began to think the Lord was making a way for that purpose, and in the midst of perplexity she consulted the minister and deacons, both of whom advised her against it, as she knew so little of him personally. However, after much thought and prayer, as she said, they were married.

Although Alice had not now the same outward persecution as before, heavy trials and afflictions came in another form. As time rolled on she became the mother of three sons, and was anxious they should be well educated and honorably brought up, her husband assuring her he would furnish her with ample provision, expressing thankfulness that he had such a wife and guardian for them during his long absence, and arranging to forward all communications and supplies to her through his sister-in-law, who resided in Liverpool, on account of Alice being in a remote part of the country. She often received sums of money through this channel, but not near the number of letters she expected; and in course of time the amount of money began to fall off, which brought upon her new trials,—poverty and want of bread. Thus, instead of her former hopes being realised, she experienced little else but disappointment; crosses, and straits, according to these words:

"My soul with various tempests toss'd,  
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,  
Sees every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end."

She struggled hard, endeavoring to overcome these calamities, keeping them secret from her relatives and friends; but as her way seemed hedged up, so that she could not find her paths, they overcame her, and brought her down into a very distressed state of body and mind. A relative, (who was in the habit of taking intoxicating drink,) but who is now, I believe, a very different character, attending chapel regularly, called upon her one day, and having nothing in the house to eat, she requested him to lend her sixpence. He replied, "I have none." "No," she said, "drunkards never have anything to spare." However, soon after this, she was sweeping about the door, and found a sixpence. From this, and

ilar circumstances, she clearly saw and felt it was her heavenly Father supplying, in a measure, her temporal needs, like Elijah being fed by ravens. When her relatives and friends knew her case, they were very kind in relieving and helping her. Her father took her sons often to his house, where one or more almost constantly lived. One of them, while playing at a gate, got entangled in it, and before it was known or could be extricated, was strangled to death. When tidings reached Alice, it was like the messengers to Job; and, indeed, she felt herself much in his condition, reading that book, and feeling that fellowship with Job in his trials as she had never done before, and often repeating that hymn beginning with

“ 'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross.”

A paper found written by her about this time will show where she went with her troubles and sorrows, and that she was no stranger to prayer and its answers. It is as follows: “O may the Lord keep us supplied in all our way-worn paths. O may the Lord supply our hungered bodies here, and provide raiment for this season of the year; for thou alone, O Lord, canst supply the orphan and the poor.” The Lord having answered her prayer, she continues, “O let us now sing hymns of praise to the Lord, for who alone does supply but his Majesty the Lord? sing a song of praise to God our Father and our King, for it is he alone who provides for the poor and fatherless.

When her husband landed in England, which was seldom, he visited her, and seemed greatly surprised at her poverty and the small sums of money she had received; but all inquiries after the missing sums were fruitless.

When the eldest son was old enough, his father took him to sea, which was another severe trial for her; and under the pressure of it we see something of her wrestling and prayer in the following lines written by her, and found amongst her papers:

“O thou loving Jesus, may I ever be  
Heir of my God, and joint heir with thee;  
Thou who didst die for my unworthy sake,  
Thou that hast saved me from the burning lake,  
O thou loving Jesus, wilt thou ever be  
Guide and Counsellor of sinful me?  
Wilt thou lead me, by thy powerful hand,  
Through this dreary, wretched, barren land?”

Things continued in the same state, as to money matters, till Alice could not refrain mentioning her distress and fears to her sister-in-law at Liverpool, feeling great confidence in her, and some little obligation for the trouble she had about her affairs; and to give proof of it, Alice made her a present of two pairs of strong boots. She replied, “I am sorry for you, Alice; but Balfour cannot supply you and keep another woman on board his vessel.” This statement distressed Alice above all other temporal things, circumstances seeming to favor the truth of it; and yet she could not fully believe it on account of his former attachment and kindness to her. Satan now brought forth his heavy artillery, thundering forth that her husband had forsaken her, her children were taken from her, and above all God had forsaken her, therefore it was his time to persecute and take her. Jealousy now began to work and rage, and truly she found it “cruel as the grave.” But I must leave those who are companions in tribulation to interpret something of the workings and distress of her poor mind under such a complication of heavy trials. But the Lord stood at her right hand, to deliver her from those who con-

denied her soul, supplying her with grace sufficient, and making his strength perfect in weakness; enabling her to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I praise him;" and with a filial resignation looking forward to the recompense of the reward, she would often speak of the sufferings of Christ, and, comparing them with her own, say,

"At most I do but taste the cup,  
For thou alone hast drunk it up."

One Lord's Day, when Alice was pondering these things in her heart, asking counsel of the Lord, with her Bible before her, the door opened, and, to her astonishment, her husband entered the house. With many tears, he produced from his pocket a number of letters he had written at various times, which had been kept back from her; and he gave also this further account: "When the vessel arrived at Liverpool, I accompanied my brother, who had been with me as mate on my voyage, to his house, expecting to see his wife, and to hear something about you; but to our great surprise and grief we found she had absconded in company with another man some days previous to our arrival in port. On searching the house, we found these letters, which explained to me the way your money had been kept from you, and appropriated to her own vile purposes." When poor Alice heard this explanation, saw the letters, and her husband in tears, she was moved with compassion, and felt sorry on account of her hard thoughts, jealous feelings, and hasty conclusions she had been suffered to run into, and much grieved at the artful cunning and double-deceit of the woman who had so wronged her and her family, and injured her husband's character so basely. Some time after, they agreed to take a house at Blackpool, and having had the previous lesson, safer arrangements were made for the future. From this time Alice was much more comfortable, and better in circumstances, and was desirous to pay back to her friends what they had done for her during her time of need; but instead of this, they rejoiced with her at her return from her captivity. Having felt keenly the pangs of poverty and hunger, her heart, hand, and house were always open for the poor and needy of the Lord's people; and she took great pleasure in relieving and helping them as far as circumstances would admit. The ministers of Christ particularly found a hearty welcome from Alice, and they often left refreshed with her spiritual and savory conversation.

But I must now leave off this brief outline, (for, indeed, it is only an outline,) and come to the relation of her latter end, which was truly as much of a paradox as the twenty-three years of her life. Captain Balfour, her husband, had taken the command of a vessel, to sail from North Shields, bound for Suez, in Egypt, and was very desirous and solicitous that Alice and her youngest son should accompany him. She felt much hesitation and fear, yet had a desire to see the country where the poor Israelites suffered so much; and after many reasonings and scruples, with many prayers, she consented to his request. They left Blackpool for North Shields, from whence Alice wrote a letter to her brother, who had charge of the house at Blackpool, about various things relative to it. On his entering the house he found a paper on her small writing-desk, evidently written by her own hand a short time previous to leaving: "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out." (Matt. xxv. 9, 7.) This was without note or comment, with nothing more on the paper. Now we come to the mysterious, remarkable, and solemn coincidence. The vessel set sail about 7 o'clock p.m., on Wednesday, Oct. 21st, 1857. They had

it been long out before a storm arose, and the vessel became unmanageable. She struck on Barber Bank Sands, about 7 o'clock the following evening, and at midnight the vessel broke up amidst the cries and shrieks of those on board, and all were lost except the mate, who alone escaped, on a piece of wreck, to tell the heartrending story. Of Alice he said, "When I last saw her she was by the cabin door, with her hands lifted and praying. Her husband was with her, in the same position; and the others were in an awful state of terror and confusion at their approaching end." It was truly a midnight cry, in which Alice and her husband and son met their deaths; but she was amongst the wise virgins, with her lamp trimmed and burning, breathing out her soul, and committing her immortal spirit into the hands of her heavenly Bridegroom; and being ready, she went into the marriage supper; and the door was solemnly shut.

"With all her trials, toils, and snares  
She has for ever done;  
By grace she wrestled, struggled, fought,  
Now wears the victor's crown."

Thus lived and died Alice Balfour, aged about fifty years, leaving one surviving son, the eldest, who was at sea, and probably has not yet heard of the calamity. Her body was washed on shore the day following, near Caistor, two miles and a-half from Yarmouth, where her mortal remains sleep until the resurrection morn, with this verse engraved upon her stone: "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bride-room cometh."

Preston, March 12th, 1858.

T. W.

AFFLICTIONS drive us to seek God, they being God's firemen, and his hired laborers, sent to break the clods, and to plough Christ's land, that he may sow heaven there; but Christ must bring new earth to the soil. In prosperity we come to God, but in a common way—as the grave-digger came to the theatre, only that he might go out again. But in trouble, the saints do more than come; they make a friendly visit when they come. Also, the prayers of the saints in prosperity are but summer prayers, slow, lazy, and, alas! too formal. In trouble, they rain out prayers, or cast them out in spiritual violence, as a fountain doth cast out waters. Both these are in one well expressed by the prophet: "Lord, in trouble they have visited thee; they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." (Isa. xxvi. 16.)—*Rutherford*.

THE employment of the husbandman is by all acknowledged to be very laborious. There is a multiplicity of business incumbent on him. The end of one work is the beginning of another. Every season of the year brings its proper work with it. Sometimes you find him in his fields, hoeing, plowing, sowing, harrowing, weeding, or reaping; and sometimes in his barn, threshing or winnowing; sometimes in his orchard, planting, grafting, or pruning his trees; and sometimes among his cattle; so that he has no time to be idle. As he has a multiplicity of business, so every part of it is full of toil and labor. He eats not the bread of idleness, but earns it before he eats it; whereby it becomes sweeter to him. Behold here the life of a Christian shadowed forth. As the life of a husbandman, so the life of a Christian is no idle or easy life. You find in the word, much work cut out for a Christian. There is hearing-work, praying-work, reading, meditating, and self-examining-work. It puts him also upon a constant watch over all the corruptions of his heart. O what do they occasion him! Of them he may say, as the historian says of Hannibal, they are never quiet, whether conquering or conquered.—*Milner*.



## REVIEW.

*The Grace and Duty of being Spiritually-minded, Declared and Practically Improved. By John Owen, D.D. London: James Nisbet.*

It is surprising how our minds alternately, and as if instinctively, sink or rise as various circumstances in ourselves or in others come before our view, or press with weight and power upon our conscience. A few instances on both sides of the question may illustrate this.

For some days or weeks, then, it may be, our mind may have been dark and beclouded; coldness and deadness may have much chilled our heavenly affections; trials and temptations may have harassed our soul; the presence of the Lord may have been much withheld; sin and corruption may have worked within at a fearful rate; and, under a feeling sense of our vileness and sinfulness, painfully aggravated by all these circumstances, we may have cried, almost in a fit of despair,

“Can ever God dwell here?”

How can the soul that is alive unto God, and living, or desiring to live, continually to his honor and glory, and to walk in the light of his countenance, not but sink into a low spot when all within is so opposed to, or so far from, that peace in believing which is its element and home? Or, if comparatively free from personal trials, some circumstances of a very painful and distressing nature may have come before our mind, or press upon our conscience, connected with others. Some gross inconsistency in a member of the church has perhaps come to light; or there has been a sad display of anger and temper at a church meeting; or two members have fallen out, and one or both have manifested a bitter, unforgiving spirit. Or, apart from church troubles,—the heaviest of all after personal afflictions, we may, in a solemn moment of prayer and meditation, have had a spiritual view of the general state of the churches of truth, as either torn with strife and division, or much sunk into barrenness and unfruitfulness. Or, to come still more closely home, to a still more tender point, a difference may have arisen between us and a beloved friend; or where we have looked for sympathy and comfort, under some trial and affliction, we may have met with just the reverse, and so have been “wounded in the house of our friends,” learning thereby, in a way of personal though painful experience, the meaning of those words, “The best of them is as a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge.” (Micah vii. 4.)

Or if engaged in the work of the ministry, as is the case with some of our readers, we may have been for some time much shut up in the preaching of the word of truth, and may have felt much darkness of mind and bondage of spirit in the house of prayer; if hearers, there may have been much deadness under the preached word; nothing for a long time may have dropped with power and savor into the soul either from the prayer or the sermon; and Satan may have taken great advantage from these things to harass the mind and cast a gloomy cloud over the whole of our experience.



Under these and similar circumstances, which we need not more particularly particularise, the soul possessed of the grace of God sinks at times very low; and as we are too much disposed to measure things by our own feelings, as a dark cloud over the sun casts a gloom over the whole face of nature, we look round and begin to say, "Where is there any real religion, any vital godliness, any blessed communion with the Lord, any of that spirituality of mind in which, and in which alone, there is life and peace. Where and what am I, and where are others?" We remember, perhaps, with Job, the days of our youth, when the secret of God was upon our tabernacle," and say, "O that I were as in months past, when the candle of God shined upon my head, and by his light I walked through darkness." O that the Lord would once more appear, would remove these dark clouds, and shine into my soul, that I might delight myself in him as all my salvation and all my desire."

When the believing soul is thus brought low, made to confess its weakness, and look wholly and solely to the Lord, a sweet and blessed change often takes place. There is a breaking in of divine light and love, a revival of faith, and hope, and love, a renewed sense of the Lord's goodness and mercy, an enjoyment of his presence and smile, liberty, an enlargement, a coming forth in prayer and praise, a fresh view of the King in his beauty, a discovery of his grace and glory, of his love, blood, and righteousness, of his sweetness and habitability, with a pressing forward towards union and communion with a Lord so gracious and yet so glorious, with a Saviour so extended and yet so compassionate, with a High Priest, once on earth a redeeming sacrifice, and now in heaven such an all-prevailing Advocate and Intercessor. "Wilt thou not revive us again," cried the church of old, "that thy people may rejoice in thee?" (Ps. lxxxv. 6.) His gracious revival is the answer to that longing cry, to that earnest petition, breathed out of the heart sensible of its coldness and deadness, but unable to revive itself; for as no man ever quickened, no man keepeth alive his own soul. When, then, he who gave himself for us fulfils that gracious promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also," and sends down renewed blessings, (for having ascended on high, he has received gifts for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell well among them," (Ps. lxxviii. 18,) then it is with the soul a returning to the days of its youth, (Job xxxiii. 25,) and these words are again sweetly realised, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." (Sol. Song ii. 11, 12.) Can the soul not but rise when the Lord thus lifts it up? "Thou hast lifted me up and cast me down." (Ps. cii. 10.) He is her Head, her Husband, her All. If he frown, must she not sink? If he withdraw, must she not mourn? If he smile, must she not rejoice? What is religion, if there be no union with Christ? If there be union with Christ there will be the fruits as well as the feelings of that bond of spiritual intercourse; and though absence does not break the marriage tie as presence does not create it, either in nature or in grace, yet the espoused soul, like the fond wife, that

lives and loves, is grieved at the departure and rejoices at the return of its wedded Lord. Simultaneously with this personal revival of the soul after a long scene of darkness or a painful season of temptation and trial, or instrumental as a means of producing it, there may arise from without circumstances which, like a favorable breeze, speed the soul onward when she has expanded her sails to the wind. One whom we have long known and loved in the Lord is removed by death, but makes a blessed end; or some signal display of grace appears in some one near and dear to us by earthly ties; a son, a daughter, a sister-in-law becomes most unexpectedly and almost unheapedly manifested as a vessel of mercy, and the heart is filled with wonder and admiration. Under these displays of sovereign grace, the stony heart relents, and is melted into contrition and love; tears of holy joy flow down the cheek, and blessings and praises ascend out of the heart to the God of all our mercies for this fresh display of the lengths and breadths, depths and heights of redeeming love. If engaged in the work of the ministry, the Lord perhaps sets his hand once more in a most conspicuous manner to the work, revives preacher and people, gives testimony to the word of his grace in sending a marked deliverance to a soul under deep distress; clothes the word with power to quicken the dead and comfort the living; and makes it fall like the dew and distil like the rain upon the souls of the people, so that there is a flowing together of heart to heart amidst the family of God.

We have particularised at some length the various causes of sinking and rising as experienced in the soul of a saint of God, to show the changes that take place within, and the ebbings and flowings, the lights and shades of the divine life. Men dead in a profession, with hearts of adamant and brows of brass, hardened by pride and worldliness, under a mask of religion, may ridicule these changes, and taunt us with "setting up frames and feelings, nursing doubts and fears, gloating over our corruptions, living beneath our privileges, poring over our miserable selves, dishonoring God by our unbelief, idolising self, and making a Christ of our experience." Swelling words of this kind; and a whole vocabulary of similar set terms, are as easily shot off from a hundred pulpits, and with about as much real execution as the guns at Portsmouth salute the Queen when she is going to Osborne. The very men who load and fire these pulpit guns, with all their noise and smoke, know no more of the experience of a saint of God than the artillerymen at Portsmouth of what the Queen is debating in the palace with her ministers; but they fire as they have been taught with the ammunition already made for them, and lying packed and handy at their feet. We are not setting up doubts and fears, or canonising corruption; we are not raking a dunghill for pearls to set in Jesus's crown, or putting the mutability of the creature in the place of, or side by side with the immutability of the Son of God and his finished work. But we say of and to all, in the pulpit or out of it, who, through ignorance or enmity, oppose a feeling religion, "Because they have no changes they fear not God." And if they fear not God, they have not the

beginning, much less the end of wisdom; they are not even in the lowest form of Christ's school, much less monitors or masters. But ignorance will prate, and enmity will revile. It is our wisdom and mercy to heed neither, but "with well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Who that knows the true grounds of Dissent does not smile when a young Puseyite clergyman lets off his university arguments against "the perilous sin of schism," when Popery is stamped upon every thread of his buttoned-up cassock-waistcoat, and upon every wrinkle of his long surtout? Who that knows the firm foundation of the doctrines of grace does not smile when a smug youth, hot from the Academy, thinks he is demolishing in one sermon the rock on which the church is built, and scattering election to the four winds of heaven? And may we, in a similar manner, not smile, or rather sigh, when men ignorant of the life of God, destitute of all divine teaching and gracious influence, hurl their invectives or deal out their miserable, common-place arguments against the experience of the saints? But it is a miserable warfare to be engaged in. He that toucheth the saints toucheth the apple of God's eye. Rather let our tongue never more name the name of God, rather let the pen fall for ever from our paralysed fingers than our tongue or finger knowingly speak or write a word against the work of God in the soul of a saint.

But we have sadly wandered from our subject, which was to examine the work of Dr. Owen on spiritual-mindedness. Our object, however, in the preceding remarks, was to show the connection between these gracious revivals of soul, of which we have spoken, and the spirituality of mind of which the Doctor treats; for we do not view spiritual-mindedness as an habitual state of the regenerated soul, but one brought forth under special influences, and therefore subject to fluctuations. The meaning of the apostle in the text on which the Doctor has founded his work, (Rom. viii. 6,) is simply this, that the mind,\* the breath, the bent and inclination of the new man of grace, is "life," as its main element, and "peace," as the result and fruit of life. In other words, the new man of grace, that "spirit," (John iii. 6, Rom. viii. 16, Ezek. xxxvi. 26,) which is born of the Spirit possesses "life" as its animating, operating principle; and as this life is from Christ and unites to Christ, it enjoys "peace" from its union and communion with him. But the apostle does not lay it down as a certain fixed principle that the soul of a believer is *always* spiritually-minded, and that therefore he always enjoys life and peace. He is, on the contrary, drawing the distinction between the flesh and the spirit in a believer, and showing the essential difference between the two. The one is death, the other life; the one is enmity, the other peace; the one not subject to the law of God, the other obedient to his will and word; the one displeasing to God, the other pleasing in his sight. Thence he argues that all men walk, that is, think, speak, live, and act, according to the one or the other; and that those who "walk after the flesh," that is, follow

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\* It is exceedingly difficult to give the exact meaning of the Greek word here rendered "*minded*."

out its movements, desires, and dictates, are dead, at enmity with God, disobedient, and therefore displeasing to him; whilst those who "walk after the spirit" possess and manifest divine life, enjoy peace with God, obey his precepts, and are pleasing in his sight.

But it is time for us to see what Dr. Owen says on this important subject. As usual with him, he has handled the subject in the most masterly way, sounding all the depths of the heart, hunting the soul out of its false refuges, and showing not only what this spiritual-mindedness is, and the life and peace attending it, but its conflicts and its victories, its decays and its restorations, its present grace and its future glory.

We cannot say that we can fall in with all the Doctor says on these points, for, like most of the Puritan writers, there is sometimes a legal tang, and as he held the doctrine of progressive sanctification, that error necessarily casts much obscurity over his views. Still, it is a most instructive, edifying, and experimental work, and is imbued throughout with a holy unction which evidently shows that he was taught of God, and knew for himself the divine realities for which he so strongly contended.

In the following extract the Doctor opens up in what gracious experience of the soul this spiritual-mindedness chiefly consists:

"1. The *actual exercise of the mind in its thoughts*. They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; they think on them; their desires are after them, and their contrivances are continually for them; but they that are after the spirit mind the things of the spirit; their desires are after, their thoughts and meditations are on, things spiritual and heavenly.

"2. This minding of the spirit resides *habitually in the affections*, so that spiritual-mindedness is the exercise of the thoughts on, and aspiration of the soul in, its desires after spiritual things proceeding from the love of its affections, and their engagements unto them.

"3. A *complacency of mind*, from that gust or delight which it finds in spiritual things, from their suitableness to its constitution, frame, inclinations, and desires. There is a salt in spiritual things to the renewed mind, while to others, they are like the white of an egg, without taste or savor. Speculative notions about divine things, when alone, are sapless and barren. It is in this savor of them that the sweetness and satisfaction of the spiritual life consist. Thus we taste by experience that God is gracious, and that the love of Christ is better than wine, or whatever hath the most grateful relish unto a sensual appetite; and this is the only proper foundation of that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory."

Having thus shown in what spiritual-mindedness consists, he goes on to enforce it more particularly and closely on the conscience:

"As these three things concur in minding of the spirit, or constitute a person spiritually-minded, so you must have remarked the two following important truths as directly contained in the text:

"1. That spiritual-mindedness is the great distinguishing character of true believers, or real Christians, from all others, and,

"2. Where any are spiritually-minded, there alone is life and peace. What these are, what their excellency and pre-eminence above all other things, and how they are the effects of spiritual-mindedness, will be shown hereafter.

"Either of these considerations is sufficient to demonstrate of how great concernment to us this subject is; and must excite us to inquire diligently, whether we are spiritually-minded or not. There are many professors, who greatly deceive themselves in this important point; they admit of sacred truths with their understanding; they assent to them, yea, they approve and

commend them; but admit not their power in and over the conscience, judge of their state by them, which proves their ruin, and demonstrates that they believe not one syllable of Christianity as they ought. Again there are others who, 'like a man beholding his face in a glass, goeth straightway and forgetteth what manner of a man he was.' (James i. 24.) The word of God represents unto them their spiritual state and condition; they behold it, and conclude that it is even so with them, as the sacred oracles declare. But immediately their minds are filled with other thoughts, acted upon by other emotions, and taken up with other things, and they forget in a moment the representation of themselves, and their situation. Wherefore, all that will or should be mentioned on this subject will be utterly lost, unless a firm persuasion of God be fixed in our breasts, unless we are really affected with, and under the power of, this momentous truth, 'that to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.' Whatever our light, knowledge, or profession may be, destitute of the living spirit, there is no real interest in, nor any claim to, life and peace."

But the question may occur to a sincere child of God who knows himself and feels much of his barrenness, darkness, and death, whether he is ever can be spiritually-minded, when he is so rarely in the enjoyment of it, and is often so far from the life and peace which are its attendant fruits. Here great wisdom and holy caution are needed to give a right answer. Many a wretched, carnal, dead professor takes comfort from hearing that the real child of God has his seasons of darkness and coldness, not thinking or caring to think that it is one thing to be *always* dead, and another to be so *sometimes*; one thing to see it, and another to feel and mourn under it. How many are there in the professing church "who bless themselves in their heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of mine heart, to add drunkenness to thirst." (Deut. xxix. 19.) These are they who feast with the children of God, "feeding themselves without fear," when they are but "clouds without water, carried about with winds; trees whose fruit withereth, twice dead, plucked up by the roots." (Jude 12.) Much wisdom, therefore, and caution are needed not to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs; on the one hand not to make the heart of the righteous cold, and on the other not to strengthen the hands of the wicked by promising him life when all his ways are ways of death. (Ezek. xiii. 1.) To clear up this point, the Doctor, in our next extract, points out how a man may come to know whether he is ever spiritually-minded:

"To give some satisfaction in a case of such great importance and necessity, where that hypocrisy hath made such an inroad on profession, and gifts have vitiated and usurped over grace in its principal operations—observe,  
 "1. When the soul finds a *spiritual complacency*, an inward pleasure in God after prayer and other duties, it is an evidence that grace had a share and influence in its spiritual thoughts and desires. The prophet Jeremiah received a gracious message from God, full of excellent promises, and pathetic exhortations unto the church; "upon this (said he) I awaked, and beheld, and my sleep was sweet unto me." (Jer. xxxi. 26.) God's message had so composed his spirits, that he was serene and quiet, like a man asleep; but afterwards he stirs up himself to review and consider what had been spoken to him, and, saith he, "my sleep was sweet unto me." I found a sweet complacency in, and great refreshment to my soul, from what I heard and received. It is often with a soul that hath had real communion with God in prayer; at the time, and afterward on the consideration of it, how is the Christian de-



lighted and refreshed! This holy complacency and sweet repose of mind is the foundation of every Christian's delight in the duty of prayer; they do not pray merely because it is their duty, nor because they so stand in need of it, that else they could not live; but they have delight in it, and to keep them therefrom is all one as to keep them from their daily food and natural refreshment. Now we may use, but can have no delight in anything, unless we have experienced some complacency and rest; and the soul's delight in prayer ariseth from the near approach that is made in it unto God, the fountain and centre of all spiritual rest and complacency; and the fruit hereof is, he makes them that thus seek him to drink of the river of his pleasures, the satisfying, refreshing streams of his grace and goodness; they approach unto him as to the fountain of life, to drink or obtain renewed communications of life and grace, and this not in vain; hence arises that spiritual complacency; though I might add, that a blessed satisfaction results to the soul, from the due exercise of faith, hope, and love, graces in which the life of the new creature doth chiefly consist. The exercise of these graces doth compose and refresh the mind, (even in mourning and godly sorrow for sin there is joy,) and it prepares and makes the soul meet to receive more supplies of grace from above; and thus conscience is enabled likewise to bear testimony to our sincerity in the aim, performance, and end of the duty, which greatly strengthens the mind's repose, and adds to its complacency and joy."

It is right to observe that the Doctor insists much upon our using the means of grace, especially prayer, reading, and meditation, to attain this spiritual-mindedness, and gives the strongest warnings and cautions against sloth and carelessness, and walking at all inconsistently with the precepts of the gospel and the dictates of godly fear. But after having pointed out various means and helps to attain to this blessed state of soul, knowing what man is as a fallen sinner, and the weakness of the flesh, he adds what we think may be very encouraging language to those who feel themselves to come so short of that heavenly frame of mind which he inculcates as such a blessed fruit of divine grace:

*"Cry to God for assistance.* Supply the brokenness of your thoughts with prayer, according as either the matter or your infirmities do require; bewail the darkness, instability, and weakness of your minds, so as to groan within for deliverance and help; and if your designed meditations do issue only in a renewed sense of your own insufficiency, with application to God for supplies, they are by no means lost as to a spiritual account. When the soul labors for communion with God, but sinks into broken, confused thoughts, under its own weakness; yet if the Christian looks to God for relief, his mourning and petitions will be accepted with his Maker, and be profitable unto himself.

"Be not discouraged with an apprehension that all you can attain to in the discharge of this duty is so little, so contemptible, that it is to no purpose to persist in it. Nor be ye wearied with the difficulties you encounter in its performance: You have to do with him who will not break the bruised reed, and whose will it is that none should despise the day of small things. If there be in this way a ready mind, it is accepted. He that can bring into this treasury only the mites of broken desires and ejaculatory prayers, so they be his best, shall not come behind them who cast into it out of their greater abundance in skill and ability. To faint and give out, because we cannot rise to such a height as we aim at, is a fruit of pride and unbelief. He who gains nothing else by continual endeavors after holy, fixed meditations, but only an active sense of his own unworthiness, is a sufficient gainer amidst all his pains; but ordinarily it shall not be so. Constancy in the duty will give ability for it. They who conscientiously abide in it shall increase in light, wisdom, and experience, till they are able to prosecute it with greater success."

Have we not all much reason to lament our coming short of this sweet and blessed spirituality of mind? Yet how can we know what



it is unless we have felt it, or at least some measure of it, in our own breasts? The dead in sin and the dead in a profession neither know it nor care to know it. It is the living family of God alone who know its blessedness and sweetness; for they alone are born of the Spirit, and therefore walk after it, mind it, and enjoy it. And yet, what life there is in it, when felt! It is the only real happiness the child of God enjoys here below; his companion in solitude, his support in affliction; his comfort in sickness, and his peace in death. For if it be "life," to have it must be an inward well of water springing up in his soul; (John iv. 14;) and if it be "peace," it is the enjoyment of Christ's own best gift and last legacy. In fact, in it are all the life and peace of religion, and without it religion is but a name and a notion, without present grace or future glory. How sweet, at such moments, is the word of God! What light shines upon the sacred page! what wisdom and truth appear in every line! what a fulness, blessedness, and unction drop from it, like honey from the honeycomb! Such was Jeremiah's feeling: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart; for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts." (Jer. xv. 16.) Such was David's experience: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" (Ps. cxix. 103.) Why is this, but because we are then taught by the same Spirit under whose inspiration the Scriptures were written, and are under the same influences and the same holy anointing? How sweet, then, is prayer! It is the language of the heart, the ascending breath of the soul, the spiritual sacrifice laid upon the golden altar, and ascends with the incense of the great and glorious Intercessor. (Rev. viii. 3, 4.) How sweet, then, is meditation, as spiritual thoughts roll in upon the mind, spiritual feelings fill the soul, and spiritual affections warm and melt the heart. This is to delight oneself in the Lord, (Ps. xxxvii. 4, Isa. lviii. 14,) to feel that the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, (Prov. iii. 17,) to taste and see that the Lord is good, (Ps. xxxiv. 8,) to find how near, dear, and precious Christ is to those that believe, (1 Pet. ii. 7,) and to see with every look of faith more and more of his beauty and blessedness. No company is now wanted but the Lord's company; and the more the heart is drawn up towards him, the more it receives out of his fulness. Here is life—the life of all religion, and of all ordinances, preaching, praying, hearing, reading, conversing; spiritual-mindedness is the life of them all. Without it all is death in the pulpit and in the pew. You may have eloquence, ability, sound doctrine, texts by scores, and anecdotes by handfuls; you may have voice, rant, and gesture; and all this may pass for wonderful preaching, when there is not a grain of spiritual life in the man or his ministry. And you may have admiring hearers in the pew, full of vows, promises, and tears, and yet not one grain of divine life in the heart. True religion is "a secret;" it lies between God and the soul; and this secret, which is with those who fear God, (Ps. xxv. 14,) is having the Spirit and mind of Christ; (Rom. viii. 9; 1 Cor. ii. 16;) and thus being "one spirit" with him, as joined to him by this

holy tie. (1 Cor. vi. 17.) This brings "peace." Enmity and war cannot exist between friends, and the Lord says to his disciples, "Ye are my friends." He himself is our peace. It comes through his blood, for by it he hath made peace. Spiritual-mindedness implies reconciliation, a being brought near; union and communion, and a resting on the atoning blood and finished work of the Son of God.

The Lord graciously bestow upon us much of this spiritual-mindedness, and thus make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; for without holiness, of which this is a main part, no man shall see the Lord.

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## POETRY.

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### *THE BREATHINGS OF AN AGED PILGRIM.*

By sins and daily cares opprest,  
To thee, thou only source of rest,  
My spirit longs to fly;  
She listens 'mid the storm to hear  
The Master say, while drawing near,  
"Be not afraid—'tis I."

His all-wise dealings must be right;  
Still, when my Pilot's out of sight,  
I fear the boisterous sea.  
But if he holds my trembling hand,  
I feel that I can firmly stand,  
And safe and happy be.

Yes; 'tis his presence, his alone,  
His power, his love, his care made  
known

To sinners vile and weak;  
That makes them such a Saviour  
prize,  
Who is more precious in their eyes  
As they go on to seek.

My dearest Lord, I would not be  
Without the bliss of knowing thee  
For all earth could bestow.  
No dear-bought pleasure, friends,  
or wealth,  
Can bring the wounded spirit health  
Or make the bosom glow.

Thy worm would leave his cause  
with thee.

However rough the way may be,  
Thy strength will bring me  
through;

Nor floods nor flames can e'er destroy  
This soul of mine, though oft its joy  
Is marr'd while here below.

That cleansing blood, on Calvary  
shed,  
Has wash'd sin's stain, though crim-  
son red;

That covering o'er me cast  
Which Jesus wrought for all his own;  
And he who puts the garment on  
Will crown his work at last.

Be this my case while here I stay,  
To seek my Saviour day by day,  
And with him sweetly walk;  
May the blest Spirit of the Lord  
Lead to the pastures of his word,  
And help me there to walk.

Nor suffer sin to rule and reign,  
To undermine my peace again,

But godly fear be given;  
That now as life fast ebbs away,  
Rich grace may stir me up to pray,  
Till I shall praise in heaven.

C. S.

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MOSES, a resident in the palace of Pharaoh, surrounded with the honors, and riches, and pleasures of Egypt, when he was come to years freely surrendered them all, and chose rather to be the companion of the suffering people of God. Jesus, the prince of heaven, possessed of all the honors and riches of glory, for our well-being and salvation, cheerfully condescended to assume our nature and condition, to tabernacle in our world, to become a servant ministering to all, that we, through his humiliation and poverty, might be made rich, and obtain exalted honors and eternal life.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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OCTOBER, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## HE SHALL DELIVER THE NEEDY WHEN HE CRIEETH.

“For he hath not despised the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him he heard.”—Ps. xxii. 24.

SUCH a verse is nothing to those who are at ease, the careless or merry hearted; but it just suits the heart brought down with labor, the bruised, the heavy laden, who cannot rise, but are pressed down by sin, or temptation, or sorrow. “He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted.” O, this is a balm poured into the wounded spirit. The Lord’s family are often brought very low; many suffer much from Satan, because they know so little of his devices, and cannot, therefore, know how to answer such and such arguments, with which he so craftily assails them; thus, for the time, he gets an advantage over them; but they learn many a lesson thereby, in bitter experience; and they also learn the grace of God, and thus become established in the truth as it is in Jesus. To describe the affliction of the afflicted, which he does not despise, would be impossible; the nature of the conflict, the sensitiveness of our feelings, the adverse circumstances to which we are exposed, the enmity to be endured, the harassing of Satan, the opposition of the world, the chidings and corrections of our heavenly Father, and the withdrawal of the light of his countenance,—these are things better known than talked of; but the point is, and the consolation too, *God* hath not despised the affliction; the world utterly contemns it. The Lord regards it, for that is the meaning. Such a thought as this fringes the dark cloud which overhangs the believer, and will enable him soon to realise the other side, which is all bright and refulgent. It seems to put a lever under the burden which oppresses him, and he feels relieved. “He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, neither hath he hid his face from him;” it only *seemed* so; he was looking on all the while. “He withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous.” Sometimes he seems not to hear; so David pleads, “Be not silent to me, lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.”

Soul affliction brings Jesus near. There is a verse in the 72nd Psalm which, like the present one, seems to meet the child of God on very low ground. He may be looking for evidences; ranging over the promises, unable to touch one, they seem all to belong to a better class of persons; but here is a word, “He shall deliver the needy

when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper." O how suitable! Nothing to bring but want and misery.

" 'Tis perfect poverty alone  
That sets the soul at large"

This passage and Ps. xxii. 24 seem to be very similar: "He doth not despise the affliction;" He "delivers the needy." In both places the creature is emptiness, and the Deliverer fulness. Now, surely, the most tried may get a little help here, by the Spirit's aid. None can be poorer than to have nothing, ready to perish, needy, having no helper; to such there is promise of deliverance; a full Saviour is close at hand, to give out of his fulness grace for grace; and the more the poor, timid, broken-hearted ones can eye him, the better. He has riches enough, love enough. O what a tender heart he has! How faithful, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!"

" Did Jesus once upon me shine?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

This 22nd Psalm is one which goes down into the depth of anguish; it properly belongs to the Man of sorrows, but it also belongs to his loved one, (verse 20,) his bride; the joy is hers, the sorrow his, and his only, as far as it is penal. But there is the filling up of that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ; and as the eternal Father despised not the affliction of his Son, so will he not despise the affliction of his church.

"He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted." O what a mercy! He looked at his church, ruined in the fall, by nature deserving wrath, even as others. Say, Christian, did he despise or abhor her deep affliction? O no; he loved her from the pit; he snatched her as a brand from the burning; he gave her his Son; and "how shall he not with him also freely give her all things?"

"He hath not despised;" so, then, he will surely deliver. What is thy sorrow, O believer? However deep, however distressing, relief will most surely come; the tide will turn, the morning dawn, the beasts of the forest creep into their dens, and the liberated soul go forth in the blessed rays of the Sun of righteousness.

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH.

THE anger of the Lord is often compared to a storm: "He shall bring clouds of judgment upon them, many and thick, as terrible as when a day is turned into night, by the ministering of the darkest clouds that interpose between the sun and the earth." "Clouds and darkness are round about him, and a fire goes before him," when he "burns up his enemies." (Ps. xcvi. 2, 3.) The judgments shall have terror without mercy, as clouds obscure the light, and are dark masks before the face and glory of the sun, and cut off its refreshing beams from the earth. Clouds note multitude and obscurity; God could crush them without a whirlwind, beat them to powder with one touch; but he will bring his judgments in the most surprising and amazing manner to flesh and blood, so that all their glory shall be changed into nothing but terror, by the noise of the bellowing winds, and the clouds, like ink, blackening the heavens.—*Charnock*.

## A WIDOW INDEED.

Dear Sir,—Please to excuse my liberty in attempting to scribble few lines to you. I am a poor, ignorant, insignificant, unlearned sinner, entirely kept by charity; but as it has pleased God in his infinite mercy and goodness to give me to hope we are both taught by one Holy and Blessed Spirit,—for “the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God,”—and as I do see, speaking after my own experience, the ministerial work of God’s own dear sent servants to be so very great and important, I think it must be very encouraging to them to know the word is blessed to many of God’s poor tried and afflicted ones. From this I take encouragement to hope you will pardon my liberty, and excuse my foolishness and ignorance.

Dear Sir, I have the pleasure to tell you it pleased God, in his condescending goodness and mercy, to make use of your instrumentality to the raising up of my poor cast-down soul to hope in his mercy, after lying under the sentence and condemnation of a broken law, where I verily thought mercy could never reach my case. Before this I had thought myself in a fair way for heaven, thinking I could do something to merit God’s favor; saying to such as the drunkard, the liar, the Sabbath-breaker, and all those profane characters, “Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou;” but through mercy I was not left there; for it so pleased God, after his determinate will and good pleasure, by the quickening operations of his Holy and Blessed Spirit, to convince me of my lost state; and thus I see, by nature, myself with all the rest of the world on a level, and that we must be born again before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven. How this could be, I could not understand; but I thought it to be some great change that I had never experienced, but still kept striving and laboring to fulfil the law; till at last Moses sent in his bill, exceedingly large, demanding perfect love and obedience. Alas! I cried, I now must give it up; and thus I was killed to all hope by a killing commandment, that was brought home to my conscience. Thus I saw my state to be the worst, and the farthest from God of any; at the same time, being in very trying circumstances, having had a deal of sickness in the house for some years, at the same time my husband being ill with consumption, and I in the mean time losing my only two little daughters. All these things I thought were against me, and a proof I did not love God, as I read in his word, “All things work together for good to them that love God, who are called according to his purpose.” The mother and sister-in-law were also against the daughter-in-law, which caused many more to be against and to speak evil of her, even the nearest and dearest bosom friend, which would cause the working of my vile sinful nature to boil up within, for most of my friends seemed to be my foes, and these words would condemn me,—“As much as possible lieth in you, live peaceable with all men.” All these things I thought I could not bear; I thought it would drive me to despair, that I should end my days in some asylum, and that would prove

the promise did not belong to me, "As thy day thy strength shall be." For I saw and believed God had a chosen and elected people, to whom the promise did belong, and to none others; and thus I saw the security, the blessedness, the everlasting happiness of all those, but had no hope that I was one, for I saw God so holy, just, and true, and to me he appeared as an angry Judge, with his eye of justice ever upon me, watching all my movements. These words, "I will take you one of a city and two of a family," and again, "Many are called, but few chosen;" used to cut me. O, it seemed to me to be but so few, compared to the bulk of mankind, that I could not be one, when all others looked more likely than I; therefore I could see no way in which God could save me, so that I felt sure hell would be my portion.

O the rebellion that used to rise up within, to think God should create a people, some to be lost and some to be saved; to think I could not take any comfort in the things of this life, and in my husband and children, as he was daily depriving me of these things, and then to die, to be to all eternity in misery, where I thought shortly to be, often fearing I might drop down dead, and sometimes verily thought I might as well, and know the worst of it. Sometimes I have looked on the little lambs and birds, and wished I had been they, or anything that had no soul to be lost when it died, or that I had died as soon as born, or never been born at all. These words were often on my mind, but more to condemn than comfort, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I thought this way of coming was by prayer, and I did not know how to pray nor to come in such a way, as I saw the Lord's people to be a holy, righteous, and praying people; for I did then think, to be born again was to be made a new creature without any sins. So foolish and ignorant was I; neither could I attempt to go on my knees in secret to approach his most holy Majesty, lest he should strike me dead; with the devil close behind, just ready for me.

O, how have I trembled, and my heart beat, when a few friends have met in the house for prayer, so that I have not been able to snuff the candle. Once I did attempt it, when the suggestion darted through me, "Ah! that is doing something to help. This you had better let alone, as it is only trying to deceive the friends; for they know that you are nothing but a hypocrite:" and just the same if I went to chapel, when I often made up my mind not to go again; but the next opportunity I could not stay away.

"O the pangs by Christians felt,  
When their eyes are open;  
When they see the gulfs of guilt  
They must wade and grope in.

"When the hell appears within,  
Causing bitter anguish,  
And the loathsome stench of sin  
Makes the spirits languish."

Sometimes, when my burden has seemed too heavy for me, more



than I could bear, a word or two, or a line of a hymn has been brought to my mind so as to relieve me for the time. At one time these words came:

“ God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform.”

I said them over and over, with a “ Who can tell but he may move in some way so as to cause these things to work together for my good?” At another time:

“ Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him.”

This I felt conscious of, but the following words were the consolation:

“ This he gives you;  
’Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.”

In the year 1846 it pleased the Lord to remove my husband from me by death. I felt myself the most poor, forlorn, miserable creature, neither fit for the company of the world nor for the people of God; neither fit to live nor yet to die. O, how I used to go sighing and groaning about for the Lord to have mercy on me, and save my soul in some way, although I could not see which way he could, often repeating these words:

“ I cannot see the cloud clear up,  
Nor know which path to take.”

At one time I felt that weight and burden, I did not know how to bear it. I left the house to go a short distance, repeating the words, “ My ways are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts, saith the Lord.” Just before I reached the house, as I came back, the words darted into my mind:

“ Cheer up, desponding soul,  
Thy sins are all forgiven.”

This was a release, but did not last long.

In the month of August following, I was informed, Sir, that you were coming to Cranbrook, in Kent, to preach. I felt a great desire to hear you, but the distance from my home was too far for me to walk. When the morning came, I was very much harassed about going, which I forbear to speak of in particular, as I have scribbled on so long; I fear I shall weary you, if I do ever trouble you with it. But to return: it was so ordered that I should go. O, how I went sighing and begging the Lord, it might be I might have to say, in a right way, it was good for me to be there in some way, whatever he might see good; and, “ bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits,” he did condescend, in his tender mercy, to grant my request. When, dear Sir, you took your text, Isa. xviii. 7, it seemed nearly all the sermon was for me. I felt such a hope springing up in me that I was one of that happy number. O, what a change did I feel! I could then see God as a merciful God, and felt I could give up husband, children, or anything else of this

world's goods, for a hope of an interest in a dear Redeemer; and say:

“ Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu,  
I have a nobler choice in view.”

But every man's work shall be tried, as by fire, of what sort it is, O, the trials, temptations, the inward conflicts, the exercise of mind as to the genuine reality of it altogether, with the temporal trials and troubles, losses, crosses, and bereavements, with a very long and heavy affliction of the body during the time.

The reading of your sermons has been made a blessing to my soul. “Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all.” But, as the dear man says:

“ To trust to Christ alone,  
By thousand dangers scared,  
And righteousness have none,  
Is something very hard;”

but

“ 'Tis to feel the fight against us,  
Yet the victory hope to gain.”

What a mercy! How great the consolation to feel a resting upon the promise of the fulfilment of the following words, “Thou shalt come forth of them all.”

I now conclude, wishing, if it be the Lord's will to bring you to Maidstone, I may be favored with the privilege of hearing and seeing you once more. I have been mostly deprived of this privilege for nearly ten years. I have heard but three sermons preached for four years next September; but I am thankful to say, it has pleased God, in his tender mercy, to partly restore me again. I have been greatly improving for some time, and for this cause, not being able to sit up to write, I am obliged to lie and pencil it down; for which, dear Sir, I beg pardon for the liberty of sending so very imperfect a scribble.

That the Lord may bless thee with many seals as thine hire, and grant thy children may be like olive-plants around thy table, is the sincere wish of a poor widow in affliction's cage, the greatest of all paupers, who wishes to beg the favor of a few lines in answer, and upon the following words: “What it is to contend for the truth as it is in Jesus.”

September 6th, 1858.

A. B.

Moses gave the law to the people, but did not put them in possession of the promised rest. For this he must have Joshua as his successor. So it was with respect to the legal dispensation; it could not give rest to the weary and heavy laden sinner; but our spiritual Joshua came expressly to do that which the law could not do, and to give that to transgressors which the law could not give. As such, the law, with its requirements and its threatenings to the guilty, came by Moses; but grace, that is, favor to condemned sinners, came by Jesus Christ. Moses showed the people what they owed to Jehovah, Joshua exhibited what the goodness of God had provided even for the unworthy.

## THE STEPS OF A GOOD MAN ARE ORDERED BY THE LORD, AND HE DELIGHTETH IN HIS WAY.

(Concluded from page 270.)

The following morning, July 28th, the Lord gave me another precious confirmation in prayer that he was with me, through these words, "Awake! awake! put on strength, O arm of the Lord! Awake! as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." I was quite melted to tears under the power and sweetness of these blessed words, and felt with Jacob, "O Lord, my God, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth that thou hast showed unto thy servant." After this I felt no doubt that the Lord would show himself strong in my behalf; and truly he did. After begging again and again that the Lord would be with me,—for what could such a poor, weak, worthless worm as I do without him?—I went and paid my rent, and, like Manoah and his wife, I was privileged to look on, whilst the Lord did wondrously. To see the Lord's wondrous power in that man, constraining him to let me go in the face of his house unlet, not even to calculate the rent after me; to allow me the valuation of some grates without a word of demur, and to cancel my lease as pleasantly as if I was conferring some favor upon him, quite broke my heart, and melted me to tears. That was a sight never to be forgotten. I thanked him with my heart full of gratitude, and my eyes full of tears, for his great kindness, and said, I believed the Lord would not suffer him to lose anything in the end.

When I returned home I fell upon my knees to bless and praise the God of all my mercies, for showing himself so strong in the behalf of such a poor, vile, worthless worm. "He suffered no man to do them wrong." "Verily he caused the enemy to treat them well." "O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him; sing psalms unto him. Talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name. Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength. Seek his face evermore. Remember his marvellous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth. O ye seed of Abraham, his servant, ye children of Jacob, his chosen."

On the 30th, my stuff was removed, and in the evening I took the key, and again thanked the landlord for his kindness. "Don't mention it," he said. I could not help telling several that I met, of the Lord's great goodness to me, and was melted to tears in so doing; for I felt that, if I should hold my peace, the very stones would cry out against me. The following day, as I have mentioned before, the

Lord sent me in a supply of forty guineas. Thus the Lord has ordered every step of my way; my cup ran over; and I said, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Of this thing I felt as certain as I did of my own existence, that it was wholly and entirely through the Lord's favor that I was so blessed. Like as it was recorded of Naphtali, so I felt it. "O Naphtali, satisfied with favor; and full with the blessings of the Lord." David also had a sweet, feeling sense of the same thing when he said, "Lord, by thy favor, thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." O how earnestly did I beg and entreat of the Lord to be with me in all that lay before me, as he had been with me hitherto; not to leave nor forsake me; for what could such a poor, crawling worm of the earth as I do without him? And I do believe that the very fact of my being left so entirely alone, and so entirely dependent upon the Lord for everything, being such a poor, obscure creature, whom nobody cares for, is the very reason why the Lord has magnified the riches of his grace in blessing me so much, that his dear name might have all the praise and glory, and that men might see that it was his doing. For "he raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dung-hill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Still further to show the Lord's goodness, and his wonder-working hand toward me, the very same evening I left, the landlord let the house to one of the medical men who had so deceived him, for £15 a year less rent than I had been paying him. Many years ago, this very same individual (who afterwards became my landlord) was one who persuaded me to do one of the most dishonest acts I was ever guilty of. The circumstances were these. It was in my days of profession, before the Lord called me by his grace, that I attended a brother-in-law of his, who died of consumption. He had been living with a relative who was an hotel-keeper, as cook, who, his father said, owed him a large sum of money, but which he knew he should never get; and if I would make my bill double he should get so much out of the fire. Through this plausible reasoning I was persuaded to do so, and got him £15. After the Lord called me by his grace, my conscience was made tender in the fear of the Lord, and this dishonest act pressed heavily upon my mind, so that I could not rest until I went to the gentleman, and confessed the whole thing to him, and paid him back the £15 of which I had defrauded him. Now the Lord permits this man to be deceived, and to lose the very identical sum of £15 this year. "So that a man shall say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth."

Thus I have proved that nothing is "too hard for the Lord;" that he has the hearts of all in his hand. He stirred up two to covet the house I occupied, in order to make my landlord willing to let me go.

"For when the Lord's people have need,  
His goodness will find out a way."

I have proved that the silver and the gold are his, by sending me in such unexpected supplies to enable me to remove. And I have proved that every event is at his disposal, that the bounds of our habitations are fixed by him, that he has a set time to favor Zion, and that "blessed are all they that wait for him." The Lord does everything for his dear people, and just in the right time. When they can go on no longer, it is then that he appears for their relief. He knew when my family would assemble together again, and provided me with a larger habitation just in time. Here have I many, many times fretted, murmured, and rebelled against him for shutting me up in such a way that I could not get out. What hard thoughts I have had of the Lord for so dealing with me! How many times I have envied the wicked, who could go about hither and thither, whilst I was obliged to abide until the Lord was pleased to remove me. Now I see that it has been my mercy that the Lord did so shut me up, for he has provided for me infinitely beyond what I could have done for myself. O the riches of sovereign grace! What goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering has the Lord manifested toward me amidst all my provocations! When the Lord manages all my concerns, puts them out of my reach, that I cannot injure myself, and then shows his wonder-working hand, I feel truly ashamed of my base, vile, rebellious conduct towards him, and astonished at the amazing riches of his grace toward me. Grace appears in everything—to the vilest of the vile. I am sure that nothing but grace has made me what I am, and blessed me. If I could have destroyed myself, I should have done so long ago. The Lord is infinitely more concerned about our welfare, both for time and eternity, than we can possibly be ourselves. We are poor, short-sighted creatures. He knows the end from the beginning, and his honor is concerned in blessing his dear people. O for grace to lie passive in his hand, and know no will but his! He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. I am a living witness of this precious truth.

After the Lord had appeared so conspicuously for me in my removal, leaving no doubt upon my mind that he had ordered every step of my way, and placed me in the habitation which he had eternally appointed for me, I thought surely now my captivity will be turned, and I shall go on my way rejoicing; but, alas! I was sorely disappointed. After enjoying the Lord's goodness for about a week, I began to feel that the Canaanites were still in the land. I was permitted to fall into an easily besetting sin, which caused the Lord to hide his face from me, and the devil to buffet me. At the same time the Lord began to shut me up again, and left me under the power and dominion of an evil heart of unbelief, so that I became very rebellious, and wished I was dead. I lost all feeling and enjoyment of the Lord's goodness, and was full of misery. Moses's language suited me well, where he says, "If thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, if I have found grace in thy sight, and let me not see my wretchedness." I was afraid that, after all, I should come to ruin. I had no faith at all

to trust in the Lord. 'The devil triumphed over me. "Where is now thy God?" It was more than flesh and blood could bear. I was so full of trouble that I could not speak. In this state of misery and wretchedness, with my soul bowed down to the earth, sighing and groaning under the oppression of the enemy, I went to chapel on Lord's Day morning, August 23rd, when there was given out this precious hymn :—

"Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near;  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

"Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,  
And if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;  
For as thy days thy strength shall be."

The text was these precious words, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." For some time I sat unmoved, but towards the close of the service the words were accompanied with such power and sweetness to my soul, that the tears rolled down my cheeks, and I could scarcely restrain my emotion. Where the Holy Ghost began to make the word life and power to my soul, was here. He said wherever there was such a praying soul, the Lord would be sure to reveal his secrets to him, and show him his covenant. This caused my heart to melt, and the tears to start to my eyes. When the Lord appeared for his distressed and burdened people, he made crooked things straight and rough places plain, so that the poor soul was constrained to say, "He hath done all things well." This made the tears roll down my cheeks. The devil would try to push off the hand of faith from that precious promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," by saying the Lord had forsaken him, and would be favorable no more; that after all his boasting of the Lord, he would leave him at last to sink in trouble and shame, and supply his needs no more; all which suggestions the devil had been busily plying me with for some time. This was almost more than I could bear. I could have sobbed, and cried aloud, for he was led to trace out just the very feelings and exercises of my soul. The Lord, he said, would appear for such a poor soul, and confound the enemy. The Lord would get glory to his great name, through a fresh display of his favor and lovingkindness, his power and faithfulness in the behalf of his oppressed people. When I thought of the Lord's goodness to me, the tears started afresh to my eyes, and rolled down my cheek. This continued for some time! O the riches of sovereign grace to such a poor, vile, worthless, unworthy worm as I am! This short account I have chiefly copied from my journal written at the time. It is very wonderful that the Lord should think upon such a poor, worthless creature, who am unworthy of the least notice or favor from him, and bless me in such a way. O the riches of his grace! I



returned home so full of the Lord's mercy that I could not speak. Now, it was not trouble, but mercy, that filled my soul. I was no longer tormented by the devil and an evil heart of unbelief, but enabled to hope and trust in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of my salvation. What a surprising change was this!

Again the Lord made his goodness to pass before me in the way. Again the goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering of the Lord have led me to repent and abhor myself in dust and ashes, and to wonder, and adore him for the riches of his grace to one so vile and base as I am. Well may nothing but grace suit me! I am too vile, base, and abominable for anything else. None but the Lord would have anything to do with such a creature. I can scarcely bear with myself at times, and wonder how the Lord can bear with such a vile, rebellious worm. If it were not for his everlasting, electing love of me in a precious Jesus, I am sure he would have sent me to hell long ago. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High! to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work. I will triumph in the works of thy hands." "For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him." "O how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!" "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Liverpool, September 3, 1857.

P. L.

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## A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

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My dear and much-esteemed Pastor,—I have a strong desire in my soul to drop a few lines to you, in order that you may be able to see that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. I hope therefore you will pardon my boldness in thus addressing you by letter; but I should not have written to you, had I been favoured with an opportunity of spending an hour with you. Therefore as my time is wholly taken up, and I am a good Sabbath-day's journey from you, I shall attempt to write a few lines, depending upon the Holy Ghost to give me utterance, and to bring to my remembrance those things which I have so sweetly enjoyed, while you have been supplying at Zoar Chapel, Alie Street.

My dear Sir, prior to the time of your coming to London, my soul was sunk fathoms deep into a lukewarm state and condition; my religion was nearly worn out; and grace was down at a very low ebb; indeed I was sunk so low that I scarcely had any thought of a hereafter, or how it would be with me in the hour of death and at the day of judgment. I appeared to be sinking fast into a careless state, for there were no drawings of love to the Lord Jesus, nor

any access through the Spirit to the Father of all Mercies! No, there was scarce any prayer whatever, and more than that there was no desire for prayer; nor yet for reading the word, or meditation, although the Lord has favored me in the way that he has, far above what I deserve, in his calling me out from amongst the ungodly world in such a miraculous manner. He killed me to all intents and purposes by his just and holy law, and drew me sweetly from the thunderings of Sinai with the cords of his everlasting love, to behold the bruised and slaughtered Redeemer exposed between heaven and earth for the sins of his chosen people; and was so condescending as to break my heart, and melt my soul into softness and contrition, with a sight of the dear Lamb of God hanging between two thieves. And not only so, but his being betrayed by one who was professedly his friend, and being haled to judgment with a crown of thorns upon his head; some mocking him, crying, Hail, Master, King of the Jews; others spitting upon him, and shamefully ill-treating him; and his offering up that heart-feeling prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

With these things brought sensibly to my understanding, and having faith's view of my being one of those that nailed him to the accursed tree, I say my soul was humbled within me; and well do I remember the time when, and the place where. It was after walking 22 miles to hear you preach. And never shall I forget that day. Oh, what a time it was to my soul. I well recollect while you were speaking from these words, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," that I could hardly sit upon my seat, for the love of Jesus flamed into my soul in such a way that I cannot here describe.

Still after all these great and blessed helps from the Lord, my soul is brought into such places that there seems to be no religion whatever within me; and I am often obliged to tell the Lord that I am the vilest of the vile. Such was the case before you came; and do not be surprised if I say that such has been the case since; but nevertheless I can raise up another Ebenezer to the Lord, for he hath helped me thus far, and if he hath helped me, will he ever forsake me?—no, never! for as you said while speaking, that God had no such opinion of him forsaking the poor sinner that he has once loved, and neither do I encourage such thoughts of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But, dear Sir, I must return to my subject. Therefore seeing your name on the chapel doors stating that you were to supply the pulpit during the month of August, there was in my soul at different times an earnest desire to the Lord that he would bring you himself, and enable you to preach into my soul as you have done in bygone days in the town of W—, for I felt such a monstrous vile wretch that I earnestly desired to have some of the old stirring times over again.

Now just before the time was expired for you to come to Zoar, I received a letter from my dear old mother stating that her poor soul was nearly famished for want of spiritual food, and a good

draught of the waters of life, to enable her once again to read her title clear to mansions in the skies. Poor thing, she jotted down in the letter many anxious desires of her soul, and I found that I was the subject of just the same things, but what I was going to say is this. She told me that dear father was at the anniversary at Bedford, for he had a holdiday, and walked down; the distance is 11 miles. But, my dear Sir, the Lord well paid him for his long walk. O with what an amazing power did he receive the truth as it fell from the lips of Mr. P. He preached in the morning, if I mistake not, and a preaching-time it was to my dear father; and not only in the morning, but throughout the day, for he heard you, my dear Sir, to his soul's satisfaction. I use his own words. He says that dear Mr. W., in the evening, crowned the whole, for his poor soul was burning hot with the love of Jesus, that dear Man of sorrows. I understood that he left the chapel at Bedford quite overcome, with his soul in such a happy state that he was quite astonished to see how good the Lord still is to poor perishing sinners. What an unspeakable time it was during the day with his soul and the glorious Redeemer. How well they met together; and what a knitting and uniting of heart and soul there was betwixt them. He reached home about the midnight hour, blessing and praising the Lord; and poor dear mother tells me that she has never seen him so overcome with the love of God for many years, and his shining countenance was the means of kindling the fire in her own soul.

Now, dear Sir, after reading such good news as this from one's own friends, it made my soul rejoice within me; and I cannot describe the state of my soul when I read the letter over, for it was as though they had sent me a little of the sweetness of what they were enjoying themselves. O how it encouraged my soul to beg of the dear Lord to bring you richly laden with the gospel of peace; and to prepare my heart to receive it with power, that I might be able to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." And blessed be his dear name, for he has done the thing which my soul desired of him. What liberty in prayer he gave me while I was before him, and how he bowed his ear to the voice of my supplication!

As you rose up in the pulpit and began to read the 5th chapter of Romans—"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," my soul began to rise up also, and was all attention to the reading of the blessed word. And when you began to address the great Majesty of heaven, my heart melted like wax before the fire, and tears burst from my eyes; unbelief gave way, and Satan, with all his host, was driven backward. The language of my soul was, "O Lord, behold I am as an unclean thing before thee, but do thou listen to the voice of thy servant, who is now supplicating at the footstool of mercy, for he is telling thee just what I stand in need of." After you concluded, I said within myself, "There, that is as good as a sermon," for my soul travelled with you in every sentence; but when you gave out the text, (Heb. vi. 19,) "Which hope we have as an anchor of the

soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." Hope began to rise, and love began to flame within me; darkness was dispelled, and carnality was driven up into a close corner; the day-star was appearing, and the blessed Sun of righteousness began to arise with resplendent beauty, and shone warmly into and upon the secret places of my heart. Oh, how you traced me out as you unfolded the mysteries of the gospel, and, thought I, if he had been an eye and ear-witness to everything within me, he could not have marked me out more clearly; you appeared to get right into the centre of my soul; and that is a blessed place to get into, for I love to have the foundation-work well tried and well examined.

Indeed, dear Sir, I was highly favored under that sermon; it was like bread cast upon the waters, found after many days; for in the following week it came so sweetly into my mind, that I was enabled to send the substance to my parents; and truly I can say that I have found the house of God to be a Bethel unto my soul. Since you have been in London, not only have I been favored with a hearing ear, but others also have had their souls encouraged during your visit, and some who have been in the ways of God for many years.

And now, my dear Sir, I have said enough to show you that the Lord does still own and bless your testimony amongst the saints scattered up and down in the earth; therefore I hope the Lord will be with you for many years to come, to encourage you in your labour of love, and to bless you in your own soul, that you may be a partaker of the true riches which are treasured up in the bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I hope you will pardon and forgive all that is amiss, and please to tender my love to dear Mrs. G., and all those that inquire after my welfare. And believe me,

My dear Sir,

To remain, Yours in a Gospel hope,

Clapham, August 30th, 1858.

E. F.

[The above letter was written to Mr. Godwin.]

NOTHING is more evident than that David was punished according to the rule of that mixed and fatherly justice which keeps a due proportion between the sin and the punishment. His sin was to cut off Uriah's house out of Israel; God sendeth the sword against his house, all his days. He took another man's wife secretly, and did commit filthiness with her; the Lord took his wives, before the sun, and gave them to Absalom, who defiled his bed. (2 Sam. xii.) Here is justice, though, I grant, mixed with mercy; sword for sword, bed for bed. Eli honored his sons more than God, and suffered them to profane priesthood and sacrifices; justice rooted out his sons from priesthood and sacrifice. Hezekiah, out of his pride, showed all his treasures, and all that was in his house, to the king of Babylon's messengers; and justice measured out the like to him; all that was in his house, and all his treasures, were carried away as a spoil to Babylon.—*Rutherford*.

## WE GLORY IN TRIBULATION ALSO, KNOWING THAT TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.

My dear Friends in the Lord,—How clearly can I perceive the hand of my heavenly Father in inclining you to remember a poor sufferer again, at such a seasonable time, when the penetrating cold severely pains my feeble and afflicted frame. May the Lord reward you.

I trust that on the receipt of your favor I really did feel my heart, through grace, to go out in true gratitude to the Author of all my mercies, and to you as instruments in his hand, and that the eye of my faith was directed to that precious covenant which is “ordered in all things and sure,” through the unchanging love and faithfulness of him who says, “I will not turn away from them to do them good.” How strengthening and divinely sweet are those comforts which come to hand moistened with the pure blood of those precious grapes of Eshcol, which faith receives as coming from that “better country.” O the riches of that grace which teaches me first to know my own entire destitution spiritually, and then presents to me Jesus, “in whom dwell all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.” And O the indescribable satisfaction and sweetness which I sometimes experience in the consideration of the word of John, “And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, *full of grace and truth.*” What unfathomable love in God to favor such a traitorous rebel as I am with the precious tokens of forgiving love, notwithstanding my base wanderings and wilfulness, my unbelief, and want of constancy in his way. Never were my convictions stronger than now, that it is “not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.” And God only knows what would become of me, when my innumerable and aggravated sins stare me in the face, when Satan rages, and my poor, weak, suffering body, with all its miseries and wants, tries my faith and patience to the utmost, and the enemies of the cross reproach me “as with a sword in my bones,” were it not for that firm standing on the Rock of Ages, which I am not unfrequently favored to feel, and against which Rock “the gates of hell shall not prevail.” O the blessedness of union to, and converse with him who so loved me that he gave himself for me,” and in tenderest sympathy draws near to my troubled soul, saying, “Fear not,” making me to rejoice in and praise him for these very trials, because of the precious experience of his love and presence under them. But I am constrained to confess that I am too apt to forget past mercies, and what a good God I have, until I am reminded, by repeated experiences, of his love in times past. It is well worth all we endure, bodily and spiritually, to be brought into closer communion with Jesus, and to be brought to know, from soul experience, that we are nothing, and can do nothing.

I am often much humbled by finding that my heart experience is a long way behind my head knowledge in religious matters; and doubtless it is the same with my dear friends. It is, indeed, a mercy,

as you say, "Amidst ten thousand hindrances which obstruct our way, to retain a hope in the Lord." May we be brought to rest more simply on his finished work, and experience a fuller revelation, by the eternal Spirit's power, of the perfect righteousness of Christ, unmixed with base material, and undaubed by untempered mortar.

What a blessed foundation stone is Jesus to build upon! But how many sincere yet weak believers there are, who, though they see this, have never yet been blessed with a bright assurance of their own interest in the full atonement made by that divine, glorious, and "uttermost" Saviour. And what is the cause? Is it not unbelief and hard thoughts of that compassionate One, engendered by our crafty foe, Satan, working through the deceitfulness and enmity of the natural heart, which, when thwarted by the Spirit, at once starts up in rebellion against God's sovereignty, delighting in its own perverse will and way in opposition to the glory of the God of heaven, whose purpose is to lay human pride in the dust, and exalt his perfect Son Jesus, who, for the Father's honor and glory, and our everlasting happiness and security, "came not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him, and to finish his work?" O my dear friends, what would have become of us, if, like us, he had shrunk from drinking the cup given to him by his Father to drink? But O! His will was swallowed up, and lost in the will of his Father, that his ruined people might share in his everlasting favor and smile. The "new man" admires, and is pleased with all the Lord does, both in providence and in grace, and longs to see Jesus as he is, and be for ever with him and like him. But the vile body of sin and death is ever fighting against the new principle of grace in the soul, producing much darkness, "the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, so that we cannot do the things that we would," but are ready to cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Then again we sing:

"Though unbelief may long molest,  
And sin and Satan break our rest,  
Grace shall at last the victory get,  
And make our conquest quite complete."

But I must for the present conclude by assuring you how much desire the real welfare of all my dear friends at O., and of dear Mr. P., whose valuable life may the Lord spare for his people's sake. I should have written to you some weeks ago, but for increased suffering in the spine, my rebellion under which has been perfectly frightful. But I can now see that this additional stroke of my heavenly Father's was quite needful.

Accept my tender sympathy, and believe me to be,

My dear Friends,

Yours gratefully in Jesus.

Devizes, Dec. 4th, 1856.

E. HOLLOWAY.

TRIALS are sent to the Lord's people to make proof of their graces; therefore look on trials as occasions to evidence your graces.—*Ralph Erskine.*



## Obituary.

### PHEBE HAMER.

PHEBE HAMER was the youngest daughter of the late William Gadsby. She was born at Hinckley, Leicestershire, February 26th, 1804. She received only a moderate education, being early required to assist in the house.

She was but young when the Lord first laid his hand upon her, convincing her of her sin; and so heavily did this press upon her that, to use her own words, and as is well remembered, she was unable to attend to anything as she ought to have done. She had been one Lord's Day morning standing a long time before the looking-glass, until she was thrown so late that service had commenced before she reached the chapel. Her father's sermon that morning was upon the vanity of this world; and she said she thought he must have been watching her, as he told her what she had been doing, adding that the poor sinful body would soon be under the clouds of the valley, and then what would it all amount to? He spoke much against the vanity of this world, until Phebe felt as though she were sinking through the seat. Still she kept the exercises of her mind within her own bosom, not mentioning them to any one, not even to her father.

She continued in this state for about two years, sometimes fearing, as she walked along the road, that the earth would open and swallow her up alive. It is true that when she heard the exercises of the Lord's people described, a gleam of hope might spring up; but it was instantly dashed away from her, as it were, by the thought that *her* convictions were only natural, the result of being brought up under the sound of the Gospel, as preached by her father; for she often said there never was a time when she did not believe in the doctrine of election; but she used to say to herself, "If I *am* to be saved, I *shall* be saved." But the Lord did not suffer her to rest here, but sent his law home with power to her conscience. At one time she appeared to have been driven almost to despair, believing that she had committed the unpardonable sin, and that she had better know the worst of her state at once. She hurried from the chapel, fully determined to put an end to her life, a carving-knife being, I believe, the instrument she purposed using; but either upon that occasion or a subsequent one the following verse (Hymn 232) was made the means of affording a little relief, and arresting her hand:

"Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;  
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?"

At times she experienced a little hope under the hearing of the word, especially from the lips of the late Mr. Nunn, of St. Clement's Church, Manchester, whom she regularly went to hear on the Wednesday evening.

And thus she went on, as I have already stated, for nearly two years, sometimes full of fears and at others having a little hope, until one night the Lord was pleased to set her soul at liberty. Well do I remember the time, though I was not then more than about thirteen or fourteen years of age; but unhappily, as she did not reside in England for more than twenty-eight years prior to her death, and as nearly all who knew much of her have either passed away or been removed, I am not able to state by what particular means she was set at liberty, excepting that it was one Wednesday evening, while hearing Mr. Nunn, from the text, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Yea, Lord, thou knowest

few means of obtaining employment, until they were glad to receive assistance from some in England whom the Lord had more highly favored in a providential way. Upon receiving a remittance a short time before her death, Phebe exclaimed, "The Lord provides for me to the last. This hath come to bury me with."

For some years, indeed, prior to her death she was greatly tried. Even so far back as 1841, we find her writing:

"Dec. 31st, 1841.—I wish I could leave everything in the hands of the Lord, who careth for his own children, and who will take care that their troubles shall prove a blessing. Will they not drive them nearer to their best Friend? I cannot, dare not, wish to be left at ease. O no—

' More the treacherous calm I dread  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.'

If I am left to sit at ease a short time, I know there is a storm coming. I have hitherto found as my day so has my strength been. I have at times great uneasiness about some branches of my family. At other times I can leave all in the hands of the Lord. Then, again, I murmur, and wonder why I have such trials; but I am often blessed with moments of sweet intercourse with my Heavenly Father, which lifts me up by the way."

And again, in 1849:

"June 28, 1849.—I have been waiting to see if anything would transpire to enable me to send you a little better news; but we are still without any prospect before us. What the will of the Lord concerning us is, remains a mystery yet to be unfolded in his own time.

' I know what he appoints is best,  
Yet murmur at it still.'

If I could only have more faith in his promises, and trust more to his wisdom, I should be more content. Sometimes, for a few moments, I feel and know that all things are working together for the best. At other times I am so full of unbelief, I am ready to despair. \* \* \* \*

"I am very much in need of my 'Gospel Standards.' The last I received was August, 1848. I often find comfort in them.

"Last year was a perplexing year, but this is worse.

"I cannot believe the Lord will forsake us now grey hairs are upon our heads. I must say, notwithstanding all the trouble I had last year, I had very often some sweet moments of prayer when I could feel all was well. I little thought I was being prepared for more trouble, but that I should not live long. I felt the most of my time that I did not value anything half so much as to have sweet prayer and communion with the Saviour. But, alas! I do not feel so now. I am afraid Satan has buffeted me. Do not forget me in your prayers, that I may enjoy the Saviour's presence, whatever else he withholds."

In 1851 things appear to have been a little brighter:

"July 14, 1851.—When I wrote last to brother John, I was almost despairing; it seemed impossible we could live any longer as we were then situated. As is always the case, man's extremity is God's opportunity. Part of the family have, since then, had work enough to keep us holding and creeping along; and though very different to former days, yet I have been led to see more of the Lord's hand in trying circumstances than in prosperous ones. In prosperity everything came too easy, and we forgot to be thankful. In trying times, when lover and friend are put far from us, and our acquaintance into darkness, at the same time our enemies rejoicing, then is the time to know whence cometh our help. And though I often felt (if not said) I did well to be angry—for the Lord hath taken away my gourds—at other times I have felt that everything was ordered by a wise and loving Father for our good, and I would not order things for myself if I could, for everything I attempted to do made it worse. I have gone through a variety of exercises of mind the last three and a half years. Sometimes up and sometimes down. At times humbled at the feet of Jesus, then kicking and rebelling, thinking my case hard to be fixed far away from all friends; no Church to unite with, no preached Gospel to hear; over head in debt, seeing

plenty who would take the advantage and ruin us if they could, to answer their own ends; yet, astonishing as it may appear to you, I would not (if I could) be where I was four years ago. Although I had at times sweet communion with the Saviour, and felt loth to leave my closet to enter again into the world, I was well persuaded trouble was near at hand, which has proved to be the case. Trials I needed, for it seemed then I had only to get alone to pour out my heart unto the Saviour. But I know (at least I hope so) it was the Spirit's power prompting me to secret prayer. I have been taught by painful experience I cannot pray when I have a mind, nor even think for one moment. I am so confused with wandering thoughts, that I often forget I am upon my knees; and I then feel so ashamed of myself, I think there never could possibly be such a hypocrite in the world. I believe I have sinned tenfold more since I knew the Lord (if ever I had that privilege) than I did before. I have seen more of my deceitful, rebellious, idolizing heart the last few years than I have ever done; and though it is cutting work, and I would fain have it otherwise, yet the more I strive, the worse I get. I sometimes wonder where I have been, and what I have been doing since I first professed to know the name of the Lord. If I recollect right, it was twenty-eight years last January since I made a public profession; and though I have been kept from outwardly running with the world, where has my heart been? Buried in the concerns of a large family. I am not intending to say religion has been entirely discarded from my thoughts. No! Thanks be to God, the Giver of all good gifts, I trust he has kept alive his own work in my soul, and led me again and again to see and feel when I have done with the cares and troubles of this world, 'I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"The greatest part of my time has been taken up in worldly business, and I now see where I should have been had I not been kept by the power of God. The Lord's Day has often been a means of bringing to my remembrance days of old, when I could meet with the people of God. But all this has a long time been denied me. Yet I can with pleasure think of those days, and sometimes long for the time when I shall unite with the Church above in giving glory to God, who has kept me by his power.

"I cannot express to you, my dear Sister, how rejoiced I feel when I think of our poor afflicted mother being safely landed above the reach of Satan's temptations. Is it not plain she was kept by the power of God? Who else could have kept her so many years in the state she was?"

But this temporal prosperity was only of brief duration:

"*January 5th, 1852.*—I have thought of no plan or scheme for a long time that has prospered; but, my dear Sarah, I am at times enabled to leave all my affairs in the hands of the Lord, and believe I shall some time know all these trials are for my good. These feelings are very short, and I am as discontented as ever, and think everything is wrong, and that I shall at one time or other be the laughing-stock of my enemies, for plenty there are who would rejoice at our downfall. Why should I say downfall? It is rather a rising in our feelings above this world, and clinging nearer to the dear Saviour, who is indeed our only refuge in every storm, and friend in every need. I hope both you and I shall be favored with much of his presence while in this wilderness world; and oh! what a joyful time it will be, if we are permitted to sing his praises in Heaven for ever and ever!"

"*March 23rd, 1852.*—At times I am astonished when I think how I have been provided for all my life, and how unthankful I have been,—that when it pleased my dear Lord to take away some of my gourds, I like Jonah have been ready to say, 'I do well to be angry even unto death;' and have at times sat in sullen silence and thought it was of no use praying, for the more I prayed the more trouble came upon me; and yet I found it impossible to give it up; for

'Trials gave new life to prayer.'

What a blessed thing the Lord has kept alive his own work in my heart, for if he had not, it would long since have withered and died away. If we had everything we wished in this world, we should forget it was not our rest; but one thing or other makes us willing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. The coward flesh may start at the prospect of death. We cannot expect dying grace

given to us now, but the Lord has promised to be with us always, even to the end; and when dying grace is needed, then will be the time for our loving Jesus to grant it."

Phebe well knew the value of a preached Gospel, and what, during her exile, it was to be without it; as will appear from the following letters:

"*Taunton, Sept. 28th, 1835.*—Through the kind providence of God, we are, my dear parents, still in the land of the living, and all, with the exception of one of the children, in tolerably good health. Several of them have been ill, but have recovered. I sometimes feel almost distracted, and think if I could only have comfort at chapel on the Sunday, I should care for nothing else. Who knows but the Lord will, when our captivity is ended, bring us from Babylon, and set us once more in our own nation, where we can hear the sound of the Gospel? No one can imagine how great the loss of the preached Gospel till removed from it. These passages are at times very precious to my soul when everything else goes wrong. I would not give up my hope for all the world calls good or great. What a mercy it is, my dear parents, to have such a hope! I am often lost in astonishment, and exclaim, 'Why me—unworthy, undeserving me? Why not any one before me?' When I get safely landed (though I cannot sing here), I feel I shall sing, Grace, free grace alone!"

"*Aug. 13th, 1838.*—I have a great deal I should like to say to my dear parents, but am very low and dejected, and sometimes discontented—comparing myself to a sparrow alone upon the house-top, and think I have not one friend. When Lord's Day comes, I am worse than ever. Every nest I build is pulled to pieces. I was once determined to build a substantial one; but no sooner was it about to be settled, than I was taken ill of the last sickness. How soon did it vanish out of my sight, and all worldly comforts with it, and I was made to kiss the rod. I feel glad the Lord has in any measure subdued the pride of my heart, that will lift up its head in some form or other. I think I could put up with anything better if it were not for the preaching we have in this dark corner; I cannot hear the cries of one real watchman. It is a good thing I can sometimes read them. I do not always feel discontented; no, thanks to my Everlasting Friend, I have some sweet moments. One Sunday evening, after being at meeting, I took up the Bible, which opened at the 7th chapter of Micah. Every word comforted me; I was melted down at the footstool of my Lord, satisfied for him to work in his own way and in his own time. I felt as though my sorrows were all gone. It was a time of refreshing to my soul I cannot describe."

"*May 29th, 1841.*—I find Sunday an uneasy day, I think so much about home. I have never felt at home since I left England, nor never shall on this side the grave; but then I hope to find 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' I cannot give up that hope. Though faint, yet pursuing. May the Lord bless you all with the same hope." \* \* \*

"I generally go to meeting in a morning for the sake of taking the two youngest girls. I would much rather stay at home, and read a sermon. It would be more for my comfort and consolation than a thousand sermons preached in Fall River. I often feel glad to think the "Gospel Ministry" sermons were ever published, though some of Mr. Philpot's shake me much, and I fear my religion will all fall to pieces; yet I love his faithful preaching, for I would not settle on a sand-bank. I long for a brighter deliverance than I have ever had. My path seems covered with clouds, both spiritual and temporal, and Satan takes advantage of my trials to keep my mind and affections too much on the things of this world. The longer I live, the greater sinner I find myself to be. If I could only keep my wandering mind fixed on better things, and not run after idols, I should be much happier. In the place of this, my whole time is spent in planning and scheming; but the Lord upsets all my plans, and brings me to see my folly and own my idolatry and sin; and then I think I shall never do so again. But, alas! I am soon at the old trade."

"*Aug. 20th, 1856.*—I was truly rejoiced to receive the "Gospel Ministry" and brother John's "Wanderings." We have no such preaching here. I shall always think we did wrong in leaving a preached Gospel. It is now of no use to fret and murmur, but try to be thankful that we can occasionally read sermons from our

beloved, and, in my opinion, highly-favored country. I have no doubt but sermons are published by the divine appointment of God, who knows what is needed for his children's good. Some of us may have rested too much upon doctrines, willing to take ease and comfort in the world, resting on past experience; not running with the world outwardly, yet forgetting from whence all our comforts come, standing upon Presumption Hill; not pressing forward, determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, thinking we know enough experimentally to get to Heaven—a cold, stupid state to be in, and in reality an awful backsliding, one known only to God and ourselves; to have trials brought upon us, and to be certain we have been hewing out cisterns that can hold no water,—the very things we thought to take comfort in, to cause us the most trouble; to know we have taken wrong steps, leaving undone what we ought to have done; looking more after the bodies of our children than their eternal welfare. This, my dear Sarah, I am afraid has been too much my case in years gone by. Mr. Philpot's sermons have often been a good meal to me, not only in pulling to pieces my presumption and self-righteousness, but in encouraging such a wretch to still trust in the Lord. I hope you will continue to send them, as they are of unspeakable value to me."

She felt her dear father's death deeply, as the following remarks will show:

"Feb. 28th, 1844.—O dear, what can I say? Your hearts are stricken with sorrow. What must I do? I cannot say, 'Thy will be done,' but feel very rebellious. Our dear father's death was so unlooked for—such a fool was I that I thought he was so useful he would at least live to be eighty. After I read the painful intelligence, I walked the house like one distracted. I sought comfort, but could find none. I went upon my knees, but what could I say? I could not say, 'Thy will be done.' I wish I could."

"The Sunday previously to receiving the letter, I was reading in the 'Standard' that a child of God was never long without some trial. A fear crept over me, but I put it off, saying I knew I had been favored a long time, and thought perhaps the Lord would let me be at ease a little longer. My attention was then called to two of the children, who were repeating to each other the first and second commandments. The thought crossed my mind, 'I have no idols; I worship nothing but the living God;' and I felt so confident of this, that I said in my heart, 'Search me, O Lord, and see if this sin and evil is in my heart.' But O, when the letter came the Tuesday following, where was my idol? How quickly I felt I had in my heart idolized my dear father! In every company his name was first and last, and not my Saviour's. I feel I have lost all my comfort. When you pray for yourself, don't forget me. I cannot pray for myself. I now feel as though I had only just begun the world, my earthly hope being gone. I knew in every trouble he had a share. What dependence on an arm of flesh! I am loaded; I am oppressed and bowed down. All I can say is, 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; the faithful fail from among the children of men.' I hope and trust the Lord will keep his Church together, and find them a pastor after his own heart. What a trial it must be to them!"

"May, 1846.—I hope, my dear mother, although you have had a hard path to travel, you at times feel the presence of the Lord to bless and comfort you, and may you often be able to say, 'He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;' and though affliction may surround and the temptations of Satan assault you, still victory is sure. Your sorrows must soon end, then you will join my dear father in singing, 'Victory for ever.'"

Even as a woman she loved her country, and had often misgivings as to whether or not she had done right in leaving home, frequently comparing herself to Jonah. "I am a true Englishwoman," she once said. "There is no place like home. I agree with Mr. P., in his remarks on Emigration: 'Where the Lord fixed your first and second birth, there stay.'"

And now we draw near to her last days. On Sept. 9th, 1857, she wrote:

"Sept. 9th, 1857.—I would not on any account go through the same trials I



have had the last ten years, unless it was for my spiritual good, which I hope is the case. The Lord has showed me hard things. He has made me to drink the wine of astonishment. I was not aware how unthankful I was for his providential mercies, nor how much pride and self-righteousness were rooted in me; but I have seen some of it pulled to pieces, and I do hope it will never rise again. O, how I have felt those chapters in the word of God, speaking of backsliders clothed and decked with the doctrines of God's discriminating grace, and yet wantonly playing the harlot. I have been trying to take comfort in the things of this world, forsaking the company of a dear Saviour for mere trash. I do not mean neglecting prayer, but I had not that earnest desire nor watchfulness which I hope the Lord has since made me feel. I am not now content with what I have enjoyed, but am thirsting for more; not satisfied to pray, unless I find the Lord hears, and feel truly humbled at his feet.

"Is it not a wonder I am still in the land of the living? If I had had my just deserts, I should long ago have been where hope never comes: for notwithstanding I have been taught so much, I again find myself at my old trade,—thinking, planning, and scheming, burying my whole heart in the things of this world. What a wretch I am!

'Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
'Prone to leave the God I love.'

"I have been very poorly since I last wrote, and very much troubled with my breathing, but am now a little better, and the palpitation of my heart is not quite so bad."

For above a year before her death, she felt that she was going, and said to her husband, "I am not going suddenly, but link by link."

Just four days before her death, when acknowledging a remittance from some of her relatives in England, she wrote as follows:

"I have not been able to lie down for four months, but am propped up with pillows; nor can I walk across the floor. This morning, whilst being dressed, I thought I should never recover my breath. I know not how long this affliction will last, but believe it will end in death. As it respects the state of my mind, I wish to feel the love of Christ shed abroad in my heart, but he does not appear to my full satisfaction. He has promised that, as our day, so shall our strength be. I know in whom I have believed, and though I have wandered and backslidden times and again, my heart being buried in the cares and business of the world, yet he has brought me with weeping and supplication to his dear feet to confess my sins.

"To die deceived would be awful!—to be for ever in that company who hate the lovely name of Jesus. No! this would be despair indeed! for I love the Lord and his people, but find so few of them here that I have been like a swallow alone upon a house-top. I have been enabled to leave my family in the hands of a merciful God, feeling he can do better for them than I can.

"I am so swollen, that if I stoop down I cannot get up again."

"She had a great deal of bondage," writes her husband. "It was indeed through much tribulation she entered the kingdom. I often told her to remember what dear father used to say: 'Come life, come death, come what will, all is well, if Jesus is ours.' 'Yes,' she would sometimes reply, 'all is well, and I soon shall be.' For three months before her death she seemed as if she could not breathe; but would still sometimes feel very comfortable. 'I was just thinking,' she once said after I had been helping her up, 'that if it were possible for me to go to hell, they would be glad to get me out again; for I *know* I love my dear Lord!' The day before she died she said, 'What a mercy it is that salvation is free!' She rested well during the night, but in the morning she could not speak. About 6 o'clock, I took her up, and gave her a cup of tea, which she drank, and put out her hand for more. She then lay down again till the moment before her spirit departed; when she raised her head, and, with a heavenly smile, fixed her eyes upon me; but before I could utter a word, her happy soul had fled into the



arms of her dear Saviour.—And now what can I say? or rather what can I not say! I have lost a loving and affectionate wife; and she was a loving mother; but our loss is her gain.”

She died on the 16th of February, 1858, the immediate cause of her death being an affection of the heart.

London, Sept., 1858.

JOHN.

### RACHEL BIBBY.

On the wrapper of the “Gospel Standard” for April, 1858, the death of the above, Mr. Gadsby’s youngest daughter, was announced; and on the wrapper for the following month the death of Rachel Bibby, his eldest daughter, was published. With respect to the latter, as so much room has been taken up by the former, we shall content ourselves by giving only the following:

“I cannot hesitate in saying that I most certainly believe Mrs. Bibby was a dear redeemed child of the covenant; and though she was not enabled to make an open profession of the name of Jesus, she was a pattern to many. I have watched her attentively for the last ten years with peculiar feelings, looking for answers to prayers long filed in Heaven, presented by one who had a father’s heart, as also a Christian’s, and who was a friend and pastor over the flock at Manchester, and servant of the Most High God. I have often prayed for answers to his prayers; and though this may to some seem strange, nevertheless so it is; and, moreover, I have obtained many answers to such prayers in my own soul, and on the Church as a whole. Our dear departed friend, for the last several years, as you know, was very poorly; but it must indeed have been a wild Tuesday evening if she were not among the hungry ones in Rochdale Road Chapel, Manchester, in the corner of her pew. She was, indeed, ‘poor in spirit,’ ‘a longing soul,’ ‘hungering and thirsting’ for covenant mercies and fellowship with the Lord Jesus. When first I made inquiries about her hope for eternity, she seemed very agitated, and was evidently not expecting the question; but before long she laid herself open on the subject, and told me she had long been a poor sensible sinner, and all she could do was to pray for mercy, though sometimes she could not do that. On one occasion she was much comforted by these words: ‘The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting towards them that fear him.’ These words long supported her, giving her much comforting hope. On another occasion a sermon was preached from the words, ‘The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.’ She took an early opportunity of conveying to me a little of her joys, and she added, ‘O, if I could but keep the feelings I enjoyed on that occasion, how happy I should be!’ adding, ‘But I have such a sinful heart—no one knows.’ She well knew the doctrines of grace in all their beauties, but felt so little of the power, as she said, that she was ashamed lest the friends should think she wished to suppose herself one of the Lord’s. A most unassuming, retiring, humble soul she was, and one who could express herself in tears and trembling much more effectually than in plain language. Often have I seen her weep and tremble, smile and sob, when she could do no more. She had sorrows and cares none knew fully but herself. The follies of others cost her many sleepless nights, and sent her often to a throne of grace on their behalf. Now she is gone, some will miss the friendly smile and motherly advice,—nay, the remembrance of the departed sinks deeper into the heart than ever did the love correction she imparted in her life. She is gone where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

“Manchester, April 22, 1858.

A. B. TAYLOR.”

She died on the 19th of April, 1858, in her 59th year. Her complaint, like Mrs. Hamer’s, was an affection of the heart, with paralysis.

God never comes into any soul, but he leaves a blessing behind him; he pays well for his entertainment before he parts.—*Dorney.*

## REVIEW.

*Memoirs of Elizabeth Cairns. Written by Herself. London: Nisbet and Co. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.*

ONE expression in the word of truth has sometimes struck our mind with peculiar force, as throwing a ray of light on the mysterious ways of the Lord in the present dispensation of his grace. "But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory." (1 Cor. ii. 7.) There is a wisdom of God which is not hidden—at least not from the eyes of men who acknowledge God at all, and see the world and all things in it created and sustained by an Almighty hand. All that the great and glorious Creator has designed and executed must necessarily bear the stamp of infinite wisdom and omnipotent power. From the sun in its meridian height to a drop of water in the ocean, from the elephant that stalks proudly in the jungle to the mite that crawls upon the cheese, from the towering oak and spreading cedar to the blade of grass and the moss on the wall,—every created object proclaims the wisdom and power of God. As in earthly things the counsels of men endued with wisdom display the character of the contriving mind, and are both the consequence and evidence of it; or as in the works of art the statue or the picture at once manifest the artistic eye or the fashioning hand, so in things divine the wisdom and the power of the Almighty are so stamped in all the works of his creative hand, that none but the wilfully blind can refuse to see it. David exclaimed, "O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep;" yet he adds, "A brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this." (Ps. xcii. 5, 6.) There are still such brutish men, who, brutalized by sensuality and self-indulgence, or sunk into brutal ignorance by infidelity, know not the wisdom and power of God, though they carry about with them, in their own bodies, in their wonderful structure, the clearest evidence of both. But natural men, such as Paley, have been so struck with the wisdom and power of God in creation, that they have pursued it with wonder and admiration from department to department, till they have stopped exhausted by the ever new display of both. Who, indeed, that is endued with any degree of thoughtfulness can walk abroad on a clear night, and not feel as if overwhelmed at the contemplation of the starry firmament. David felt this when looking up to the heavens, glittering as they do in the East with their myriad orbs of light, he exclaimed, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" (Ps. viii. 3, 4.)

The wisdom of God is not hidden in these wonders of his creative hand, for "the invisible things of him (that is, the things otherwise invisible, such as his wisdom and power, greatness and glory) from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead."

(Rom. i. 20.) But "the hidden wisdom" of which the apostle speaks is that which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man." This is the wisdom of the cross, the mystery of Christ crucified, and the whole dispensation of grace here below, of which the cross is the sum and centre, as well as the distinctive mark and symbol. This is the wisdom only spoken among and known unto them "that are perfect,"—the matured, established children of God, who are no longer babes, and, as such, need teaching "the first principles of the oracles of God," but "by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil (1 Cor. ii. 7, Heb. v. 13, 14.) It is their happy privilege to see the hidden wisdom,—a wisdom "which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." As then, so now, the princes of this world know not the hidden wisdom of God; for "the princes of this world" are not merely kings and rulers, monarchs environed with all the pride and pomp of state, and governors endowed with power and authority, such as Herod and Pontius Pilate, but the men of mind and influence, the ruling spirits of the period who stamp their spirit on the age. Who are now the princes of this world in our renowned isle? Not merely our temporal rulers, to whom, in all lawful matters, we owe obedience; not merely our excellent Queen, the houses of parliament, the ministers of state, and all endowed with legal authority, whom we thankfully acknowledge as the higher powers to whom we are gladly subject, but those less conspicuous in rank and eminence, who really rule and guide the nation by ruling and guiding public opinion, and are princes, if not in title, in real authority and influence. Our poets and historians, our popular authors, the newspaper press, the great literary periodicals, the speakers at large public meetings, the bishops and clergy, the leading Dissenting preachers, and, not to weary by a longer enumeration, all who by station, property, rank, or intellect rule the age by impressing a distinctive stamp upon it, may be included among "the princes of this world," from whom, by a special dispensation, the supremest display of the wisdom of God is hidden. It is hidden from them by divine decree, and as an unalterable part of God's determinate counsel. No advance, therefore, of the human mind in any other wisdom brings it any nearer to this, nay, rather, as in the case of two diverging roads, every step takes it farther from it. The advances of human intellect and ingenuity, even in our short span of life, have been stupendous. To converse across the wide Atlantic, the last and latest triumph of human skill and ingenuity, would have been pronounced, thirty years ago, impossible. But men may connect continent with continent, and send the electric spark beneath the rolling waves, and yet remain ignorant of that invisible chain which links together the Son of God in his glory and the contrite sinner in the dust. They may weigh the pressure of the air by determining the rise or fall of a little quicksilver in a glass tube, who can never weigh the pressure of sin on a guilty conscience; may measure the distance of the sun

from the earth who can never tell the nearness of the Sun of righteousness to a believing soul; may send messages with lightning speed from London to Paris, yet never receive a message of mercy from the God of all grace to their heart.

And yet the cross is the greatest display of the wisdom and power of God that could be revealed to the sons of men. That the Son of God, the co-equal and co-eternal Son of the Father in truth and love, should take the flesh and blood of the children into union with his own divine Person, and in that pure and spotless humanity should suffer, bleed, and die to redeem his ruined people from the lowest depths of sin and misery—what a display is here, not only of love surpassing all thought, and grace beyond all expression, but of wisdom issuing out of such depths that we can but stand upon the brink with holy wonder. To reconcile justice and mercy, fully to satisfy the intrinsic demands of God's righteousness and yet save a polluted worm of earth, to pardon millions of aggravated crimes, and yet not infringe on the spotless holiness of the great and glorious self-existent I AM,—what a difficulty is here! what an impossible problem for men or angels to solve! But the incarnation of the Son of God has solved all these difficulties, and not only so, but has brought God and man together in the person of the God-man. In union with the Father through his Deity, in union with man through his humanity, he is the Mediator between God and men; and thus is brought about that wondrous union of which the Lord himself speaks, and before whose words we solemnly pause with, "O the depth!" "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

But a part of this hidden wisdom is that the people of Christ, so dear and near to him as "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," should in their time state be conformed to his suffering image on earth, that they may hereafter be conformed to his glorified image in heaven. A mighty work is going on continually on earth, as much hidden from the eyes of men as the depths of the Atlantic Ocean from those who sail over its heaving waves. A people, for the most part poor and ignorant, and always hated and despised, are being prepared for eternal glory. As stones destined to form a noble palace, a work of consummate grandeur and beauty, are gradually hewed into shape in some field adjoining the quarry whence they are taken, it may be across a broad river or arm of the sea to the destined spot where they are built into the precise place designed for them by the architect as their fixed and final resting place; so it is with the living stones of the great and glorious building of which Jesus is both foundation and corner-stone. "I have hewed them by the prophets," says the Lord of his people. (Hos. vi. 5.)

But when being thus hewn, what sees the world either of their present grace or of their future glory? What knows it of the hewing thus going on? The very field itself is hidden from their view. And even those admitted into that field, what see they for the most part

but the chippings, the dust, and the stones? some just lifted from the quarry, others in various stages of hewing and squaring, and others taken away out of sight, and borne across the wide river to the mansion above.

Let us not marvel, then, if the members are as much hidden from the eyes of men as their Head when here below. When that blessed Man of sorrows was tabernacled in flesh, who, save a few disciples, to whom his glory was divinely made known, knew him, loved him, or cared for him? So with his people now, for "as he is so are they in this world." To be unknown, neglected, hidden in obscurity, or so far as known to be hated, despised, persecuted, and misrepresented—this is a part of the cross. Here are some of the depths of infinite wisdom; here is "the glory of God to conceal a thing," (Prov. xxv. 2,) which will one day burst forth to his eternal praise. Let us, then, cleave to his cross as our secret joy. Our proud flesh may be often crimped and mortified by neglect and contempt; but it is good for us to be so: we could not bear the world's smiles; they would seduce into that conformity from which the cross is meant to separate us. May we, with Moses, "choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." We suffer but little compared with those who "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy;) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." (Heb. xi. 36–38.) Compared, too, with our Puritan ancestors, those godly men who by their sufferings and passive resistance to the fury of their oppressors won for us our present religious liberties, what are our persecutions? We have neither their sufferings nor their grace, neither their separations from the world nor their devoted walking with God.

These thoughts have occurred to our mind in connection with the little work at the head of the present article. It is a reprint of an old book, originally, we believe, published in Scotland, and which, with much in it that tastes of the Puritan views and expressions, is still full of the deepest interest as a close and accurate portraiture of the dealings of the Lord with a highly-favored vessel of mercy. In its style, in its keen and close heart-anatomy, it much resembles Halyburton's *Memoirs*, but being the production of an uneducated person, is more simple and plain. It is true there are many legal expressions in it, as we find in Erskine's *Sermons* and other works of the same period; but these are only as motes in the sunbeam, or dross in ore of gold, which are easily separable from the pure metal which shines and glitters brightly through it all.

Elizabeth Cairns, who here writes her own life, was a Scotch woman, born of godly parents, in the year 1685, during the heat of the persecution that then raged in Scotland against all who



would not conform to the new Liturgy, or attended the meetings of the Covenanters. The book thus opens:

"As I was informed by my parents, I was born in the year 1685, when the persecution was very sharp; and through the bloody cruelty which was then exercised, my parents were deprived of all they had in the world, and cast out of house and hold, because of their joining with, and adhering and cleaving to the then persecuted Gospel and remnant. In this extremity, my mother, by the providence of God, got into a little cottage, where she brought me forth, a living child, to the hazard of her own life."

The Lord began to work upon her conscience at a very early age, so that even so early as seven or eight years of age she had impressions about heaven and hell, which she believed were of the Lord's teaching, though but like the dawning of the morning. She was naturally of a pensive, meditative turn of mind, strengthened, no doubt, by the circumstances of the period and her own solitary employment; for from the tenth to the sixteenth year of her life she was sent out into the fields with her father's flock.

As we propose, D.V., to return to this little work again, and our pages are rather crowded this month, we shall conclude for the present by the following extract:

"AFTER this, it was my employment for several years to keep my father's cattle. From the eighth year to the tenth year of my age, I was much delighted with my book, so that I was not only content with the reading of it, but so retained it on my mind, that when I had not time to read I might have it to meditate on. All the day-time I was still in the fields alone with my flock; but in the winter seasons, especially in the long nights, I was busy getting lessons from any that would teach me, and whenever I could read distinctly by myself, I carried my book always with me, and as I read there shined a light on my mind, so that I was filled with wonder at everything I read. From the tenth year to the sixteenth year of my life, it pleased God, in holy sovereign grace and mercy, to discover both my misery and the remedy more clearly; as also when I read, I found a difference. For in the former two years wherein I was filled with wonder, the word was all alike to me; but now there were passages sent into my mind with power, suitable to my case. I remember one day I went to prayer, as I was wont to do, and that word was brought into my mind: 'The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord.' (Prov. xv. 8.) On which I fell a thinking and applied it to myself, and I saw, although my conscience could not charge me with a wicked life, yet I had a wicked nature, and by this I came to see that, although I had never committed gross sin, yet there was as much sin in my nature as would make my best duties hateful to God; and so I went to prayer again, with these words in my mouth, 'Oh that God would renew me after his own image! and give to me his Spirit, and enlighten my mind in the saving knowledge of himself;' and that scripture was brought to my mind, 'Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord,' &c. (Hos. vi. 3); and that, 'And they that seek me early, shall find me.' (Prov. viii. 17.) After this I felt more light and power in reading the word, and was taught to observe the inward frame of my heart. At this time, the particular places of the word of God I was most delighted with were the four evangelists. Oh how pleasant was it to me to read over the birth, life, and death of the blessed Redeemer! As also the book of Psalms, many of which I retained on my mind and sang them when I was alone. There was also the Song of Solomon, and the prophecies of Isaiah; and it being my lot to live alone, and none to instruct me in what I read, and having no opportunity of hearing the Gospel preached because of my employment; so when I read those scriptures, I fell a reasoning what this and the other expression meant, and there-with I went to God and pleaded with him by prayer that he might open mine eyes, that I might see the wonders of his law. After this there shined a light into



my soul, by which the word was made as a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths, insomuch that there was no action, either religious, moral, or natural, but this light discovered a law to be a rule to them. But this light did not always continue, and so I came to know it by its comings and its goings. I observed when it was absent my prayers were as so many dead words, and the word itself as a dead letter; but when this light was present my prayers went well with me, for I could have prayed and read so as my natural spirits would have failed me before my furniture. Oh! how pleasant then was the Sabbath-day to me, wherein I would have joined with my neighbour-shepherds in prayer and praising God, and some of them, whom God by his grace did call, had sweet remarks to put on those days as well as I. There was one day when this light was absent I was going by a corn-field, I stood up by a stalk of corn, and it was higher than I, at which I fell a weeping when I considered how short a time it had been in the earth and yet had come so great a length, and I had made so little progress in my way to heaven. I remember another day, when this light was absent, I sat down to eat my bread, and as I asked a blessing, that, as it were, stared me in the face, that the creature was cursed to all them that were out of Christ; so I carried my bread about with me all day, and when I would have eaten the curse still stared me in the face. Another day I came to a well to drink, and I sat down to ask a blessing, in which there shined a light into my soul, that made me see the curse removed by Christ, and mercies coming through the channel of the covenant of grace to believers. Oh, this made me drink of water more sweet than any wine! I remember another day, when I was keeping my sheep at the back of a dyke, in the loop of a snow-wreath, I sat down to pray; and there I met with that I could never tell the world of. But this I do remember, I would have been content to have gone from that place to eternity, never to have seen any relation again. Another day, when I was under the impression of man's misery by the fall, I saw a neighbour-shepherd going along whistling as he went, at which I fell a weeping, and said, 'Oh, if you saw in what a state you are in by nature, you would not be so merry;' so I fell a reasoning thus with myself: Yon person is cheerful in his way, and I cannot be cheerful in mine.

"Sometimes in meditation on spiritual mysteries I was carried so far above myself that I would have forgotten where I was and whither I was going; and yet Divine Providence would have so guided me, and brought my flock together to my hand, although (being so taken up in meditation) that at that time I would have forgotten to look after them myself. I remember also, when I would have heard the birds singing, it would have stirred me up to praise my God. And sometimes I remarked in a cloudy day that the sun would have given a blink, and immediately the cloud would have covered it again. Oh, thought I, this did represent to me my condition in this world; and then I would have longed for the day when the Sun of righteousness should shine to all eternity on my soul, and never to be covered with a cloud any more."

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How am I cast and condemned by this, may I say, who never savored this spiritual delight in holy duties! When I am about my earthly employments, I can go on unweariedly from day to day; all the way is down-hill to my nature, and the wheels of my affections, being oiled with carnal delight, run so fast, that they have need sometimes of being checked. Here I need the curb rather than the spur. O how fleet and nimble are my spirits in these their pursuits! But O what a slug am I in religious things! Surely if my heart was renewed by grace, I should delight in the law of God. All the world is alive in their ways; every creature enjoys his proper pleasure; and is there no delight to be found in the paths of holiness? Is goodness only a dry root that bears no pleasant fruits? No, there are doubtless incomparable pleasures to be found therein; but such a carnal heart as mine savors them not.—  
*Flavel.*

## POETRY.

## TO MY LITTLE HOPE.

Thou little budding gem,  
 Thou feeble, glimm'ring light,  
 When all my foes condemn,  
 Keep thou within my sight  
 Break forth and shed a glorious  
 beam;  
 Light me to Calvary's purple stream.

Thou little flick'ring spark,  
 How oft thou seemeth lost;  
 Thou'rt like a tiny bark,  
 On ocean billows toss'd;  
 When ruffling winds the seas divide,  
 And foaming rolls the raging tide.

In wild amaze I stand,  
 When dangers thee assail  
 Fears rush on every hand  
 That thou wilt surely fail.  
 When thy lov'd form again I see,  
 Thou'rt more than mines of gold to  
 me.

Aug. 4th, 1857.

Why should I love thee so?  
 Speak thou, my soul, and tell;  
 When I, o'erwhelmed with woe,  
 Lay at the gates of hell,  
 Thou brought'st redemption's work  
 to view,  
 And sweetly said, 'Twas all for you.

Could I an empire boast  
 And kingdoms call my own,  
 Command a mighty host,  
 Or wear a royal crown,  
 Without my little hope twould be  
 A darksome dismal world to me.

Blaze on, thou little star;  
 Direct my wand'ring eye  
 Beyond these scenes of war,  
 To peaceful realms on high.  
 Then yield thy chequer'd, change-  
 ful  
 light  
 To glory's overwhelming sight.

G. B.

## "MY SOUL DOTTH MAGNIFY THE LORD."

Come, sing the Saviour's praises,  
 For he is God alone;  
 He from the dunghill raises  
 His people to a throne.

O the matchless love of Jesus!  
 Its wonders who can tell?  
 Our souls he hath redeemed  
 From the very gates of hell.

He knew what it would cost him,  
 Yet shrank not from the cup;  
 His precious life he spared not,  
 But freely gave it up.

The flaming sword of justice  
 His righteous Father drew,  
 And with almighty vengeance  
 He pierced him through and  
 through.

With joy we view the fountain  
 Flow freely from his side,  
 Yet mourn o'er those transgressions  
 For which the Saviour died.

But see the rising Conqueror,  
 With glory on his brow;  
 His dying groans on Calvary  
 Have silenced every foe.

He enters heaven rejoicing  
 In the freedom of his bride,  
 While her eternal pardon shines  
 In his dear hands and side.

Hark how the ransom'd millions  
 His worthy praises sing!  
 To join their hallelujahs  
 Our souls are on the wing.

We bless thee, sacred Spirit,  
 For thy sweet shinings now;  
 We bless thee, holy Father,  
 And our dear Redeemer too.

But we would fain adore thee  
 Where sin is known no more,  
 And cast our crowns before thee  
 On yonder blissful shore.

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BUT, since much wealth too often proves a snare and an incumbrance to the Christian racer, let him lighten the weight, by dispersing abroad and giving to the poor; whereby he will both soften the pilgrimage of his fellow travellers and speed his own way the faster.—*Toplady.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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NOVEMBER, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

A SERMON, BY JOHN MARTIN. PREACHED OCT 3RD, 1847.

“ Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee.”—  
Ps. xxxviii. 9.

I started away from home with a heavy heart. I did not know what I should do for a text when I left, but I was sure that the Lord knew all about it; he knew the desire of my soul; and I hoped he would give me something to speak from; and when I got into the pulpit I had a sweet feeling. My soul was humbled before the Lord. He knew all about me. There is nothing hid from him. “ The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.”

Now, my fellow-sinner, I dare say there was a time that you could say from your heart and soul that you did not desire the Lord. Your desire was to have your fill in sin, in all the pastimes and amusements of the world. Depend upon it it is a wise word and a true one, “ The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing.” The more a carnal man sees of them, the more he wants to see. Satan, the prince of the power of the air, reigns in his heart. He likes it, because he has no other nature. He hates God, and he hates the knowledge of his ways. Some have even said, and one in particular, that they would not be conquered by him. They are determined to have their full swing in sin. Man may turn from evil through the fear of hell, and yet have no dislike to sin whatever. Reformation is not regeneration. People make many a sad mistake here. They do not see that sin is that unholy thing which God hates. They do not dislike sin because it is sin. Remove the fear of hell from them, and you would remove every restraint from them. Sin is that awful thing which God is of purer eyes than to behold. God is angry with the wicked every day. The carnal man is opposed to everything that is according to godliness. He may profess religion, but he is glad to have his sins as long as his heart is untouched by God's grace. When he can get into the dark, he can practise his wicked desires.

But not so with God's children. The Lord puts into their souls such a feeling that they must not do anything in the dark any more than in the light. When God says, “ Stop this poor sinner,” and puts his fear in his soul, he cannot go on as he used to do. One man sinks in sin more than another; therefore he sins on, and takes

his full swing in that sin. You know it your own selves. You know that it is what your souls desired; but when the Lord stopped you, and you had another desire in your soul, God was the author of that desire. Where there is a poor sinner that has this desire, that desire will surely be granted. If the Lord has showed you your sad state and ruined nature, and taught you to feel that you are vile from head to foot, you must recollect that this is all God's work. Repentance is God's gift. Man cannot turn and repent of himself, any more than I can touch the stars with my finger. "The preparation of the heart of man and the answer of the tongue are from the Lord;" "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Well, now, let me ask you seriously, as before the heart-searching and rein-trying God, Has God showed you what you are as a poor hell-deserving sinner? If he has, that is a good gift; that is a perfect gift. God will never repent of it. He has implanted that desire that never can be finally lost out of your soul. Not all the powers of earth and hell ever can extract it; and the Lord will never repent himself of giving it. Whatever comes from God leads to God; and whatever comes from the devil leads to the devil. The devil never gave you a good desire, for nothing good can come from him.

While man is in his natural state he has no desire after God. No such thing. His desires are after poor gilded toys, mere butterflies. It may be money that is his soul's object, and he says he will have it. If he cannot get it honestly he will get it dishonestly. But when God's grace is implanted in the soul of a poor sinner, it will make him honest in the dark as well as in the light.

There are many sins in a man's heart. Another man may be desiring popularity, another one thing, and another another; but when God's grace stops a poor sinner, there is another object comes before his eyes, which appears above every object, and shuts out everything else. What is that object? It is nothing more nor less than the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the object. He brings him to feel that if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul, it will be of no use to him at last. What will it all do for him, when he comes on a deathbed, if he die without an interest in the Son of God? His poor soul must sink into eternal woe. Christ is called "the desire of all nations;" but the world does not desire him. They see no beauty in him, nor any form or comeliness. Even God's people cannot often see the comeliness that they would see in him. They would see a greater beauty in him. There is never a time, when in their right minds, but they would see him as the "altogether lovely."

I do not know whether you have ever been in this spot. It is not money, nor wife, nor child; nothing that the poor sinner will receive but this precious Lord Jesus; and then he will see that he possesses everything that he needs. He is not satisfied with Christ in the Bible. He is not satisfied with these things a long way off. He knows that they must be in him, not in the Bible merely. I could stand up and speak of the offices and characters of Christ, as

in the Bible; but what is all that if I have not the desire, the living desire, hungering and thirsting, in my soul? If I know nothing about him as revealed to my never-dying soul, what is the use of my standing up? Thousands do it in this way, never having tasted of his love, never having tasted of his compassion. My heart's desire is, from what I have felt in my own soul, to set Jesus up for poor perishing sinners. This desire nothing shall finally quench.

There may seem to be no flame, nothing but a little smoke hid under the ashes, and that may seem to be damped or covered up, like a grain of mustard seed; but if the desire spring up, nothing shall quench it. The devil will try, with all his might and main, with all his temptations, to quench it, but he never can. He will tell thee all manner of lies; he will cram thee full of them; he will tell thee there is neither heaven nor hell; he will tell thee the Bible is all a lie, for parsons to get a living by. Sometimes, when I have been to chapel, he will come and say, "What has the man been prating about? After all, perhaps, there is no heaven, no hell." O how this sweeps away the foundation in one's very soul! I know nothing so bad as that. The devil will come sometimes, when I am on my knees, and say the same things, till I do not know what to do with myself. I have felt just as though I had been talking to another person about another; and when I have got up, I have not known what to do with myself; but still the desire has been there; and though the devil has thrown a flood of temptations to sweep it away, he never will. In spite of all his temptations, that desire will ooze up, and I have to groan before the Lord.

The poor sinner often tells the Lord all about his fears, all about his doubts, all about his misgivings, and entreats the Lord to grant him a crumb of the bread of life. This is the way the Lord deals with poor sinners. The devil may tempt them to keep away from chapel, and sometimes he may succeed; but only for a time. There is a secret something in the soul that seems not fit for the world, nor yet for a profession of religion. You are not fit for the one nor yet for the other. Here you are, and here you must groan and cry unto the Lord to make it plain one way or the other, whether you are a child of God or not. As Newton says,

" 'Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought;  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I his, or am I not? "

Yea, that will be the very desire of thy soul. Thou art afraid thy desire is not real, that it springs from the flesh, and the devil tells thee it is so, which brings thee into such a condition thou dost not know what thou art about; but he says, "Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee." The poor sinner feels that without the Lord he must eternally perish. He wants the Lord to appear for his help, to disperse the black clouds that hang over his poor desponding soul, and he keeps on begging and praying that the Lord would give him a glimpse of his blessed face.

This the Lord will do, sooner or later, and the poor soul will come off more than conqueror through him that hath loved him.

“Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee.” No, not the very groaning of thy soul, my poor fellow-sinner, is hid from the Lord. Luther says the groans that are extorted from that poor sinner come up like claps of thunder. Nothing is heard by God before groans. There is many a poor sinner who despairs of his state because he cannot pray. Because he cannot make a long preamble, he thinks he cannot pray. The devil tells him he is a hypocrite, but he does not tell him that the groans, the cries, the very heavings up of that poor soul are prayer. I really believe in my heart that those prayers which enter most into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth are groans which cannot be put into language. The soul groans out with Hezekiah, “Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.” That is how God squeezes the juice out of thy heart. It is not garnished up with a parcel of fine words. No; I am confident of it. When Christ was at the grave of Lazarus, we read that “he groaned in the spirit.” Ah! Did Christ groan? Then, poor sinner, thou hast a good companion. A poor sinner may be praying a whole month with nothing but these groans, nothing but the heavings up of the soul. But you may say, “How do you know that these are prayers?” There is not a groan that is extorted from thy soul, but in God’s time he will appear for thee and answer; and thou shalt never be ashamed. When the prophet Daniel had been to pour out his soul, the Lord said, “Fear not, Daniel; for from the first day that thou didst open thine heart to understand, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words.” We read again that the children of Israel groaned under hard taskmasters; and we read that God heard their groaning and delivered them.

Do not despair, poor sinner. If thou canst go before the Lord, and only say, “Lord, be merciful to me!” “Lord, look upon me!” If thou canst only put these or such like few words together, if they are implanted by the Lord the Spirit, he will appear for thee.

God’s children are often their own tormentors. We should endeavor to trace things to the foundation. Now, hast thou a holy fear in thy soul? Why, there was a time when thou didst not fear, when thou couldst cheat, lie, &c.; but now this fear keeps thee. God has implanted it in thy soul. Jeremiah says, “Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel;” and this fear is one of the blessings of this new covenant. If thou hast this fear, it will surely work outwardly as well as inwardly. Its fruit and effects will be seen outside. Thou canst not live in sin as thou formerly didst. Has God separated thee from the world? Has God separated thee from thy worldly companions? Has he implanted his fear in thy soul? It is not the name, it is not the profession, it is not reading, it is not outwardly praying. Real religion lies in the soul of a poor sinner. “The grace of God that has appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this



present world." How does this appear unto all men? When the man has left his wicked companions, they cannot help admiring it; yet they hate it. A Christian loves the very image of Christ in a Christian; he loves the man if he has never seen him before. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another." Depend upon it, God has caused you to love a Christian, if you love the image of God in a Christian. If you love him as a Christian, mind you, you cannot love him without loving Christ. Christ and he are one; so it is impossible to hate a man as a Christian without hating Christ. The apostle says, "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Nay, the Christian is so dear to Christ that whoever touches him touches the apple of his eye. I have been careful what I have said about people. God knows my heart, I would not say anything against a Christian, no, not for the world. They that persecute them, persecute the members of Christ's mystical body. If thou find it in thy heart to give a poor Christian a sixpence or a shilling, but art too poor to do so, he will take the will for the deed. "Whosoever shall give to one of these little ones a cup of water in the name of a disciple, he shall in nowise lose his reward." "He that receiveth a righteous man, in the name of a righteous man, shall receive a righteous man's reward." There is nothing in earth or hell that shall separate the love of Christ from that poor sinner. Paul says, "Neither height, nor depth, nor length, nor breadth, nor any other creature, shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Nothing ever can; and what a mercy that is for thee and me.

If God, in his infinite mercy, has formed Christ in our souls the hope of eternal glory, there is nothing that ever will separate us from him.

The best of it is we shall not have done with these blessed things when we get beyond the grave. The Lord gives us to see that it is all of his free, boundless, eternal love.

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MANY take my ten to be a hundred; but I am a deeper hypocrite and shallower professor than every one believeth. God knoweth I feign not. But I think my reckoning on the one page written in great letters, and his mercy to such a forlorn and wretched creature on the other to be more than a miracle.—*Rutherford*.

SENSE and matter are often clogs to the mind, and sensible objects are the same often to spiritual motions. Our souls are never more raised than when they are abstracted from the entanglements of them. A pompous worship, made up of many sensible objects, weakens the spirituality of religion. Those that are most zealous for outward, are usually most cold in inward observances; and those that overdo in carnal modes, usually underdo in spiritual affections. This was the Jewish state. The nature of the ceremonies being pompous and earthly by their show and beauty, meeting with their weakness and childish affections, filled their eyes with an outward lustre, allured their minds, and detained them from seeking things higher and more spiritual; the kernel of those rights lay concealed in a thick shell; the spiritual glory was little seen, and the spiritual sweetness little tasted.—*Charnock*.

## HE SHALL BEAR THE GLORY.

My dear Friend,—For so I must call you, as I am persuaded you are a friend of the Bridegroom, and one who greatly rejoiceth (as did John the Baptist) to hear the Bridegroom's voice, as also to see the putting forth of his almighty power in gathering together the outcasts of Israel.

It has been upon my mind for some days past to write and tell you for your soul's encouragement, (should the Lord in mercy be pleased to bless it to that end,) that I believe your labor in London during your last visit was not in vain in the Lord; for I trust I can say you have been made an instrument of great good to my soul.

When you were preaching to us, you may remember telling the people that you had some expectation, and a very earnest desire, that the Lord would make you "a fisher of men." I little thought then you were to be employed of him to dive down into that "horrible pit" into which I had been cast, and into that dungeon or prison in which I had been shut up so long time in order that I might be brought out.

After my last interview with you, I was in a most dreadful state indeed, so much so that I desired to be damned rather than continue as I was. My life was a complete burden to me; I felt I could not possibly go on much longer, for things got worse and worse. However, in the midst of all, it would occur to my mind what you said to me in Mr. S.'s room: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." But with me, how was this to be done? I could neither pray nor fast, neither could I as far as words were concerned; but I could—did—nay, was obliged to—groan out the anguish of an overwhelmed spirit, yet could not believe that groans or cries like mine could be regarded by the Lord. Still the words would come, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting," and, "Hitherto, but no farther." I did not, however, at the time perceive how these scriptures were laid underneath my poor soul, so as to prevent utter despair, upon the very verge of which I had for a long time felt myself. No, my dear friend, we cannot see the invisible hand that sustains us in the dark night of desertion and temptation. It appears as if one was wholly given up, and consequently filling up, as fast as sin, restless sin, and the devil could make us, "the measure of our iniquities." How often—nay, almost at all times—did I feel this to be my case! Every day added to an already innumerable load of transgressions. Indeed, I felt no pleasure in living, and was afraid of dying, which, notwithstanding, I was looking for day by day in some form or other, though always in a way of judgment; but have tasted the sweetness of the words, "Mercy rejoiceth against judgment. Unto thee, O Lord, will I sing and give thanks." I do hope and believe the dear Lord has found for me (I could not find it myself) "the piece which I had lost." And I now feel somewhat like the woman—am anxious to call my friends and my neighbors together, and say as she did, "Rejoice with me, for I

have found the piece which I had lost." I have found the pearl of great price. My heart doth sing for joy!

This is a day, my dear brother, I never thought to see; but I believe it to be "a day that the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it." "Walk in the light while ye have the light." "The people that sat in darkness saw a great light, and upon them that sat in the region and shadow of death hath the light shined." "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Yes, "unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings, and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall." What this is literally, you much better know than I do, and can tell well how the figure is carried out spiritually. Blessed be the name of the Lord that I can set to my seal that he is what his word declares him to be, "the faithful God, that keepeth covenant and mercy for ever." "In those days, saith the Lord, I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, not according to the covenant I made with their fathers, which covenant they brake," and it will ever be said of us, "which covenant they brake." How often have you and I made a covenant with our eyes, our ears, our feet, our mouth.

Bless the Lord for that covenant which is established upon better promises. The dear Lord himself not only makes this new covenant, but fulfils all its conditions; nay, himself is the Covenant; according as it is written, "I will give him for a Covenant to the people, a Leader and Commander to the people." "He shall lead his people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron." "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment, to cause them that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasures." Blessed be his glorious name, he makes himself their treasure. They can at times say to him, in the warmth of that soul-affection which he himself has kindled in them, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." (Not, as some have interpreted the passage, There is none upon earth I desire in comparison of thee.) The words as they stand in God's word are just what the soul in such a frame as this feels; Jesus himself, Jesus alone fills their whole soul. Every other object sinks into nothing as he is pleased to exalt himself by the testimony of the blessed Spirit of truth, so that it really is in our souls' experience, as says the apostle, "Christ is all in all;" and, as the hymn says,

"To know my Jesus crucified,  
By far exceeds all things beside;  
All earthly good I count but loss,  
And triumph in my Saviour's cross."

My dear brother, I wish you the blessed experience of the whole of that sweet hymn. What else is worth a thought at such seasons as those at which I have been glancing? How mean and contemptible is all that is of the earth! What emptiness and vanity are stamped upon all this world's goods! "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, (aye, and says it, too, in our very soul,) all is vanity;" and we would never, if we could help it, come down from the mount; we find it,

like Peter, "good to be there." But no, that must not, cannot be in this time state. It must be our lot, while here below, not only to go in but out and find pasture. O this going out! Here the poor soul trembles at the thought. He knows it is a going out into some trial or temptation; and how shall he be able to stand, forgetting that

"He that hath helped him hitherto  
Will help him all his journey through."

When I thought of writing to you, I thought I would begin by stating in what way this mighty revolution in my soul was brought about. But in this (as almost in all cases) my purposes are disannulled and broken off, so that I have found myself steered in an opposite course to that I intended to go. My pen, (and I hope my heart has been in unison with my pen,) you perceive, has been running on thus far. I have written just as things came into my soul; and may the dear Lord be pleased to warm your heart also, and then we shall feel, as I trust we are, one in heart and soul. To know merely in one's judgment the oneness that exists between Christ and his members, and the union of the body to each other, does very little good; whilst to experience the sweet shedding abroad of the love of Christ in our hearts really and truly so cements the cornerstone and the building together that they feelingly are but one. O for more of this cementing bond! I have had to learn by bitter experience that every motion of affection, both natural and spiritual, cometh immediately from God, from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness nor the shadow of a turning. Alas! how man is sunk by the fall, God, and God only, knows. I believe I have been shown as much of it as I could endure, and live so as to retain my reason, which I have many times thought was departing from me.

But I must come to a close by telling you that about the second Lord's Day after you left, Mr. — was speaking from these words: "My salvation is gone forth;" and in the course of that sermon my ear was made very attentive, so that I anxiously and narrowly watched the words as they fell from his lips; and a remark or two upon the freeness of God's salvation, and the extent of it, "that all manner of sin and blasphemy should be forgiven unto the sons of men," would be upon my mind; and notwithstanding Mr. — had many times before quoted this scripture, and referred to it as the means the Lord was pleased to employ to effect his own deliverance from the dreadful and fearful apprehensions he was at one time under of having committed the unpardonable sin, still, until now, they never bore with any weight upon my mind; they did not bring me, as it were, within their grasp. Well, after the service that evening I felt different to what I generally did, for generally I felt much worse after attending the worship of God than I did before; all that I heard ministered condemnation, and appeared "a savor of death unto death." But, as I observe, there was a difference, and it was this,—I felt a solemn stillness and calm in my spirit; and on my way home these words entered my mind, "Then are they glad, be-

cause they be quiet." But I wanted to feel the context, "so he brought them to their desired haven." The next day was a little less tempestuous than I was accustomed to experience. However, on my way from work, I had engaged to meet my wife at the top of the street where our chapel is situated, and having arrived there I stood for some few minutes; but finding she did not come, I thought I would walk down to the chapel, which I did. It was prayer-meeting night. Having got to the door, I thought I would just go in, when I saw (for, being deaf, I could not hear) one of the brethren in prayer. I closed my eyes, and, quite contrary to my usual occupation under similar circumstances, I found these words involuntarily running through my mind, "Lord, hear, answer, and do; Lord, hear, answer, and do." Nothing further in particular occurred that night; but the following morning, after I got to business, the character of Cyrus was set before me, as well as what is said of him: "He shall let go my captives without price or reward; he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory." Yes, blessed be his name, my soul replied, he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory. And now, I believe, the very spirit and substance of those words were felt in my poor soul. "He shall say to the prisoners, Go forth, show yourselves;" and so they do, when he is pleased to "cut the bars of iron and brass asunder." Then

"Sin, that ugly gaoler, Sin,"

as Hart calls him, and the devil combined, can hold him no longer. "The lawful captive is delivered," and the prey taken from the mighty. Did I not now, my brother, experience what it was to be "brought through fire and through water, out into a wealthy place?" "I will (saith the Lord) pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground;" and so I found it. How sweetly the truth of Toplady's lines was realised in my experience:

"A moment's intercourse with him  
Thy griefs will overpay."

Yes, so it does; and our dear Lord says, when speaking of these things, "A woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but when she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world; and ye now have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." I can, therefore, I trust, through the tender mercy of our Lord, subscribe to the truth of these blessed declarations.

When I went home on the Tuesday evening, my dear wife addressed me on a certain subject, not knowing the blessed change that had been wrought for me during the day, and possibly anticipating an answer similar to what I had been in the habit of giving her when she spoke to me; for, to my shame and grief be it said, I could not tell how to give her a civil or kind word, such was the desperation and misery of my mind. I remember her words, as soon as I sat down to supper, were these: "I think the Lord will stir your nest for you, after all." When I immediately replied, with a broken

heart, "I hope so;" which answer was so unlooked for that she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon me, wondering what it could mean. Then my tongue was loosed to speak of the wonders God had wrought for me during that day. We sat up, I believe, weeping and rejoicing in spirit together, till midnight, when we retired to rest; but my soul refused to let my body sleep that night. I was taken up and down that blessed word of God from one field to another until my soul was indeed like a watered garden. How sweetly did these words sound in my soul, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear in the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

I could say much more, had I time and space, of the Lord's goodness to such an unworthy worm of the earth as I am. I do love to exalt him, his lovingkindness is so great and so good. May he bless you with much of it in your soul, and thereby encourage you in your work, for it is a good reward for your labor.

My wife desires her love to you; and I wish ever to have the privilege of subscribing myself,

Yours in the truth of the Gospel of Christ,

Hoxton, Oct. 9th, 1854.

R. K.

## A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. DARK.

My ever dear Friend,—I have now passed through Bath twice, and have not called on you, for which I cannot easily forgive myself. But there is one resource to which old transgressors fly, that is, the affections of those against whom they commit such grievous trespasses. I cannot indulge for a moment a thought that that union which has been formed upon and founded in manifested truth is or ever can be separated. But how many things transpire to hinder that communion which is the issue of such a union! I have been much hindered from writing, and will plead guilty. I have valued the correspondence, and it has been sweet to me. You have sometimes proved a preacher and a comforter to me. O that the eternal Spirit would, through the most worthless of all instruments, convey the same to you.

If I can judge, I sink deeper and deeper into a felt discovery of that mire where there is no standing; but, blessed be the eternal Name, the mire has not yet suffocated, although the stench of it is enough to make the strongest traveller sick, and to make him or her cry ardently and fervently to Him who alone can heal, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Indeed, I judge there never was such another poor wandering wretch that stands in such constant need of being punished for my iniquities. What am I? A poor shaking leaf, both in body and mind. When the lion roars from out of the thicket, I am like a bird that trembles. I am roared against both by professors



and profane; but blessed be the Lord God omnipotent that reigneth, mine enemies have not entirely triumphed over or devoured me.

As it regards this sin-stricken world, my grasp at it externally is gone; although, in my vile heart, I sometimes feel irreconciled to my Lord's choice in poverty. *For* me there are two things in which I have the full assurance of faith,—tribulation and death; *with* me there are ten thousand uncertainties, and unsettledness. O how much despondency have I to struggle through! Without are fightings, within are fears. O how the enemy has lately shown against me his cheek teeth! He devours my comforts here, but I am possessed of a life hid with Christ in God. He cannot touch that. It seems to me that my name is not only cast out here as evil, but I am, as it were, one of the last set forth for death.

But why should I thus burden my friend, whose eye of faith is turned so much inside to ruminate over the death within, who is so often communing with her own heart, and can talk so much with her heart of its sinful inclinations, sinful desires, sinful lusts, murderous principles, carnality, rebellion, obscenity, filthiness, and a thousand other things too base to name to a mortal, but which must be acknowledged, mourned over, and hated before the Lord, sooner or later.

I want to write to you just as though I were sitting by your side and conversing with you; but alas, alas! what a poor, base, ignorant, nothing creature I am in and of myself.

"I'm a worm of nothing worth,  
Crawling out and in the earth."

It has seemed to me that my writing was come to an end. In fact, how often does it seem to me that it is all nearly come to an end. But, however, although I know not how to keep on, I find I cannot quite give up, but am helped still to keep the field of conflict.

Adieu, dear friend. I had the word gently dropped the other day, "The days of thy mourning shall be ended."

With love to mother and Mary, I remain,

Yours, greatly indebted, and in Christian affection,

Bristol, March 17th, 1851.

STEPHEN DARK.

THERE is none but hath need of forbearance from others; though, for the most part, they that need it most are most backward to yield it. But this take for a rule, that the less you see your need, the more need you have of it.—*Elisha Coles.*

How hard have I labored for the meat that perisheth! prevented the dawning of the day, and labored as in the very fire! And yet is the Christian's work harder than mine! Surely then I never yet understood the work of Christianity. Alas, my sleepy prayers, and formal duties, even all that ever I performed in my life, never cost me the pains that one hour at plough has done. I have either wholly neglected, or, at best, so lazily performed, religious duties, that I may truly say, I offer to God what costs me nothing. Wo is me, poor wretch! How is the judgment of Korah spiritually executed upon me! The earth opened her mouth and swallowed up my heart, my time, and all my affections. *How far am I from the kingdom of God!—Flavel.*

## A LETTER FROM MR. D. FENNER, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, TO A FRIEND IN RUTLAND.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with my dear Friend. Amen.—I received your letter with the enclosed kind and liberal present, for which I do feel warm and affectionate gratitude, but unworthy of it. As I may not be able to write but one letter for all, I am tried as to whether to write to my dear friend Mr. P. or yourself. If I wrote to him I should wish to state more largely and minutely the exercise of mind I have had through the afflictive dispensation I have been and am in; particularly a sharp conflict, and deep, weighty matter I have had for trial; but feeling weak and trembling, and my hand shaking much, I have concluded to write a letter, as I may be able, to you, and trust you will do me the kindness to state my affectionate gratitude to my dear friend Mr. P., and to each of the kind friends.

For some time before this affliction I was in a very weak and sinking state of health. Through last summer I felt as if my end was very near, being unable to walk, to preach, or write without being overcome. Towards the end of August, I was taken ill of a virulent typhus fever, which sank me so fast that, to use the doctor's words since, "there was little hope of recovery." My friends concluded I was fast going into death, and I myself had no other thought. I settled everything for departure; and said again and again, "If I recover, it must be a miracle;" and from day to day, before I sank to the lowest, I concluded I might not live the day out. The state of my mind was this: I had no particular manifestations unto sensible enjoyment, but a mental falling into the will of God; a steadfast hope in him, a calm and quiet peace with him, and was heartily willing to depart and be with him. Truly I felt the truth of the words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

The fever was at its height on a Sabbath: I could not turn in bed; and to all who visited me I appeared laid for death. My eye-strings pulled as if breaking; my jaw faltered as if falling; my breath seemed going; I said, "I am dying." My people, in great concern, believed I was dying, yet could not give me up. I felt as if I did actually begin to die, (and now I can think no other,) that I was entering upon the dark valley of the shadow of death, a kind of twilight, and as if led by an invisible hand to go through. I felt as if I had left this life and the world, and was looking for eternity to open, and to be with him I love, when it appeared that the same hand which was leading me on took me by the arm, and turned me quite round, with an intimation that I must go back to this life again, and the world. Then it was for the first time I felt regret at this part of the dispensation; it was at the thought of going back. I said, "O why go back? for if I go back, I must soon come to this again. O why not go now? Do be with me! Shine, and bring me through. But no; I must go back." I evidently felt the change of being in this world and breathing the air of this life again. All declare that the turn of recovery from seeming death to life was wonderful; and they declare that the Lord heard prayer, and raised me up. O cruel love!

In a few days after this, I had a great trial and conflict. I tremble while I write. My ministry was removed as if it had not been; my experience was also as if taken away, and I had none; and the sins of my life, of my corrupt nature, and of my profession, were all condensed, and brought together in one view in a most wonderful way; and though such a multitude, and condensed to one view, yet each one stood boldly forth and was distinct before me. No words can express the astonishing appearance; and this was spoken to me, "The rich man in hell cries for a drop of water to cool his tongue; you are craving ice and cold water to cool your mouth. Are you better than he? Are you not deserving the same punishment?" I immediately fell under it, and acknowledged myself a guilty, filthy, lost, and hell-deserving sinner. I felt as if I were nothing else; my concern became very great, and my whole soul did heartily confess unto God, and cry unto him for mercy to forgive and salvation to deliver, as if I had never known these, but was now first convinced of my lost and ruined state. The enemy was permitted to assault me dreadfully, as if he would tear me to pieces, which he declared he would do. I cannot describe the conflict, but it was dreadful.

One thing in this trial for which I shall ever bless, adore, and praise the Lord was, that the atonement by Christ was not removed from view; here my poor soul did cleave and cling to the Lord, and with earnest concern did plead it with the Lord for mercy. After a few days I felt a softening of the heart, and a removal of the enemy's assaults, which have not since returned, blessed be God! When I was led with more earnest concern to plead and wrestle with God to forgive and deliver my soul, then it pleased him to apply with power, in the life and spirit of them, these words, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins;" and these words of Hezekiah were applied to me, "I have cast all thy sins behind my back;" and then this scripture dropped into my heart to melting and refreshment, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." My burden was removed, my heart enlarged, and yet I longed for more. What is the evidence, I thought, of the pardon of sin applied? Is it not the love of God? When these words did, with their contents, flow sweetly into my heart, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." I was full, and the following scripture was my feeling and joy, "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing," &c. My cup ran over, by the outflowing of my heart in love, and gratitude, and praise, and by the inflowing of the love and goodness of God. I could appeal to the Lord, with Peter, "Thou knowest that I love thee." The Lord did graciously talk with me in, by, and through his word, as one talketh with his friend. O with what unction and sweetness, in the life and spirit of them, did the word come into my heart! It is in this sense we "find" them, as spoken by him to us. Truly I could say, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy words were unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

I do wonder at and admire the goodness of God to me, that when he was putting me in the furnace of fresh affliction under his chastening hand, I was first to have a deep sense of my depravity and sin, and on the other hand to experience and enjoy the love and goodness of God to me; both to certify God in his afflictive dispensations, and to know that it all emanates from his fatherly love for my correction and profit.

I come now to the fresh affliction I have been in for the last nine months. In the turn of the typhus fever it fell in my loins, in which I had no more strength than an infant, and was obliged to have two persons to move me from the bed to the sofa at the side. For the first eight months, by spasms and pains, my sufferings were very great, even to agony; but I feel certain that God was dealing with me as a son, and in love, for my good; and when I have had in memory the sweetness of former enjoyment, the goodwill of God has risen in my heart above the sharpest pains; so that when crying out for pain, I have exclaimed, in the will of God, "Not one pain too many, not one pain too sharp; they are in fatherly love to me; they are against my sins, to correct me; they are working my good." O for strength to endure the Lord's will, and the Lord's time. The word "endure" has been a precious, encouraging word to me. "We count them happy which endure;" "endure affliction;" "if ye endure chastisement, God dealeth with you as with sons." God hath made the word "endure" a supporting word to my soul; and encouraging my soul to, and fortitude in, sharp pains. For the last month I have been more free from the sharp pains and spasms; this is a great and favorable change to me in nature, like life from the dead, for which I long to be more grateful to God.

The afflictions of my house are,—my wife, who has had two strokes of paralysis; she is under medical treatment; the second fit took away the use of leg and arm, so that she cannot use a finger. My eldest daughter, who attended me when I was taken ill, found it too much for her. It brought on inflammation in the knee. She has been confined to her bed more than half a year, has suffered extreme pain, and now has a large abscess in the calf of the leg, which discharges very much; she is in a weak and faint state, unfit for anything. My youngest daughter is deeply deranged. So that there is but one, out of six in family, who is free. These things are trying. I am occupied as a nurse to the afflicted, and am not without hope that those who are rational are profited thereby, blessed be God. Upon the whole, though I have not the liberty and joy of heart and soul I had, yet the memory is sweet and supporting; since which I have not been at all cast down mentally. The will of God concerning me is right; all that crosses it is wrong. With all my heart and soul I long that his blessed will may be my life, and all the exercise of my mind to do and suffer as his will and pleasure. I have proved the choice; my lines have fallen in pleasant places. As love can work no ill, I knew that all is well, and will end well. Christ is precious; death is gain. I am indeed a happy man!

I do in my prayers come to S., and O., and E. W., daily, and have through all my affliction; and certainly do feel to come to you all in love, and do believe it is reciprocal. The proof is plain.

I cannot express my gratitude to you all as I would. I know the Lord can and will do it for me, and return of your kind liberality to me in spiritual blessings. O do me the kindness to tell all the friends what I say, because it is truth; and express the warm gratitude I feel. In your trials commit your case to the Lord, and he will direct your steps.

I have taken my pen several times to write this letter. My hand shakes, but I hope you can pick it out.

Love to Mr. B., and all friends.

Affectionately and gratefully yours,

Hastings, June 16th, 1858.

D. FENNER.

## A LETTER FROM THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

My dear, kind, and generous Friend,—I could not feel myself comfortable any longer till I had gratified myself by acknowledging the receipt of your kind and liberal present; and were I to say all I felt, I should be tired with writing and you with reading. But I feel fully persuaded, from your generous mind, that you feel as much gratification, as the giver, as I feel pleasure as the receiver. I have no right to ask my dear friend why such tokens of respect are repeatedly manifested to such an unworthy creature as I am. Well assured I am that had you the opinion of me that I entertain of myself, it would not be so. But when I consider that all my concerns are under the direction of infinite wisdom, and are grounded upon infinite love, then I see my dear Father's hand in it; so that though I can make no return or reward, yet my dear Father can and will; for I am well assured my covenant God will never be in arrears with any, even for a cup of cold water. Therefore may he pour into your lap and into your bosom tenfold; then my prayers respecting you will be answered.

I often wish I could step in with, "How do you do?" And could my restless spirit assume a corporeal appearance, I should often be seen, for I am oftener a visitor at Donnington than you are aware. But if the dear Lord has ordained that we should never see each other in this land of sorrows, yet sweet is the anticipation of meeting in a land of milk and honey, where there is neither thorn nor brier, pain or sorrow, because there is no sin.

I am truly obliged to you for your kind wishes for my welfare. Never cease to pray for me, and you may rest assured that while I live I shall ever cherish a sweet sense of gratitude for your kindness; and beg at a throne of grace that God may settle my accounts with you by blessing you in providence and grace.

Respecting myself I can say but little; sometimes up and sometimes down, sometimes as happy as a king's son, sometimes a poor, murmuring beggar; sometimes my heart is made glad with the sweet

beams of the sun upon my soul, sometimes as dark and cold as the snows of Lapland; sometimes happy, sometimes wretched; sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing; sometimes doubting, but never despairing; for at my worst I know in whom I have believed; and I have committed soul, body, and all my concerns into his hands; and as my precious Jesus changes not, I am safe. I hope I shall ever be enabled to stand my ground against self, sin, and hell, with a blessed trust upon the almighty arm of a covenant-making and a covenant-performing God. I nothing; Christ all.

It is to be feared that many in our day are in the light, but have no light in them. May you and I, my kind friend, examine matters strictly, weigh things deliberately, and abide by truth steadfastly.

Now I hope, my dear friend, you will accept my most grateful thanks for your kindness, and pardon my troubling you with this letter; and believe me,

With warm and Christian affection,

Your real Friend and Brother in the eternal and everlasting  
Bonds of an everlasting Covenant,

Sudbury, Feb. 28th, 1822.

DANIEL HERBERT.

P.S.—My very affectionate remembrance to Mr. and Mrs. B., and tell them they are often on my memory, and always on my heart.

My dear wife desires her kind regards to you, for she says she thinks your kindness to me entitles you to a share of her esteem. God bless you.

## THERE REMAINETH A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

My dear Friend,—We received your kind letter; and while we could not but love, and admire the loving, tender compassion of our gracious God and Saviour, still, we could not help tenderly sympathising with you. But, my dear friend,

“Gold in the furnace tried,  
Ne’er loses aught but dross;  
So is the Christian purified,  
And better’d by the cross.”

And this we are living witnesses of, although flesh dislikes the way. But when his love, and mercy, and great goodness are felt, yes, we can sing again and again,

“How harsh soe’er the way,  
Dear Saviour, still lead on;  
Nor leave us till we say, [from real feeling,]  
‘Father, thy will be done.’”

We groan daily beneath this body of sin and death; and although, at times, we feel ready to sink, and sometimes inwardly think that we shall one day perish by this Saul, yet Jesus appears again, and with his secret whispers of, “Fear not,” and love in times past, puts to flight the enemy; so that we can sing, while the blessed Sun of Righteousness shines, even in this valley of Baca. But O what a



mercy that all these things and painful exercises are all to make us more and more sick of self, and fond of him who hath won our affections and bound our souls fast. Yes; and the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. I have felt so much of the dear Lord's goodness in his wonderful way of working to endear himself, that I don't know at times what to ask for, only that he would be pleased to work in me to will and do, and keep me humble and close to himself. I daily feel my outward man decaying, and labor daily beneath the load of sin and iniquity. This seems to be his wonderful way of working with his children to make a throne of grace very precious, and his sacred word a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path.

I hope we may be favored with another meeting with Mr. S. and yourself to talk over these things, and how good the Lord is.

“ O what is honor, wealth, or mirth  
To this well-grounded peace!  
O what are all the goods of earth  
To such a gift as this! ”

But I fancy some would say, “G. is on the mount again.” But I care not a rush what they say. Jesus hath won my affections, and I do sincerely love all those who love his dear and matchless name.

It was singular my dear partner had you so presented to her mind last week, in great trouble, that we talked about you. But suffice it to say, for the present, we sympathise and rejoice with you, and would praise the Lord for his goodness towards you. They that observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord. We thank you for the poem. It is truth sensibly known and felt; hence the needs-be for the Lord's fire in Zion, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness, that all his works may praise him, and his saints may bless him.

We join in the sweetest affection to you both, begging that the dear Redeemer may so sanctify all our trials, troubles, and afflictions, that his great name may be adored, and our souls strengthened and comforted. And blessed be our Rock, there remaineth a rest for the people of God; and thanks to his holy name for ever giving us a taste of it here.

We are, Yours affectionately, in the best of all bonds,  
In the path of tribulation,

H. & E. G.

WHEN a man sees his mercies come in by the special and assiduous care of God for him, there is a double sweetness in those mercies. The natural sweetness which comes from the creature itself, every one, even the beasts, can taste; but besides that, there is a spiritual sweetness, far exceeding the former, which none but a believer tastes; and much of that comes from the manner in which he receives it, because it comes, be it never so coarse or little, as a covenant mercy to him. “He hath given bread to them that fear him; he is ever mindful of his covenant.” Luther, who made many a meal upon a broiled herring, was wont to say, “Let us be content with coarse fare here; have we not the bread that came down from heaven?”—*Flavel*.

## THE PARCHED GROUND SHALL BECOME A POOL.

My dear Friend,—We hope to see you on Saturday next, and trust the dear Redeemer will meet with us and bless us, and bless the provision of Zion, agreeably to his gracious promise, “Where two or three meet together in my name, there am I in the midst, and that to bless.” And sure I am, if it were not for realising, at times, the truth of such a gracious promise, we should be of all men most miserable; for the trials, temptations, and buffetings of Satan by the way would swallow us up. But it is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. There is a river; and having tasted the precious streams of love and mercy, we look again and again for the promise to be fulfilled that he would cause the streams to break out in the wilderness, and that the parched ground may become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. Our souls desire the first-ripe fruits; and one apple from the tree of life dropped into Little-Faith’s mouth, I am sure will cause praise and thanksgiving, and make him forget his poverty and remember for the time his misery no more. But in and out we must go, for it is “through much tribulation.” Yes, it is; but when Little-Faith feels the water flow sweetly with virtue divine, then she sings again and again, “The Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble.” Yes; and she can join the poet, sweetly, in singing,

“I would not change my blest estate  
For all the world calls good or great;  
And while my faith can keep its hold  
I envy not the sinner’s gold.”

This, friend S., is the bright side; the dark side we will leave, for it is a truth, “He maketh darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth.” I am a strange being; sometimes I think my life is nearly at a close, and that I shall sink beneath the troubles by the way; and groan, being burdened. Then, again, I forget my poverty and misery, and think that I shall live to praise him, so that the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. But I must forbear, while I would just say, that I do feel thankful for his precious word, and that there is a throne of grace where poor, sensible, oppressed, and needy sinners are indulged, at times, to pour out their sorrows, and feel grace to help them in times of need. Jesus is the Friend of sinners; be that forgotten never.

That the Lord may bless you and yours in going out and coming in, and make his precious word spirit and life to your soul, is the desire of

Yours affectionately,

H. G.

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IN walking through the streets on a Tuesday afternoon, being the day of my weekly lecture, I have been noticed by many, who have stopt, pointed, broke their jests, and regaled themselves with mirth, till I was out of sight. These have had their day, their sport, and their triumphs; but mine is all to come.—*Huntington.*

## A LETTER BY THE LATE G. PAYTON, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.—No. 2.

My dearly-beloved Friends,—I have once more taken my pen in hand, and may the dear Redeemer direct me to move it aright. We are still in the wilderness, and it seems we do not like to leave it, although it would be much better for us to be in a settled habitation, where a fulness of all things is to be enjoyed, a fulness without a want, and a liberty without contraction, a sun without a cloud, a summer without a winter, a garment without a spot, a life without a pain, a joy without sorrow, love without alloy, pleasure without a sting of guilt, songs without a discordant voice, wine without any mixture of water, living streams without an earthly taste, tears wiped off all faces, and believers receiving their exceeding great rewards. "I am thy shield and exceeding great reward," said the Lord to Abraham, and he is all this, and more too, to all Abraham's seed. All is in reserve for the weakest believer in Jesus; and although his or her faith may be so weak that they cannot take the comfort of it, yet it is theirs, because it is for mourners as well as for those who are enabled to "rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of their salvation." These things are to be spoken for the comfort of "mourners in Zion," people with feeble knees, weak hands, and fearful hearts. (Isa. xxxv. 3.) It is the blessedness of the gospel that all the Lord's precious things are laid up for those who have nothing of their own but sin and misery. They are daily mourning over sin, because it keeps them from the enjoyment of communion with him whom they love; though sometimes they can hardly say they mourn, but at the same time they dare not say they do not, because conscience would give them the lie; and they must speak the truth, or else say nothing. For this reason the Lord ordered a prophet to "open his mouth in the cause of the dumb," because they could not speak for themselves. "The lips of the righteous feed many." The Lord feeds his children by telling them what he has laid up for them; and although their faith be weak, yet we ministers are told to go on in our work, because "faith cometh by hearing;" and weak as faith may be, it is sometimes strengthened by the word preached.

Although we cannot at all times have the comfort of hope, or the full assurance of faith, yet "he abideth faithful; he will not deny himself," or fail in what he hath promised; for all the Lord's promises are "Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus;" and this is to the glory of God the Father. He will not fail in one word that he has promised. Joshua called Israel to remember this very thing, that "not one good thing of all that the Lord promised had failed them;" and the Israel of God when brought to the promised inheritance will have to acknowledge the same thing. Tribulations are promised: "In the world ye shall have tribulation," but "in me ye shall have peace." We do sometimes enjoy peace with God. "Darkness may endure for a night," and we feel it too; "but joy cometh in the morning;" and we shall feel and enjoy that. Fears and sorrows are now our common lot, but these shall fly away by and by. Briars

and thorns are in our path, and sometimes we sorely feel them; but these are intended to do us good; and so they do, for if they were not in our way we should love the wilderness better than we do, and I am sure that is needless, for we love it too well already. Chastening is promised, and we get it. We make crooked paths, but find no peace in them. The Lord has promised to "feed us like a shepherd, and to carry the lambs in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young."

Thus he deals with us as a Father, as a husband, and a friend; and he will, in the end, bring us as his friends to be with him where he is, to behold his glory, and see him face to face. Who in his right reason could wish to stop in this wretched, earth-bound prison, when such glorious things are in reserve, and laid up in store for those that love and fear the Lord? Yet such is our attachment to this mortal state that we would rather remain here with all our difficulties than leave them, and enter into the fulness of joy and blessedness for evermore.

One night this week a more than common gloom came over my mind; and I had at the same time some unpleasant feelings in my feeble frame. The want of sensible enjoyment of the presence of the Lord made me wish to stay a little longer. Though, at best, we have but a poor lodging in this earthly house, yet I was unwilling to leave it. At the same time I could not help calling to mind the past lovingkindness of the Lord, and the times when I could say I would rather die and be with Jesus than live here to be plagued with sin and the world, and lose the blessed enjoyment which my soul felt when I first knew what the love of God was, shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost. That, my friend, was a blessed day. It was the firstfruits of the love of God made known to us. This was old wine brought new to us; it is wine well refined; there are no dregs in it; it stands on the old lees of God's faithfulness and truth. He says, "I have betrothed thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord;" "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." From hence arises the feast of fat things of which the Lord has favored us with a taste; and he soon will favor us with the full enjoyment of it, however unpleasant the passage may be to get to them. Everlasting blessings are made sure to all the seed of Israel, by oath, promise, and blood.

Accept my sincere love to you both, and to other friends. I hope soon to hear how you all are. Pray let me know all particulars respecting your health, and as much about other things as you can.

Yours affectionately,

Edenbridge, Feb. 19th, 1825.

G. PAYTON.

GOD intends our good, and if he aims and designs our good he will be sure to strike there where the voice of his rod may be heard, and the smart of it felt; will thrust his probe into the part most festured, and search it to the quick, and cause the corrosive he applies fully to cleanse the wound, before he lays on the healing plaister.—*Dorney.*

## Obituary.

### MRS. ROBERT MICHELSON, OF STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE.

IN laying before the readers of the "Gospel Standard" the following memoir, I trust I am not swayed by any personal motives, or by any family considerations, but that I desire to do so with a single eye to the glory of God and to the good of his people. But in so doing, I by no means intend to represent the work of grace upon the soul of the departed as one very conspicuous, very deep, or marked by any striking or peculiar features. It was nothing of the kind, nor is it now introduced into our pages for any such purpose; but having witnessed much of it with my own eyes, and heard much of it with my own ears, I have felt disposed to give a permanent place to what dropped from her lips on her dying bed, and prefix just sufficient to make the whole more clear, and at the same time show forth more conspicuously the wonders of sovereign grace. I hope it may also be an encouraging testimony to godly parents to seek for a blessing on their offspring, and a word in season to some of the Lord's living family who are asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. The subject of the following memoir found at times great encouragement from reading the Obituaries in the "Gospel Standard," and gathered up many hopes in her dark moments that the Lord would appear for her as she saw he had appeared for those whose experience was recorded in them.

Mrs. Robert Michelson was the youngest daughter of Mr. Keal, Surgeon, Oakham, Rutland, and was born Dec. 28th, 1828.\* As the gospel was first brought into Oakham about the year 1832, through the ministry of Mr. Tiptaft, Mrs. Keal's youngest brother, and as the Lord was graciously pleased to bless the word very abundantly and raise up a place and cause of truth in that town, at which her parents from the first constantly attended, Mary, for such was her first name, was brought up under the sound of the word. But, like many children of godly parents, she heard the word of truth without any power accompanying it to her heart. She might have occasionally felt a few transient impressions, or gained a little knowledge of the language of doctrine and experience, but no divine life was communicated to her soul. Her parents having been brought out of the world themselves, felt bound to keep their children out of it also; and thus she grew up into womanhood restrained by her parents from mingling with worldly society, yet evidently loving it as fondly as most persons of her age, who have nothing better to love. When rather more than 22 years of age, in the spring of 1851,† she was united in marriage to her present sorrowing partner, then, as now, resident at Stamford; and though the son of a gracious man, yet at that time opposed to the truth, and not an attendant at the chapel. Besides, then, the usual pleasure which most young persons take in being united to the object of their affections, and being

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\* It is somewhat remarkable that at the time of her confinement her mother was favored with a manifestation of the Lord's mercy and love; and her heart and mouth being full of his praise, she was led not only to bless him for his mercy to herself, but to beg of him to show mercy also to the babe (the subject of this memoir) that had just come into the world.

† It may not be wise to trust too much to impressions; and yet, when fulfilled, the hand of God the Lord is seen in them. A gracious friend of mine, and one much attached to the family, was walking in her garden on the day of the marriage. The church bells struck up to celebrate the event, when these words were applied to her mind, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring."

settled in life, she had the additional gratification of thus escaping from all the restraints which had hitherto kept her out of the world, and from entering into which she anticipated so much enjoyment. In recording a speech which she made to a friend, just on the eve of her marriage, I do so not to cast any reproach on her memory, but to shew more clearly and vividly the then state of her mind, and to exalt more highly the riches of that sovereign grace which was afterwards so manifested in her behalf. In all the gayety and hilarity of youth she exclaimed to her, "No more chapel for me." She was as good as her word, for on settling at Stamford she turned her back completely on the chapel in which I, with God's help, seek statedly to preach the word of truth, and she attended, with her husband, one of the churches in that town. Never having been in the world, and its amusements and gayeties being to her full of the zest of novelty, she plunged into them with all imaginable eagerness. Though, as she afterwards confessed, she never found in the world the happiness she sought, yet being naturally cheerful and fond of society, and a great observer of persons and things, she found much amusement in, and for a time much enjoyed it. In due time she was favored with a little family, which kept her somewhat more at home, but her heart was still untouched by God's grace; and if she did not go quite so much into the world, it was not from being inwardly separated from it. The Lord's gracious purposes, however, were ripening fast, and the first intimation that he gave of his merciful intentions towards her was by removing her youngest child by death when about four months old, after a lingering illness. During the child's illness, both the parents seemed to have their eyes opened to see the emptiness of the world and to withdraw themselves gradually from it, a blight coming over their earthly comforts from the babe's affliction. When the poor mother saw that the child must die, she was led to pray, and she begged of God very earnestly to give her submission to the stroke. This prayer, as she mentioned on her death-bed, was remarkably answered, for such submission was given to her that when the little babe departed she had scarce a murmuring thought. The stroke, however, could not but be keenly felt; yet it seems to have been the means of the first touch of God's finger on her conscience. She was sitting alone one day, meditating on the death of her babe, when the thought suddenly struck her mind, "Your child was not too young to die, and therefore you are not. Now, if the Lord had taken you instead of your child, where would your soul have been?" With this, such a sense of guilt fell upon her conscience, with such distress of mind, that, as she named afterwards, she felt as if she should sink through the floor.

I should have named that the illness of the babe had been made a means of leading the minds of both the parents towards the chapel; but neither liked to name the subject to the other, being mutually conscious of having spoken much against it. Her husband wished much to go, and for her to accompany him, but hardly knew how to accomplish it. Her uncle, however, Mr. Tiptaft, being then on his annual visit to Stamford and Oakham, he proposed to her to go to hear him. She gladly embraced the proposal; and thus they both went together, and that with willing hearts, to the place which they had both so much despised.

But the Lord now began to lay his afflicting hand on her tabernacle, and brought into her frame that disease which, though at first scarcely perceptible, never relaxed its hold till, after about two years' languishing and suffering, it laid her body in the dust. A silent change was evidently, meanwhile, going on in her soul, though being naturally of a singular honesty of mind she kept matters to herself, as she could not



bear the thought of acting or speaking hypocritically. The back volumes of the "Gospel Standard," and the sermons published in the "Zoar" and "Penny Pulpit," were now gladly borrowed and eagerly read; and as long as her health permitted, she attended the chapel, both on the Lord's Day and the week evening. The Lord seemed also to be deepening his work upon her soul. One night she was extremely ill in bed, a cold perspiration broke out upon her, and she felt as if she were going to die. Distress and horror fell on her mind, as she felt, if she died, she should sink into hell, and being unable, as she thought, to pray for herself, she begged of her husband, "Pray for me." But one of the strongest marks, as far as I could see, of the great revolution which had taken place in her mind was, her change of feeling to the people of God. There had been a time, even since her residence in Stamford, when she used openly to scoff at and ridicule them; but now, as she sat at her window, being kept at home from illness or inclement weather, watching them going to the chapel, she felt that love to them which made her pray for them as they passed; and when she saw them return, she used to say to herself, as she told a friend afterwards, "O, I wonder who has got the blessing. Is it this one? is it that?"

Another mark in her favor, much commended to my conscience, was the special application of several promises to her soul, and their entire fulfilment, as she herself bore witness to the very last.

In the beginning of her illness these words were applied to her heart, and it was the first promise given her with power, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." On another occasion, after being much exercised during the first part of the night about temporal matters, as feeling how expensive her illness had already been and was likely to be, when she awoke, the words "Ebenezer," "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," were given her, and quite relieved her mind. During her illness, she often reverted to those two passages, as she found them from time to time so completely fulfilled, and derived much sweetness and comfort from them. Another promise which was given her was, "Fear not; I have redeemed thee;" but I do not exactly know at what time of her illness or on what occasion they were dropped into her heart.

As her illness increased, and assumed more alarming features, she was led, from a singular chain of circumstances, which I need not here mention, to go to London to consult Dr. Corfe, of the Middlesex Hospital. Her husband being unable, from various circumstances, to go with her as he wished, her married sister, Mrs. Philpot, accompanied her thither; and to her, for the first time, she opened, soon after their arrival, all her heart, and told her all her feelings, and how she had been led to cry for mercy and seek the Lord's face. I shall never forget my feelings when my dear wife wrote to me, giving me an account of what Dr. C. thought about her poor body and what she had told her about her soul. I was at Oakham at the time, staying at her father's house, and was so overcome that I could only say to her parents, when they asked what tidings, "Both of sorrow and joy. I cannot read it to you; you must read it yourselves." She was enabled to attend the preaching at Gower Street on Lord's Day morning, April 4th, and felt much encouragement under the sermon, as Mr. Hazlerigg was led that morning to go through the experience of a living child of God from the very beginning. She told her sister afterwards that she could go along with Mr. Hazlerigg's description of a living child of God from her own experience, and felt a sweet hope in her soul, from what he said, that she was one, and, as such, interested in Christ's salvation.

On examining the state of her chest, Dr. Corfe found pulmonary disease to have made great progress, and that in fact her days on earth

were numbered. He named this to her sister, who had sought a private interview with him to learn his opinion of the case, and who took the opportunity to mention what she believed was going on in her soul. On his next visit, Dr. C. took occasion to name spiritual things to his poor suffering patient; and his kind, sympathising manner, and what he was led to say on the subject, so drew out her heart, that though she was able then to tell him but little of what she had experienced of the Lord's dealings with her soul, yet she afterwards wrote to him, at some length, an account of the way in which she had been led. Her simple, child-like statement was so much commended to Dr. C.'s conscience as to give him a full persuasion that there was a work of grace begun, and that the Lord would more clearly appear, and interested him very deeply in her spiritual welfare. After a fortnight's stay in London, she returned home, and either then or shortly after had one morning, as she lay in bed, a remarkable view in her soul of God and Christ, which I give here, from the diary kept by her husband, in her own words: "She said whether she was asleep or awake she really did not know, but she saw Jesus Christ dressed as she had often seen him in pictures, and he appeared to look upon her with an eye of pity and compassion; and behind him stood God; she did not see God, for she dare not look upon him; but he appeared to shine with a great and glorious light behind Christ. She could see the light shine but dare not look on either side of Jesus for fear she should meet God's eye, as she dare not look upon him otherwise than through the Lord Jesus." This view must have given her some testimony of her interest in Christ, for when she named it to a friend, she added that the words burst from her lips, "Why me, Lord; why me?" which she hardly could have done unless blessed at the time with a faith of appropriation. I name it here, because she often spoke of it, and it seemed to give her such clear views of Christ as the Mediator, and her standing in him. I often compared her in my own mind to a little child; for her hair having been cut short, all her flesh gone, her face wasted and shrunk, and she lying in bed curled up as it were in one posture, she looked, in outward appearance, like a child, and her mind was as childlike as her body had become. I saw, therefore, that the Lord taught her as a little child, as she had acquired no doctrinal knowledge, and by this view instructed her as in a moment in these two blessed truths,—how the soul views God only through Christ, and how God only through Christ views the soul. She often said to her mother, "Through Christ I look at God; through Christ God looks at me." I am much opposed to anything visionary, but there seemed in this something peculiar, which made me receive it.

On April 19th she went to Oakham on a visit to her parents, and being able to attend the chapel, heard me preach four sermons, all of which, and particularly the first, were much blessed to her soul. I spoke on the Lord's Day morning from Isa. xli. 10, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." I preached from the words without knowing, or at least without recollecting that it contained or embodied the three promises which had been given to her. As then I was enabled to open up the words, "Fear not, for I am with thee," "I will strengthen thee," "I will help thee," what was said so agreed with what she had felt in and from these three promises, that it was, as she told her mother, as if every word was meant for her. The text in the afternoon was Luke xix. 10, which she also found very sweet and suitable. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered that day, and she stayed to witness it, which she much enjoyed, and said afterwards what love she felt

for the members of the church, and kept praying for each of them, as she saw the bread and wine given them, that they might have a blessing. What a change in her mind and feelings from about seven years before, when she said, "No more chapel for me!" As an eye and ear witness, I cannot but testify to the remarkable feeling manifested towards her by the friends at Oakham and Stamford. It might be thought it would naturally be so, from seeing her prostrate state of health and the respect and affection felt for her parents. But there was something in it far beyond this, for these causes might create sympathy, but they could not produce spiritual feelings such as I saw so clearly manifested. One of the Oakham friends, a poor laboring man, who probably had never spoken to her in his life, had her so laid on his mind one day at his work that he felt he could not but most earnestly supplicate the Lord for her, and had such a persuasion that he would appear for her, that when delayed it seemed to shake all his own experience. On the second Lord's Day that she heard preaching at Oakham, she was unable from weakness to sit in the chapel in the afternoon, and lay on a couch in the vestry. It was well she did so; for when Hymn 778 was given out, and she turned to it in her hymn book, her eyes caught the heading, which being the first words that were applied with power to her soul, took such an effect upon her that she burst into a flood of tears. A female friend sitting in the vestry ran to her immediately to offer her help, but she quietly waved her away, intimating it was not her body but her soul that made her so weep. The friend told me afterwards that she felt such love to her that she could have clasped her to her bosom, and held her there till Christ was revealed to her soul. During the latter part of her stay at Oakham her disease made rapid progress, and she grew gradually weaker and weaker, so that it was evident that her days would not be long on earth. She felt, therefore, as she said, desirous to go home to die. Her husband, too, was exceedingly anxious to have her at home, that he might wait upon her and have the comfort and satisfaction of her company. On June 26th, she therefore left Oakham, and travelled pretty comfortably home, considering her great prostration. One of the Stamford friends was told that she was come home to die. The words fell with great weight on her mind, and stirred up a peculiar desire to see her. She made it a matter of prayer, and was encouraged, as the Lord remarkably opened the way, to go and call upon her. Mrs. Michelson received her with the greatest cordiality and kindness; and as the friend felt much moved towards her, and was enabled to tell her a little of her own experience, and how the Lord had appeared to her after many years full of doubt and fear, it drew out of Mrs. M. an account of what she had felt and experienced both of sorrow and comfort. They both wept and rejoiced together; and before the friend left, Mrs. M. said, "Come here, and let me kiss you," which she did with much feeling and affection.

When she came home I visited her every day that I was at Stamford, and usually found much liberty in conversation, reading and opening the Scriptures, and praying with and for her. She was become so weak that she could not move herself in bed, and lay always in one spot and in one posture, shrunk and wasted from a fine stout woman to look like a little child. I generally went to see her at the same hour every day; (4 p.m. ;) and she used to say to her sister, who generally saw her twice a day, once in the morning, and once with me, "Ah! he will be here at 4 o'clock," looking forward to my visits with an earnest desire that some blessing might be communicated through them. I was led sometimes to sound the ground of her hopes, what her views and feelings were, and whether she was looking to the Lord and the Lord alone for salvation.

But I must say I have rarely known a person so young in experience so brought off looking to self. In fact, she seemed constantly looking up to the Lord for some manifestation, and as fully convinced she could do nothing to procure or hasten it. I never heard her drop one Armenian expression, as she seemed so convinced that the Lord must do it all. And I must add, that I never heard a murmur escape her lips, though she had so much to try faith and patience. She did not, indeed, suffer much internal pain, but was teased with almost incessant cough, could only lie on one side, was wasted to a complete skeleton, and was afflicted with bed sores from being always in one position, and was unable even to move in bed. The weather was, as we all remember, excessively hot in June; and though she had a large and comparatively cool bedroom, yet the heat was very oppressive. But she never murmured at her afflicted lot, nor repined under the heavy strokes which were bringing her tabernacle down. She kept her Bible and little hymn book at her side, and would sometimes open them at a sentence, hoping her eyes might fall upon a portion from which she might gather comfort. One morning she opened her hymn book in this way, and her eyes fell on Hymn 539, (Gadsby's,) which was much blessed to her, especially the last verse:

“The time will shortly come,  
When you, with sweet surprise,  
Will find yourself at home  
With Christ above the skies;  
With him to live; with him to reign,  
And never, never part again.”

Hymn 553 was also much blessed to her, and she would often quote Hymn 778, first verse, and Hymn 872, second verse, which she was first led to look at from seeing it quoted in a letter from her uncle to her father. I used to remind her sometimes of her former opposition to the chapel and her going into the world, not to reproach her, but to draw from her what her feelings had been when in the world, and to press the evil she had committed in so doing more on her conscience.

I do not wish to speak of myself more than I can possibly help, but I should do neither her nor myself justice did I not name her change of feelings towards me. Of course I could not sanction her leaving the chapel and going into the world; and this necessarily produced a shyness between us, though not a cessation of all intercourse. But when the Lord was pleased to touch her heart by his grace, this produced a great change of feeling toward me. I much pitied and sympathised with her bodily affliction, as I saw death from the first stamped upon her complaint, and was led to do one or two little acts of kindness before I was aware there was anything going on in her soul. This much broke and softened her heart, and when she got a blessing from the word, through me, it quite turned the stream of affection towards me. She said to a friend, “I used to think him my greatest enemy, but he is now my best friend.” Nothing, I may add, surprised her more than the kindness and affection manifested by the Lord's people. She did not know them before, nor their tenderness and sympathy. Knowing only the outside courtesy but real selfishness of the world, she was quite unprepared for the tender feelings and sincere love and affection of the family of God.

All her worldly acquaintance had been for a considerable time given up; and when any called upon her she almost always refused to see them. She used to say of them, “They are very kind to talk to me about my illness, and tell me they hope I shall not suffer, and so on; but I do not want their company.” But she always seemed glad to see, as far as her strength allowed, the children of God, and derived much comfort and

benefit from their conversation and what they told her of their experience.

Towards the end of June my engagements called me away from Stamford to go to London on my annual visit, and I was obliged to leave her. The last time but one that I called on her, I said, "I shall only see you once more again." She at once burst into a flood of tears, and seemed much to feel my departure. I saw her for the last time on June 29th, when I read to and prayed with her, and bade her a solemn and affectionate farewell, knowing, as we both did, we should not meet again on this side of eternity. She now gradually got weaker and weaker; but as she drew nearer and nearer the grave her faith seemed strengthened and her hopes brightened. One of my deacons visited her continually, and his conversation and prayers were much blessed to her. She more than once said what a sweet savor rested upon her soul afterwards, sometimes for the rest of the day. Her husband took down without her knowing it much of what she said, which we hope to give in our next Number, and which will show, better than any words of ours, in what a sweet and happy frame she was during the last few days of her life.

On Aug. 5th, her father came to see her, and seeing how near she was to her departure, felt obliged to tell her that she could not last long. He was much distressed at bidding her farewell, but she told her sister when she next saw her what joy his words gave her, when he said her time would not be long. She was longing more and more to depart and be with Christ; but her life was spared just to see her uncle, Mr. Tiptaft, who reached Stamford on Saturday, August 7th, and saw her that afternoon. She was much agitated at the thought of seeing him, but found comfort from his conversation and prayers. During the night a change took place; death was evidently drawing near. But I cannot do better than here extract from her husband's diary the account he has given of her last hours on earth:

"Aug. 8th.—I found her breath was very short, and she appeared to be going fast, so I thought it my duty to tell her I thought her time was very near. This was an hour before she departed. I asked if she was comfortable. She said, "Very." Then she said, with a smile on her countenance, "Bless the Lord for taking me. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord for all his mercies. I feel so happy!" I begged of her, some time back, if she had a manifestation before she died, if she could possibly speak, to let me know; so she said to me, "Are you satisfied?" I said, "Yes." She said, "So am I. I can bear it. I feel so happy. Give my love to Philpot and all of them. Jesus is precious. I was very happy in the night. I should like to see mamma; send for her." I said to her, "Can you see your interest in the Lord?" "Yes. Kiss the dear children for me. O Lord Jesus! As thy day so shall thy strength be." I said, "I hope it will be a blessed sabbath to you." She said, "Yes; I do feel so happy and comfortable." She then said, "Get thee behind me, Satan; he is tempting me." I said, "Don't give up your hope." She said, "No; O dear, no." She then said, "His love maketh free. Satan tries to deceive me." She shook her head, and said it would not do. "If Satan did not tempt me, he would have forgotten me." She then turned herself on her side, and breathed a few times, and died with her hands in mine, in the presence of myself, her mother, her uncle William Tiptaft, and the servant, on Sunday morning, August 8th, 1858."

In our next I shall hope to give the diary that her husband made of the last month of her life.

Stamford, Oct. 20th, 1858.

J. C. PHILPOT.



## INQUIRIES.

Sir,—Will you give me your thoughts on the following scripture, as the insertion of it in the "Gospel Standard," I think, may be very useful? "And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise." (Heb. xi. 39.) I have many a time looked at this scripture, and that in the second verse, but never could guess what was their meaning, nor make sense of them in the apostle's reasoning. "Good report" literally signifies a good character amongst men; but this corresponds not with the holy martyrs that the apostle is here speaking of, who "wandered in deserts, in mountains, and in caves of the earth," for, so far from these having obtained a good report amongst men, many of them were thought unfit to live; and although, in the account of God, the world was not worthy of them, they were thought not worthy of the world. In my perplexity, I have been induced to look into my Greek Testament and Lexicon, to see if I could make out the meaning to my satisfaction, and find that the same word which is here translated "good report" is in the fourth verse translated "witness," and in the fifth verse "testimony." Now, if this be the meaning of the word, I can very well understand what it is to obtain a witness or testimony from God; nor, with this meaning, is it difficult to make out the connection of the apostle's reasoning. Our Lord Jesus received not witness from men, neither do his followers. A witness or testimony from God is the witness of the Holy Ghost, "bearing witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." And if this was what the elders obtained, it is both easy to understand, and agreeable to the sense. "Now faith," says the apostle, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report." Now, I cannot see what a good report has to do with the substance of things hoped for, or the evidence of things not seen. According to the apostle's reasoning, he lays down a position, and goes on to prove and illustrate it. But so far as I can judge, faith is not the way to obtain a good report from men. If faith be an *evidence* of things not seen, to prove and illustrate this we want example. Now, if I be right, the apostle goes on to show that by faith the elders obtained a witness or testimony of things not seen. The first example is that of Abel, who obtained witness that he was righteous, through the righteousness of Jesus, which was a thing not seen. The next is Enoch, and he obtained a testimony that he pleased God; and the next is Noah, of whom it is written that he condemned the world that believed not, and became heir of that righteousness which is by faith. Now, Noah's faith made the world neither better nor worse; but it was a testimony against them as it was a testimony to himself that he was an heir of righteousness, as we careful men say, he became *evidently* an heir. So all these worthies that the apostle enumerates are so many more examples of obtaining evidence of things not seen; that is, by faith, as through a glass, they saw the things that are afar off, and were persuaded of them; and their faith, with all its acts and



fruits, became to them an evidence that they were interested in them, God bearing them witness in the Holy Ghost that it was so. Though they had not received the things promised, they enjoyed them; they had the substance though not the things themselves; and they had the testimony of God, although, as yet, they had received very little else. Thus, if I be right, the elders obtained a testimony of things not seen, "not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and embraced them."

Now, Sir, I submit what I have written to your consideration, because I make no pretensions to criticism in the Greek language; but if I have hit upon the right meaning, I think that good service may be rendered by illustrating this seemingly very obscure but important scripture.

I am, Sir,

Yours, most sincerely,

Houghton-le-Spring.

D. B.

#### ANSWER.

We have no doubt that our correspondent has been led to see the true meaning of the passage, nor has he consulted his Greek Testament and Lexicon in vain. The word translated having "obtained a good report," for it is in the original but one word, undoubtedly means "having been witnessed of or unto," the word "good" not being at all in the original. And so verse 2 should be rendered, the word being precisely the same: "For in (or by) it the elders were witnessed unto;" and so verse 5, "for before his translation he was witnessed unto that he pleased God."

We most fully agree with our correspondent that the word "good report" has no reference whatever to their character amongst men. This it was not the apostle's object to establish. It was of the witness borne to them by God himself that he speaks; and this, in our judgment, was not so much the inward witness that his Spirit bore to their consciences as the testimony he gave to them in the Scriptures of truth.

We do not for a moment doubt that these elders had the inward witness of which our correspondent speaks, for it must have been their chief support and consolation under their sufferings; but we think that the Apostle is referring rather to the witness that God bore to them in the Scripture. His object was to show that "the just (or justified man) was to live by faith," (chap. x. 38), and this leads him—the two chapters being closely connected, to trace out the faith of the Old Testament saints, after giving a spiritual definition what faith was, that there might be no misapprehension of his meaning. His object was to establish faith as opposed to works, in the same way as he does in his Epistle to the Romans; and as for the same purpose he brings forward the faith of Abraham, (Rom. iv.,) so here he travels all through the Old Testament to show that the Old Testament saints, whom the Hebrews esteemed so highly, were all partakers of it; and what was of more consequence, that God himself bore testimony to it in the inspired Scriptures. As far as experience

is concerned, they doubtless had the witness of the Spirit; but the Apostle is here appealing to fact rather than to feeling. And for this substantial reason. You cannot read my heart to see what God witnesses there, but you can read the Scriptures to see what God witnesses there. Feelings, however blessed, are hidden from view; but the written word of God lies open and bare. Thus, though we do not doubt that the blessed saints who “wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins” had the secret witness of the Spirit in their “caves and dens of the earth,” yet taking the words as they stand, and bearing in mind the nature and force of the Apostle’s argument, we understand that the witness which God bore to them and their faith was rather such a testimony as he recorded of them in his own written word than what he revealed in the secret depths of their hearts.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly give a few thoughts on the three first verses of the 6th chapter to the Hebrews? Yours,  
DELTA.

ANSWER.

The object of the apostle in these verses is to show that there is not to be a continual laying down of elementary principles in the ministry of the servants of God, but that there is a going on to a riper and fuller statement of divine truth. By the “principles of the doctrine of Christ” he means the A B C of Christianity—the first lessons which the Gospel teaches. These he severally enumerates.

1. *First. Repentance from dead works*, which is the very foundation of the work of grace in the soul; for if there be no repentance, there certainly is no grace; and works of all kinds, good and bad, as seen in the light of the Spirit, are “dead works,” because performed by a dead sinner, and as such are to be repented of as an abomination before God. But if a soul has been blessed with “repentance from dead works,” it does not want that doctrine only or always preached, but wants to hear something about the gospel, the person and work of Christ and the experience of believers.

2. “*Faith towards God.*” This also is an elementary doctrine. We believe in God before we believe in Jesus Christ, as the Lord said to his disciples, “Ye believe in God, believe also in me.” Faith in the law precedes faith in the gospel; we believe in God as a Judge before we believe in Christ as a Saviour. The doctrine, therefore, of “faith in God” is an elementary principle—milk for a babe, but not meat for a man.

3. “*Of the doctrine of Baptisms.*” This is a difficult expression, and we cannot speak very clearly and decidedly upon it; but we think the apostle is speaking here of Christian baptism and not, as the word might be rendered, “washings.” For most certainly washings of the person or things are no part of Christian truth, and can have no place beside faith, repentance, resurrection, and judgment. But baptism, as an initiatory ordinance, is clearly one of the elements of the doctrine of Christ, and one both preached and practised by the apostles, and attended to by the early converts.

But why he uses the plural “baptisms” for the singular “bap-

tism" we cannot explain, unless he mean the continual recurrence of them, as we might say, "There have been many baptisms lately at such or such a place." So he might say "The doctrine of baptisms," not as if there were different kinds of baptisms, for we are expressly told that there is but "one baptism," (Eph. iv. 5,) but meaning thereby the doctrine taught and inculcated by the numerous baptisms which were continually taking place—viz., of the sufferings of Christ and of our being baptized into his death and resurrection.

4. "*The laying on of hands*" was practised in those days by the apostles (Acts viii. 17) as an emblem and a means of communicating the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

5. *The Resurrection of the Dead and of Eternal Punishment:* These two we put together, it not being necessary to explain them separately. That there would be a general resurrection of the just and the unjust, and an eternal judgment whereby the state of both would be ratified and fixed for all eternity, were both doctrines preached as a part of that elementary instruction laid before the first converts, and lie at the foundation of our most holy faith.

But as one is not to be always laying the foundation of a house, but go on to rear up the walls and lay on the roof, so the apostle expresses his desire and intention to leave ever laying these foundation principles and "going on to perfection," that is, advance to set before them the truth in a riper and more matured form, such as the person of Christ, his blood and righteousness, and such blessed truths as we find in all his Epistles.

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We are compelled, from unavoidable circumstances, to defer the continuation of our Review until our next Number.—Ed.

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THE ark which Noah built was for the temporal deliverance of a few persons. Christ's salvation is spiritual and eternal, and will embrace, of all nations and tongues, a multitude which no man can number.

THE only way to find comfort in an earthly thing is to surrender it, in a faithful carelessness, into the hands of God. Abraham came to sacrifice; he may not go away with dry hands. God cannot abide that good purposes should be frustrate, lest either he should not do that for which he came, or should want means of speedy thanksgiving for so gracious a disappointment. Behold, a ram stands ready for the sacrifice, and, as it were, proffers himself to this happy exchange. He that made that beast brings him hither, and fastens him there. Even in small things there is a great providence. What mysteries there are in every act of God! The only Son of God, upon this very hill, is laid upon the altar of the cross, and so becomes a true sacrifice for the world; that yet he is raised without impeachment, and exempted from the power of death. The Lamb of God which takes away the sins of the world is here really offered and accepted. One Saviour in two figures; in the one dying, restored in the other. So Abraham, while he exercises his faith, confirms it; and rejoices more to foresee the true Isaac in that place offered to death for his sins than to see the carnal Isaac preserved from death for the reward of his faith. Whatsoever is dearest to us on earth is our Isaac; happy are we if we can sacrifice it to God. Those shall never rest with Abraham that cannot sacrifice with Abraham.—Bp. Hall.

## POETRY.

*THE FAREWELL.*

Soon the conflict will be over;  
 Sister, bear up; look above;  
 Jesus is our heavenly Lover.  
 Come, dear Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With a foretaste,  
 Melt our mourning hearts in love.  
 Joy and sorrow here are mingled;  
 Sin and sorrow's there no more.  
 On our conscience blood there's  
 sprinkled,  
 O how sweet, at mercy's door.  
 There, Lord, bring us;  
 Then our trials will be o'er.  
 Closing are my eyes, O worldling,  
 On that which once did please me  
 well;  
 Closing are my eyes, O Christian,  
 Hoping soon with him to dwell;  
 And to see him  
 Who redeem'd th' elect from hell.  
 Closing are my eyes, O Satan;  
 Sin, I've had enough of thee.  
 Closing are my eyes, repeating,  
 "Jesus died for me, for me!"  
 And I with him  
 Do desire and long to be.  
 Closing are my eyes, O Zion;  
 How I love the house of prayer!  
 Trembling, praying, hoping, rising  
 With my brethren, still to share,  
 Lord, thy presence  
 Here, and soon in glory there.  
 Bedworth.

Closing are my eyes, friends round  
 me;  
 Earth is not design'd my rest;  
 Death nor hell shall e'er confound  
 me.  
 You I'd clasp now to my breast,  
 And to glory  
 With you fly to Jesus blest.

Closing are my eyes, dear traveller;  
 Through the furnace lies the way.  
 Fear not! Press on! God's our  
 helper;  
 Covet Jesus to obey.  
 May we ready  
 Be when he calls us away.  
 Who then, longer,  
 When he calls, on earth can stay?  
 Hallelujah!  
 Saints, ye hail that blessed day.

Farewell! With a hope so blessed,  
 Who can doubt his love at last?  
 Jesus, in thy arms caress us,  
 Through all storms do hold us fast;  
 Then receive us,  
 There to praise thee,  
 Evermore when time is past.  
 Friend of sinners,  
 On thee now ourselves we cast.

G. T. C.

JOSHUA signifies precisely what Jesus does in the Greek tongue, viz., SAVIOUR. (See Heb. iv. 8.) Both names were appropriate to the work in which they engaged, and the achievements which they obtained. In these only, as saviours, did they differ, that while Joshua had to do with the temporal salvation of the hundreds of thousands of the Israelites, Jesus came to save unnumbered hosts of believers from spiritual and eternal death.

GOD hath strength enough to give, but he hath no strength to deny. Here the Almighty himself, with reverence be it spoken, is weak. Even a child, the weakest in grace of his family that can but say, Father, is able to overcome him. And therefore let not thy faith discourage thee. No greater motive to the bowels of mercy to stir up Almighty power to relieve thee than thy weakness, when pleaded in the sense of it. The pale face and thin cheeks, I hope, move more with us than the canting language of a stout, sturdy beggar. Thus that soul that comes laden in the sense of his weak faith, love, patience, the very weakness of them carries an argument along with them for succour.—*Gurnall*.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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DECEMBER, 1858.

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MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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## IDOLS.

The natural and consistent question of "A Constant Reader," on the wrapper of the "Standard" for Sept., 1858, being worthy, from its importance, of a reply, the writer of "The History of an Idol" will endeavor to give an answer thereto in meekness and fear before God.

It is true, as stated in the said book, that "I was effectually delivered from the idol (painting) in the year 1848;" and it is equally true that I am as effectually kept in the power of that deliverance in the year 1858; nor have I once been ensnared again with the idols of art, since God enabled me, in his strength, to cast them away. To the praise of upholding grace and preserving mercy be it said, *that* idol has been "utterly abolished" in my heart.

But alas! woe is me; many, many others, unseen and unsuspected, but equally dangerous and much more deceptive, have arisen to distress me since then. I have lived to prove that the very nature of man is idolatrous altogether, and that the earthly creature will worship any image rather than God its Creator.

Thus subsequent discoveries by the teachings of the Eternal Spirit have revealed to me that the heart of man, like the Athenian city, is "wholly given to idolatry." Indeed, the very fact of God's saying, "From *all* your idols will I cleanse you," plainly bespeaks that we are not limited to *one*. And whether we know it or not, we may depend upon it "the land of our nativity," (that is, the nature we inherit and inhabit,) is "full of idols," and their chief defiling-place is the temple—our bodies. And as Ephraim was "bent on back-sliding," and we all are Ephraims at heart, we shall one and all go after our idols till the temple that shelters them is destroyed. Throughout our whole lives in the flesh, the creature which is subject to vanity, will, if that will is unrestrained by God, indulge itself in acts of idolatry. And though one Dagon that we set up may fall before the ark of the Lord, our ever-lusting dispositions will soon put it in repair again, or set up another in its stead. "High places" and "images" were not confined to the days of the prophets. Man in every age is the same, and the like thing happeneth unto all. It is only grace that makes a difference between the righteous and the wicked. And the righteous will act as do the wicked unless restrained by grace.

Thus we may rest assured that if the children of Israel ever did fall into idolatry, the children of Israel ever will, unless prevented

by the goodness of God. What a man is capable of doing once, he is capable of doing again, in some form or other, if the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ does not preserve him therefrom.

Thus, as a sequel to "The History of an Idol," I would say, that book unveiled but the contents of one secret room in the heart. Subsequent interpretations of sin-exposing truth have shown me that there are chambers of imagery in the human house of Israel, full of lustful idols; and that every fresh disclosure of its evils reveals greater abominations still.

O the awful pictures of self that have been shown to this son of man. Frightful exhibition! Every form of creeping things, answerable to sin in all its serpentine shapes, portrayed upon the walls of the heart. Hast thou seen these unclean creatures within, dear "Constant Reader?" Depend upon it, if thou knowest thyself, thou knowest me, and all the world besides. And I do assure you it is a bad sign when we can see a worse than ourselves. "Chief of sinners," is the language of the choicest saint whilst clothed with sinful flesh. Nothing but the mighty power of God will keep us from sinning, and the promised mercy of God preserve us from falling. Yea, nothing but the saving grace of God, in its dominion and divine ministration, will ever dethrone the wretched images of our hearts, or destroy their abominable idolatries.

To this grace and the power of it, this rich grace and the reign of it, I am now continually looking, and that with an increased intensity of desire, since the Lord has taught me how weak is the creature in the presence of strong temptation.

Surely we do well to take heed unto ourselves, and to trust in the Lord, since Satan, the great enemy of our souls, as old as the world in sin, and so well exercised in the art of subtlety, is ever going about seeking whom he may either devour by his burning flame—temptation, (Job xli. 21,) or destroy by his overwhelming flood—persecution. (Rev. xii. 15, 17.)

The flesh of man is always food for his insatiable hunger and thirst, in whom there is ever the ready element for his reception. Nor can it ever be said by any of the fallen sons and daughters of Adam, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." There is always a something in us, and a dreadful something too! Who can give it a name? Alas! its name is Legion, for it hath many; it may be an itching ear, a wanton eye, a froward mouth, a fiery tongue, a deceitful heart, a carnal mind, a fleshly will, a lustful thought, a wandering desire, a wicked imagination, or any sinful word or deed. Each and all are avenues for the entrance of Satan, who has idols and images for every sense and faculty of man.

Surely, surely we should fall and finally sink into hell if sin could abound over grace! But it is our mercy to know, as Paul saith to Titus, "The grace of God bringeth us salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And now I desire to thank "A Constant Reader" for his kind inquiries. I trust I am not among the number of those who "boast themselves of idols," but, as of the blood royal, belong to the kings of Israel, whose holy business it is to break them in pieces.



My subsequent history is a chequered scene,—hill and dale, cloud and sunshine, sorrow mingled with joy, and bitters interchanged with sweets; but in the midst of it all I can say, "It is well;" for God hath made the history of my goings to be swallowed up in the mystery of his grace. To his name be all glory and praise.

Chelmsford, Sept. 3rd, 1858.

JOSIAH.

## ALL IN LOVE.

Dear Friend,—I was sorry to hear that the Lord has seen fit to lay his afflicting hand on you; but these things shall all work together for your soul's good, and in the end the glory of God. Though the cup is bitter now, yet it will yield its sweets after the Lord has sanctified the affliction. I trust that this will find you much better. I have tried in my poor petitions to remember you at a throne of grace. We find that when Peter was cast into prison, prayer was made for him, and the Lord heard it, and the angel was sent to deliver him; yet before this it seemed impossible; but there is nothing too hard for our God. O for faith to believe it! Yet all the workings of our base hearts do not alter the truth. Two years back, the Lord, in love, was pleased to lay his hand of affliction on me; and what I passed through in mind, body, and soul, none knew but the Lord. My complaint got worse; and I was told that if it reached my head it would end in my death. I was kept in this state for two or three months. O the dejection of spirit! But there was a needs be, and it was not till three years after that I was enabled to see what it was; for how wonderful the Lord is pleased at times to work, and how many times I have thanked him for the very affliction. And not only in this, but in two or three furnace works. And though, to your view, all things in providence and grace seem making against you, it is in these very spots we prove the faithfulness of God to deliver us when driven up into a corner, and we cannot see any way of escape. Poor Abraham, when commanded to offer up his son Isaac, was just going to plunge the knife into his heart, and the next moment he would have been a lifeless corpse; but he that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. The angel cried, "Forbear; touch not thy son!" and Abraham turned round, and there was a ram caught in the thicket. Thus God tried Abraham's faith and honored it, for it was the gift of God. The ways of the Lord are often mysterious. You may be ready to say, "I see no need for this affliction;" but the time will come when you will behold that it was all in love. May the Holy Spirit enable you by faith to see Jesus as your Rock and Foundation of your hope; and may the Spirit dispel every dark cloud, and cause your soul to rejoice in God your Father; and thus may you for a short time be enabled to put your foot on the necks of all your enemies.

From Yours,

Jan., 1852.

T. S. S.

## ALONE AND NOT ALONE.

Dearest Friend,—I again take the pleasure of asking you how you do, but am almost afraid to hear the answer. May the dear Lord grant you a patient resignation to his blessed will; and may you feel that it has been for your soul's benefit. But what am I doing, to teach my dear friend? I have a great deal more need to be taught, and to put my mouth in the dust and cry, "Behold, I am vile;" for if ever any one was plagued with an evil heart of unbelief, I am; and sin is my daily pest and trouble. Would to God I could live without it. I feel the truth of that scripture, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." It is in truth; and I am sometimes tempted to think I am nothing but a hypocrite; but surely I could not be so awfully deceived. I cannot give it up; if I perish I perish at his dear feet; and never needy sinner perished there. I trust I have enjoyed his smiles; and when he withdraws them, my heart faints and doubts arise, and all the evil beasts of the forest creep out, and I am left alone. If I converse with worldly people it seems to bring a burden on my conscience, and something says, "You had better have been at prayer," and that sometimes seems a burden.

I seem a strange creature indeed. Did you, my dear friend, ever feel in this strange way? Do tell me, as you know I have no other creature but you I can tell my troubles to. I should like much to see you again, but think I shall not be able to come to your house on Sunday, as it makes the journey so long; but I got home very well last time, and was not so tired as I expected I should be. But I had precious company on the way, and that helped me on. If I feel his presence I want no other company.

That you may feel him near you, comforting you, is the desire of  
Your unworthy Friend,

M. S.

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## BECAUSE I LIVE YE SHALL LIVE ALSO.

My very dear Friend and beloved Brother in the Lord Jesus our precious Saviour,—I opened and read your epistle with delight, and from the scent of the Rose of Sharon inhaled a sweet smell, as from a bundle of camphire. O how tremblingly we go down into those deeps of affliction, fearing the everlasting arms are not underneath; but when we go down with the weights of despondency, guilt, and servile fear, and all seems lost and gone, while sinking fathoms in an instant, then a dead lift from these deeps causes us to cry out, "I cried unto thee out of the deeps, and thou heardest my voice," "thou drewest me out of many waters." The dear Lord and we get better acquainted; and "Thou hast known my soul in adversities," is our plea for further help; and while Satan, unbelief, and carnal reason attempt to rob God of his glory and us of his comfort in our deliverance, yet faith struggles to honor him to whom honor is due, and the Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth.

This increases faith, confirms hope, and brings patience for fresh trials; and when future fires are to be gone into, fresh enemies to conflict with, and love seems cold and corruption strong, then hope cheers and faith fights, being cheered by the promise, "In six troubles I will be with thee, and in seven I will not leave thee;" "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Yet often the hands hang down, the knees turn feeble, and it appears as if all has been begun and carried on hitherto in the flesh, and is likely to end there; but no, no; it cannot be. "Because I live, ye shall live also;" not live always rejoicing, but sometimes despairing of life, sometimes mourning an absent God, a plague in the heart; sometimes walking in darkness and in great fear, yet sometimes rejoicing and sometimes conquering; sometimes counting our wealth, weighing our honors, valuing our estates, and comparing our privileges; and admiring, adoring, and heartily blessing and praising a Three-One God for such wonderful grace as to look upon such poor worthless sinners as we are, and to love them so strongly, unchangeably, and freely.

"For who can half the wonders tell  
Of grace that saves our souls from hell?  
Or who the heights and depths can trace  
Of our Immanuel's free grace,  
Who by his blood hath wash'd us white,  
And made us precious in God's sight?"

I hope the dear Lord was with our dear sister and Mr. M. in the water; (I baptized one in the sea the same day at H. ;) and hope she will be enabled to adorn the doctrine of the gospel which she has openly espoused, as no doubt the fears she may have will be for the cause of the dear Lord. I hope brother S. and his wife will both be enrolled in the Lamb's book of life, and will be a comfort to the little flock. . . . God grant you every one a Benjamin's mess. . . .

God willing, I can come to begin with you on the 26th of September, and shall stay a month, if the dear Lord permit. Meantime, I hope the church will not cease both publicly and privately to cry to the dear Lord to come with me.

Believe me,

Very affectionately, Yours in the Lord,

Percy Main.

T. C.

JUST as the enemies of Gaza must have marvelled at Samson's escape, bearing on his shoulders the ponderous gates of the city, so marvelled both the soldiers and the Jews at the resurrection of Christ from the tomb, with the earthquake and glory with which it was attended. We shall not attempt to show the great disparity between Samson and Jesus, as one was the least perfect of Old Testament saints, and the other the source and pattern of unsullied purity and goodness. It may indeed be that many New Testament saints, under a more favorable dispensation, exhibit equal frailties to those displayed in the life of Samson. Our reply is, Jesus is the model of Christian excellency. We are called with a high and holy calling, and it behoves us to show forth a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ. While Samson acts as a beacon, let Jesus be the magnet, directing us to walk in his holy and heavenly steps.

**A LETTER FROM THE LATE W. HUNTINGTON  
TO W. WELDON, TRUMPET-MAJOR, 13<sup>TH</sup> LIGHT DRAGOONS,  
GEN. HILL'S DIVISION, PORTUGAL.**

Dear Sir,—The letter that you sent to me when stationed in Essex I did not answer, thinking a good man had no business in such a profession unless compelled, or else engaged in that sort of warfare previous to his call by grace. A man of God has enemies enough near home, and has need of the whole armor of God both offensive and defensive against those, without seeking for enemies in a strange land, or having recourse to carnal weapons. However, it is true that many of God's family have been called into the field of battle, especially among the Jews, and those who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." And of this be assured, there is no courage, valor, or fortitude, like that which is brought in by prayer; and you will find faith to be the best fighting hand, and Christ the best shield in the warfare: "Thou O Lord, art a shield for me, my glory, and the lifter up of my head;" "By thee I have run through a troop, by the help of my God I have leaped over a wall." And Jesus is the Captain of salvation, the Lord of hosts, and the God of armies still. "The horse is prepared for the battle, but every man's safety is of the Lord;" nor shall any one bow down to the slaughter but he, and only he, which God hath numbered to the sword. (Isa. lxxv. 12.)

A firm confidence in these things will furnish the soul with peace in the midst of war. Christ in the hand of faith is the whole of our armor, and he strengtheneth the wise more than ten men which are in the city. (Eccl. vii. 19.) Faith in Christ is of infinite use, not only in the business of salvation, but in every other employ or undertaking. It is the seed and life of God in man, and he claims it for his own treasure. The possessor of it is in alliance with the Almighty. All the promises of God in Christ are Yea and Amen to faith. Faith eyes them and respects them, pleads them, relies upon them, and is the substance of every blessing contained in the covenant of promise. Without this the heart and flesh must fail; for it is by faith we stand; and its risings and sinkings, its actings and its ceasing to act, are perceptible enough. Constant prayer increases it and strengthens it, and a clear conscience gives it boldness to plead, and plenty of power to act. Sin unrepented of and unpardoned makes the faith of a backslider cowardly, feeble, and timorous, being interrupted and clogged with the scruples, charges, misgivings, bitter reflections, and reproaches of conscience.

I am too far off to run in the trenches and shout for the battle; but my constant prayer is that God may go forth with our armies; and my daily inquiries are, "Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey?" (Judg. v. 30.)

The palm, the harp of God, and that victorious faith which overcometh the world be with thee. So prays thy Fellow-Soldier,

In the most just and most honorable of all Warfares,

Cricklewood, Nov. 24th, 1810.

W. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

## Obituary.

MRS. ROBERT MICHELSON, OF STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE.

(*Concluded from page 351*).

IN redeeming my pledge, and laying before the readers of the "Gospel Standard" the following Diary, in relation to the late Mrs. Michelson, I wish them clearly to understand that there was not the slightest thought or intention to make it public when in the first instance it was taken down. It originated thus. Her husband was desirous to preserve for his own comfort and that of the family some record of the last days of his poor afflicted wife. Without, therefore, letting her know what he was doing, he took occasion, as he sat in the room with her, to put down in pencil her exact words; and as she was unable to move herself in bed, he could easily do this without her noticing that he was so employed. When not able to effect this, he wrote it down as soon as possible afterwards. The chief value, then, of the following record is, that it is a faithful, literal transcript of what fell from her lips, for the exact words were at the very time taken down, and no reliance was placed on the memory. But as business required his absence a good part of the day from home, only a part of what dropped from her lips has been preserved. This, however, is, I trust, sufficient to show the reality of the work upon her soul. Among other evidences might be named the complete removal of the fear of death for more than a month previous to her departure, and the loosening of the ties which bound her to earth. And this is the more remarkable as she was most earnest in her desire to live during the former part of her illness, and was most anxious to try every plan that could be suggested by her medical attendants to promote her recovery; but all this was quite removed for some time before she departed. Towards the close she became more and more anxious to depart and be with Christ, entirely abandoned all thought or wish for recovery, and all she seemed to desire was a fuller manifestation of the Lord Jesus. Shortly before her death she gave the most minute directions about her funeral, expressing her wish to lie by the side of the babe which had been removed by death; said to the nurse, a short time before she died, "Nurse, you will lay me out;" and even spoke of who was to sign the register of her death. Her mother sat with her most part of the Saturday afternoon, the day before she died; but from weakness of body, and her voice being now reduced to a whisper, she scarcely spoke at all; but she beckoned her to come to her bedside, and whispered into her ear, "I have had such sweet words in my mind, 'Unto you which believe, he is precious.'" Her mother said, "Yes; unto them which believe, he is precious." But she answered, "No; unto *you* which believe, he is precious." She also said, "I have had these words,

'We shall be conquerors all, ere long,  
And more than conquerors too.'

Both her father and her mother were with her that afternoon; her father had to return to Oakham, but her mother slept at my house. About 5 o'clock the next morning, (Lord's Day, Aug. 8th,) she said to her husband, "Send for mamma," who went as quickly as possible after she received the message, and her uncle, who was also staying at my house, followed immediately afterwards. They were just in time to witness her last faint struggle, as was recorded in the last Number. But I will say no more, as I hope the following Diary will speak sufficiently for itself.

Stamford, Nov. 17th, 1858.

J. C. PHILPOT.

*A Short Account of some of the Dealings of the Lord with my dear Wife, Mary Michelson, commencing from the time of her return home after visiting her Relations at Oakham.*

May 27th, 1858.—“I feel thus towards God: I see him through Christ, and God also sees me through him, as if I stood thus,” which she described to me with her fingers on the bed in the following manner:

<i>Mary.</i>	<i>Christ.</i>	<i>God.</i>
“By looking in a straight line through Christ I see God.		God sees me through Christ.”

“I awoke one night repeating the word ‘Ebenezer,’ which was very strongly impressed upon my mind for some time afterwards.”

28th.—“I do not fear death; I feel sure I shall go to heaven; I hope it is not presumption in me to say so, but I feel quite comfortable.” I asked her whether she would not like some one to be with her when I was obliged to be absent from her on business. “No; I prefer being alone, as I can then lie and pray without interruption. I have done with the world; it is nothing to me. What need I care about what takes place in it?”

29th.—“I do not fear to die, but I want fresh manifestations.” She enjoyed Hymn 778 very much; it was greatly blessed to her. She said she derived great comfort from “Come and Welcome,” a small book by Bunyan, which was sent to her by her uncle, Wm. Tiptaft. She said, “‘As thy day so shall thy strength be,’ has been wonderfully carried out and blessed to me.” She read the first letter of a series of three in Newton’s Cardiphonia, entitled, “Grace in the Blade;” (Mark xiv. 28;) said it was beautiful; it quite settled her mind, and she felt great consolation from it as it described her feelings exactly.

30th.—She very much enjoyed Hymn 299. She said Mr. Hazlerigg described her feelings at Gower Street Chapel. She could go with him in his description of a living child of God. She said she had Christ carrying the saint over the river Jordan, mentioned in the latter part of the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” brought to her mind with great sweetness. She again derived great comfort from Hymn 778.

31st.—She said she had done with the world; she could give it up. What was it to her? But she desired to have a greater manifestation before she died.

June 1st.—She received a very nice letter to-day from Dr. Corfe, which gave her great comfort and consolation. She was very weak indeed to-day, and could not talk much.

2nd.—She spoke of Dr. Corfe’s letter, and said, “He writes so nicely; I cannot write so. I can do nothing but pray; yet I have a hope.” “At one time I thought how horrible to be left alone, and have the lid put on my coffin; what a dreadful thing was death to contemplate! But now it has no horrors for me; I do not care what becomes of my body.” I said to her, “No, so long as your soul is saved.” “‘Mary pondered these things in her heart,’ has been very sweet to me. Mary dwelt upon them and thought about them. I lie here and pray, but want fresh manifestations.” I said to her that the Lord would not bring her to this state and forsake her at last, but she must wait his time, for he will make himself known to her; it will be in his own time though, and when he pleases. She said she must wait for him, though he tarry. She was very low and faint to-day.

3rd.—She said she was very much affected by a sermon Mr. P. preached whilst she was at Oakham. She did not know where to find the words of the text in the Bible, and requested me to look for them. I found them for her, Luke xix. 19: “This day is salvation come to this house.”

4th.—I said, I hoped that when the Lord took her to himself, he



would leave some blessed testimony behind for the comfort and consolation of those friends left in this vale of tears. She said, "He is sure to do that." I was talking to her about our separation here; she said, "We shall meet again in heaven." She was rather better in health to-day. She said, "When I began to perceive that there was little hope of my recovery from this illness, I did not pray that I might get better, but that if I did live my life might be spent to the honor and glory of God." She said, when she felt herself a little better yesterday she was afraid she might recover again. After hearing some friends speak about spiritual things she said it made her feel herself so little.

5th.—She said she felt very comfortable in her mind this morning, and that she must wait until the Lord did appear for her, but she added, "Am I a child of God?" She said Mr. L. prayed beautifully for her yesterday; it remained with her until the present moment, for she could yet feel it. She said this evening that she kept praying but she could get no little token or manifestation; if she could she should be ready to die at once, for what was it to lie there to praising him in glory! She said she kept praying to him every five minutes, but all her prayers he shutteth out.

6th.—She said, "When I pray, I say, Lord, plant a godly fear in my heart." She said, "What a sweet hymn 412 is:

'What cheering words are these,'

also 320;

'God moves in a mysterious way.'"

She said the Lord was merciful and gracious to keep her free from pain. She said she hoped the Lord would have appeared for her whilst I was at chapel to-day (Sunday).

7th.—She said she had just read this verse with great sweetness (539):

"The time will shortly come,  
When you, with sweet surprise,  
Will find yourself at home  
With Christ above the skies,  
With him to live, with him to reign,  
And never, never part again."

8th.—She said she felt that the Lord would appear for her with a sweet manifestation before she died.

9th.—She said she always very much enjoyed reading the Obituaries in the "Standard," they were so sweet to her; she often prayed that her end might be like theirs. She said that she read the "Standard" nearly all day yesterday, and enjoyed it very much.

10th.—She awoke in the morning and said, "O the wonderful mercies of the Lord in giving me such a good night and refreshing sleep." She said she kept thinking about this passage of scripture where the Lord said, (John xx. 29,) "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet believed." She said she felt such a love towards Mr. P., because he took such an interest in the welfare of her soul, and prayed so nicely for her. She said, "Here I lie, waiting for a manifestation. I have faith on one hand and doubt and fear on the other; I believe he will come, but yet I keep doubting."

11th.—She opened the hymn book this morning, and read the verse with great sweetness, (533: 4,)

"His life he gave a ransom price,  
Resolved to set her free,  
And made her in his name rejoice  
To all eternity."

12th.—She said that she enjoyed the sermon very much that Mr. P. preached whilst she was at Oakham; it was about the inward and the

outward man; it appeared as if preached to herself. "To think," she said, "that that was the last sermon I was to hear preached!"

13th.—She enjoyed the 53rd of Isaiah very much. She said she should awake me in the night if she got a blessing. She said she was in such a happy state when she got to her own home after leaving Oakham. She said, "I dare not give up my hope, for I feel that I shall get a blessing."

14th.—She said, "I have had such a nice day with Mrs. —, who came to see me in the morning, and with Mr. P., who called to read and pray with me this afternoon." The above reading and prayer appeared to remain with her for some time with great sweetness, and gave her great comfort and consolation. She said she hugged the pillow yesterday, blessed the Lord, and was almost beside herself with delight, and then some one came into her room and interrupted her, and spoiled it all. She said she wondered when she should get worse in health, for then Christ would appear.

15th.—She said she read a beautiful piece in the "Standard" this morning, "The Blood and Righteousness of Christ," by J. K.; it was very sweet. Mr. L. offered up a very sweet prayer, which she said she enjoyed very much, and could not help talking about it with a considerable degree of pleasure for some time afterwards.

16th.—She said she had had a very sweet day with Mrs. —, who spoke of some of her experience, and it was in a great measure such feelings as she had witnessed in her own soul; she said she gave her such encouragement.

17th.—She said, "I bless the Lord for his mercies; I ought to be thankful for having had such a good night; how many poor creatures suffer great pain of body, which I do not. I feel so comfortable and have such a pleasurable sensation, although I have had no words applied to me. I could say to P., 'God bless you for coming to read to me!' I do feel such a love towards him for his sympathy towards me. I prayed on Saturday that I might be in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and I did enjoy what I read so very much!" She said Mr. P. spoke so nicely to-day about the thief on the cross. "It was," she said, "on the very last day that he was saved. I do feel so comfortable to-day."

18th.—She said, "When we think the Lord is farthest from us perhaps he is the nearest, and watching over us. I think I should not be always thinking of the Lord unless I was right with him. I know I cannot find help in any other than Christ."

19th.—She said she felt so hard, and appeared to get worse and worse. Did not feel in such a nice state as when she first came home, but she hoped she should be able to talk nicely to me at the last, (before she expired she meant.)

20th.—She read a very nice hymn, which she enjoyed very much, 401, 1st and 5th verses. Said it appeared such a time to wait for a manifestation.

21st.—Said she had felt more of a spirit of prayer to-day. Isa. xl. 11 had been very sweet to her: "He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom."

22nd.—Said, "I can pray sometimes, but feel very dark. I feel another spirit working within."

23rd.—I was out all day; had very little time for conversation with her. She said she read the Psalms with very great pleasure.

24th.—Said she had been in a very careless state about her soul. She had noticed through her illness that when she had got into a dull state in soul matters she always had some severe attack to bring her to her former feelings, and had no doubt she should now have some suffering as a punishment for her wickedness.

25th.—Said the Lord has his own time; I must wait until he appears. Enjoyed Mr. P.'s reading and praying very much; he read Ps. cxxx.

25th.—Said she had had such a nice sleep; every time she awoke she blessed the Lord, for she said it is such a mercy to have a good sleep. Said these words kept coming to her last night, "Israel will be glad, and Jacob shall rejoice;" she believed that it meant the people of God, and that her own family would rejoice when she got a blessing. Said she had read several nice pieces in the "Standard" to-day, and they all say they are dark and dull before a blessing. Said she often wondered whether what she had stated to me about seeing Jesus was really a manifestation or not; said it had been so strongly impressed upon her mind, but she feared to talk about it lest after all it should not have been anything.\*

28th.—Said she enjoyed hymn 909 very much indeed:

"Beneath thy fainting head  
Thy Father and thy Friend  
His everlasting arms has laid,  
To succor and defend."

Said she had read some most beautiful Obituaries in the "Standard." "They are such nice experiences, but I cannot look back, as they do, with such confidence and pleasure."

29th.—Said there must be some reality in her past experience; it cannot all have been nothing. She read Ps. cxix., and understood it better. Said reading the Obituaries gave her more hope. Enjoyed this verse very much, Hymn 386:

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Dear Jesus, set me free,  
And to thy glory take me in,  
For there I long to be."

Said she had more hope to-day and more spirit of prayer; felt as if the Lord would manifest himself to her before she died, and that the blessing would be very sweet at last. Had some sweet feelings of prayer to-day.

30th.—Felt very much worse in health to-day. Said she thought when she felt so ill that she was nearer heaven. Enjoyed Hymn 567, verse 5, very much:

"Worthy the Lamb, shall be my song,  
For he for me was slain;  
And with me all the heavenly throng  
Shall join and say, "Amen."

The above came to her this morning with very great sweetness.

July 1st.—Said how much more blessed she was on that sick bed than thousands who are enjoying the world. She enjoyed Mr. L.'s reading and praying very much.

2nd.—Said the Lord had brought her down so gently; said she did not suffer much pain. Her cough troubled her very much at times, and her side hurt her very much, but with those exceptions, she did not suffer.

4th.—She enjoyed the two following verses very much, Hymn 329, verse 4:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine;"

and Hymn 330, verse 6:

"Blest is the man, O God,  
Whose mind is stay'd on thee;  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see."

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\* What she said about this will be found in our last Number, p. 348.

She had a very distressing cough to-day, and could get no rest. Said she must bear all those sufferings, as it was good for her latter end.

5th.—A blank.

6th.—Yesterday I was obliged to leave a blank. What a dreadful day it was to me! Poor, dear Mary was very weak and exhausted with coughing, and the Lord did not appear to be with her. I could not get her to talk about spiritual things. When I found the day creeping on, and she said nothing cheering, I made it a matter of prayer; but the Lord would not hear me. I stood by her bedside and could not leave her, but the Lord would not give her a word to say. I thought what if the Lord should cut her off for ever, and me also. I asked the Lord this morning whether his mercy was clean gone for ever; and I opened the hymn book at 401, which I thought very suitable to my case. I then thought I must be a poor miserable sinner in his sight, and worse than nothing. I then opened the Bible at these words, (Prov. xiii. 7,) "There is that maketh himself rich yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor yet hath great riches," and I found great consolation from them, for I am sure I did not feel myself rich before God. I then thought of Ps. xlii. 11, and it was very sweet to me, "Why art thou cast down O my soul," down to "countenance and my God." I did hope that I might yet praise him whom my soul loveth, and that he would yet show forth his power and have mercy, and that I should yet have to rejoice for his bounteous dealings towards my poor dear wife and myself. But I must say no more about myself, but speak of the Lord's dealings with my poor wife. This day the Lord gave her a spirit of prayer and supplication, I hope in answer to my humble request. She said Mr. L. called upon her, and prayed so nicely; he was so in the spirit; she enjoyed it so very much. In the afternoon she lay very still for some time, and I asked her why she was so quiet; she said she was enjoying herself praying, almost like Mr. L.

8th.—"I am thankful for a good night's rest. The Lord does answer our prayers! Look what a good night I have had; how free from pain! I shall be glad to go, for no eye can see nor heart conceive the joy there will be above."

9th.—She said, "I have had Mr. Godwin to read to me; he read out of John; I enjoyed it. He did talk so nicely to me, I liked to hear him."

10th.—"I did pray so hard; I thought I was going without a manifestation."

11th.—"I did hope that the Lord would have given me a manifestation before this; I did pray so earnestly last night that I thought it must come, I begged so hard of Christ. I did so enjoy what Mr. Godwin read to me the other day; this part of it I liked so much, (John ix. 6,) "When he had thus spoken he spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay;" also verse 7: "He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing;" and verse 38: "And he said, Lord, I believe; and he worshipped him."

13th.—"I feel much worse in bodily health. When the Lord does appear for me I hope some one will be with me to enjoy it; I shall call out and bless the Lord. I keep thinking to myself how delighted I shall be when I get a manifestation. I long to be gone; I only want the Lord to appear. I have such union with Mr. L.; he prayed so earnestly. I could call God to bless him when I see him."

16th.—"I have had Mr. Godwin to read to me to-day. I felt so very ill, my chest hurt me so; I wished I might go. What a mercy it will be when I am gone! I did not like to hear papa and mamma say I might linger." She talked very much about the sermon Mr. P. preached

whilst she was at Oakham, about Zaccheus, and said, "I thought and felt as if it was all preached to me. I cannot forget my 'Ebenezer,' that I had in the night some time back."

18th.—She enjoyed very much what I read to her to day, but did not talk much. She said, "I often picture to myself my last moments, after I have had a blessing, how nicely I shall talk to you, and shake hands, and bid you good bye."

19th.—"When I am worse in health I have more a spirit of prayer."

20th.—I read John xiv. to her. She said, "There are such promises in that chapter."

21st.—"I awoke with these words last night, 'The marriage supper of the Lamb,' and, 'As the outer man perisheth, the inner man is renewed.'"

22nd.—"It is wonderful how I am favored!"

23rd.—"Mr. Godwin read some nice pieces to me to-day, but I was so unwell that it was almost too much for me. How I have prayed this afternoon! I wish I could feel on fire, and burn with love! I wish I was gone."

24th.—"Every day brings me nearer to heaven. When I feel very bad, how it makes me pray!"

25th.—What a number of weeks I have waited for a manifestation. I sometimes wonder whether it is a delusion. I keep wondering when it will come. Every night I say to myself, Will it come to-night? and when morning comes, Will it be to-day? I shall be glad when I am gone. If this should be a blessed day to me! It is not too late yet."  
(8.5 p.m.)

27th.—"I thank the Lord that I have had a good night—such a comfortable one. I praise the Lord for his goodness. I feel in such a comfortable state. Mr. L. has been to read to me; I like him so much. I keep saying, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.' 'I love the Lord, because he has heard my supplications;' he has heard them, or I should not be here. I felt such a happy sensation this morning, as if I could adore, bless, and praise his holy name. I thought it was a foretaste of something better."

28th.—"I feel sure we shall meet again in heaven. I felt in such a state yesterday that I thought the blessing would have come. I have had such a nice day; I kept dozing, and every time I awoke with a portion of scripture. Once I awoke whilst singing,

'Glory, honor, praise, and power,' &c.

I am very weak, but feel happy and comfortable. I cannot keep waking up with these words unless there is something in it."

29th.—She was very weak indeed to-day, and could scarcely speak. She said, "I am in a very comfortable and nice state. When the Lord blesses me I am ready to go. I am very much worse to-day in bodily health, but very comfortable in mind."

30th.—Although suffering from pain and weakness, said she feared she had not had sufficient trials.

31st.—"I feel very comfortable in my mind; I am full of hope."

Aug. 1st.—"I was very weak in the night; I thought I should have had to awake you. I awoke with such a pleasurable sensation, and had some nice words, but cannot remember them; I wish I could." Did not wish me to read to her, saying her head was too bad to bear it. She read to herself Mr. P.'s last sermon, No. 8, and some hymns. "I have had a very nice feeling, but no manifestation. I kept awaking with portions of scripture, but cannot remember them."

2nd.—"I feel much worse in body, but am very comfortable in mind. I feel pleased when I am a little worse."

3rd.—She was very low and weak indeed to-day. She said, “I feel very comfortable and happy in my mind. I feel it such a happy thing to be able to lie awake all night without complaining.” I offered to read to her, but she was too weak to bear it. I asked her if she felt any pain. She said, “No, the Lord is wonderfully merciful. I have a great deal to be thankful for in being able to bear so cheerfully all my sufferings; it must be the Lord who causes it; he must be with me, or I could not do it.”

4th.—“I do suffer so much from my cough and weakness, I think I must cry soon.” She had a very bad night, was very weak, and coughed distressingly, and had little sleep. I asked her this afternoon how she felt in her mind, whether she was comfortable or no; she said, “I am ready to go.”

5th.—Said she was very happy and comfortable in her mind, and promised if she had any manifestation that she would, if possible, let me know. She said she was pleased to hear her father say she should not be here long. Said she had faith.

6th.—I asked her if she was comfortable, and had had any nice feeling in the night. She said that she could pray, and then wished she was gone. Mr. L. read this morning and prayed so nicely, she enjoyed it very much. She said, “I feel so very comfortable, as if the Lord was with me. What a mercy it will be to go. I can leave you, for I know that you will follow me. I am only going before.”

7th.—“These words came to me in the night:

‘We shall be conquerors all ere long,  
And more than conquerors too.’

These words came to me several times: ‘Unto you that believe, he is precious.’ ‘The Lord is nigh unto them that fear him,’ has been very sweet to me to-day. How nice it is to have these words come to me. I hope I shall soon be gone, and sing praises in heaven.”

As the closing scene was given in the last Number, p. 351, it is not here repeated.

R. M.

SATURDAY, May 26th, 1798.—As miserable as a poor wretch under sentence of death. My sins stare me in the face. Conscience pursues me, go where I will or say what I will. If I am at work, I am caught up in my words, as David says, (Ps. lvi. 5,) “They mark my steps.” (Also Ps. lvi. 6,) The more careful I am the more I stumble. I hate myself as I hate the devil. I am a mass of corruption. Sometimes I think if I were to go on anyhow, and run all risks, I should be better; but then I cannot smother my conscience. Go where I will, and be as honest and upright as I may in the world, still my conscience is flogging me. I have a secret hope at the bottom that I shall not always go on so; though when temptation comes I am ready to join it, and have more desire for it than to pray against it. O what would I give for a real sight of God smiling in the person of Christ! I have had many foretastes; but for this month past I have been going on as I now speak. If I attempt to pray, a hard heart, a guilty conscience, and the devil hurry me off my knees; and unbelief says, “You will not be answered.” If I attempt to read the Bible, it is a sealed book; if Mr. Huntington’s works, I am so stupid I cannot understand them. The turn of a straw will set all my corruptions boiling. O Lord, bless what I shall hear to-morrow; and, if it be thy will, grant that the marriage knot may be tied. O for a conspicuous deliverance!—*John Rust.*



## INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—The heavenly-minded Mr. Janeway, who lived 200 years ago, in order to show the vanity of ordinary conversation among Christians once sat down and silently wrote in shorthand their discourse in his presence for some time together, and then read the paper to them, asking them whether their conversation was such as they should be willing God should record, and whether they did not know that they must give an account of every idle word at the day of judgment. Now, as my own mind has been at times much exercised on this subject, you will oblige me by stating, for the edification of myself and others, how far, and in what sense, the following words are applicable to, and should influence the conduct of, the children of God; especially bearing in mind the force of the expression, “by thy words thou shalt be justified,” as contained in the 37th verse. “But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment; for by thy words thou shalt be *justified*, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” (Matt. xii. 36, 37.)

I beg, in conclusion, that you will not suppose me to be one who trusts in anything short of the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ for justification before God, or that I am one who mingles faith and works, though I cannot separate them; for if the tree be good, the fruit will certainly be good also.

May the Lord continue to bless your labors, so that in you may be more and more fulfilled the words of the Apostle Paul to Titus, “In doctrine showing incorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned.”

W. P.

## ANSWER.

We have ourselves been often grieved and pained by the light, trifling, and carnal conversation of some who profess, and we dare not say do not possess the grace of God. The root of this “vain conversation” lies deep in the carnal mind, and, when not restrained by the fear of God in lively exercise, springs up like a nettle by the hedge, or charlock in the unweeded field. We need, then, the special grace of God to set a watch over the door of our lips, and rather be silent than wound our own conscience and grieve or stumble the saints of God by allowing the folly of our carnal mind to ooze and dribble out of our lips.

But the question put by our correspondent is rather in reference to our Lord’s words, “By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” Now the answer to this inquiry embraces a large field, as it respects not only words but actions, and not only of some men but of all men. We believe, then, that there will be a justification by words and works as well as a condemnation. This is clearly revealed (Matt. xxv. 31–46) in the parable of the sheep and the goats. Before the Son of man, sitting on the throne of his glory, will be gathered all nations, and he will separate them as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. Judgment is passed on

both; but on what grounds? Works. What works? Works of faith and love which the sheep performed, but the goats did not. It will thus be seen in that day that none but Christ's people ever performed good works, and that they did perform them. In the same way account is taken also of their words, and on similar grounds. By words of faith are they thus openly justified as well as by works of faith—words and works being alike evidences of the faith from which they sprang. The prayers, the praises, the spiritual conversation of the saints are now despised, but then they shall be openly acknowledged as fruits of faith.

On the same ground will idle words be taken, in the case of the reprobate, as evidences against them. And is not all this perfectly just and right? Should not the Lord own at that day the lips that have praised him, spoken well of his name, and confessed him before men? And should he not justly condemn the lips that have blasphemed him, and moved only in the service of sin and Satan? We well know that justification stands on higher grounds, even the blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ; but there is a justification before assembled worlds, when it will be made clearly manifest that the righteous alone have ever performed good works, for they alone did them from right motives, by right impulses, and for right ends; and that they alone spoke good words, for none but they spoke them from a spiritual influence, for the benefit of Christ's people, and to the glory of God. In this sense we understand the text quoted by our correspondent, and think that, thus interpreted, it affords a spiritual meaning, and clashes with no gospel truth.

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I SEE more and more the value of an everlasting gospel, and the insufficiency of a form of sound words, without the power of God to humble, to support, to keep, to comfort, and to rule and govern the soul. Head notions make no encroachments on the territories of Satan; and as he sustains no loss, he raises no opposition.—*Huntington*.

THE notion of eternity is difficult. As Austin said of time, "If no man will ask me the question, what time is, I know well enough what it is; but if any ask me what it is, I know not how to explain it; so may I say of eternity; it is easily in the word pronounced, but hardly understood, and more hardly expressed; it is better expressed by negative than positive words. Though we cannot comprehend eternity, yet we may comprehend that there is an eternity; as, though we cannot comprehend the essence of God, what he is, yet we may comprehend that he is; we may understand the notion of his existence, though we cannot understand the infiniteness of his nature; yet we may better understand eternity than infiniteness. We can better conceive a time with the addition of numberless days and years than imagine a Being without bounds; whence the apostle joins his eternity with his power: 'His eternal power and godhead,' (Rom. i. 20,) because next to the power of God, apprehended in the creature, we come necessarily by reasoning to acknowledge the eternity of God. He that hath an incomprehensible power must needs have an eternity of nature; his power is most sensible in the creatures to the eye of man, and his eternity easily from thence deducible by the reason of man. Eternity is a perpetual duration, which hath neither beginning nor end: time hath both."—*Charnock*.

## REVIEW.

*Memoirs of Elizabeth Cairns. Written by Herself. London: Nisbet and Co. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.*

(Concluded from page 323.)

THERE is a great tendency in our mind to reduce every thing and every person to a certain fixed model. We have all of us certain modes of thought and of expression which, because they accurately represent our own views and feelings, are, as if instinctively, applied by us as rules of measurement to others with whom we may be brought into contact. Assuming that we have truth on our side, and that we possess a spiritual judgment in the things of God, this fixed rule of measurement is not only necessary to the guidance of our steps, but highly and indisputably right. How can we “approve things that are excellent,” or “try things that differ,” (Phil. i. 10, *margin*,) unless we have a standard of truth and error, of good and evil, set up in our judgment and conscience? We shall make the grossest mistakes if we have not a spiritual discernment bestowed upon us to prevent us calling evil good and good evil, and putting darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. Definite words and phrases are but the outward expression of this inward standard of measurement. Truth, like law, or science, or mechanical arts, being fixed and definite, has its own peculiar and appropriate language, for the most part purely scriptural, and therefore beyond all controversy sound and unexceptionable. Men professing truth are often accused of using a certain set of words and phrases and no others, in preaching or writing, to communicate their thoughts, views, and feelings. As these expressions convey no definite ideas and embody no sweetness or power to the carnal mind, it grows weary of this sameness, and feels it irksome and repulsive. Many have thrown aside our pages with contempt and disgust, on the ground that the pieces, the letters, the obituaries, &c., are all so similar, and run so much in the same channel. “The dying persons,” say they, “use almost the same words; we cannot, therefore, receive them as genuine. The writers of letters fall into the same phrases; so that when we have read one we have read the whole. We cannot understand it, and do not know what to make of it; but we must confess it has to us a very suspicious appearance.” Apply this objection to a parallel case. You, your wife, and your children are all ill at the same time of the same complaint. You have been all eating Bradford lozenges; or a typhus fever, or cholera, or a smart attack of influenza has laid you all on a sick bed. When the doctor comes to see you, must you have one set of phrases to describe your symptoms and sufferings, your wife another, and the children another? Why should not you, your wife, and the children all tell in the same simple, expressive words that your head aches, your face burns, your chest is sore, your cough incessant, your thirst great, and your sleep little? And should the remedies be blessed, do you all want next morning three sets of

phrases to tell the doctor that you have had a good night, that your headache is gone, your face cooler, your cough looser, and that his medicine has done you a great deal of good? Apply this little parable to the matter before us. If the children of God all feel the same malady of sin, have the same symptoms, and the same sufferings, and if they are blessed and benefited by the application of the same remedy, the blood, and love, and grace of Christ, what objection is there to the description of them in the same language? and if this language be scriptural, and as such inspired and sanctioned by the Holy Ghost, must they come to you for a different vocabulary because these phrases pall on your ear by their constant sameness? Does the doctor act on your principles? To him does not sameness of language rather testify to sameness of suffering? and would not studied variety of expression imply sham rather than real illness? It is true that in all this sameness of expression there may be occasional cant, hypocrisy, and imposture, for words are easily caught up; but, as all the counterfeit sovereigns and half-crowns in circulation neither invalidate nor impair the genuine coins, of which they are base imitations, so should a canting letter or hypocritical piece get by mistake into our pages, it does not overthrow or injure those communications which are spiritual and sincere.

We are then decidedly in favour of "a form of sound words," whether in preaching or writing; and we much suspect the reality of that profession which, under the pretence of an irksome sameness, would discard the scriptural words and phrases which the saints of God have ever used as means of expressing the truth as it is in Jesus, and their experience of its power, with the varied feelings of the soul. The first symptom usually of a man having imbibed an error is his cavilling with received expressions, for he instinctively feels that these stand in his way as bulwarks against his new views; and we may, therefore, lay it down for the most part as a safe rule that error and heresy are generally conched under a repugnance to scriptural or generally received phrases, and that their irksomeness is not because of their sameness, but because of their soundness. We can say for ourselves that, after many years' study and reading, which have given us at least a tolerable acquaintance with the words and phrases of the English language, we can find no better expressions than the simple and often sublime language of our Bible; and for the most part no safer or sounder words than those in which the poorest and most uneducated saint of God expresses his feelings when the Lord is with his soul to visit and bless. It must be so; truth wants no embellishment; its own beautiful simplicity is its best recommendation; and the mind that would quarrel with truth because it is so much the same, might quarrel with its daily bread because it has the same taste, with its daily bread because it has the same flavor, with its daily air because it has the same purity.

But having thus guarded ourselves, as far as we can, on one side, we will now take a survey in another direction, for there are few subjects which do not admit being viewed in different lights and from an opposite quarter. It may be, then, that a real saint of God, one

evidently under the teaching and influence of the Blessed Spirit, may not express himself exactly in the language which has become most familiar to our ears, or which is most in harmony with the standard of truth and experience set up in our own heart and conscience. It may even be scriptural and experimental, but the mode of expression shall be somewhat different. Must we shut our eyes at once against it, and condemn it forthwith, without judge or jury, because it is not exactly our language, or does not come up to the true standard, from which it must not vary an inch, and which we always carry about in our breast, as the carpenter his two-foot rule in his side-pocket? Would not that be an error in the other extreme, and be constituting ourselves a pope, seated in an infallible chair? If grace dictate the speech, if the words be scriptural, and the experience sound and savory, are we not bound to receive it? If coined in heaven's mint, must it not be good coin, though not exactly the same in size, weight, and colour as we are every day seeing or handling? But let us go one step farther. Suppose that, with these coins presented to our acceptance, some are of base metal—not feloniously uttered, but innocently offered, the offerer not knowing their worthlessness or counterfeit nature. Now if we believe the utterer not to be acting fraudulently, ought we to send for the policeman, and give him into custody as a felon, or quietly to pick out the bad money, for the coins are but few and of small nominal amount, and throw them into the fire?

Do our readers see our meaning, or to what all this is introductory? It is intended, then, not merely as a general piece of counsel, to be made use of as circumstances call for it, but as a special word of admonition, not to send to jail Elizabeth Cairns, because in her experience in the little work before us, this honest, simple-minded Scotch girl, who, from six to near sixteen, was herding or shepherding in the lone moors, with only a little girl for her companion, does not speak and write in the language of Hart and Huntington.

But, besides this, the times were different, and her teachers tinged with much of that legality of expression, if not of spirit, which is so visible in almost all the Puritan writers. Now look at the following extract, and see how truth and error, flesh and spirit, are mixed in it:

“After this my parents were going to partake of the Lord's Supper, and they advised me to go with them; so I set about preparation and self-examination, in which I came to some composedness of mind, and a reflex light was sent me, by which I did go back to the morning of my day, and got a view of my sins, both of omission and commission, and was made to examine my state by those marks of grace given in the Scriptures, as also to examine my duties, both as to number, matter, and manner of performance, and all this with enlargement and brokenness of heart in prayer. The place where the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated was a good way off. On the preparation day, the two texts were wonderfully ordered for me; the one was for my trial, the other for my consolation. The one was, ‘Who is this that engageth his heart to approach unto me? saith the Lord.’ (Jer. xxx. 21.) The other was, ‘For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, might not perish, but have everlasting life.’—(John iii. 16.) This was a sweet day to me; but on the Sabbath morning I was sore straitened, for I could neither pray nor meditate; in the first sermon I was again revived; the text was, ‘Unto you, O men, I call; and



my voice is to the sons of men.'—(Prov. viii. 4.) The whole of the sermon was good; there was a word in the close of the sermon with which I hope power came, the word was, 'Take Christ in the arms of thy love, and thou shalt have Him.' With this light there shined a light in my soul, and immediately I arose, and went to the table, believing it would be as the minister said. And while I was partaking, there shined a light into my soul, more bright than the former, and continued in less or more for the space of half-a-year. Oh, this was a sweet feast to me! And so I came from this solemnity, with my soul lifted up in the ways of the Lord, and running swiftly in the ways of duty."

Here is this good little girl setting about preparation and self-examination for the Lord's Supper, examining her duties,\* both as to number, matter, and manner of performance, as if right performance of duties gave her a right title, in part at least, to that holy feast. What a spirit of legality and bondage must have pressed her down when she sat down to examine her prayers and her performances! And yet with all that, what sincerity and grace shine forth! The Lord indulged her with a smile, not for her duties, but from his own mercy and love.

The next trial that Elizabeth had to pass through was one common to many of the Lord's people. It was to have some evidence whether she had passed under the Law, and had spiritually felt its bondage, condemnation, and curse. But she shall describe her trial in her own simple expressive language:

"I remember it was my ordinary way to try myself by what I had heard, and there was one thing I still did miss in my experience, which was that I had never gone through a law-work, nor known what a spirit of bondage was, except some short convictions, and immediately got an outgate† again. So when I heard the way of the Spirit of God, His preparing the soul before it embraced Christ held forth in the Gospel, I thought all that I had met with was far short, and that one in nature, by common operations, might attain to all that I had attained to. By this I razed all my hopes, and it pleased the sovereign Lord to withhold those comfortable blinks‡ of divine light and power that I was wont to enjoy; yet, nevertheless, a merciful and gracious God was pleased to manifest the sovereignty of his grace and mercy to me, one of the vilest of Adam's degenerate posterity, in opening my eyes to see a deeper sight of my natural state than ever I had seen. Now I was led to see what a happy creature man was when he came out of the hands of his Maker, and that he was both able and willing to serve his God in all things that he required, without the least breach or failure, as is evident from his first creation, being created after the image of God, as is clear from Gen. i. 26, 27. But, by the entrance of sin, this beautiful and shining creature, that was the noblest piece of all the lower creation, now became the vilest of all creatures, and instead of the image of God, he now got on the image and livery of the devil, and God becomes his enemy, casts him out of his favor, and draws the sword of justice against him; and also the law, with all its curses is against him, and, oh, now he is made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, and to all the wrath and curse of God in hell to all eternity, as is clearly held forth, Gen. iii. All this was set before me, and I was made to go through every step of man's misery with application to myself, by which I came under such awful impressions of the holiness and righteousness of God, as if I had seen the sword of justice drawn and pointed against me, and as if hell had been open before

\* The apostle bids us examine ourselves whether we be in the faith, but does not bid us examine our duties to prove we are so. These two things, we need hardly remark, very widely differ.

† An escape or deliverance.

‡ Gleams, rays of light.



me, and I justly deserving to be cast into it; this being so strongly impressed on my mind, I was seized with great terror. But it pleased a merciful and gracious God to cover these fearful and terrible views from my mind in some measure, yet got no sensible outgate, but remained for several days in great terror, fearing every moment that the earth would open and swallow me up. Yet, for all this terror and confusion that I was in, there was a light in my mind, leading me back by reflection on the former discoveries I had got of the way of salvation by Christ, but I still cast all away, because I thought all my former experience were but common workings of the Spirit, and that which one in a natural state might attain unto. There was also a broad sight of my actual sin laid before me; here I saw that many a bitter fruit of actual transgression had sprung from the cursed root of original corruption, and I was made to mourn over all my prayers and sweet hours as nothing, yea vile, without God and his grace in them."

We pass over how she got some relief from her distress, through the application to her soul of John xiv. 6, to give an extract, in which she mentions a sweet deliverance, of a more clear, powerful, and enduring character than any she had before experienced:

"After this, I compared myself with those marks of grace given in Scripture, according to the conditional promises. Here I was led back by a reflex light, to the dyke, the stone, and the hill-side, places where I had been informed in the way of salvation by Christ, and had felt the power of grace determining my soul to embrace him, as the forementioned light cleared up to me by the Scripture. Here I thought to have founded my faith and hopes of salvation by this rational reduction, because I found in my experience those marks of grace that the conditional promises did require; and while I was comforting myself with these things, that question was brought to me, 'Did you not cast away all those former attainments as delusions, and as what one in nature might attain to, and how dare you then venture to comfort yourself by them?' With this again I razed my hopes, and for all that Christ had done for sinners, I could take no comfort, because I could not win to know if I was one of them the Father had given to the Son to be saved by him.

"After this, I was in great distress for several days, still crying to God for an outgate; so it pleased a gracious God to display his sovereignty for my relief, which was one night in secret prayer. I was so raised in my soul that in some measure, I may say, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; but this I do remember, I was turned to behold the glory from which there shined a light into my soul that strengthened and capacitated it to behold glorious objects and inexpressible mysteries that were represented to my view; and here I was allowed, as it were, to come near God, and got a soul-satisfying blink of his glory, and would have been content to have lived so to eternity. And while I was thus beholding and enjoying, it was darted into my mind, as if a voice had spoken to me, 'Thy name is written among the living in Jerusalem,' and immediately the veil covered the glory which I beheld. After all this, there remained a light on my soul for a whole year; but sometimes it shined brighter than at other times.

"Lo, here my question was answered, and I believed that my name was written among them that were given by God the Father to the Son, to be saved by him, according to the covenant of redemption. Here I desire to lay my hand on my mouth, and say no more as to those great mysteries I was allowed to behold; for I am persuaded they are better felt than can be told. For my mind could never indite, much less my pen write, what I was allowed to behold. 'O the height, the depth, the breadth, and the length, of this love of God that passeth knowledge,' in condescending so far to one of the vilest of all the race of Adam, who never deserved a blink of his reconciled face, much less to have the veil as it were rent, and to get such a view of manifested glory! But in none of all those attainments do I desire to glory, but in a reconciled God in a Mediator, for a portion to my soul in time and for eternity. And thus ends the eighteenth year of my age. This year, places,

and times, I desire to remember as long as I live, which were my Bethels and my Peniels, because there I had so great discoveries of God, and my life was preserved."

During this period of her life, the time of her espousals, she was favoured again and again in her soul as few saints of God are. Thus she writes:

"Those scriptures, and many more, were made the matter of my meditation, and frequently there shined a light on my soul when I was thus meditating that represented to my view inexpressible mysteries, so that I would have forgotten where I was and what I was doing. And thus when the veil was drawn aside, and I allowed to come to the threshold of the door, as I thought, allowed to behold the glory of the higher house, I would fain have been in; but, alas! I behoved to come down again; and I cried, 'O death, death, when wilt thou come, and when will the veil rend, and never return to cover the glory again?' This made me undesirous to keep company, or yet to follow my employment, which brought me in a great strait. So I went to God with those words in my mouth, that if he would not take me out of the world, he would give me two capacities, or a strength of mind, one to serve him, and another to serve the world. And accordingly as I asked he answered me, so that immediately after he endued me with a strength of mind by which I could accomplish my business and yet keep up my intercourse with heaven; so that even in time of harvest, when there was no absenting from company, nor yet time for prayer, yet when I lifted up my head with my handful to lay it in the sheaf, I would have sent up a short prayer, in which time there shined rays of divine light that filled my soul with sensible manifestations of divine love; and when I was thus engaged in company, and could not win out of hearing their idle and vain talking, I would have been as one deaf, while my meditation was taken up in maintaining my intercourse with God; yet at that time there was as much reason given me as guided my hand in my employment."

One more manifestation must here suffice:

"I remember one Sabbath morning, it was remarkable to me, when I awaked out of sleep I began in meditation on the covenant of redemption, and there shined a light into my soul, by which I got a view of the glorious contrivance of redemption and wonderful transaction between God the Father and God the Son: here my soul was brought to such a capacity and strength so as to get a view of what the Father demanded of the Son, and proposed to him concerning man's redemption, as also the Son's sweet compliance with every particular required in that covenant, as in Ps. xl. 6-8: 'Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears has thou opened; burnt-offering and sin-offering has thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart.' My mind could never indite, nor my pen write, what here I was allowed to behold.

"From this I was left to view the covenant of works, and man's happy state in paradise before he fell, and how he fell, and his misery after he fell; and from this I was led to behold the glorious covenant of redemption, as displayed in a covenant of grace, and revealed to Adam immediately after he fell, in those words: 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent.' (Gen. iii. 15.) All this I was led to see in meditation before I arose that morning; so after I arose, I went to secret prayer, and there I was led to see the covenant of grace in a deeper view than ever formerly I had seen it.

"Here I saw that all that passed between the Father and the Son in the covenant of redemption was displayed and applied to the believer in the covenant of grace; and here also I got another sight of my name in it; as also I felt a power bringing up my soul to a compliance with every particular therein represented to the view of my faith.

"Those glorious mysteries so filled my soul with joy, wonder, and praise, that I was made with the psalmist (Ps. cxlviii. throughout) to invite all the creation, heavens, earth, seas, and all things therein, to join with me in prais-

ing. And I came from that place and that prayer in the clear view and felt impression of those glorious mysteries, so that I was forced to lay my hand on my mouth, and hold in my voice. For when I came to the family and saw my relations, I would have heartily invited them to join with me in the praises of free grace; but I had no will to discover myself to the world."

Now must we not say that this poor Scotch girl was eminently favored, and that there is a power, reality, and savor resting on her words which much commend it to the conscience, though there may be expressions in it different from the usual language of experience with which we are most familiar?

But some of our readers will be saying, But where were her trials? What did she know of the dark side? Did she go on all through her life thus favored and blessed? Indeed she did not. She had her bitters as well as her sweets, her deep waters, her hot fires, her deserts, and her hells, as well as her smiles, her kisses, her manifestations, and her heavens. For three years then, chiefly through the powerful temptations of Satan, that is, from the twentieth to the twenty-third year of her life, she walked under the hidings of God's face, in the greatest darkness of soul, and very great consequent distress of mind. During this period Satan was permitted to harass her with the most infernal temptations, presenting himself to her imagination in various shapes, and most especially assaulting her when engaged in secret prayer. But her fourth year was the worst of all:

"Thus passed these three sad years of my life. Now three years of this dark cloud are over, but, alas! the fourth year was darker than they all, for now I was not only deprived of the blinks of divine light, and of the sensible smiles of my Beloved, but also of the sensible exercise of all grace and all duties I had been exercised in; and this was not all, but the chain of the devil was let out, and all the troops of infernal spirits, and swarms of lusts, members of the body of death, did gather themselves together against me. This did holy Sovereignty see meet to permit for ends known to himself. Here I stood, stripped naked of all my armor as to my sense, and exposed to the open field of temptation, where I endured the thunderbolts and fiery darts of the devil; yet, notwithstanding all these, I was allowed to hold fast my grips of an interest in the covenant.

"One day, as I sat down to read my Bible, the tempter bade me cast it away,—it was not only once or twice he did so, but for many days he continued calling me to cast it away; and I was so far deprived of my armor that I could do no more to resist him but hold my Bible with both my hands, and weep over it.

"Another day, as I was lamenting my wearied life when compared with the life I lived formerly, the tempter came with that temptation, 'Curse the day wherein thou wast born;' and I could say no more against him but this, 'Oh! shall that which was Job's sin be my duty?' Thus I went for several days, thinking still my mouth would open and curse my day, but I desire to bless the Lord, who preserved me, for I do not remember that ever I opened my mouth, or yet gave the least consent to this temptation: this was still presented to me, 'Oh, shall that which was Job's sin be my duty?' Yet the tempter continued from day to day, so that the poison of his arrow was like to drink up my spirits, and I thought it was with me as it was with those people, 'In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning! for the fear of thy heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.' (Deut. xxviii. 67.) But that which was worse than all this, my glorious Redeemer did still hide his face from me, and the spirit of prayer was withdrawn, and the sword of the Spirit, the word of God, was turned to be a dead letter; yet when I was in this sad condition, my soul clave to God, and said,

‘Although thou shouldest kill me, yet will I trust in thee.’ (Job xiii. 15.) Thus I was allowed to hold fast my interest in God, as my covenanted God, notwithstanding all that was come on me.

“After this, the tempter came with that temptation, and said, ‘Murder thyself, for thou needest not fear, thy eternal interest is secured.’ This temptation he continued for many days.

“One day I was praying alone in a secret place, and he set violently upon me, and presented to me both conveniency and instruments to murder myself; upon this I was forced to fly out of the place. Another day, I was going some space of way myself alone, and in the way there was a ditch of water, where he set violently on me to drown myself, busking\* his temptation with this: Thou needest not fear; thou wilt immediately go to heaven, and the world will never know what is become of thee.’ Oh! now I was like to go distracted, for I could give no resentment†; but I was kept from yielding to him, and helped by an unknown support of an Almighty God to resist the temptation in all its appearances.”

It was, however, full seven years before she got fully delivered—seven long years of dreary desertion, with occasional glimpses of love and mercy to keep her from despair. Though we have given more extracts than our space readily allows, we cannot leave her under the dark cloud :

“After this, one day as I was in prayer, it pleased a sovereign and gracious God, as it were, to rend the veil, where I met with a renewed discovery of a glorious Christ, in the sweet rays of his glory and manifestations of his divine love that ravished me and brought me near hand, and so filled me with such a sense of his love that I could hold no more.

“So I remained as if I had been in possession for some time, but what I here both felt and saw I will neither word nor write, and so the veil returned and covered the manifested glory I then beheld. And when I saw the light of this world again, I earnestly desired to be dissolved, that so I might win‡ to behold the bright and glorious face of my Redeemer, and swim in his infinite fulness to all eternity. And while I was thus breathing after perfection, that word, ‘Here am I, send me,’ (Isa. vi. 8.) came with such power and rebuke that I immediately applied it to myself, and thought it was my duty to say with the prophet, ‘Here am I, send me,’ about whatever the Lord had yet to do with me in this world; either in the way of duty, or yet in the way of suffering, it was still my duty to be at his call.”

There was something very remarkable connected with the publication of the above memoir.

When she was about 46 years of age a fire broke out in a house where she had left the papers containing the Lord’s dealings with her soul. These were saved, with other things, but unknown to her were copied and spread abroad. As her writing was bad, and besides had been blotted, the copy made was exceedingly incorrect. For twelve years she was ignorant of the circumstance that this copy had been taken, for the papers were safely returned to her after the fire. When, however, she discovered that her experience had been spread abroad, and that through the incorrectness of the copy many mistakes had been made, she felt herself called upon to publish it herself, that the cause of truth and the glory of God might not suffer. In this singular way did the Lord work to bring forth into the light of day his secret and sacred dealings with his handmaiden, verifying the promise, “For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed

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\* Dressing out.

+ Reply,

‡ Go.

neither hid that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house tops." (Luke xii. 2, 3.)

Now, who that knows anything of divine matters by divine teaching will not acknowledge that Elizabeth Cairns was a woman taught of God, and led by the Blessed Spirit? Does she not condemn and put to shame the religion of many who would call her legal, and reject her experience because her language somewhat differs from their own? We cannot do so; and only wish there were more like her in the church of God, as simple, as sincere, as much in earnest, as much blessed, and we may add, as much tried and tempted. She was not an every-day professor. She was one of those rare persons who care more for the soul than the body, for eternity than time, and for God than man. Religion was not with her a thing to be taken up and laid down at will. Every inch of the ground was with her tried over and over again; nor did she rest in any view, any doctrine, any experience, until the Lord himself clearly set her down at it by his word and Spirit, presence and power. She was as much in the hands of God as clay in the hands of the potter. She was what he made her and no more; knew what he taught her and no more; had what he gave her and no more. What he communicated she felt, what he revealed she believed, what he bade she did, and what he laid on her she endured. Faith, and hope, and love were not at her command. When the Lord manifested himself she was happy, and when he withdrew she was miserable. When he hid himself she could not behold him, and when he came again she embraced him. If this is not true religion, vital godliness, where is it, what is it, and whither shall we go to find it? She had all the religion preached or professed by the advocates for works, and a great deal more, of which they are thoroughly ignorant. She prayed continually, read the Bible constantly, attended ordinances regularly, took heed to her ways diligently. Thus she could say, "Are they Hebrews? so am I. Do they pray? so do I. Do they read? so do I. Do they watch? so do I." But she could add what they could not: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." (Phil. iii. 7, 8.)

Here, then, we close our Review of this remarkable book, and trust our readers will derive profit and instruction from the extracts that we have given of it, which will speak in plainer language than any that we can furnish either of approval or of explanation.

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O WHAT a ravishing and delightful thing it is to walk with God! And yet by this, the whole work of a Christian is expressed, Gen. xvii. 1. Can any life compare with this, for pleasure? Can they be cold that walk in the sunshine? or sad, that abide in the fountain of all delights, and walk with him whose name is the God of all comfort, "in whose presence is fulness of joy?"—*Flavel*.



## POETRY.

*“UNTO YOU THAT BELIEVE, HE IS PRECIOUS.”*

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

OUR Jesus is the Corner Stone  
 Jehovah built his church upon;  
 And never fallen to the ground  
 Shall that blest edifice be found.  
 The worldly-wise with boasted sense  
 Count him a rock of great offence;  
 And all who are not newly born  
 Behold him with contempt and scorn.  
 Sufficient goodness of their own  
 Makes Jesus but a stumbling stone;  
 By reason of their blinded eyes  
 God's way of saving they despise.  
 But when, in his appointed hour,  
 The Holy Spirit comes with power,  
 And leads the soul to Sinai's mount,  
 And opens there the black account,  
 He stands condemn'd, and looks  
 around;  
 No friend nor helper can be found.  
 But when the Comforter comes near,  
 And sweetly whispers in his ear  
 That Jesus came for him to bleed,  
 His name is precious then indeed;  
 Precious as God's appointed way  
 His own perfections to display.  
 For what of God is understood  
 Save through the Lamb's redeeming  
 blood?  
 He's precious all our journey thro',  
 As when the first believing view  
 Removed the heavy load of sin,  
 And brought the peace of God within.  
 He's precious as our Covenant Head,  
 And precious when in sinners' stead  
 He paid the law's immense demands  
 Into his righteous Father's hands;  
 And precious when "Tis done" he  
 cried,  
 And bow'd his sacred head, and died.  
 Then death for ever lost its sting;  
 The church may now of victory sing.  
 Precious when faith beholds him rise  
 Victorious to his native skies,  
 And precious, now in heaven he  
 pleads,  
 And for his members intercedes.  
 If varied often be our case,  
 He's precious then in various ways;  
 When weary, weak, or sore oppress'd,  
 He's precious as a place of rest.  
 When clouds of darkness intervene,  
 And Jesu's beauties can't be seen,

Why do we linger by his cross,  
 And count all else but dung and  
 dross?  
 Because he's precious to us still;  
 Nothing on earth his place can fill.  
 When under fresh-contracted guilt  
 Sorrow and heartfelt shame are felt,  
 The Blessed Spirit comes again,  
 Sprinkles the blood and heals the  
 pain.  
 How precious then the Son of God,  
 From whose dear side the fountain  
 flow'd!  
 With joy we lift our heads again,  
 And sing the Lamb that once was  
 slain.  
 Sometimes, lest we should lift our  
 head,  
 As if the man of sin were dead,  
 We're left to feel a deadly blow,  
 To humble pride and keep us low.  
 God shows us some inherent sin,  
 Which makes us cry, Unclean! un-  
 clean!  
 Yet 'midst the thorns he'll safely  
 keep  
 The feet of all his helpless sheep.  
 He but designs from self to wean,  
 And make us more on Jesus lean.  
 While trav'ling through an hostile  
 land,  
 With mighty foes on every hand;  
 When call'd in battle to engage,  
 And hot the fight through Satan's  
 rage,  
 How precious then our conquering  
 Lord!  
 How sweet to hear that cheering  
 word,  
 "You need not fear, you need not  
 flee,  
 Stand still and my salvation see!"  
 Then shout, ye saints! the battle's  
 won!  
 Your Captain is to glory gone!  
 Gone up your places to prepare,  
 And soon he'll fetch and place you  
 there,  
 With all the heavenly host to praise  
 A precious Christ through endless  
 days.

A. S.



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The **SECOND VOLUME** of "**MY WANDERINGS**" is in course of publication, in Numbers, at Twopence each.

As the First Volume consisted of 18 Nos., the first No. of the Second Volume will be called No. 19, to prevent confusion.

Nos. 19, 20, 21, and 22 are now (Dec., 1858) ready. No. 23 will (D.V.) be published on the first of January, 1859, and a No. each month subsequently, until the work is completed.

Nos. 19 to 25 have already (save a few alterations) appeared in the "**Friendly Companion**;" and No. 26 will commence exactly where the "**Friendly Companion**" this month leaves off; so that those friends who possess the "**Companion**" need not purchase the previous Nos. to make the "**Wanderings**" complete.

In writing his Second Volume, J. Gadsby's principal aim will continue to be to throw light upon various portions of the Sacred Word, as connected with the manners and customs of the Orientals, ancient and modern. This subject he has been enabled to make his study for several years; and, judging from the numerous testimonials he has received, both as to his writings and his public lectures, he has reason to believe that his labors have been much owned and blessed of Him whose blessing alone can make rich.

J. G. will continue to relate incidents of interest which came under his notice during his travels; as in the present No. of the "**Friendly Companion**" for instance,—the "**Publican**" (Matthew) Sitting at the Receipt of Customs; the Sheikh Writing on the Ground; the Woman taken in Adultery; (John viii.) &c. &c.; but he hopes to make everything subservient to the illustrating or explaining of Holy Writ.

Upwards of 2,000 Passages of Scripture are explained or referred to in the first volume, and J. G. hopes that at least 3,000 more will be illustrated in the Second Volume.













